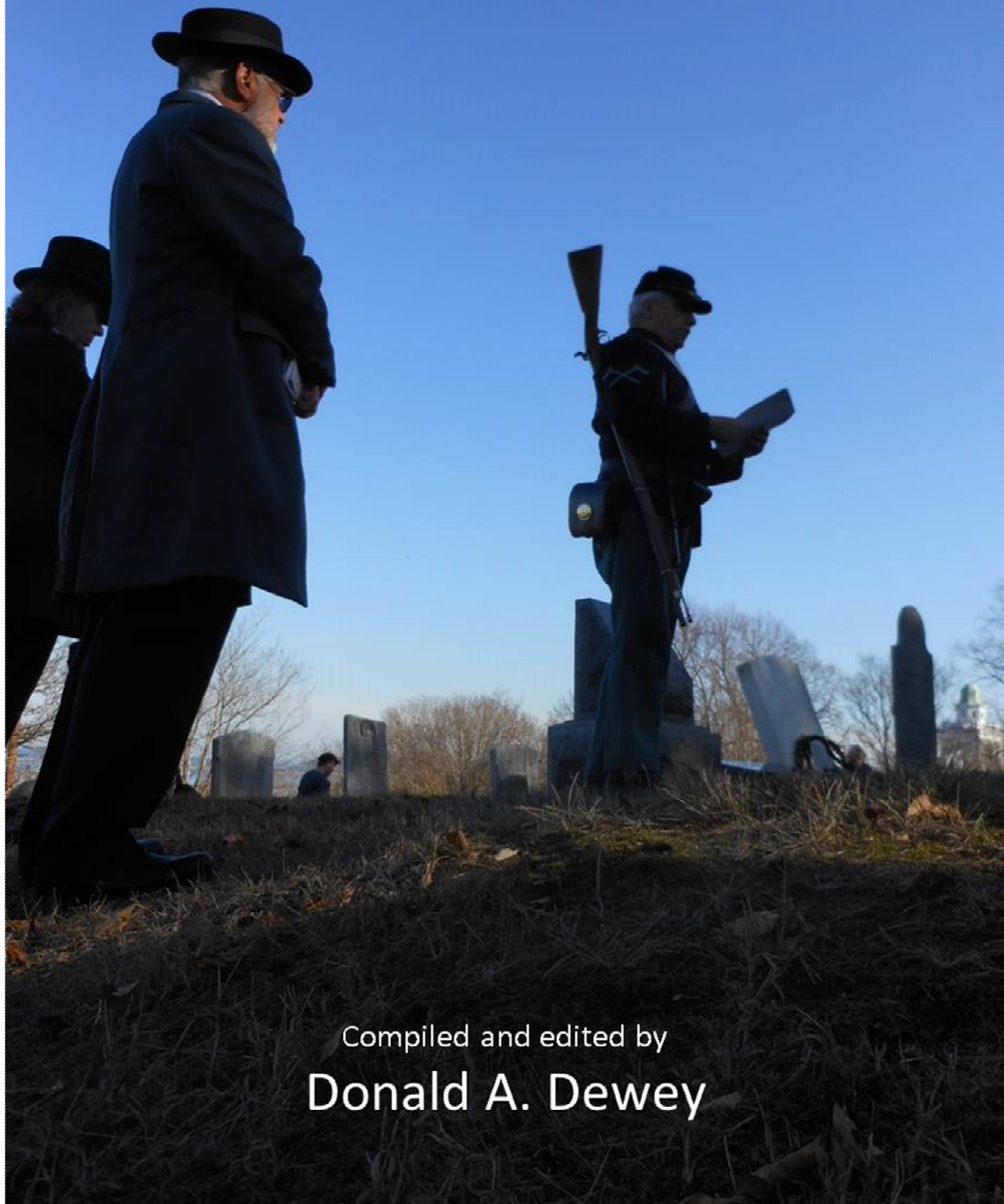


Return of the Dead

Plymouth, MA During the Civil War



Compiled and edited by
Donald A. Dewey

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2015

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Cover image courtesy of: Richard Harbert, *Old Colony Memorial*, Taken at Civil War *Return of the Dead* Reenactment on Burial Hill, Plymouth, MA, November 16, 2013.

To the editors, “typos,” and correspondents of the *Old Colony Memorial*, *The Plymouth Rock*, and the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock* newspapers for reporting the news of *Plymouth in the Civil War*.

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Introduction

By the time the Civil War ended, Plymouth, Massachusetts had provided 658 men as soldiers and another 109 men for the navy¹, totaling 767 men in all. There were only 1628 men of military age (15-45) during the time of the war (see Chapter 1: 1860 U.S. Federal Census). Nearly 50% of the male population in this age group served in some fashion during the war. One can only imagine the impact this had on the men who fought, their families, their neighbors, and the businesses of the town.

Information about the Civil War years is plentiful. There are thousands of books and articles detailing battles, generals, and political figures. There are soldiers diaries and letters written home describing the soldier's life and thoughts of home and family. This books also covers these subjects, but it does so through the eyes of one Massachusetts town.

Most of the information in this book is comprised of transcriptions of letters written by local soldiers, from the town of Plymouth, and by related articles published in the town newspapers. Information on battles and people of a national interest was also published in the newspapers, but since those topics have have been covered so extensively in other books and articles, they were mostly not included in this book. A few such events such as the attack on Fort Sumter and Lincoln's assassination for example, are included as described in the Plymouth newspapers. Also, editorials in the newspapers were mostly not included. The editorials could be subject of its own book.

The Civil War letters and articles transcribed in this book come from the three Plymouth newspapers published from 1861 - 1865: the *Old Colony Memorial*, the *Plymouth Rock*, and the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock*. [The *Old Colony Memorial* and the *Plymouth Rock* merged in April 1863 to become the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock*. Years later, the name of the paper reverted to the *Old Colony Memorial*.] Through these letters, the residents of Plymouth followed the events of the Civil War and more particularly the lives of Plymouth soldiers. The soldiers also eagerly followed events of the war and events at home as some soldiers subscribed to the papers² and passed them among their comrades. Many of the soldiers became "War Correspondents." They wanted the people back home to know about their experiences. In an early letter, Charles C. Doten³ wrote what was to become an oft repeated phrase:

"Thinking a letter ... might be of interest at the present time, to most of your readers ..."

Sadly, readers would learn of the fate of fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, friends, and neighbors who became casualties of the war. Through the newspapers, the citizens learned of the first Plymouth soldier to die in March of 1862⁴:

Death of a Plymouth Soldier

News has been received that Mr. Thomas S. Saunders, who enlisted in Capt. Alexander's Company, which was joined to the Burnside's expedition, died in the hospital at Roanoke Island a few days since. His disease was lung fever.

A week later the residents were notified of another death of a Plymouth soldier, this one was the first to be killed in battle. The following was printed in *The Old Colony Memorial*⁵:

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Our First Loss

We have the painful duty to record the first loss from the volunteers of this town who so nobly responded to the call of their country in her hour of need. In the section at Newberne, N. C., among the list of killed is the name of Jos. L. Churchill, son of Capt. Jos. Churchill, of this town. Mr. Churchill was a young man of good character and esteemed by a large circle of relatives and friends. He is our first victim to the arms of the rebels.

... But there is no cause to mourn for our young brother who has given the most that man can give, to his country. He died the death of a hero. Face to face with the traitors of our beloved land; fighting in the best cause in which man ever fought. Doing his duty manfully. And while affection must cause tears to flow for his loss, yet the heart must throb with pride, and grief be robbed of its sharpest sting in his noble death. Lay the laurel wreath upon his grave, and when passers by shall stop to look thereon, it will be said, there is a patriot's resting place.

Newspaper Abbreviations Used in the Endnotes

OCM	Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth, MA
PR	The Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, MA
OCM&PR	Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, MA

Other Notes

1. The *Old Colony Memorial* and *The Plymouth Rock* newspapers merged on April 1, 1863 and the name of the combined newspaper became the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock*.
2. Microfilm copies of issues of the *Old Colony Memorial* prior to January 1, 1863 were accessed at the Plymouth Public Library, Plymouth, MA.
3. Microfilm copies of issues of *The Plymouth Rock* up to April 1, 1863 were accessed at the Plymouth Public Library, Plymouth, MA.
4. Original issues of the *Old Colony Memorial* for January 1, 1863 through March 31, 1863 were accessed at Pilgrim Hall Museum, Plymouth, MA.
5. Original issues of the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock* for April 1, 1863 through December 31, 1863 were accessed at Pilgrim Hall Museum, Plymouth, MA.
6. Microfilm copies of issues of the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock* from January 1, 1864 were accessed at the Plymouth Public Library, Plymouth, MA.
7. If both the *Old Colony Memorial* and the *Plymouth Rock* print a similar story, only one of the two is included in this document. If both newspapers have articles or letters varying accounts of an action (battle), all are included.

Authors of the Letters

Many of the authors of letters published in the newspapers only showed the initials or pseudonyms of the authors. In some instances, the identity of the letters can be presumed by the initials (only person in Company with the initials) or by subsequent letters/articles in the newspapers. If I was able to deduce the author, I have

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enclosed the presumed author's identity in brackets [] in the headline preceding the letter. The following is a list of presumed letter authors:

A.T.G.	The are a few hints that this author may have been Albert Green. After some conflict between the <i>Plymouth Rock</i> and ATG, the <i>Rock</i> wrote A.T.G. was "Altogether To Green." Hinting that they knew the author to be (Albert) Green?
B	George Hubert Bates (August 9, 1862 OCM article)
B	(In Navy letters) Edward Baker. Baker was an officer on the Kennebec and the letters from "B" are from someone aboard that ship.
C.C.D.	Charles C. Doten
C.H.D.	Charles Henry Drew
CEA	Authors CEA (1 letter) and Dahlgren (8 letters) are likely the same author. Both are from the Medical Purveyor's Office beginning in Hilton Head, SC
Dahlgren	See "CEA"
E.J.	Edward Joyce (Kingston)
E.L.R.	Edward L. Robbins (see editor's note to Aug. 31, 1861 letter). See also "Ned."
EB	In Navy letters: Edward Baker (see "B" above)
Edwin	Edwin Webster Doten, 12th Regt., Co. K, from North Bridgewater. Edwin wrote from the 12th Regt. and in an Sept. 21, 1861 letter to the OCM he writes about Co. K and friend Wilson. Doten was wounded Sept. 17, 1862 at Antietam.
EML	Edmund M. Leach, Kingston. Only man with initials EML in 3d Hvy. Artillery, Co. A.
Fred	Frederick Holmes
Fullerton	Unidentified correspondent in NY and Washington, D.C.
G.T.P.	Dr. George T. Perkins
H.B.M.	H. B. Maglathlin, 4th Regt., Capt. of Co. I, Duxbury
H.H.R.	Henry H. Robbins
H.R.	Henry Ripley

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HH	Horace Holmes
HHM	Henry H. Mitchell, 5th Regiment, of East Bridgewater
HT	Henry Tolman. See February 16, 1863 letter to OCM
Ichabod	Ichabod Chandler from Hingham, the only Ichabod in Co. E of the 32d.
J.B.C.	John B. Collingwood
J.C.F.	Josiah C. Fuller
J.H.S.	John H. Stillman
J.N.S.	James N. Sparrell, So. Scituate. December 11, 1861 letter says that author, JNS, is from Co. G.
J.P.	James W. Page
J.R.D.	Josiah R. Drew
M	Charles P. Morse, 17th Hospital Steward [Author “M” from Headquarters Medical Department]
M	Albert Mason. Two OCM&PR letters in Dec. 1862 by “M” and Charles Doten refer to Lieut. Mason as the organizer of Fore Father's Day dinner. Albert was a Lieutenant at that time, Charles later became a Lieut.
M.D.M.	Morton D. Mitchell (August 9, 1862 OCM article)
Murray/Murray	John Murray Atwood
Ned	“Ned” is Edward L. Robbins, see Oct. 18, 1862 OCM. See also ELR.
P	Charles A.S. Perkins, see Rush for “Rocks,” PR January 8, 1863.
P.	George Peckham (December 4, 1863 article on Peckham’s death states that readers would know of his letters from the 29th.)
Q	Bernard Quinn [only man whose name begins/ends with Q]
S.H.D.	Samuel H. Doten
S.W.P.	Seth W. Paty
Semloh	Horace Holmes, see death notice in 8/26/1864 OCM & PR. (Semloh is Holmes spelled

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backwards)

Thomas	Thomas Prince, resident of Boston. In his September 9, 1862 letter to the OCM he gives his Regiment (13th) and Company (D). There were only two other men named Thomas in the company, both of whom enlisted after the first few letters published in the OCM.
W.B.A.	William B. Atwood
W.E.B.	William E. Barnes
W.H.W.	William Henry Winsor
Watson	Erastus Watson Everson, see September 20, 1862 article.
Wright	Samuel C. Wright

Civil War Monument

In all, seventy-two Plymouth soldiers died during their service in the Civil War: 19 died in battle, 7 died from wounds, 38 died from disease, 7 died as prisoners of war, and 1 from an unknown cause. On July 9, 1869, the town of Plymouth, MA dedicated a monument to the soldiers and sailors who gave their lives to their country during the U.S. Civil War⁶. (See Chapter 15 for more on the dedication ceremony.) This monument stands just south of Plymouth center on Sandwich Street on a tract of land called the Training Green. William T. Davis, President of the Monument Association, began the speeches of the dedication:

“... this structure has been reared to commemorate those noble men who, when rebellious hands were raised against our country’s life, bade a last farewell to kindred and home, and went forth to die in its defence. Their sacred names are inscribed in our memories, and engraved on the tablets of our hearts... But time will pass, and memories and traditions shall fail, and these tablets of flesh must moulder into dust. It is fit, therefore, that we should carve on the everlasting granite, the names of that noble band, that our children and our children’s children may learn by whose blood their country was baptized into new life...”

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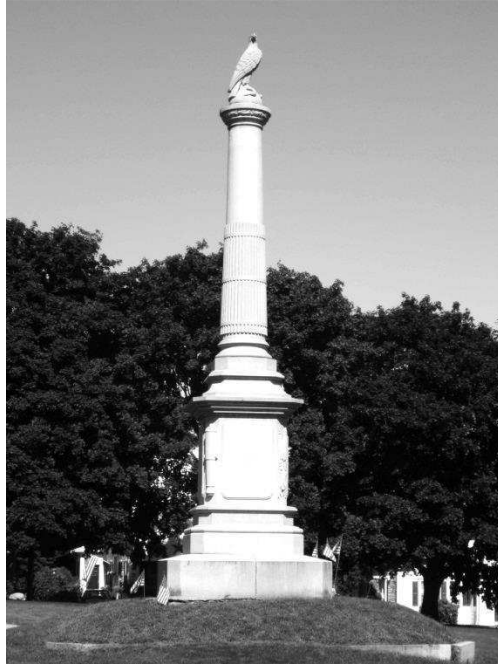


Figure 1 Monument to the Plymouth Men who died in the war of 1861

Chapter 1

Plymouth Before the Civil War

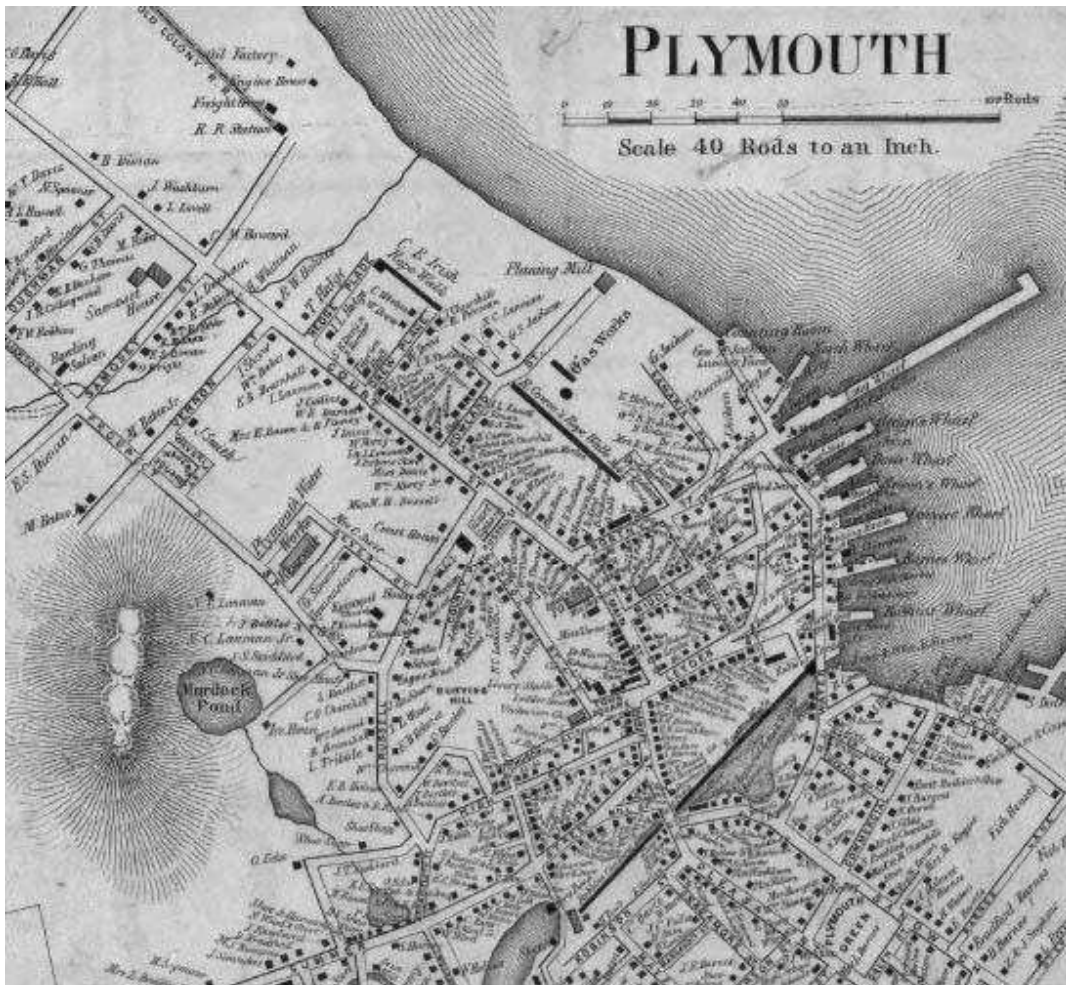


Figure 2 Map of Downtown Plymouth (1857)⁷

Characteristics of Plymouth in 1860

Businesses

The most prominent feature of downtown Plymouth was the waterfront with eight wharves (see figure 2). The downtown wharves from north to south were:

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North Wharf, Long Wharf, Hedge's Wharf, Davis Wharf, Nelson's Wharf, Carver's Wharf, Barnes' Wharf, and Robbins Wharf.

Not far from the wharves you could find fish houses, boat builders, and sail makers. Other notable features in or near the center of Plymouth were ropewalks. Again, going north to south were:

- C. B. Irish Rope Walk (between Hedge Place and Drew Place)
- R. Cowen's Rope Walk (between Howland Street and North Street)
- Robbins Cordage Co. Rope Walk (running nearly the full length of Town Brook).

The Plymouth Cordage Co. in north Plymouth also had a ropewalk (not shown in figure 2). There was a railroad station with the terminus on Samoset Street near the harbor and the Plymouth Gas Company on Howland Street. There were shoe shops, rivet mills, and two cotton duck manufacturers: Old Colony Duck Co. and Russell Mills. See Appendix D for the 1857 Business Directory for Plymouth Village.

1860 U.S. Federal Census^{8,9}

The 1860 U.S. Federal Census, enumerating all people living in Plymouth, provides valuable information on the town and its inhabitants. Each person in the town was identified by: name, age, sex, color, occupation, values of real estate and personal estates, and place of birth. Information from this and other censuses is scattered throughout this book. Table 1, Table 2, and Table 3 summarize data from the 1860 Census.

Table 1. Population of Plymouth in 1860

White			Free Colored*			Aggregate
M	F	Total	M	F	Total	
2,956	3,230	6,186	42	44	86	6,272

*Free colored: black, mulatto, Indian, and Asian. See Appendix C for more information on Plymouth's Free colored population.

Table 2. Population by Age

Age	M	F	Total
Under 1	66	75	141
1 - 10	662	641	1,303
11 - 20	588	678	1,266
21 - 30	503	595	1,098
31 - 40	374	407	781
41 - 50	329	348	677
51 - 60	249	244	493
61 - 70	142	150	292
Over 70	85	136	221
	2,998	3,274	6,272
Men of military age:			
11* - 45	1,628		

* Age 11 was used for the count of men of military age as they would be age 15 near the end of the war and would therefore likely be included in filling military quotas.

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Table 3. Principal Occupations in Plymouth

Maritime: Ship Masters, Seamen, etc.	375
Farmers and Farm Laborers	300
Tailors, Milliners, Dressmakers, etc.*	233
Boot and Shoemakers	218
Laborers	210
Machinists, Mechanics, Mill Workers	179
Merchants and Traders	159
Carpenters: House and Ship	115
Rope Makers	83
Printers	17

* Tailors, milliners, dressmakers, etc. were primarily women.

Education (1850)

The citizens of Plymouth County were well educated as seen in Table 4. (Data specific to Plymouth not found.) Over ninety-eight percent of the county's population could read and write. Eighteen percent were in school.

Table 4. Education in Plymouth County (1850)¹⁰

Population Plymouth	6,486
Population Plymouth County	61,513
Public Schools	276
Teachers	318
Pupils	10,781
Public Libraries	186
Volumes	32,912
Adults who cannot read or write	
Male	215
Female	232
Native	50
Foreign	387

Politics

The 1860 election results for President and Governor indicate that the overwhelming majority of voters in Plymouth and Massachusetts voted for Republicans (see Table 5).

Table 5. Election Results (1860)¹¹

	Plymouth	Massachusetts	National
President			
Abraham Lincoln	631 (72%)	104,467 (63%)	1,855,993 (40%)
Stephen Douglas	162 (19%)	34,007 (20%)	1,381,944 (30%)
John Bell	59 (7%)	22,017 (13%)	590,946 (13%)
John Breckinridge	22 (1%)	6,072 (4%)	851,844 (18%)
Governor			

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John A. Andrew	625 (72%)	101,802 (62%)
Erasmus D. Beach	160 (18%)	34,094 (21%)
Amos A. Lawrence	60 (7%)	23,079 (14%)
Benjamin F. Butler	22 (1%)	5,890 (4%)

Newspapers

General

There were two newspapers published in Plymouth at the start of the Civil War, the *Old Colony Memorial* (OCM) and the *Plymouth Rock* (PR). The OCM was first issued in 1822 and the PR in 1837.¹² Prior to the war, the OCM was owned and edited by John Morissey and the PR was owned and edited by Moses Bates. The newspapers passed through several other owners/editors before and during the war. In April of 1863 the two papers merged to become the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock*.

An article on American Newspapers, 1800-1860¹³, tells us that “the business of newspaper publishing was highly political ... [and] were often affiliated with political parties.” Such was the case with the OCM and the PR. The OCM was affiliated with the Republican Party and the PR with the Democratic Party. Most of the news in the weekly papers was politically neutral, but on occasion, the views of the respective parties were expressed in editorial content and during elections. Typically, when ownership or editorial changes took place at the newspapers, the paper would affirm its political affiliation. In October of 1858, John Morissey became the editor and proprietor of the OCM. Morissey, in a letter “To the Readers of the Memorial,” clearly states the OCM’s political ties:

“Opposition to the extension of Slavery,” will be the paramount principle of this journal. The doctrines enunciated at the last State Convention of the American Republicans will be faithfully supported by the MEMORIAL.¹⁴

Subscription numbers for these two newspapers were not found, but based on the 1860 election results, the *Old Colony Memorial* (OCM) likely had a higher number of subscribers since it was a Republican Party affiliated paper. Readers of the OCM probably supported the Republican Party Platform of 1860 among the articles of the platform¹⁵ were:

- We hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion ...
- Lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest crimes
- That the new dogma that ... carries slavery into any or all of the territories of the United States ... subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

Articles on National Issues Prior to the War

Looking at articles in the OCM and PR from 1850 to the start of the Civil War one gets the sense that the citizens of Plymouth were very aware national issues. The following is a chronological list of some of the articles found on the national issues with occasional excerpts from those articles starting with an omen of the future written in March 1850.

PLYMOUTH BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

Dissolution of the Union, March 2, 1850¹⁶

The truth can be no longer disguised. The integrity of the Union is seriously menaced. Treason has found tongue, and struggles for birth in action. Men who occupy the dignified seats of the Fathers of the Republic look perjury unblushingly in the face, and despising the glorious birthright as American citizens, remember only that they are the guardians of Slavery. As yet, this political turpitude has not vented itself in a defined proposition, but its existence is demonstrated by muttering threats of secession from the Federal compact.

This movement is the result of a train of causes extending back as far, at least, as the annexation of Texas, multiplied by the war with Mexico, and increased by the difficulty of disposing of its spoils. No man needs to be told on whose head the responsibility of the agitation rests. What consequences may ensue are not easily calculated. The future is big with portentous events. No rainbow of hope spans the gloom, to certify us that the storm will pass without disaster. We have reached a grave crisis in our history, and henceforth good citizens must look less at their privileges, and more at their duty.

... The standard of revolt, may be raised, and the tocsin of insurrection may be sounded; but its first peal will summon all the resources of the existing government into action, and multitudes of true and faithful men will rush to defend the honor of their country, and to uphold the Constitution. Disunion is essential. Rebellion must and will be crushed...

1850 (Other Articles)

Apr. 20 Benton/Foote altercation on the U.S. Senate floor where Senator Foote drew a pistol and threatened to shoot Senator Benton.

Apr. 27 Articles on slavery, freedom, and the Wilmot Provision (sought to ban slavery in territories acquired in the Mexican War)

May 18 The Compromise (editorial): California a free state; Fugitive Slave Act amended

Aug. 24 Disunion Conspiracy (editorial)

Oct. 19 Fugitive Slave Bill – Who Voted For It

The Nebraska Bill, February 11, 1854¹⁷

Our readers are already informed of the movement in Congress, under the special lead of Senator Douglas, designed in connection with the Bill for organizing the Nebraska Territory, to virtually repeal the Missouri compromise of 1820. We cannot but regard this suddenly contrived measure of the young presidential aspirant, as another sign of the political degeneracy which not only threatens to disturb the general harmony of the country, but to peril the very existence of our free institutions...

NEBRASKA, March 4, 1854¹⁸

... But let this Bill pass and what is the result? Is peace restored, is agitation quieted, is the preservation of the union secured? If there are any who believe so they will see too late the dream, in which they have indulged. No one will deny that there is a strong and ingrained opposition to slavery at the North underlying the whole people. It is not limited to the abolitionists, but pervades the whole community. It is a hidden yet building fire, of which abolition zeal is but the volcanic manifestation and truth. It may be controlled by prudence, but it never can be extinguished...

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ANTI NEBRASKA MEETING, March 4, 1854¹⁹

Agreeably to a call previously noticed, the citizens of Plymouth, held a meeting at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening last, to express their sentiments on the "Nebraska Bill," now under consideration in Congress. The meeting was organized by the choice of Jacob H. Loud as Chairman, and A. H. Cornish, Secretary...

Resolutions were offered by Wm. S. Russell, Esqr, accompanied by some remarks, which were submitted to a Committee consisting of John Russell Esq., Wm. S. Russell Esq., and Dr. Winslow Warren...

Whereas a Bill providing for the organization of the Nebraska Territory, is now pending before Congress, which contains a clause designed to repeal the Missouri Compromise of 1820: it is therefore:

...Resolved - That this proposed repeal seems a fixed purpose of the South, in conjunction with certain allies of the North, to extend slavery throughout all the territory now owned by the United States, or which may hereafter be acquired -- in express disregard of obligations, deliberately contracted, and which for more than thirty years have been fully recognized as of binding and perpetual force, by the most gifted statesmen, who have conducted the administrations of Government during that period...

Resolved -- That we cherish an unfeigned attachment to our National Union, inspired by the early lessons of youth, and confirmed by the maturer convictions of subsequent years; and while carefully avoiding any interference with Slavery in the States where it now exists, we protest against its further extension, and stand bound to oppose the same...

ANTI-SLAVERY, April 15, 1854²⁰

A meeting of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Leyden Hall, on Sunday, April 16th, all day and evening. Rev. Andrew T. Foss, of Manchester, New Hampshire, and others, will address the meeting. All persons, without distinction of sex, sect or party, are cordially invited to be present.

BOURNE SPOONER, President

H. H. Brigham, Sec.

OCM, June 3, 1854: FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT, Riot in Boston

OCM, June 3, 1854: THE FUGITIVE AND HIS FRIENDS

OCM, June 10, 1854: THE WAR WITH SLAVERY

Insurrection in Virginia October 22, 1859²¹

The little town of Harper's Ferry, at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers in Virginia, and the seat of a United States Armory, has this week been the scene of a singular and a very foolish insurrection. Accounts differ as to the origin of the affair. One report says a contractor who was building a dam for the government, had absconded without paying his workmen, and that the latter had risen and taken possession of the Armory, so as to get the government funds supposed to have been sent there recently. Another account is that it was an attempt to get up a general rising of the slaves and run them out of the old Dominion. Whichever version may be true, it would seem that the movement was commenced by a small band of about seventeen white men and several negroes, who compelled or induced others to the number of several hundred to join them. They stopped the railroad trains, took possession of the Armory, and secured as prisoners the workmen and several of the citizens of the town. For the greater part of a day they had things all in their own way. The Virginia authorities and President Buchanan then took the matter in hand and sent up some troops from Washington and from some of the towns near Harper's Ferry, who stormed the Armory and other places where the insurgents had taken refuge, and very soon gained an entrance, killing and wounding nearly all of the fifteen or twenty original leaders of the insurrection. Several of the troops and citizens of the town were shot

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by the insurgents. The leader of this insane affair is said to be a man named Brown, of Kansas notoriety, and called “old Osawatomie Brown.” His son was shot dead, and the old man himself was thought to be mortally wounded...

Table 6. List of Events Covered or Noted in the Plymouth Newspapers

Date	Location	Action
Apr. 23, 1860	Charleston, SC	<u>Democratic Nat'l Convention</u> – no nomination
May 18, 1860	Chicago, IL	<u>Republican Nat'l Convention</u> - Lincoln nominated
Jun. 23, 1860	Baltimore, MD	<u>Democratic convention</u> – Douglas nominated
Sep. 1, 1860	MA	John Andrew nominated for state governor
Nov. 6, 1860	US Presidential Election	Lincoln elected
Dec. 20, 1860	South Carolina	Seceded
Dec. 27, 1860	Charleston, SC	<u>Fort Moultrie</u> (seized)
Dec. 27, 1860	Charleston, SC	<u>Castle Pinckney</u> (seized)
Dec. 27, 1860	SC	Cutter William Aiken (seized)
Dec. 30, 1860	Charleston, SC	<u>Charleston Arsenal</u> (seized)
Jan. 2, 1861	Savannah, GA	<u>Fort Pulaski</u> (seized)
Jan. 2, 1861	Savannah, GA	<u>Fort Jackson</u> (seized)
Jan. 2, 1861	Savannah, GA	Savannah Arsenal (seized)
Jan. 2, 1861	Beaufort, NC	<u>Fort Macon</u> (seized)
Jan. 2, 1861	NC	<u>Fayetteville Arsenal</u> (seized)
Jan. 4, 1861	Mobile, AL	<u>Fort Morgan</u> (seized)
Jan. 4, 1861	Alabama	Arsenal (seized)
Jan. 8, 1861	Wilmington, NC	Fort Johnson (seized)
Jan. 8, 1861	Oat Island, NC	<u>Fort Caswell</u> (seized)
Jan. 9, 1861	Charleston, SC	Star of West (fired upon)
Jan. 9, 1861	MS	Seceded
Jan. 10, 1861	FL	Seceded
Jan. 10, 1861	Pensacola, FL	<u>Fort McRee</u> (seized)
Jan. 10, 1861	SC	Steamer Marion (seized/released)
Jan. 11, 1861	AL	Seceded
Jan. 11, 1861	Baton Rouge, LA	Arsenal (seized)
Jan. 11, 1861	Rigolets, LA	<u>Fort Pike</u> (seized)
Jan. 11, 1861	Mouth Mississippi, LA	<u>Fort St. Philip</u> (seized)
Jan. 11, 1861	Mouth Mississippi, LA	<u>Fort Jackson</u> (seized)
Jan. 12, 1861	Pensacola, FL	<u>Fort Barancas</u> (seized)
Jan. 12, 1861	Pensacola, FL	Navy Yard (seized)
	Chef Montear, LA	<u>Fort Macomb</u>
Jan. 19, 1861	GA	Seceded
Jan. 26, 1861	LA	Seceded
Feb. 1, 1861	TX	Seceded
Feb. 8, 1861		Confederate States of America Formed
Apr. 12, 1861	Charleston, SC	<u>Fort Sumter</u> (attacked)

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Apr. 16-18, 1861	MA	Plymouth Militia assemble, arrive at Fort Monroe
Apr. 17, 1861	VA	Seceded
May 6, 1861	AK	Seceded
May 20, 1861	NC	Seceded
Jun. 8, 1861	TN	Seceded

Massachusetts Readies Militia for Use by Federal Government

John Andrew was elected as the 25th Governor of Massachusetts in the 1860 election, serving in that post from 1861 to 1866. Before his election, he was a member of the Whig party where he began to support the anti-slavery movement. He left the Whig party and helped organize the Free Soil Party, which opposed the expansion of slavery. Finally, he joined the Republican party in the mid-1850s. Prior to his election as governor, Andrew helped organize legal aid for John Brown after his 1859 raid on Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

Before Abraham Lincoln even took office, Governor Andrew anticipated armed trouble with the South. After taking office in January, he immediately began to ready the Massachusetts militia for possible duty by issuing General Order No. 4 to the commanding officers of the state militias. Reprinted from the *Old Colony Memorial* newspaper²²:

Order of the Commander-in-Chief to the Military of Massachusetts.

The following order From Commander-in-Chief, Gov. Andrew

Has been promulgated Headquarters, Boston, Jan. 15, 1861

General Order No. 4

Events which have recently occurred and are now in progress require that Massachusetts should be at all times ready to furnish her quota of troops, upon any requisition of the President of the United States to aid in the maintenance of the laws and of the peace of the Union. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief therefore orders:

That the commanding officer of each company of Volunteer Militia examine with care the Roll of his company, and cause the name of each member, together with his rank and place of residence, to be properly recorded, and a copy of the same to be forwarded to the office of the Adjutant General. Previous to which commanders of companies shall make strict inquiry whether there are men in their commands who, from age, physical defect, business, or family causes, may be unable or indisposed to respond at once to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, made in response to the call of the President of the United States, that they may be forthwith discharged, and that thus their places may be filled by men ready for any public exigency which may arise, whenever called upon.

After the above orders have been fulfilled, no discharge, either of an officer or a private, shall be granted, unless for cause satisfactory to the Commander-in-Chief.

If any companies have not the number of men allowed by law, the commanders of the same shall make proper exertions to have the vacancies filled, and the men properly drilled and uniformed, and their names and places of residence forwarded to Headquarters.

To promote the objects embraced in this order, the General, Field and Staff officers, and the Adjutant and Acting Quartermaster General will give all the aid and assistance in their power.

Major Generals Sutton, Morse and Andrews will cause this order to be promulgated throughout their respected Divisions.

By command of his Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

Wm. Schouler, Adjutant General

PLYMOUTH BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

CIVIL WAR BEGUN!!

Rumors of an attack on Fort Sumpter by the Secessionists reached the expectant ears of our people on Friday night, which were confirmed the next day, in effect that the action commenced at 4 o'clock Friday morning, and continued without cessation until 1 1-2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, when Maj. Anderson surrendered. The Fort is reported to be a complete wreck, with all the wood work entirely consumed by fire, caused by hot shot from the rebel batteries. The immediate cause of the attack appears to be the information received by the Charleston authorities that the government at Washington had determined to supply Maj. Andrews with provisions at all hazards, and that a fleet was then on its way for that purpose. We publish below the report of the battle as furnished by special dispatches to New York papers...

TO ARMS!²³

With the confirmation of the reports of commencement of CIVIL WAR, at Charleston, comes pressing upon the mind of every loyal citizen of the United States, the perplexing and important question as to his duty in the "dread arbitrament."

Though opinions are as various as men, as to the causes of the conflict, and the policy that has been pursued in dealing with the rebellious demonstrations of the self-styled Southern Confederacy, we think there can be no denial that the position now occupied by the seceded States, and the action of their leading men, is nothing less than revolution, and revolt against the power that has a constitutional right to control them, even though that power was obtained by an unqualified denial of the constitutional rights of the revolutionists, which in their opinion is sufficient justification for the step they have taken.

But all these questions and opinions are now dead and buried, and in their place stands the one that is all important in its bearing upon the future prosperity and peace of our country, or its utter relapse, into anarchy, bloodshed and ruin, according as the popular answer shall be in favor or opposed to standing unflinchingly in the support of the "powers that be."

To us there seems little inducement to take an opposing position, for though there may be need of opposition to hold in check the ungovernable passions of a people engaged in the most sanguinary of all human conflicts - civil war - we have no fear but that there will come up an army of "holdbacks," that will make themselves fully as obnoxious as were the Tories in the revolution, and serve the thankless, though useful purpose for which they are created. We can get no other "impression" but that it is the duty of every man who prefers the protection of the strong arm of government to the reign of King Mob, to hold himself in readiness, at his country's call, to take up arms in her defence. "Our country, right or wrong," is a sentiment that is repugnant to many natures in times of peace, but when the "clash of resounding arms" is borne to our ears by every pulsation of the magnetic wire, it is glorious - sublime.

This promptness with which Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, has offered his services, with 1000 men from the smallest State in the Union, sends an electric thrill through every patriotic heart, and "To Arms" will be the almost unanimous response to the assault on Sumter, from men of all parties.

THE WAR BEGUN!²⁴

HOSTILITIES COMMENCED AT THE SOUTH!

Fort Sumpter Surrendered!

Seventy-five Thousand Troops called for by the President!

The madness and folly of the South have finally precipitated civil war upon our country, and we are now in the midst of martial preparations to defend our rights, our Constitution, our Country...

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The Crisis at hand²⁵

We are in the midst of a civil war. The sound of martial music has greeted our ears, and the troops of soldiers going forth to the field of battles has been heard in our streets. To the present generation this is a new and fearful state of things. We do not care to dwell at length upon the course of such a dire event, for it is well known to all. We only need remind our readers of the encroachments which the South for years have been making upon our free territory; of the sympathy received from the last administration; and of the cowardly and imbecile course pursued by the late executive of our country. But the work now before us is to meet our enemies and drive them back from a probable invasion of our national Capitol, and compel them to respect our rights, the Constitution and laws of our country. There is no time to be lost. Our enemies have struck the first blow, and those enemies are our fellow countrymen. It is a stern duty that now calls our people to meet the crisis; and thank God, that call is nobly obeyed. With a spirit like that of '76 the masses from Maine to the Mississippi river are in motion, and will give a good account of themselves if called to face the foes of freedom. We rejoice to see that in our own State there is but one spirit - that of patriotism and a determination to stand by the Union. Indeed, the whole free North is unanimous almost for the right. Let us ignore parties and minor questions, and join hands and hearts in defense of rights and principles purchased by the blood of our fathers, and bequeathed to us, to be defended and handed down to future generations. Our countrymen and our townsmen have gone forth to battle. Let them have our support and sympathy, and let their families and friends whom they have left behind them, be remembered and provided for.

Chapter 2

Co. B (3 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Introduction

After the fall of Fort Sumter, President Abraham Lincoln issued Proclamation 80 on April 15, 1861 calling for 75,000 militia men²⁶:

“... I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of 75,000 in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed. ...”

Plymouth's entry into the Civil War began when several companies of the 3d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia were ordered to muster in Boston by Special Order No. 14, issued on the afternoon of April 15, 1861, by Massachusetts Governor Andrew “in compliance with a requisition made by the President of the United States.”²⁷ The men in these companies enlisted for three months. Company B of the 3d regiment was commanded by Charles C. Doten and was composed mainly of Plymouth men. This company was also known as the Standish Guards.

The regiment left Boston April 18 aboard the steamer *S.R. Spaulding* ([figure 3](#)) and arrived at Fort Monroe, VA ([figure 4](#)) on April 20th. Almost immediately after arriving at the fort, the Plymouth men took part in the destruction of the Gosport Navy Yard ([figure 5](#)). The regiment was stationed at Fort Monroe until July, when it moved to Hampton, VA. It remained at Hampton until its return to Boston on the July 19th. On July 23, 1861 it was mustered out of the United States service.

Four other companies in the 3d regiment (D, E, I, and M), formed shortly after the original companies were sent to Fort Monroe. These companies enlisted for three years and had joined the regiment in May. When the original companies returned from their three-month service, these four companies remained near Fort Monroe. In December 1861, Companies B, D, E, and I were reorganized as part of the 29th Regt. (For more on Company E, see [Chapter 3](#) on the 29th Regiment.)

After the war, the men who were part of the Massachusetts regiments that first responded to the call from President Lincoln formed the Association of “Massachusetts Minute Men of ‘61”²⁸. George Nason, chronicler of the history of the Massachusetts Minute Men of ‘61, states the importance of the role these men to the country at this critical stage of history²⁹:

“To the fact that Massachusetts had for years maintained a military force known as Volunteer Militia, ... may be accredited the salvation of the nation in the early spring of the year 1861. There can be no question that ... the arrival of the Third and Fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry at Fortress Monroe, saved those important points from attempted capture ...”

RETURN OF THE DEAD

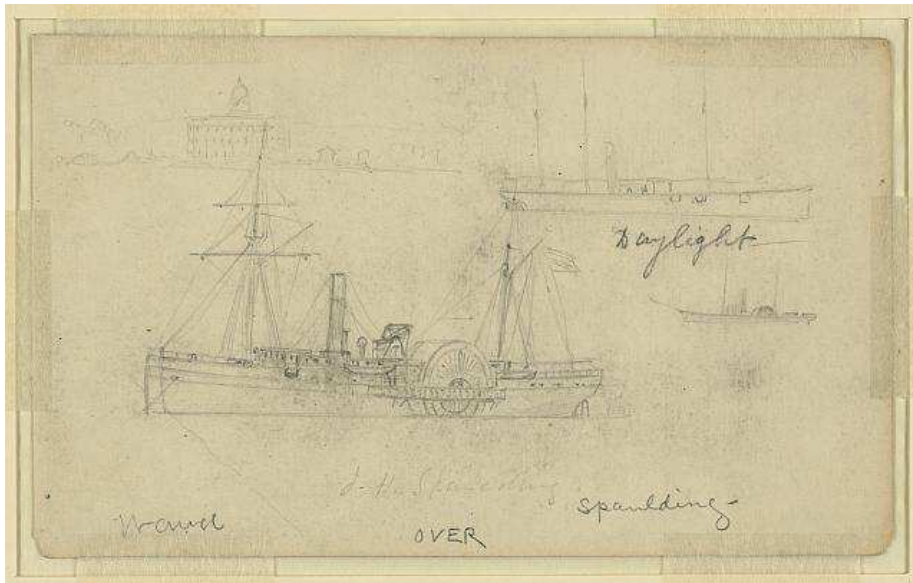


Figure 3. S.R. Spaulding³⁰

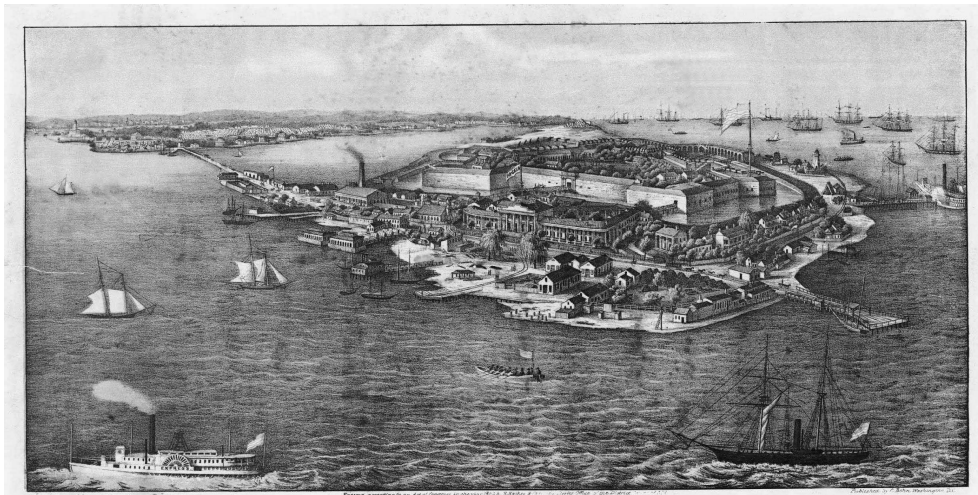


Figure 4. Fortress Monroe³¹



Figure 5. Destruction of United States Navy Yard at Norfolk, Virginia³²

The call for Troops³³

Requisition was made by the President, through the war department, on Monday, upon several States for their quota of the seventy-five thousand volunteers to be called into immediate service. The demand upon Massachusetts was for four regiments of Infantry, each regiment to consist of ten companies. Gov. Andrew, with the advice of various military officials of the State, ordered the third, fourth, sixth and eighth regiments to assemble Tuesday forenoon upon Boston Common in order that twenty companies, the number required from Massachusetts, might be selected therefrom.

The third regiment belongs to our own vicinity, New Bedford, &c. The regimental officers are as follows:

THIRD REGIMENT OF INFANTRY

Colonel, David W. Wardrop, New Bedford,
Lieutenant Col. Charles Raymond, Plymouth,
Major, John H. Jennings, New Bedford,
Adjutant, Richard A. Pierce, New Bedford,
Quartermaster, -----
Paymaster, Sanford Almy, New Bedford,
Surgeon Alexander S. Holmes, New Bedford,
Surgeon's Mate, Johnson Clark, New Bedford,
Chaplain, Thomas E. St. J. [?], New Bedford.

The location of the companies we believe is in the following towns:

Company A, Halifax
Company B, Plymouth,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Company G, Freetown,
Company H, Plympton,
Company K, Carver,
Company L, New Bedford.

The Fourth Regiment is from Abington, Quincy, Hingham, Taunton, &c. The Sixth, from Lowell Lawrence, and vicinity; and the Eighth, from Lynn, Marblehead, Newburyport, and surrounding towns.

The numbers reported in the several companies from our regiment, is as follows, according to the latest reports received:

Company A, Halifax, Capt. Joseph S. Harlow, 40 guns.
Company B, Plymouth, Lieut. Charles C. Doten, 64 guns.
Company G, Freetown, Capt. John W. Marble, 25 guns.
Company H, Plympton, Lieut. Lucien L. Perkins, 58 guns.
Company L, New Bedford, Capt. Timothy Ingraham, 58 guns.

To this has been added the new Cambridge Company C, of the 7th regiment, Capt. J. P. Richardson, 90 guns.

Whole number of guns 355.

This regiment has been assigned to Fort Monroe, near Norfolk, Va. They embarked on board the steamer *S. R. Spaulding* at Boston Wednesday evening; but we believe they did not sail until Thursday morning.

Response of the Standish Guards To the call of their Country for Troops³⁴

It was not generally supposed by our people, that the number of volunteers from Plymouth who could be ready at so short a notice would be large. Very few were expected. But the pluck of our men is thoroughly up, and old Plymouth has sent forth a goodly number to represent her in the impending strife between Northern freemen and Southern slave drivers, traitors and stealers of forts, and arsenals. A dispatch was received on Monday evening from Col. Waldrop, of New Bedford, that a messenger was on the way to Plymouth and vicinity with the official order for the Guards to report themselves in Boston at an early hour on the following day. As the messenger, was obliged to visit Middleboro, Carver, Halifax, and Plympton, before coming here, he did not reach Plymouth until three o'clock on Tuesday morning. Although all the members of the Guards who were willing to go, could not be in readiness at so short a notice, it was desired to send forth those who were ready; and Lieut. Charles C. Doten accordingly started with twenty members in the 9 o'clock train for Boston. They were escorted to the depot under the direction of Major Bates, by the Robbins Band and a crowd of citizens such as has not filled our streets since the gathering of the Wide Awake horde last autumn. As they moved down Court street the ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows, and many a tearful eye bore witness that mothers, wives, and sisters, were thus bidding a painful adieu to their friends who were going forth at their country's call with the future wisely hidden from their view. Upon their arrival at the depot they were addressed by Hon. R. B. Hall, who spoke to them as "Fellow citizens, fellow soldiers, and fellow Americans, of our country and who could know but one country, and that country they were now called upon to defend." He told them it was to defend the Constitution and the laws, and to protect the Capitol from a wicked invasion, that they were called to go forth; and hoped they would go with the spirits of their fathers, who fought our early battles for us. The spirits of the whole community, he assured them, was with them, and he was authorized to say that the community and the authorities of the town would take care of their families and friends in their absence.

As the train bearing them away left the Depot, they were greeted with deafening cheers, and the Band struck up in lively time Yankee Doodle.

CO. B (3 MO. ENLISTMENT), 3d REGIMENT

Another band of sixteen followed on Wednesday morning, who was escorted to the Depot in a similar manner. Lieut. Col. Raymond returned from Boston by the morning train, and stated that it was desirable that the company should be filled to the required number, sixty-four. This gave a new impulse to the eagerness to go; and when the afternoon train left, Col. Raymond took back to Boston, with him an addition of twenty men. Several Plymouth men and others were found in Abington and Boston who filled the ranks to the number 64.

List of Men in Company B³⁵

The names of those who have gone in the Standish Guards as accurately as we have been able to ascertain, are as follows³⁶:

C. C. Doten, 1st, Lieut. in command
Otis Rogers, 2d Lieut.
Lemuel Bradford 2d, 3d Lieut.
Wm. B. Alexander, 4th Lieut. [Boston]
Charles H. Drew, 1st Sergeant.
Leander L. Sherman, Sergeant.
Augustus H. Fuller, Corporal.

PRIVATES

Allen, Sherman
Atwood, Thomas I. [Abington]
Barnes, Wm. E.
Barnes, Charles E. 2d.
Bartlett, Amasa 2d.
Bramhall, Ellis B.
Brown, Caleb N.
Burbank, Wm. S. Jr.
Carter, John F.
Chase, George H.
Churchill, Robert B.
Chandler, David L.
Crosby, Charles C. [Waltham]
Dixon, Lyman
Drew, Stephen C.
Faunce, Lemuel B.
Faunce, Solomon
Fish, George H.
Fuller, Theodore S.
Gilmore, Alexander [Natick]
Goodrich, C. B.³⁷ [Boston]
Haley, Thomas
Handy, Azel W. [S. Woodstock, CT]
Harlow, Sylvanus [Boston]
Hartin, John F. [Kinston]
Holbrook, Eliphalet
Holmes, Charles H.

Holmes, Isaac T.
Jordan, Charles N.
Leach, Frank L.
Lucas, Daniel [Abington]
Mason, Charles
Oldham, Job B.
Pope, Rufus H.
Prior, E. O. [Abington]
Perkins, Henry
Perry, Charles M.
Pierce, Charles W.
Ripley, Henry
Ripley, S. W. [Geo. W? Boston]
Robbins, Francis H.
Robbins, James H. [Boston]
Sherman, Winslow B.
Simmons, Albert
Simmons, Moses
Smith, Edward
Soule, William [Kingston]
Southworth, J. W.
Standish, J. C.
Swift, John
Sylvester, John
Tribble, James
Williams, J. H.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Four of those who returned found substitutes, making the whole number sixty-four.

HOME TROOPS LEAVING³⁸

The call for an army of defence has met with a hearty response. All parties are united in their zeal for the public weal. Gov. Andrew sent messengers to commanding officers of five regiments, to muster on Boston Common, Col. Wardrop has sent couriers to Halifax, Plympton, Carver and Plymouth companies, Paymaster Almy, who arrived at 3 o'clock Tuesday.

Accounts inform us that Capt. Harlow of the Halifax company, sent messengers on horseback to every member of the corps residing in five different towns, all of whom responded promptly to the order. The Carver company mustered sixty-four guns; the Standish Guards mustered at their armory, and with two hours' notice twenty members under Lieut. Doten, left in the morning train for Boston. A procession of citizens, with the Robbins Band, volunteered to escort them to the depot, where a large company gathered to see them off. By invitation, Hon. Robert B. Hall addressed the Co. in a thoughtful but stirring speech of marked propriety and fitness for an extemporaneous effort. He said they had nobly and promptly responded to their country's call, not in any partisan spirit, not at the behest of any faction, but to uphold and sustain the government itself and protect the national capital from a wicked and rebellious invasion; that they went forth in the same spirit as their fathers, to defend the same government and the honor of the same flag, and they must hope and trust that the same beneficent Being who had protected their ancestors and made victory to perch on their banners, who had brought the country through many perils, would still shield and protect them, and forsake not our country or them in the hour of need. That the hearty sympathies of the whole community were with them and that the authorities of the town had assured him their families should be provided for and want for nothing. At the close of the speech the train moved off amid the hearty cheers of the crowd. Yesterday morning twenty-four members joined them in Boston, making forty-four guns, almost the entire strength of the command. They were comfortably quartered at the O.C.R.R. Hall. We were sorry to see these men, who ought to be honored and remembered for their sacrifices of home comfort business and friends, crowded like cattle into a baggage car. If it could not be helped there is no blame; if otherwise, it is a standing disgrace to the railroad company. Had we been a passenger, we would have changed seats with the humblest of their number.

We have no heart to note the little straws of news floating about the streets this week for to us it is a serious day for the country and for Plymouth. For no man can tell when the whirlwind of war will subside into the calm of permanent peace. None can tell when husbands, sons, neighbors and friends start out on such an errand, how long that absence may be. Let him who jokes and laughs and even slurs with a traitor's jeer, step into some of these fifty broken home circles, this first cold and cheerless stormy night of the absence, and he will be a sadder if not wiser man. We honor most of all, who throw aside their prejudice of party, and join the patriot ranks. One poor man said to a friend, if I fall, don't let my children go to the almshouse. If the wealthy and comfortable, who remain at home do this, a deeper blight ought to rest on the business of Old Plymouth, than now overshadows it. A subscription ought to be raised to send a few dollars of ready money to the most needy of the Company, who had but small means to divide between themselves and those at home. May God speed the right, protect these and bring an early peace and reconciliation, honorable and lasting to our distracted country.

CADMUS

... A sufficient number of Plymouth boys were enlisted in Boston to make the requisite number (64) to fill the company.

CO. B (3 MO. ENLISTMENT), 3d REGIMENT

A subscription has been started for the benefit of such volunteers and their families as may be destitute, and \$100 already paid Lieut. C. C. Doten for the purchase of such articles as any of his command may stand in need of. There need be no anxiety on the part of our soldiers that their families will not be amply provided for either by voluntary subscription, or by an appropriation from the town, should the former be inadequate. Uniforms, Overcoats, good quarters, and rations, and every comfort will be furnish by the State.

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in Company B

There were no Plymouth men killed, wounded, or taken prisoner while serving a three month enlistment in the 3^d Regiment.

Images of Members of the Company

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures are of men who may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to Company E. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.



Figure 6. Doten, Charles C.,
Capt.³⁹



Figure 7. Rogers, Otis, 2d
Lieut.⁴⁰



Figure 8. Alexander, William, 4th
Lieut.⁴¹

RETURN OF THE DEAD



Figure 9. Drew, Charles, 1st Sergeant⁴²



Figure 10. Mason, Charles, Private⁴³

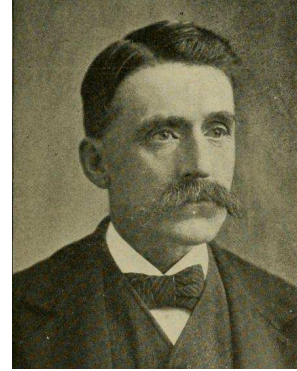


Figure 11. Simmons, Albert, Private⁴⁴

Letters and Articles from the Field

News from the Seat of War for the Memorial⁴⁵

We have engaged Charles H. Drew Esq. one of the Standish Guards, as a correspondent of the *Memorial* from the Seat of War, and we hope to keep our readers fully posted up in regard to war matters. Our readers will be pleased to learn of this arrangement.

Letter from C. H. D. [Charles Drew], Fort Monroe, VA⁴⁶ April 22, 1861

MR. EDITOR:

We arrived here Saturday morning, about 11 o'clock, after just forty-eight hours' passage. Many of us were seasick, but on the whole it was very pleasant.

Saturday P. M., the 3d Reg. with a detachment of marines from Washington, embarked in the *Pawnee* for Norfolk. We loaded our pieces and prepared for action. The decks were cleared; all the sailors at their guns, and everything ready. The secessionists had erected batteries so as to command the river, and if the enemy had attacked us there would have been bloody work, for the *Pawnee's* decks were crowded with men, and she is a very small vessel. However, we arrived safely at the Navy Yard, destroyed everything and departed. I fully expected to see some blood shed, but we got through without a conflict.

We are in a splendid place here. The Fort embraces 60 or 70 acres, ornamented with live oak trees, &c. We are all in good health and spirits. I hear there are 500 or more men in arms at Norfolk, and the Virginians are erecting batteries near; but we are prepared for them.

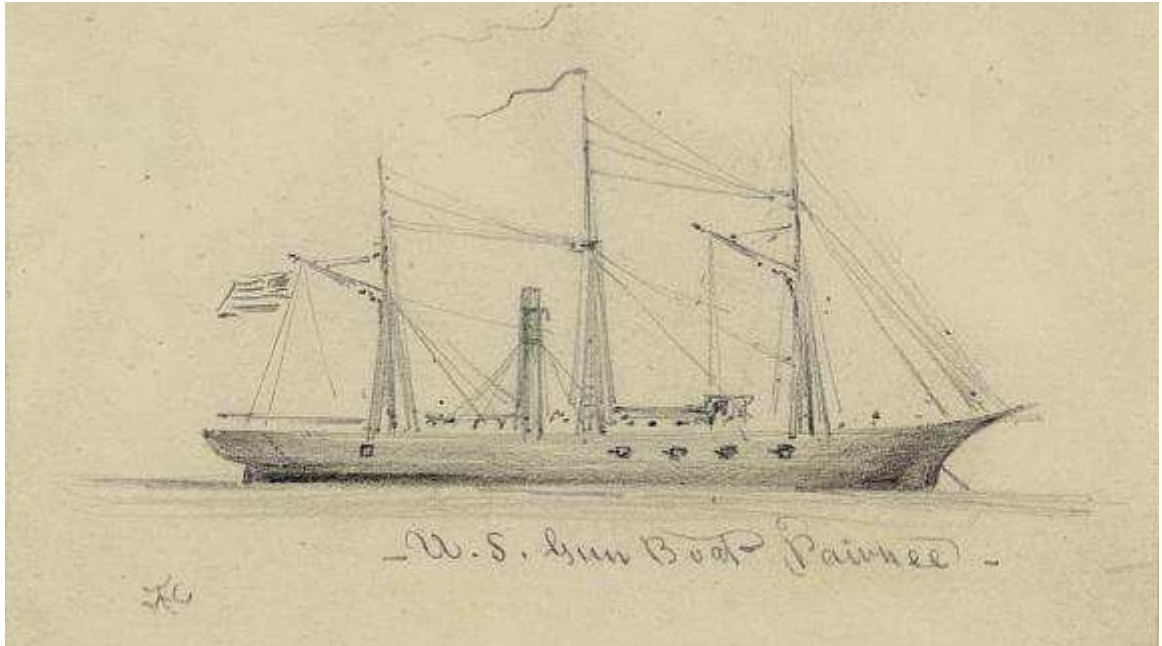


Figure 12. U.S. Gun Boat *Pawnee*⁴⁷

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fort Monroe, VA⁴⁸ April 21, 1861

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE NO. 1

Sunday,

Arrival at Fort Monroe – Escape of the State of Maine – Enthusiasm – Com. Paulding – Expedition to Norfolk – Dangerous Misunderstanding – Joyful recognition – Destruction at the Navy Yard - The United States – Casualty – Camp Life – Target Practice.

We arrived here yesterday about 11 A. M., having had a fine run of 48 hours. We got ashore hungry and tired, and went into the Fort. The 4th regiment per “*State of Maine*” arrived about 2 o’clock in the morning, but did not dare to come within range on account of not knowing who had possession of the premises.

The Fort came near opening on them for acting so suspiciously, and they ran down the bay until daylight, coming up again when the stars and stripes were hoisted at sunrise. Two secession tug boats had been lying off Cape Henry intending to sink them when they came in, but luckily they missed them. It was a moment of intense anxiety to us as we rounded the Cape, coming in sight of the Fort. We could see a flag, but could not tell what it was. The mate took the glass and all held their breath to hear his announcement. Oh! What hearty cheers went up as the words “The American flag” came from his lips. We ran immediately up to the wharf and such enthusiasm you never witnessed.

The two regiments cheered each other in the wildest manner. We landed, and marched in, stacked arms, and had some crackers and cheese where we stood, and then dismissed.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

In an hour or two the U.S. gunboat *Pawnee*, Com. Paulding, came in and anchored. Myself and officers were on the wharf when he came on shore in his boat. He talked with us some time, saying he was glad to see us, adding "We may want you soon, boys," to which we responded, "we are ready." He told us that Norfolk, about 18 miles up the river, where the most extensive Navy Yard was located, was threatened by the secessionists. They had erected batteries to prevent succor from arriving by the river, the only way possible, but said he, "I am going up this afternoon and mean to fight my way through, so if you hear guns, you will know what they mean."

He then stepped into his boat, but just as he was pushing off Col. Wardrop came down the wharf, and the Com. being informed that it was him, came on shore for an introduction. They had a short conference and separated.

We sauntered slowly back to the fort, and had but just reached the parade ground when the order was given to "fall in," and in 15 minutes the regiment was on the march. My officers knew in a moment what was intended, and that we were "in for it." The 3d went directly on board of the *Pawnee*, and soon we were steaming up the river for Norfolk. Our ammunition was quickly dealt out, muskets loaded, and then we had a little time to look about. The ship's guns, heavy 9 inch, were double shotted with shell, 4 in a battery, and all the men and marines beat to quarters. The infantry were made to "squat" on deck as we approached the 40 gun battery where we expected to be fired upon, and as the moon shone down upon us the scene was wonderfully picturesque and beautiful. I wish Fuller had been there to take a "Photo," of it.

We passed steadily up, and as we neared the battery were hailed, but no answer was returned. We were so near that a stone could have been tossed on board, and that moment was the turning point.

Had they fired upon us they would have received in return a shower of musketry and shell from the big guns, such as they never saw rain down before.

The men were astonishingly cool and collected and would have fought well. The battery was safely passed and we were fairly in the lion's mouth without knowing whether we could get out again or not, with the probabilities very much against us. As we steamed up and came within range of the *Pennsylvania* and *Cumberland* lying in the stream, manned by U.S. men, the hail came "What ship is that." To which was answered "The *Pawnee*." Not being understood, both ships beat to quarters, all the guns were manned and run out, and we were in imminent danger of being sent to our long account by our own friends.

The sailing master seeing this, hurriedly repeated "The *Pawnee*! The *Pawnee*!" just as the matches were being applied to the guns. They were instantly withdrawn, and in place of a death-dealing discharge, we were greeted with such cheers as men only can give who have been in extremely close quarters and suddenly reinforced.

It was enough to bring tears to witness their joy, so sure had they been that no help could come to them. The different Bands struck up "Hail to the Chief," and all was gladness in the fleet, while the city of Norfolk and village of Portsmouth looked on in sullen silence in the beaming moonlight.

We were ordered on shore, and commenced immediately to destroy all property in the yard. A large pile of shot and shell was thrown into the dock in a few minutes by our party, while another was engaged in rendering useless the splendid large shell guns in the park. The sloop of war *Germantown*, steam frigate *Merrimac*, the *Plymouth*, *Pocahontas* and *Raritan* were scuttled and sunk in such a manner that if raised they will be useless.

The *Pennsylvania*, ship-of-the-line, an immense vessel with four tiers of guns was set on fire, 20 kegs of powder were bedded under the dry dock and made ready for blowing it up. The Marine barracks, a very large building, together with the 2 or 3 immense ship houses, one containing the frigate *New York*, were all set on fire. When all was ready and going, we started off, taking the flag-ship *Cumberland* in tow. Both sides of the

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river and the rebel batteries were lined with secessionists, and as soon as we started on our return it was signaled to the different batteries below. We expected to have a warm time of it, but as our commodore had told them if even a single pistol shot was fired, he would anchor and shell the city out of existence, they concluded not to try it. Everything at, and in the yard, was entirely destroyed, excepting the old "*United States*," too old to be of any use, and they would not destroy her on account of her name. All that is left of fifty million dollars' worth of property at the Norfolk Navy Yard you could put in your pocket, and the boasted Navy of the Southern Confederacy were bragging about as safely "caught," is in oblivion. The fire spread and burnt the villages of Portsmouth and Gosport.

Such a stroke of policy as the destruction of this yard never was known. It was a master mind conceived it, and it was executed in as masterly a manner. We have been told again and again of the hair-breadth escapes of that eventful night, but we cannot realize them. We took 2 prisoners and brought along with us; another was taken and confined temporarily in the Barracks at the yard, and forgotten when the building was fired, perishing in the flames. One of the *Cumberland's* men was accidentally shot by her 1st Lieut., killing him instantly. This was all the loss of life. We got back into the Fort safely and have had easy times since. We camp on the "parade," have large new bell tents, and live finely.

Monday, 22d

Today my Company is on guard, and as their guns were loaded, and new sentinels are not allowed to stand with guns loaded, they were ordered out to fire at a target of cloth about two feet wide, distance 200 yards. After they had got through, the army officers said it was "tip-top" shooting, and were very much pleased, as no shots had been wasted. The Guards are the only company that has fired as yet, and they have been highly complimented by the regulars.

C.C.D.

Letter from John, Fort Monroe, VA⁴⁹ April 21, 1861

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following letter:

Dear Father:

It is Sunday, and as we are not obliged to do anything at present, I will commence a letter home. How soon you will get it, I can not tell. We had a fair voyage out, most all hands sea-sick including myself. We got here Saturday noon, pretty well used up. Some time in the afternoon a war ship stopped here on her way from Washington to Norfolk. They had heard news at Washington that the citizens of Virginia were going to take the navy yard and some of the war-ships moored there. The ship that arrived here had not many men, so our Colonel volunteered the services of the 3d Regiment. We thought it pretty tough to be put into service in such a state as we were then in, not having had any sleep for a long time, and had had mighty poor food too, but we had to go and I'm not sorry we went, though it was a rough time and left us pretty well used up.

This is the first time since I enlisted that we have been at leisure more than an hour or so at a time. We got back to the Fort at about half past eight. When we got to the Navy Yard we blowed up buildings, ships, &c., to the value of 40 or 50 millions of dollars. It seemed almost wicked, but I think it was the best thing that could have been done, as they could not have been held by the Government, on account of a want of men to man them. We did not fire a gun, nor did we have one fired at us, though we went right in among them. They were going to do something pretty smart, but when they found their city would be burned as soon as they fired, they concluded not to molest us. During the night they sent a messenger bearing a flag of truce, begging us not to bombard the city. We took two prisoners who were skylarking round where they ought not to be. The ship we went down in was the *Pawnee*. Today we have had our tents put up and we are quartered in fine shape. I

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think if they let us stay here, we shall have some fine times. If you could look at me now, you would see me standing by the church, writing on the window sill, outside. It is a splendid place here. The fort encloses something like 75 acres of ground, and there are quite a number of dwelling houses. The 3^d and 4th Regiments from Mass. are both here. My health is first-rate, and I'm in tip-top spirits. I haven't seen the time yet that I would back out if I had the chance. The trees here look very green, and the grass is pretty well up. We have a splendid parade ground. I am in the Plymouth company, among a good set of fellows, and many of them old friends. I haven't had my boots or any part of my clothing off, since I left. I guess I'm good for it a spell longer. I am afraid you will have hard work to make out this as I have no accommodations for writing. The chances of my writing often will be small. I notice a Plymouth boy at one of the windows writing to some of his friends. He has the same kind of a writing desk that I have. There comes another. Who takes the next window? Well, as I have nothing more to write I will bid you good by. Do not fear for me, for I shall look out for myself, and if nothing happens, I will come home and tell you all about it. Tell mother that I would give all my military traps for one of her pies, any kind. Good by, from your son,

John

Letter from Charles H. Drew, Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁰ April 22, 1861

Mr. Editor:

We arrived here Saturday morning, about 11 o'clock, after just forty-eight hours' passage. Many of us were seasick, but on the whole it was very pleasant.

Saturday P. M., the 3d Reg. with a detachment of marines from Washington, embarked in the *Pawnee* for Norfolk. We loaded our pieces and prepared for action. The docks were cleared, all the sailors at their guns, and everything ready. The secessionists had erected batteries so as to command the river, and if the enemy had attacked us there would have been bloody work, for the *Pawnee's* decks were crowded with men, and she is a very small vessel. However, we arrived safely at the Navy Yard, destroyed everything and departed. I fully expected to see some blood shed, but we got through without a conflict.

We are in a splendid place here. The Fort embraces 60 or 70 acres, ornamented with live oak trees, &c. We are all in good health and spirits. I hear there are 5000 or more men in arms at Norfolk, and the Virginians are erecting batteries near; but we are prepared for them.

Yours, C.H.D.

Letter from Henry Ripley, Fort Monroe, VA⁵¹ April 23, 1861

Dear Friend:

Yours is not yet received. The Standish Guards have chosen officers today. Two Lieutenants only are allowed, and consequently Lieut. Bradford is displaced, and will return and make a good mail agent. Writing facilities are not the best, so I must be brief.

Had a tough passage out, in my opinion, and I was mighty sea sick, as much so as any one. We have been kept on the tramp pretty well, and sleep mighty irregular. For the last two days we have been in tents, and of the last 24 hours, I have passed nearly 10 on watch, and am mighty tired. Commence drilling soon. How long we shall remain here I can't tell. I would like to have all hands write, but it will be difficult to answer them.

The walls of this fortress are about a mile in length I should think. Most every body's boots are worn out, but perhaps some will arrive. The *Baltic* has left troops here. We have a Sergeant Major who has been with Garibaldi, and he keeps his noise going all the time. Sergeant Drew says "fall into line," and I must go it.

Respectfully yours, H.R.

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Letter from Charles H. Drew, Fort Monroe, VA⁵² April 24, 1861

Mr. Editor:

The mails which had not visited this place before for some days, arrived this morning, and happier individuals have seldom been seen than the 3d and 4th Massachusetts Regiments are at this moment. On all sides are to be seen the sons of the Old Colony, "*Travellers, Memorials and Plymouth Rocks*," while some individuals, the envied of the whole garrison, have letters from friends at home. Although we do not chance to be one of the fortunate individuals of either of the above classes, yet we can sympathize heartily with the universal joy manifested upon the countenances of all around. Although but a few days have elapsed since our departure from Massachusetts, so crowded has it been with events, that it seems a much longer period.

For the last ten days our Regiment has been in good health and spirits, the duties of most of us being very light; but until Sunday night few of us had had anything like sleep for many days, and that combined with hard work and poor fare, made us all, in a figurative sense look intensely "blue," and had it not been for the unconquerable good humor of our friend "Life" and a few other choice spirits, I doubt not we should have been still more depressed.

We left Boston as your readers are aware, last Thursday A.M., in the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*. Our passage out was very pleasant, but our accommodations most miserable. Many of our company were seasick, and altogether we were not at all sorry when we made Cape Henry on the forenoon of Saturday. The only enlivening incident of the whole voyage was on Friday, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, when a flag was raised, cannon fired, and several speeches made, among the rest a few patriotic and eloquent remarks were made by Corp. Fuller of Co. B. We landed at Fort Monroe, and found that the 4th Mass. Regiment had arrived a short time before. After a few hours rest we embarked again on board the U.S. steam gun-boat *Paunee* [Pawnee], for Gosport Navy Yard, near Norfolk some twenty miles or more distant. The approach to the city by the river was completely commanded by a storm battery in the hands of the secessionists, and accordingly every preparation was made for returning the fire and forcing a passage through. The decks were perfectly crowded with men, for besides the crew of the *Paunee*, there were on board about 120 marines from Washington, and our Regiment about 350 strong. The former and the latter on the quarter, while the main deck was occupied by the sailors at their guns.

The guns of the *Paunee* were shotted and run out, the muskets of the marines and volunteers loaded, and every man expected that the next moment the action would commence. Every man in our Regiment was fully alive to the danger of his position, yet when the ammunition was dealt out, and each man loaded his piece, he was as cool and collected about it as though it was nothing more than a pleasure excursion. The volunteers were ordered to seat themselves upon the deck, in order to be screened by the bulwarks until the action should commence. We were comfortably seated with our muskets ready for the contest, and while waiting for the first shot, found considerable amusement in watching the countenances and conversation of those around us. One ambitious individual of Co. B was perfectly willing to be shot, but not just yet, for he said it made him exceedingly "mad to think of being shot as a private;" but to lie dead upon the deck with a Minnie ball through, and gold epaulettes in place of worsted upon his shoulders, was perfectly glorious, and he clutched his musket with renewed strength at the thought. Another was discoursing upon the nature of gun shot wounds in general, and Minnie ball wounds in particular, the result of his remarks being that the latter were very uncomfortable and not at all conducive to the health. Then we had a lecture upon the manufacture of percussion caps by one of our Sergeants, and altogether the time passed very pleasantly, notwithstanding the cheering thought that we might be blowed out of water at any moment. However the valiant Virginians did not see fit to open fire, and we went unharmed by. Soon the immense line of Battle of ship *Pennsylvania* loomed up in the dim moonlight, with the Navy Yard buildings in the rear, the *Cumberland* Frigate, and other men of

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war near by. As we steamed up toward the Navy Yard we were hailed by the *Cumberland*. "What ship is that?" "The *Paunee*!" was the response. Evidently the reply was not heard, and the *Cumberland* was preparing to give us a broadside, for we could hear the guns beating to quarters, and the sailors cleaning at their guns. Soon again came the hail, "What ship is that?" "The United States Ship *Paunee*," was the answer. We heard "*Paunee, Paunee*," repeated several times on board the *Cumberland*, and three loud cheers went up from her crew, repeated in spite of the orders of Commodore Paulding and our Colonel by nearly every man on board the *Paunee*. Very soon we were fastened to the Navy Yard landing, and our Regiment marched out by companies; and then the news began to circulate that it was intended to destroy the Navy Yard. Portions of our company were detailed to carry shot and shell and the rest sent back to the *Paunee*.

As we stood upon the quay waiting for orders we were accosted by a Sergeant of marines, who wished to know to what corps we belonged. "3d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers," we replied, "Massachusetts!" returned he, "well, your chances for seeing Massachusetts again are small, for the secessionists have sworn to murder every Massachusetts soldier that lands in Virginia." Pleasant intelligence, we thought; but the scenes about us were too exciting to allow us much time for reflection. Our friend the Sergeant informed me that 5000 or more men were in arms in Norfolk, and that an intense excitement prevailed in that city. He had been almost entirely without sleep for several nights, the Navy Yard being constantly threatened with an attack, and the small marine force stationed there, only fifty, being insufficient for a change of guard. Meanwhile the work of destruction had been progressing rapidly. The Yard for hours resounded with the sharp ring of sledge hammers wielded by strong arms, spiking the cannon. The shot, shell, and small arms were thrown into the river. The powder all destroyed except what was necessary for constructing a mine of dry dock, and at about 11 o'clock the ship houses were fired. At midnight the scene was very grand. The tall ship houses towering up in the foreground with the red glare of the flames within just beginning to burst out; the suppressed sound of the men at work upon the dry dock a half mile or more distant; the lofty sides of the *Pennsylvania*, and *Cumberland*, with tier after tier of cannon, and the *Germantown*, *Raritan*, *Merrimack*, *Plymouth* and other men-of-war destined to destruction, faintly seen in the dimly, gleaming moonlight; boats with muffled oars pulling here and there, and gliding like spectres over the water; the occasional long-drawn out cry of the sentries in the Yard "all's well;" in the distance the city of Norfolk with occasionally a rocket or signal light illuminating it for a moment, and then all again darkness and silence there as before; above, the moon, now shining brightly, and now obscured by clouds; and more than all the uncertainty that attended the expedition, showing that it was not probable an attack might be made at any moment by the large military force of the secessionists in the vicinity; all went to make up a scene that will never be forgotten by any of its witnesses.

We saw two boats near by approaching each other, one a boat from the *Cumberland*, the latter a stranger. The latter was hailed by the *Cumberland's* boat, no answer was returned, and in an instant a flash was seen, and the sharp report of a pistol heard, and one of the two men in the stranger boat, fell without a groan. The poor fellow died in a few moments. He was formerly a sailor in the Navy, and was out that night as his companion stated, for the purpose of collecting drift wood.

At about four o'clock Sunday morning the *Paunee* with the *Cumberland* in tow started from the Yard, having left a cutter and its crew to fire the vessels, and buildings. After proceeding a short distance a rocket was sent up as a signal, and the work of destruction was complete, Gosport Navy Yard, late the finest in the United States, with the immense Line ship *Pennsylvania*, the Steam Frigate *Merrimac* and five or six other men-of-war utterly destroyed. In the course of the night a boat had been sent under a flag of truce, by Commodore Paulding, to the Mayor of Norfolk, informing him that if fired upon, he should return the fire, and "shell" the city. Undoubtedly we would have done so, as every preparation was made as before, and the

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batteries of the *Cumberland* and *Paunee* manned. But, remembering doubtless, the old adage that "discretion is the better part of valor," they allowed us to pass unharmed.

As we proceeded down the river, we could hear the cry of "fire! fire!" repeated by myriad voices in Norfolk and Portsmouth, and this added to the danger of our ships catching fire from the tremendous conflagration, and the expected fire from the secession batteries made the return passage no less interesting than the passage up. Not a life was lost in the whole expedition, except accidentally in the instance I have mentioned, yet the danger was very imminent, not only from the Secessionists, but also from our own friends.

As we have before intimated, the *Cumberland* came near firing upon us, thinking we were a secession vessel attempting a surprise, and we were afterwards assured, that had we not replied to the second hail as we did, we should have been fired upon. Both tiers of the *Cumberland's* guns were double shotted, and a full battery, loaded with grape and canister brought to bear upon the quarter of the *Pawnee*, where they had detected the flash of muskets, and rightly judged it to be filled with troops. Had they done so, the 3d Mass. Regiment would have been completely annihilated. We doubt not, every man would have been killed, the old sailors ever expressing their gratification that they were not in our exposed situation.

We towed the *Cumberland* nearly down to the Fort, and next day she came down to the Roads and anchored directly opposite, where she still remains. We landed at Fortress Monroe again at 8 o'clock Sunday morning, and a more tired, sleepy, or hungry regiment than the third, I think has been seldom seen. After a hearty repast of bread and cheese we had quarters assigned us in tents, and straightway took possession of them, and after a few hours sleep, awoke refreshed, in good spirits, and happy as circumstances would permit. Then commenced a search for reading matter, only resulting in the production of a Testament given by a Plymouth merchant to his apprentice just before leaving Plymouth with Company B. It will perhaps gratify him to learn that good use has been made of it. A number of chapters were read aloud to the first section of the company by one of its members, and several members expressed their determination to read it through. We are happy to say that one private has already made good progress therein.

On Monday our company was detailed as main guard to the Fortress. The duty though very fatiguing was discharged very creditably, considering the inexperience of the troops. On Tuesday we learned from some of the marine force late stationed at the navy yard, that a good portion of Seaport and Portsmouth had been destroyed with the navy yard. The damage to property was estimated at about ten million dollars. On Monday night the boatswain of the *Cumberland* frigate was severely wounded in the shoulder by a shot fired by one of the picket guard, said to have been a member of Co. H., or our regiment. Yesterday a tug boat and a large schooner were hove too, taken possession of, and bro't in to the quay. The schooner was loaded with arms for the secessionists, and the tug was intending to take her up to Norfolk. Lieut. St. Clair of the Navy was taken prisoner on board the schooner, with correspondence with the secessionists about his person. He will be tried by court martial and probably executed. We are to be placed on an allowance of water tomorrow, a precaution which has become necessary from the past danger of the failure of that important article. All the water here is caught upon the casemates, and is filtered through into cisterns. The women and children will probably leave the Fortress in a few days.

Life here is rather quiet. We have the usual routine of daily duty, occasionally a gun is fired at some passing vessel, for the purpose of bringing her too, and then there is a great rush to the ramparts to observe the proceedings. These, and occasional reports of the doings of the southern leaders are about the only relief from the tardiness of garrison life. It is rumored that the Fortress will soon be attacked. Many of our men are anxious, and some even "spoiling for a fight." We have daily drills, and our raw troops, we have no doubt, will soon be nearly as efficient as regular troops. The weather here is very warm, resembling June or July in Massachusetts. The nights are cool and very beautiful. A walk upon the northern parapet, commanding a fine

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view of the Rappahannock, at "retreat" sunset is delightful. The numerous live oak trees within the walls offered a fine place for rest after duty. Our regiment generally dine by messes under these trees and the scene at "Peas on a trencher," and "Roast beef," the signals for meals is very picturesque. Some of them, especially the exploits of the captain of "Mess 3," late noted in Plymouth for his tall, portly figure, and his fine truck, are very amusing. There is quite a delegation of the "Y. M. L. 1. [Young Mens Literary Institute]" in our ranks, including the President, Secretary, and six or seven other members. We have serious thoughts of continuing our meetings here.

Those members of the company who had responded to "General Order, No. 4" in the affirmative, and then when called upon, so cowardly showed the white feather, are standing subjects of execration with us. In particular the case of a late Sergeant in the company is freely talked about by us. He had responded affirmatively to the call last winter, expressed his willingness to go several times since, and even so late as the morning of the 16th of April, but when looked for, he was not. He had dropped his cowardly head and slunk out of sight. In striking contrast with the above, is the large number of the company who before their departure from Boston were unconnected with it, joining only for the purpose of doing their duty to their country, and some of them leaving a profitable business for that purpose. It was with regret that we parted in Boston with our friend Fred Holmes, late a Sergeant in our company. But his course in leaving us was perfectly honorable. He came with the company to Boston, was excused by the Colonel, and furnished an excellent substitute. Mr. Holmes' substitute, Frank C. Goodrich of Boston, has a West Point education, and is an excellent soldier. He has received an appointment as Sergeant and is already one of the most talented men in the company. Talented, good-natured, and active, he has won the friendship of us all. Yesterday we had an election of officers. Our 1st Lieut., Charles C. Doten, was unanimously elected Captain, and a better captain, we venture to say, cannot be found.

C.H.D.

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fort Monroe, VA⁵³ April 25, 1861

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE NO. 1

[The following letter from our regular Army Correspondent, was not received in season for our last paper, and what we then published was an extract from a private letter. Though this is in part a repetition of what we published last week, it is so much more graphic and contains so much in addition, that we publish it entire, as the first of a regular series written expressly for the *Rock*, and can now furnish extra copies to those whom we were obliged to disappoint last week.]

FRIEND ROCK:

Thinking a letter from this important point might be of interest at the present time, to most of your readers, I venture to address you. I will not endeavor to conceal a purpose to use your columns, to more immediately address personal friends, to whom I have promised letters, but find I cannot write. With this preface, I will proceed to give you an account of life in "Ole Virginny."

The 3d Regiment, Col. D. W. Wardrop, went on board the steamer "*S. R. Spaulding*" at Boston, on Wednesday evening, and dropped off into the stream to wait for supplies. These were put on board during the next forenoon, and at about 11 o'clock we passed Boston Light, on our way to Fortress Monroe. We arrived here safely after a smooth, pleasant passage of about 48 hours without any special incident to mark the voyage. The "*State of Maine*" had arrived a few hours previously with the 4th Regiment, who received us with hearty cheers as they crowded the ramparts and lined the slope of the parapet. The 4th lost one man from the use of liquor containing some poisonous substance, given him by some secession fiend. We speedily disembarked

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and marched into the Fortress, stacking arms on the "Parade," and regaling our empty stomachs on crackers and cheese. About the middle of the afternoon, the U.S. Gunboat "*Pawnee*," Commodore Paulding, came into port and anchored. Happening to be upon the wharf with several brother officers when his boat came on shore, we had a fine view of the determined old "sea-dog," and the honor of a few moments conversation. He said he was glad to see us, and hoped we were ready to fight, as we should probably be wanted soon. Stating that he intended to force his passage up by the batteries, erected by the secession forces, and reach the Gosport Navy Yard at Norfolk at all hazards. After a few moments conversation with Col. Wardrop, the 3d was ordered into line, the steamer hauled into the wharf, and notwithstanding our worn out condition, we were "in for a fight," by going on board the "*Pawnee*." She was immediately headed up the river, under full steam, successfully passing the sunken lightship and hulks obstructing the channel, and soon we were in sight of the heavy batteries erected for our destruction. Ammunition was hastily dealt out, the ship's batteries manned by cool, sturdy "Jacks;" the Marines and Infantry loaded their muskets, and all awaited with breathless impatience, the first gun from the rebel forts. When opposite, and near enough to toss a biscuit on our decks, we were hailed, but no answer returned. The ship steamed steadily on, a sweeping discharge being momentarily expected, but for some unknown reason it was withheld, and we passed in safety, only to run into still greater danger. As we neared the Yard, we came within range of the guns of the ship-of-the-line "*Pennsylvania*," and Frigate "*Cumberland*," lying in the stream. At this moment, the moon shone full upon our decks, showing them covered with a dense mass of humanity, the gleaming muskets reflecting the rays of light, and in short, presenting a scene for wildness, singularity, and beauty, I never saw equaled. A hoarse voice from the "*Cumberland*" hailed, "What ship's that?" To which was answered: "The *Pawnee*." In an instant the drums of the "*Pennsylvania*" and "*Cumberland*" "beat to quarters," their guns were run out, and death at the hands of our friends stared in our faces, they having misunderstood our answer, and believing us to be enemies. At this critical moment, an old bronzed, weather-beaten "Jack," the captain of the forward gun, turned toward the sailing master on the Orlop deck, and politely touching his hat with the most icy coolness, reported: "They are going to fire on the *Pawnee*, Sir." The Master grabbed his trumpet, and quickly repeated his previous answer: "The *Pawnee*! The *Pawnee*!!" What a change! The matches which were almost touching the guns were withdrawn, and in place of a murderous discharge which would have sent every soul to eternity, we received three such rousing, heartfelt cheers, as I never before listened to, such cheers as man only can give, who suddenly find relief in some dire extremity. The officers afterwards told us our danger "never could be greater than that passed in that instant of hesitation, and life be left us." Their guns were doubly shotted with canister and grape, and not a man could have survived the discharge of the great number brought to bear upon us. We hauled into the Yard, and going on shore, immediately commenced the destruction of all public property. The guns in the Park were soon spiked, an immense pile of shot and shell thrown into the dock in a few moments, and the Dry Dock mined and twenty kegs of powder placed beneath to blow it up.

The large ship houses, (one of them containing the liner "*New York*,") the Marine Barracks, (a fine brick building nearly 500 feet long, and two stories high,) together with the line "*Pennsylvania*," brig "*Dolphin*," frigate "*Raritan*," sloop "*Plymouth*," and another small vessel, were set on fire. The machinery of the "*Merrimac*" was broken, and her hull scuttled and sunk. The sloop "*Germantown*" was also scuttled, and sunk in such a manner as to "break her back." The old "*United States*" was not touched, on account of her name and associations connected with her. As the "*Pennsylvania*" was fired, her band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" for the last time, causing a feeling of sadness to overspread our entire company. Then the notes of "Yankee Doodle" rang out clearly and cheerfully, followed by the grand spirit stirring strains of "Hail to the Chief." Her men then all left her, and came on board the "*Pawnee*." The men from the yard were also called in, the work of destruction being in a fair way to be completed. The "*Cumberland*" was taken in tow, and with

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the batteries of both vessels fully manned, we started down the river, having been into the lion's mouth, torn out his tongue, and having to incur only the danger of his teeth, on our way out. As we started, the signal was given to the rebel garrisons below, and answered by them, so we expected warm work when we reached them. The Commodore had sent them word, that if they but fired a pistol shot, he would anchor, and immediately open on Norfolk with shot and shell, nor cease his fire until the city was reduced to ashes. Having seen some instances of his determined spirit, they thought it best not to interfere with our passage. Indeed! If a man had shown his head above the ramparts with a lighted match, hundreds of muskets would have been fired upon him.

I have heard much of coolness, but I never saw anything like that exhibited by our whole ship's company, on this hazardous expedition.

The property destroyed amounted to FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS, and it was thoroughly done. Not \$500,000 can be realized from the remains. The Norfolk papers set the loss at \$15,000,000 but the naval officers connected with the yard, say it cannot be far from the first amount. We arrived safely back at the Fort on Sunday morning, hungry and tired, but not much worse for wear. Since our return we have been busy in garrison duties, mounting guns, standing guard, &c. The men are well and in good spirits. We are camping on the "Parade Ground," but shall probably be ordered into barracks in a day or two.

At a special election ordered by Col. Wardrop, the following officers were elected by company B, of Plymouth: Captain, Chas. C. Doten; 1st Lieut., Otis Rogers; 2d Lieut., Wm. B. Alexander. These are all the officers allowed in the U.S. Army, but Lieut. Bradford, although "left out in the cold," and at liberty to leave for home, has determined to remain by the company, and share their fortunes. Lieut. B. has the only trophy from the Norfolk Navy Yard, in the shape of a rifle musket, which he took from the barracks after they were set on fire. One of the "*Cumberland's*" crew was accidentally killed, having been shot by the Lieut. of the cutter, while firing at an escaping prisoner. One man, it is reported, who was arrested and confined in the barracks, was forgotten, and perished in the flames. Two "secessionists" were taken and placed in confinement on board the "*Pawnee*," and brought to Fortress Monroe. The destruction of the yard is considered a great stroke of policy, as its defense was absolutely impossible for any length of time, so completely were the approaches in the hands of the rebels. The "*Cumberland*" is now here blockading the mouth of the river. The Fort is in excellent condition, and easily defended, unless a perfectly overwhelming force is brought against it, and then but a few hundreds could ever gain entrance; the rest would be swept out of existence before they reached the parapet.

I fear I have already written too much, but as I hardly expect this communication will reach you, owing to the state of mail arrangements, I shall not ask pardon. The Southern papers cannot be depended upon for truth, as days after the destruction of the Navy Yard, the Baltimore papers were publishing accounts of the property seized by the secessionists at Norfolk, the reports being TOTALLY FALSE. A few papers and letters reached us from Plymouth yesterday, so we know how you are getting along. All honor to old Pilgrim Plymouth. Nobly has she responded to the call of duty, Long may she wave in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The officers and men of this command desire to express their warmest thanks to those at home, who so freely came forward with sympathy and means, for the benefit of ourselves, and "the loved ones left behind us." Many a bit of "material aid" was pressed into the palm of needy men, at the parting grasp, and many acts of kindness which can not be acknowledged are deeply graven on thoughtful hearts. Hon. Wm. T. Davis, Hon. John Morrissey, C. G. Davis, Esq., of Plymouth, Capt. Paraclete Holmes of Kingston, His Honor Judge Russell of Boston, D. N. Spooner, Esq., and other Old Colony people of the same city, together with citizens of Plymouth "too numerous to mention," are gratefully remembered. The honest pleasant countenance of Sheriff Bates was the last we beheld, as he came alongside in a boat, to bid us farewell. We assure him he will never

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have the pleasure (?) of hanging any of our number as traitors. I could write as much more, and then not tell all the news, but I must stop somewhere, and the important seizures, movements of steamers with troops, and many other things, must be left until another time, should such an opportunity offer. Good bye for the present.
C.C.D.

Letter from Col. David Wardrop, Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁴ April 27, 1861

Interesting Letter from Fort Monroe.

Adjutant General Schouler has received the following letter from Col. Wardrop, of the 3d Regiment, stationed at Fort Monroe:

Head Quarters, 3d Infantry, M.V.M.

My Dear General:

In the expedition to Norfolk, the regiment worked splendidly, I mean in a fighting way. They are new yet, but will come to it soon, if we can have the chance to drill them.

They are engaged in landing and storing provisions, a vessel having arrived yesterday, just in time, as they were in want of everything. They are also engaged in mounting guns. We have some work to do in that way. I want more men, at least four hundred, and as soon as we can have them. I would suggest for a uniform a blue flannel sack, pants and cap of the same material. This is the best suit we can have for this climate.

The men want shoes very much. We have but one drummer in the regiment at present, and we cannot get along with anything without a band to entertain the men. There are some indications that we shall be attacked in a month – perhaps sooner, but I think not.

The fort requires five thousand men to garrison it fully. We have now about thirteen hundred, and so you perceive how necessary it is, that both of the Massachusetts regiments should be filled up, and that speedily, because we want time to instruct the men.

I am perfectly well satisfied with the material of the regiment. They are hardy, athletic men, and full of enthusiasm, and wild for a fight. Whenever a call for volunteers for hazardous duty is made, double the number of men wanted respond to the call. They work hard, and endure privation cheerfully.

The people in this portion of the State are just as enthusiastic for secession as our people are for the Union, and therefore you can depend upon it that there will be a big fight. They are determined to have this fort, if they can get it, but we do not think they can take it with the whole Confederate army, if we are properly reinforced.

They are sending away all the ladies and children in the Fort. Some forty leave today. One lady is determined to remain. She is the wife of Capt. Rickets of the U.S.A.

Gov. Andrew's evident care for our troops has made him quite popular here with the army officers, although many of them were much prejudiced against him. They are quite social with us, and the utmost harmony prevails in the entire garrison.

If five hundred tons of ice could be sent to us, it would be a great blessing, by and by, for it is growing very warm, and in a few days it will be hot.

The frigate *Cumberland* is anchored off the fort, and stops all vessels. We have taken as a prize a schooner, and found upon her ten gun carriages and caissons, complete for six pounders. We expect to find the guns in the bottom of the hold, as we have found full equipments for ten pieces.

We have also captured a steam-tug, and we find her very handy. We have just taken another schooner, apparently loaded with coal.

D.W. Wardrop

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Letter from Charles C. Doten Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁵ April 28, 1861

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE NO. 2

We officers are at last in comfortable quarters; have a large airy room with two windows looking toward the "Parade," but screened from it by a garden, and large trees. The men are yet in tents, that is Co.'s B, H, and K, the rest of the regiment is stowed away in different buildings, lying on the hard, bare floor. I think my men are better off in the tents, at least, so long as the weather continues good.

It is very pleasant and summer like here; the trees were in blossom when we came, and now they are filled with birds, singing most musically. I like "Ole Virginny," but must say it is the laziest country I ever got into. The houses are neat and pretty, and everything wears an appearance of comfort and ease. When I go upon the ramparts and look toward the village of Hampton, where the secessionists are located, I cannot realize that that quiet, pretty little place is a hot bed of rebellion. They have had a large secession flag flying there, until within a few days, during which time it has not been hoisted. This morning I saw a "Southern Confederacy flag" floating in its place.

The papers in this region do falsify most outrageously. Yesterday's Baltimore Sun said that we were spiking the guns and blowing up the Fort, preparatory to evacuating, but it is needless to say that operations are actively going on in a totally different direction. We have large "fatigue parties" mounting guns, and bringing in munitions of war all the time, and the Fortress in in a very creditable state of defense without anything more being done.

Nothing will be neglected to keep our enemies at bay, and it will be absolutely impossible ever to take this post by assault. The only land approaches are by two widely separated necks of land towards the village of Hampton. These necks are very narrow, not more than twice the width of Main St., and completely covered by our fire, so that an army of 100,000 men would be swept off in a few moments. Not a man of them would ever reach our walls.

The Hampton side of the Fortress is the weakest, there being no case-mated guns in that part, but we have some heavy Barbettes, Howitzers, Columbiads, and thirty-two pounders, and one of the finest mortar batteries ever seen, already in position. The rebels can get at us only on that side, and the instant they begin to erect batteries, we shall send such a shower of shot and shell about their ears as will make it rather unpleasant for the continuance of their work.

We can lay the whole town of Hampton in ruins in a short time, and I do not believe they ever will attempt an attack upon this post. It would be a fool-hardy expedition, and they are as well aware of it as we.

Nothing brought to the Fort from the country, so we live on short commons, which some, not accustomed to army living consider hard fare. A pie is seldom seen, and when one is produced by any mysterious process, no matter what the ingredients, hundreds of customers are ready with "quarters," each eager to become the possessor. A "store" is kept in one of the "Casemates" of the water front, but as the men cannot pay the exorbitant prices demanded, they have to go without many articles which would make them comfortable.

Most of us are well and in good spirits, and as long as we are kept within our present limits our friends need have no fears for our safety, as should an enemy overcome impossibilities, and reach our walls, when they attempted to cross the ditch for an escalade our "flank howitzers," which command every angle of the Fortress, would mow them down by hundreds at every discharge. Don't believe any of the stories, such as we read every day and laugh at; they are simply ridiculous. No preparations have ever been made for an attack on us, and we have not 1000 enemies, men, women, and children in sight.

The frigate "*Cumberland*," rescued from the Norfolk Navy Yard, is lying in the stream opposite the Fort and completely blockades all commerce. She has taken a number of prizes and does good service. She has a small steam tug called the "*Young America*," also called the "*Luna*," belonging to Norfolk, which ventured

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down within range of her guns, and as a consequence got a 32-pound shot through her hull, which speedily brought her alongside. The Commodore now uses her instead of his barge, for little trips and errands about the bay, with an American flag flying at her 'fore,' while her secession Captain is a prisoner on board the frigate.

This Fort is the key to Virginia, and as long as it is held by government, Virginia commerce is at an end. I do not know who selected this point for the erection of a fortification, but whoever it was, had an eye to the future, and gave the strongest proof of his wisdom.

C.C.D.

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁶ May 7, 1861

The Plymouth Co. were on Picquet Guard last night in the rain and gale, (a most terrific tempest,) and stood nobly, without a murmur, wet to their skins. I venture to say no other Company would have undergone their twenty-four hours guard, without shelter, and so dark at night that the men could be found only when the lightening flashed upon their guns. Their motto is "Miles Standish we honor thy name," and they seem determined to live up to it.

P.S. Letters and packages for Fort Monroe, may be sent in care of D. D. Tompkins, Quarter Master U.S. Army, No. 6, State St., New York, and will be forwarded at the earliest opportunity.

Extract of a Letter from Unknown Officer, Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁷ May 7, 1861

A few days since a dozen or twenty of the advance guard of the secession party, were seen prowling about one and half miles from the Fort. A squad of 16 men was sent out to drive them off. Before our party were within musket shot of them, they about faced and ran for the woods in double quick time and were seen no more. They can come no Fort Sumter dodge upon us.

We should have been placed in close circumstances if we had not been supplied with money at the time of leaving, as we were obliged to buy all our camp-equipments here, and at exorbitant prices.

The Massachusetts stores which were sent here with us, were for some reason withheld from us; why, I do not know, and the consequence is, our fare is hard – bare bread of times all that is given for a meal. This is hard for us who have left comfortable homes to serve for our country. But we would not complain if what rightfully belonged to us was not withheld.

Our regiment is assigned to a position at the Redan, outside the wall on the land side, and it will be defended to the last. We have hired a slave woman to do our cooking, washing, &c., which she performs in a masterly manner.

The Standish Guards are dead shots. Yesterday they marched out to the Redan to practice with ball cartridge. A target the size of a man was placed at 300 yards. Each man fired six rounds, and there were but three balls in the whole but hit the mark in some place. This is good shooting at arm's length. I think Gen. Beauregard will keep his distance and govern himself accordingly.

[Unknown author]

Letter from William E. Barnes, Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁸ May 9, 1861

Within a few days there have been arrivals of workmen from New York, consisting of blacksmiths, &c. I read letters this morning mailed the 4th inst., which we consider very fair. We are obliged to spend ours as occasion offers, although we hear that they can be sent regularly by mail. The officers of the company deserve great credit for their conduct and bearing toward the company. Particularly Capt. Doten, and our efficient

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Orderly Sergeant, who has won the reputation of being the drill-master in the regiment. We have received from Mr. Wadsworth, of Duxbury, a card of court plaster for each man, and numerous gifts from various individuals, among others several large heads of tobacco, from T. Loring, for which we are very much obliged; and the tobacco will be properly distributed.

I do not think we are very badly off as regards provisions, although sometimes, we have nothing but bare bread and coffee for a meal. This, however, occurs seldom. I think a larger amount of rice, sugar and molasses would be much better for the health of all than the large amount of pork, which we are often obliged to eat, or otherwise have bare bread. I think, however, we on the hole fare as well as the average. Tea would be better for us, I furthermore believe that so much coffee, although in accordance with the directions of the physician or rather (in army parlance, Surgeon.) We had (for a rarity) some beef-steak for breakfast this morning, which "went well."

One or more steamers or other vessels are constantly discharging. Our returned townsman Lieut. Bradford, has a situation as Quarter Master's Clerk, and shows himself among us at each meal. We like him decidedly. Many of the men are busy reading the papers received by the morning mail, others cleaning muskets, which it is expected will look just about so all the time. Some of the companies are to bivouac in tents which have been placed on a platform, raised some feet from the ground. The presence of Lieut. Col. Raymond and his men was the source of much pleasure to all. Our lamps and lights are candles stuck in bottles which make excellent substitutes for gas fixtures and gas.

A three-masted schooner has been brought in by the gun-boat "*Pawnee*," taken a hundred miles out at sea, and loaded with powder and ball. We learn by the Norfolk papers that the small pox has broken out at Fort Monroe, which rumor they say is verified by the fact of tents being pitched outside.

There are a few tents between the outer and inner walls, put there for guard purposes; but the story is a hoax; nothing of the kind is here. Capt. Doten was at our quarters last evening and read extracts from Plymouth letters. Each man received yesterday, a striped cotton shirt, and those not supplied received also a tin pot, pan, knife, fork and spoon, also a pair of shoes and stockings.

Some of the men buy a few doughnuts occasionally, when we have a bare breakfast, and you may rest assured that the fat therein contained will injure no one, as far as the amount is concerned.

W. E. B.

Letter from Fred Holmes, Fort Monroe, VA⁵⁹ May 10, 1861

Friend Perkins:

Supposing that anything in the shape of correspondence from Fort Monroe will be interesting to the people of Plymouth, I will undertake to write for your columns what little news there is in this beautiful situation of ours. You Plymouth people would be astonished, as all of us have been, at the beauty and sublimity of the scene around us. Within and without the Fortress the scenery is grand. The Fort itself, its vastness, its position, and its strength on account of its position, would surprise most any one, being accessible on the land side from only two points and these are narrow strips of land with water upon either side of them; and our guns on the parapet, many of them, are brought to bear so as to range their entire length, and thus would effectually impede the progress of any of the Southrons who might approach with hostile intentions, and make thousands of them bow low and bite the dust. You have already had descriptions enough of this masterpiece of art, and therefore I will not undertake to describe it farther. Suffice it to say that it will take a numerous army of the chivalry to take this place, and I submit, that with a few companies more of Artillerists here, we might defy the world. The frigate *Cumberland* lies out in the stream, and with a few small steamers and tug-boats, effectually blockade the ports of Norfolk and Hampton and the James River. We have already a

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large fleet of vessels lying about here; some of them have been fired upon and compelled to submit to the regulations of a blockade, and thus several rich prizes have been made ours, and their munitions of war intended for the South have been placed under our fostering care. The *Pawnee* had just arrived with a rich prize. It is said that the schooner she has taken is loaded with ammunition for our enemies. I have been up to the ramparts to see her, and find that she is very deeply loaded and is a three masted schooner. So much loss to them.

Our boys here are well and in good spirits, and we are ready for any service to help sustain the Government, to defend the Nation's honor, and to "stand by the flag." We have now regular communication with the North, a mail arriving here every morning and one going from here every afternoon, the mail closing at four o'clock. Please make this known to our friends at home. The Post Office is in the Fort, and all letters and other mailable matter must be marked Co. B., 3d Reg., M. V. M. I will not write more at present for fear of wearing upon your patience. We hope to have letters often as it brings cheer to our hearts to hear from distant ones, although I know of no homesick ones among us. We all fairly love our Captain. He is a precious good soul.

Fred Holmes

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fort Monroe, VA⁶⁰ May 12, 1861

[Note from the OCM: We have been kindly furnished with the following letter for publication.]

Dear Father:

Last Sunday brought me the first news from home. I had eighteen letters, more than I can answer for some time to come. Hon. W. T. Davis sent me a fine Revolver, which is very acceptable. I also received a splendid pair of Captain's Epaulettes, as a present from Hon. John Morissey and E. C. Sherman, to whom I am greatly indebted for many attentions.

The nearest battery to us is on "Craney Island" about two miles distant, so placed as to command the river, but not bearing upon the Fort. Col. Dimmick, our Commandant, notified the Hampton people yesterday that the instant they struck a spade into the ground to throw up breast-works, he would open fire upon them from the Columbiad and Mortar Batteries, which I fancy would make it uncomfortable work for them this warm weather.

A flag of truce came down the river yesterday, and the report is that a demand was made for us "to evacuate within four days." We cannot ascertain its truth, but have concluded to stay the week out at any rate, unless ordered away by our own officers. We do not move at the nod of secession officials, and when they visit us they have to come "hat in hand," with all due respect to the glorious old flag which waves over us. Once in a while a Disunionist is inside the walls on business, but a guard is always detailed to accompany him about the grounds. It would make you laugh to see their scowling countenances while under surveillance. An old fellow came in the other day with two negro servants, whom he ordered to follow him. This the sentry would not allow, but obliged him to follow the darkies, and keep step with them in true military style at the point of the bayonet, to the infinite amusement of all. I guess that chap won't come again very soon.

I wonder what people at home would think, should they hear that every Officer and Private in the 3d Regiment, had asked permission to join the 4th, under Col. Packard, as some have already done? "Things is workin'," as the old woman said about her beer. Lieut. Col. Raymond and Major Jennings joined us at just the right time. They are both very popular officers with the whole Regiment.

Today is the first quiet Sabbath we have had. I attended church, as we have one inside the walls, nestled snugly away in the shade of the live oaks on the "Parade." The officiating clergyman having left, Capt. Ingraham of company L, read the service, (Episcopal,) Lieut. Col. Raymond played the Organ, while the choir

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was made up of a few officers from the different companies. The church was crowded, and all were pleased to have the opportunity, in the midst of an enemy's country, of assembling as they were wont to do at home. Most of the women and children have left the Fortress, and the transport will take the rest. It is not safe for them to remain, as we cannot tell the hour when we may be attacked. The secession rebels utter terrible threats, but we do not fear them, as like our brave old ancestors, we "Trust in God and keep our powder dry." A troop ship has just anchored, but I am unable to find out anything about her. They are cheering lustily on board of her, and the cheers are returned from the Fort.

Charles

Letter from Charles H. Drew, Fortress Monroe, VA⁶¹ May 14, 1861

Mr. Editor:

There is but little of interest in our garrison life to relieve the almost insufferable tedium. Every day is like every other, and were it not for a prospect of having something to do soon, I doubt not we should all relapse into the deepest despondency. We are all anxious to get out into the open field, and have a look at our enemy, a privilege which, from present appearances may soon be afforded us.

Since I wrote my last, we have changed our quarters to barracks, facetiously so called, although they come about as near to barracks, as a barn does to a respectable dwelling house. "B" company is quartered in an old blacksmith's shop, partially floored over with rough boards, and the quarters of the other companies of our regiment are of the same description. However, we are all happy and contented, and considering the original greenness of the troops, are now passable soldiers. Our company is making active exertions to excel in military drill and discipline, and intend to show the "Feather-bed company" how the thing is done. On Wednesday last we were out for target practice. Some excellent shots were made; the two best by Privates S. C. Drew and Sherman Allen.

The Steamer "*Cambridge*" arrived from Boston, Saturday evening, May 4th, and on the following morning came up to the quay. She had on board large quantities of letters, papers, and stores, and recruits for our regiment. Among the rest were ten for our company. Happier individuals I think were never seen than those of our regiment when it became absolutely certain that the *Cambridge* had really arrived. Crowds of eager soldiers almost beside themselves with joy crowded the parapets, and when the recruits approached the main gate, such running was never seen as each man vied with the other in striving to reach the gate, and shake their comrades' hands. The recruits were mostly well drilled men, and are an important addition to our company. Among the rest we were all delighted to welcome our old friends, Private N. F. Barnes and A. Gilmore, than whom were never better men, or better citizen soldiers; and especially the man who kissed the Governor. The remainder of that Sabbath was occupied in reading letters and papers, and opening numerous packages sent by kind friends at home. On the next day the recruits were sworn in to the United States service, and the remainder of B company detailed for exterior guard, and a hard time they had of it too. The night was dark, dismal, and stormy, so dark that a whole relief got lost in relieving guard, and with great difficulty found their way back to their post. One of the sentinels slipped into the moat, and was taken out by his comrades slightly damp.

On Tuesday evening of last week our company held a patriotic meeting. They were addressed by Lieut. Col. Raymond, Capt. Doten, Private W. E. Barnes and others. And from the enthusiasm that prevailed, and the sentiment of remarks made, I doubt not B company will show themselves worthy sons of the Old Colony. A large quantity of Salve Plaster was presented to the company through Capt. Doten by H. Wadsworth, Esq., of Duxbury. A more useful article could not have been sent.

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On Sunday last very interesting services, Episcopal, were held in the Chapel of the Fort. Capt. Ingraham of "L" Company, 3d Regiment officiated in the forenoon, and Sergeant Bartlett of the 4th Mass. Regiment in the afternoon. Serg't Bartlett delivered an excellent sermon. Lieut. Col. Raymond of "ours" presided at the organ, and as may be supposed we had excellent music. Notwithstanding the Episcopal service we could almost believe ourselves back to the days of Cromwell and the Covenanters at the sight of the these armed and uniformed men, humbly bowing before the shrine of the Lord of Hosts, reverently confessing their sins, and the next hour grasping the sword and the rifle, prepared to do valiant work for Liberty and their Country. Sunday afternoon a steamer arrived in Hampton Roads, with a regiment of Connecticut troops. They left the next morning for Washington. Yesterday morning the steamship "*Alabama*" arrived from New York with the 1st Vermont Regiment, about 850 strong. They are at present encamped in the Redan of the Fortress. This evening they went through dress parade, and a finer parade or a better looking battalion I think I never saw. They are tall, fine looking fellows averaging, I should think, five feet, nine inches in height; uniformed in a neat, serviceable suit of Austrian grey, trimmed with red. They will do no discredit to their sires of Bennington.

Yesterday forenoon the U. S. Steam Frigate *Minnesota*, Commodore Stringham, and the *Pembroke* arrived here from Boston. The *Minnesota* will take the place of the *Cumberland*, which is to undergo some repairs. The *Pembroke* had on board letters, and stores, and two companies of recruits for our regiment, "I" of Lynn, and "M" of Boston. These two companies will add about 140 men to the 3d Regiment, making a total as we now stand of 550 men. I understand, however, that "C" company of Cambridge will be sent to join the 5th Regiment at Washington, as soon as a sufficient number of companies will have arrived from the territorial limits of the 3d to fill out the regiment. There are now about 2500 men in the fort, and undoubtedly something will soon be done. We hear frequent reports of the intention of government to retake Norfolk. Undoubtedly some move in that direction will be made before long. We are all anxious for it, and are determined to show the Virginians what Old Colony boys can do, and make our sobriquet historic.

I have heard many regrets expressed by members of our Regiment that they could not have been sent to Washington. We would gladly have won some of the honors of the glorious 6th, in its passage through Baltimore, instead of spending our time cramped up within these stone walls. But the time here is well improved. An average of seven hours is spent each day in drill, and every day we become better soldiers, and better calculated to endure the privations and hardships of a soldier's life. We hear all sorts of stories in regard to intended expeditions, attacks on the fort, and the movements of the Southern army. So numerous and unfounded have all the reports been, that now, not a man will believe anything unless he is himself an actual witness of it. The principal amusement of the regular troops here has been the circulation of Munchausen stories among the volunteers. Most of them have now, however, got their eyes open, and the usual reply to any starting report is now, "that's true, one of the regulars told me so a week ago," which is as much as to say, "that's all gammon."

From the South parapet with the assistance of a glass, a camp of a hundred or more tents can be discerned on the other side of the river. Yesterday the secessionists posted a guard at the further end of the bridge leading to Hampton. Col. Dimmick promptly detailed companies C. and D. of the 4th Mass. Regiment, drove back the Virginia guard, and posted a guard of Volunteers there. Two well-known officers of "ours," came near falling into the secessionists hands yesterday, in their wanderings around the fort. They escaped however, after having had a good look at Virginian arms and uniforms. The "*Pembroke*" sails soon for Boston with the mails, and I must close.

C.H.D.

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Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fortress Monroe, VA⁶² May 19, 1861

U.S. Brig-of-War *Perry*, arrived yesterday, and now constitutes part of the squadron. The *Harriet Lane* left day before yesterday for Charleston, to join the squadron off that port.

Yesterday P. M. a battery on Willoughby's Point fired upon the gun boat *Monticello*. She immediately returned the fire, and the *Yankee* went to her assistance. The *Monticello* drew so much water that the *Yankee* had to take her place, and running in nearer, threw in a dozen or so of shot and shell, which it is reported soon destroyed the battery. At any rate, it was silenced, as we could plainly see from the Fortress that no shots were fired from the shore.

Sewall's Point batteries are in plain sight of the Fort, and during the past week two very large buildings have been put up there for barracks. We can also see an extensive encampment very near the barracks, and I should judge they had quite a force collected there, from present appearances. They tell us that "they mean to have Fortress Monroe, and are drawing their lines slowly but surely about us." It may be so, but I guess they won't put up any works within reach of our guns, without being pretty effectually shelled.

The party engaged with the battery up river yesterday, state that the rebels have heavy guns scattered through the woods, on both banks, without even a breastwork to protect the men who are to work them. They also state that numbers of the secession soldiers must have been killed by their fire as they saw several shells explode directly among them. The truth of the matter cannot however be ascertained.

Our engineers have been out for several days past in the woods about a mile and a half up the beach, where they contemplate putting up a small outwork to prevent the ground from being occupied by the rebels, as it is an advantageous point for them. The Engineer corps are always accompanied by a Company to defend them in case of attack, and also to act as scouting party. Their position is a little dangerous, but they enjoy the fun of being in the woods. The scouts report game to be abundant, but they are not allowed to fire.

A company is also kept on the bridge leading to Hampton, with a brass twelve pounder to support them. Our Pickets are now strongly guarded and I think we are not to be easily surprised.

There is no fooling in this region I have been watching an engagement for the last hour and a half, between the *Monticello* and the battery at Willoughby's Point. It would have made our staid old Plymouth people excited enough to have seen the shower of shell she threw into the work, and the shot from the shore skipping around her. The battery is around the Point, just out of sight, but we could see the shells as they descended into the camp, and exploded, scattering death and destruction on every side. Our ramparts were lined with troops, while the decks, tops, and rigging of the ships-of-war, and other vessels, were swarming with men, all viewing the contest with the greatest interest.

The *Monticello* came down to the Fortress about dusk, having expended every round of ammunition, and reported that the battery was entirely destroyed, and that her fire had been destructive of much life in the secession camp, but to what extent, of course could not be known. Numbers of her shells were seen to strike among bodies of men, and explode, and many must have been killed. The ship was struck by but one shot, which unfortunately wounded the "powder boy," probably mortally. I mention the fact that the *Monticello* is usually called the *Star* by the men of war, so the two names must not be confounded.

Thus the ball has opened in this vicinity, in plain sight of the Fortress, at a distance of about six miles directly on the opposite side of the river. The garrison is naturally excited by the scenes of the afternoon.

We are expecting to act on the offensive, as soon as a sufficient force is collected here to insure the safety of the Fortress, while detachments are sent out to desolate and destroy.

Virginia will bitterly rue the day which transferred the war to her soil. The die is cast, and now she must be made a desert. As she has once been the "Mother of Presidents" so now let her be the "Grave of Traitors."

CO. B (3 MO. ENLISTMENT), 3d REGIMENT

The secession forces at Hampton number probably about 800. All the men are well and in good spirits, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Cambridge with letters and parcels from home. Government should provide us with regular weekly mail, to and from New York, which would much alleviate the circumstances and difficulties of our situation.

C.C.D.

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fortress Monroe, VA⁶³ May 24, 1861

The New York Second Regiment arrived here this morning, 800 strong. More ships coming up the bay. The Vermont Regiment marched to Hampton yesterday, and went through "Dress Parade." Col. Phelps told the people there in answer to inquiry, that he meant them no harm, but if he was molested in any way, he would not only march through Hampton, but over it.

The Secession Guard at the second bridge in Hampton, on seeing the van of the Vermont Regiment, supposing it to be but one company, stood at their guns, of which they had a battery of three. On finding it to be a larger force than they had supposed, and their number being but about 100, they precipitately retreated, pitching one gun into the creek, and running away with the others. They also set the bridge on fire, but it was soon extinguished. The Vermonters returned in the evening, well pleased with their visit. A light was seen in that direction last night, and it is supposed they again fired and destroyed the bridge.

Co. B. is detailed for special service under immediate command of Gen. Butler this P. M. at 3 1-2 o'clock. We go as his guard; one other company goes with us. I suppose it is a scouting party, and we shall try to get something rather better to eat than we have had. If we can get a chance to knock over some chickens, think we shall be pretty likely to do it.

We are under great obligation to Mr. Davis, for his attention to our wants he is everywhere and everything to us, and will always be gratefully remembered.

The Plymouth boys tell us terrible stories of the thieving propensities of the boat hands. Lieut. Mayo had his revolver taken from his berth, and the man who borrowed it hasn't brought it back yet.

C.C.D.

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fortress Monroe, VA⁶⁴ May 26, 1861

Yesterday we were in a great turmoil all day, being ordered to be in readiness to march at 5 minutes notice, word having been brought of an attack on our advanced forces at Hampton.

The N. Y. 2d Regt., N.Y. 5th Zouaves, and Vermont 1st, are encamped on the Hampton side of Mill Creek, between that and the second bridge leading into the village. Yesterday forenoon, from some unknown cause, an alarm was raised in their camp, and the report soon reached our garrison that there was a fight on hand, and orders were given as above. Company B. was on guard outside, at the Water Battery and esplanade, so they had no chance to pack up, and get ready for a start with the rest of the Regiment. Had we been ordered off, the Company would have been relieved and brought into line, with only what could have been snatched in the hurry of the moment, so our friends must see the necessity of sending nothing which can make baggage. All above what can be carried on the back, must be left behind, to the tender mercies of those who fill our places; and we well know how small our chances are, of ever recovering any of our property thus hastily abandoned. Luckily for us the alarm proved false, and we were permitted to continue on guard duty. We were not without knowledge however that a movement was in contemplation, and that Gen. Butler's Aids were extremely busy with dispatches. We also knew that the 4th, were under orders, to advance within the next twenty-four hours, to a point on the James river called "Newport News," where they are to erect fortification.

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The men were quite impatient to be packing up for a start, but as their duty was very important, they were not relieved.

During the night, two more alarms were sounded from the camp, guns fired, and the "Long Roll" beaten, bringing every man on his feet in an instant. We thought from the apparent excitement that something serious would certainly take place, so our guard was paraded, as is the custom, in front of the Guard House, outside the walls, awaiting orders. The tumult finally subsiding, I ordered the men again to their quarters, and the remainder of the night passed quietly.

This morning I learned that the alarm was caused by some of the sentinels firing at some stray porkers, the men not having been able to withstand the temptation to secure fresh provisions, at the expense of the secession owners thereof. Only two votes were cast for the Union in Hampton, consequently the troops feel warranted in foraging upon the piggeries and poultry yards of the rebels.

I have just returned from a walk to Hampton, in company with several brother officers of the 3d. We arrived there in time to see the evening dress parade of the Vermont 1st, which was finely done.

Our next visit was to the camp of the New York Zouaves, where we found the corps passing in review before Major Gen. Butler. They passed both in common and quick time, and considering the ground for parade, the movements were splendidly done. The regiment consists of ten very full companies, numbering in all 850 men. The uniform of the entire corps consists of very loose baggy trowsers, gathered in the Turkish style, a little below the knee, and met by yellow leggings, extending downwards to the boot. In color the trousers are a bright red. The jacket is blue, trimmed with red, cut loose in sack style, turning away at the hips, buttoned at the throat, the rest part flying in perfect freedom. The cap is of bright red felt, fitting closely to the skull, without brim or visor. To the crown is attached a long heavy tassel of blue, which reaches to the neck. The whole taken together, with arms and equipments, forming the queerest and most picturesque "rig" ever beheld. The men in this costume have a Chinese, Turkish look, quite irresistible; and the Hampton people, quite satisfied with their appearance alone have already christened them the "Red Devils." It is worth a voyage from Boston to Hampton merely to see them.

Monday May 27th.

The entire 4th Mass. Regiment left here this morning, accompanied by the Vermont 1st, and a New York German regiment, which arrived yesterday together with a battery of eight field guns, in charge of a detachment of "C" company U. S. Artillery. They will proceed up James river to Newport News, where they will entrench themselves and establish a military post. This is the first service outside the walls of the fortress, upon which the 4th has been ordered; but they are made of good stock, and if attacked will render a good account of themselves.

The Sewall's Point batteries tried to reach the transports with two or three shots, but finding they fell much short of the mark they desisted. The run-away slaves are fast filling up the fortress, a stampede having added 48, mostly women and children, to the number already here, this morning. The men ran away to get clear of helping to build batteries in this vicinity, and are now busily and cheerfully employed in filling sandbags, and piling them into bulk-heads for the protection of our magazines. The women and children followed, as soon as a chance of escape offered, by the advance of our troops into Hampton, arriving here this morning. It was touching sight to see that dusky group sitting on the grass under the shade of a spreading oak on the Parade, while the soldiers crowded round them, offering portions of their own breakfasts to the fainting fugitives, and speaking words of cheer.

This was done by men who at home were stern and unflinching in their support of the "Fugitive Slave Law," but whose human sympathies were touched by the scenes of the hour.

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Virginia will repent in sack-cloth and ashes, the moment in which she swerved from her line of duty; for now the "Northern barbarians" are upon her soil; her fields are laid waste, and men, worth thousands are beggared in a day, by the flight of their human property. As the army advances these "riches" will continue to "take to themselves wings" and fly away.

Our "mess" of officers has secured the services of the first fugitive, as a waiter, and it is laughable enough to hear him tell of the manner of his escape from "Ole massa." He swam the creek from the Hampton side to the Ordnance wharf of the fortress, a distance of nearly a mile, one cold morning last week, running the risk of getting a bullet through his head from the picket guard. You should hear his inimitable "Yah! Yah!!" as he tells his story to the "Ole Kinel," as he calls Col. Raymond.

Several of the owners of fugitives have been here to endeavor to recover their property, but have been met with a prompt and decided refusal from Gen. Butler, unless they would "Hold up your right hand and swear to support the Constitution of the United States." None of the runaways have yet been given up.

The patriotic Zouaves have just hoisted an American flag on the dome of the "Seminary" at Hampton, one of the most conspicuous points in the whole roadstead. It is in full sight of the rebel batteries, and doubtless annoys them considerably.

Troops and supplies are constantly pouring in, as well as immense quantities of ordnance stores, and war material. The guns are about all mounted, and the fortress nearly in a complete state of defence.

The *Minnesota* left Saturday on a cruise, and the *Harriet Lane* arrived on the same day with two prizes. Great activity prevails in all departments, and I should judge that the "speck of war" in this vicinity, was getting conveniently large.

Company E from Plymouth, which arrived last Tuesday, are still crowded into the quarters of "B" company from the same town, but are living in hope of better things. The men do not have so much cause of complaint as formerly, as they get articles of diet which have hitherto been withheld. I think all are now quite satisfied with garrison life.

Today we received the new regulation uniform sent out by the State. It is of Austrian grey flannel, trimmed with red, and is very neat and serviceable for warm weather. The hats are like those worn by the Plymouth Rock Guards.

There is very little sickness among the troops, and has been, and is at present but very few cases among the two companies from Plymouth, all reports to the contrary, at home, notwithstanding. The boys stand their rough life very well indeed, and I think old Plymouth may well be proud of the stock she has sent into the field.

Tuesday May 28th

The 4th have gone but seven miles from the fortress, just out of sight, around a point at the mouth of James river. Some of them are back here this morning for baggage, and say they have a good place, with plenty to do in the digging line.

Thursday May 31st

We are the only volunteer Regiment in the Fortress at present. There are two or three detached companies here, belonging to the 4th, left behind on account of having "smooth bore" muskets, and these with the Regulars, constitute our garrison.

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Figure 13. Stampede among the Negroes in Virginia - their arrival at Fortress Monroe⁶⁵

All are pretty well drilled, and can withstand almost any attack. We have three Regiments advanced about two miles, and the Transports are coming in every day, perfectly black with troops.

The inhabitants have all fled from Hampton, followed by the secession troops in hot haste.

This morning I had the pleasure of seeing a boarding cutlass and belt, belonging to Jeff Davis brother, who was in Hampton at the military school, but left suddenly, forgetting to take it with him. The belt bears his name, and together with the "cheese knife" is now in possession of Col. Wardrop.

This P. M. a secessionist by the name of Col. Jones, who has been very active at Hampton, and who has escaped three different shots fired at him by our sentinels, was taken prisoner and brought into the Fortress.

The "main guard" is quite lively, at present, we are having so many prisoners, and runaway slaves brought in at all hours. The troops from New York, especially the Troy Regiment, furnish quite a number of prisoners. About an hour ago I saw thirty-one of the Troy boys brought in by the Zouaves, having been caught about the

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country, knocking over chickens, and “such like,” to eat. This is against orders specially issued, and to night the Guard House is nearly full of transgressors. Rather think they’ll be more careful after this, they find martial law is a little quicker in its operation than the civil law.

Last Tuesday one of our heavy 10 inch sea coast mortars burst in firing, sending the fragments in all directions, and splitting the carriage bed of fifteen inch, oak timbers, into little bits no bigger than kindling wood. One large piece fell into the yard of a house inside the Fortress, knocking a door off its hinges; the door in falling also knocked down a woman standing near. No one was injured, although several had very narrow escapes.

This morning I espied a new Colonel who looked a little familiar to me, so I made bold to ask his name. He proved to be Wm. H. Allen, who was engaged in the water-works in Plymouth. He is Col. of the New York 1st, in camp at Hampton, and is a splendid looking officer.

C.C.D.

Letter from Col. Raymond, Fortress Monroe, VA⁶⁶ May 27, 1861

We have been permitted to make the following extract from a private letter written at Fortress Monroe, by Lieut. Col. Raymond of this town dated May 27, 1861 and received yesterday.

“... Gen. Butler is here; what he intends to do is not known. Troops are constantly arriving, and he posts them at different points near the Fort. There are three Regiments stationed at Hampton, and the 4th Regiment left today for a place called “Newport News,” perhaps nine miles distant. I think that the 3d Regiment will remain here for a while at least – slaves are constantly arriving here from Hampton. This morning about 30 men, women and children were reported to me. I detailed 3 soldiers to take them to Gen. Butler’s quarters. About twenty of them were children from one to ten years of age, as cunning* a group as you ever saw. The men were subsequently set to work on the Fort. A bearer of dispatches from Gen. Butler to Gov. Andrew leaves today.

... There is no need of sending further clothing for the troops for we are well supplied. There is reading matter enough here to last during the war. None but the latest newspapers should be forwarded. If we should be ordered away we could not take extra clothing or books with us. An extra amount of clothing already received must be returned at a convenient opportunity.

As regards the amount and the quality of food for the soldiers, I will say that they have at present as much as they can eat, and of that which is good. All are in good health.

... Capt. C. C. Doten and his company are general favorites. It is impossible for me to write to the friends from whom especial favors and many good things have been received. I beg to be kindly remembered to them all. The weather is very warm indeed, but the location of the Fortress is such that we are very comfortably and pleasantly situated.”

Article on arrival of Steamer *Cambridge* at Fort Monroe, VA⁶⁷ June 8, 1861

The steamer *Cambridge* which sailed from Boston on Friday last for Fort Monroe, in which were Judge Thomas Russell, Hon. Wm. T. Davis, and Hon. J. Morrissey, came near being wrecked. As she entered the mouth of the Bay, a false light on the Virginia shore decoyed her, and she ran ashore on the sand beach; where she got off after considerable difficulty. Just as she got clear, a light appeared on shore – not a fixed light like that on Hog Island, but apparently a decoy, intended to represent the Smith Island light, some miles below, toward Cape Charles. The effect of this diabolical device, with a stranger, would have been that in standing in

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for the supposed entrance to the Chesapeake, south of the light, he would have been led ashore; but the captain understood his position perfectly well, and could not be entrapped by such a device.

The correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, at Fort Monroe, speaking of the arrival of the *Cambridge* says –

Judge Thomas Russell, Hon. W. T. Davis, and Hon. J. Morrissey, a commission from Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, to look after her troops, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Monday, in the steamer *Cambridge*, from Boston. Brig. Gen. Peirce of Massachusetts, was on board, with some fifty Sappers and Miners, and the cargo comprised provisions, tents and munitions for the Third and Fourth Massachusetts Regiments at the fort.

There are between eight and nine thousand troops now there, and accessions are constantly arriving. Gen. Butler's plans are not known, of course, but it is understood that he is preparing for a decisive and important movement.

Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fortress Monroe, VA⁶⁸ June 11, 1861

Yesterday was a day of sorrow at Fortress Monroe and Newport News. An advance of the forces at Hampton, and a portion of those at Camp Newport was made Sunday night, upon a point occupied by the Secession troops at Bethel Hill, about twelve miles from the Fortress.

The Advance Guard of the two Union columns proceeding from the different points, met early in the morning, and from some mistake fired upon each other, wounding thirteen, several mortally.

The unhappy event caused many heavy hearts among the men, but uniting their force they pressed forward, surprising the Secession Pickets, and taking several prisoners, among them the officer of the Guard. As the head of the column advanced along the road in fancied security, a masked battery commenced playing upon them throwing them into considerable confusion. Recovering from this they charged upon the battery, and after a hard fight succeeded in taking it, and spiking the three guns it contained. The Secessionists fled to the main work at Bethel Hill, followed in hot haste by Union forces. The entrenchments of the enemy were strongly fortified with rifled cannon, which opened upon our men as soon as they were within range, creating fearful havoc. Nothing could daunt the courage of men fighting in their country's cause, and hastily throwing themselves into position they answered with volleys of musketry, and the two field howitzers in charge of a detachment of U. S. Artillery.

The shells and shot, grape and canister, from the battery, and rifled bullets from the Infantry, behind the works poured upon them in a continuous stream, but they manfully stood their ground, until their ammunition gave out, when they were obliged to retreat. It was impossible to flank the work on account of a deep morass, and it could not be carried at the point of the bayonet, as an arm of York River artificially deepened, flowed in front, crossed only by a narrow bridge.

The point was exceedingly well chosen, and admirably fortified. With great reluctance the troops retired from range, carrying their dead and wounded, bitterly lamenting the lack of artillery with which the battle would have been won, and they spared a mortifying repulse. Mismanagement seems to have characterized the affair, and many valuable lives have been sacrificed to inexperience. About 60 were killed and wounded in the action as nearly as I can learn, on our side, and it is supposed the same number will cover the loss of the Secessionists. About 25 of our men were killed outright, and one or two have since died.

Lieutenant Grebble of the army in charge of the howitzers, gallantly stood at his post until his last cartridge was in the gun, when he was killed by a shell which took off nearly all of one side of his head. His men then spiked one of the guns, a shot breaking off the file used for the purpose while the men were inserting it. The other gun was brought away.

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Five companies only of the Massachusetts 4th were in the fight, and we were greatly pained to hear that they hung back, but would not believe the report. With swelling hearts we learned this morning, that at the battery which was taken by our forces, they were the first upon the Parapet, and were second to none at any time during the action. God bless the gallant 4th. They lost several men, but I can ascertain the name of only one, Frank Souther, of Co. H., of Quincy, who died in the Hospital last night. He was among the first upon the outwork, and had fired down upon the enemy twice, and was loading the third time, when a ball struck him passing sideways through his body, entering one arm, and coming out at the other. The Braintree company was not in the action.

I could write pages of narrow escapes, which from evidence, I know to be facts, but have not time. The body of Lieut. Grebble was brought into the Fortress last night, covered by the American flag, and escorted by a detachment of the N. Y., 10th Zouaves, with arms reversed. It was a sorrowful sight and caused much sadness among us all, who were so accustomed to meet him upon the Parade. He was a brave, gallant man.

The 3d Regiment was not in the action, although I hear a demand was made for them. Gen. Butler and Col. Dimick refused to let them go, as their presence was needed at the Fortress.

This morning in company with Lieut. Col. Raymond I visited the Hospital to see the wounded. It was sad, sad sight. Men were lying there with all sorts of wounds, wrapped in blood stained sheets, mostly in perfect quiet. One poor fellow with his right arm gone, just below the elbow, talked with me cheerfully as if nothing had been the matter, and indeed most of them seemed anxious only for another chance to fight.

One of the 5th Zouaves, after having been wounded, leaned against a tree and fired two more shots, and in the act of loading a third time fainted from loss of blood. Artillery has been sent up and the battery will ultimately be in our hands. The assault will be conducted with more caution, and the work will be taken with not much loss. Company E, of Plymouth dragged two guns out from the Fortress as far as Hampton for the use of one of the New York Regiments, on Sunday night before the battle. The result does not dishearten our troops, but seems to make them only the more anxious to get at the enemy.

Company B, of Plymouth, and E, of Cambridge under command of the senior officer of Co. B, have been standing guard with loaded muskets, night and day, over Bartlett's Naval Brigade, (which is in a disorganized condition) since last Friday. We camp on the ground with them, and now that we have got somewhat settled, are quite contented, in spite of our severe extra duty. Our Guard has been obliged to turn out but twice to quell disturbance in the camp, and now they begin to come under discipline.

The first time the guard was turned out, they had already drawn their knives, but the sight of some 60 or 70 men with loaded muskets drawn up before them, and every man, examining the priming of his gun to be sure it would go, rather intimidated them, and they soon became quiet. They have been imposed upon, and cheated to the last degree, so that they have become almost desperate, and cannot tell friends from enemies. The Brigade is now being examined, and some have already been in service and prove very useful. In a short time they will be all right and will manage their own affairs much to our relief. They are good men mostly, but cannot bare the abuse which has been heaped upon them. Rags, starvation, neglect and abuse are poor incentives to patriotism.

The companies of this guard not having opportunity for drill, possibly may make a poor appearance in the streets at home, but our friends may be sure they understand the most important duty of a soldier's life, that of standing guard, and that they are sentinels who do not sleep on post as several members of other companies have been caught doing, periling the lives of themselves and others.

C.C.D.

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Letter from Charles C. Doten, Fort Monroe, VA⁶⁹ June 7, 1861

Acknowledgement. The following letter has been received from Capt. C. C. Doten, in acknowledgment of a supply of Havelocks made by the ladies from old Plymouth, residing in New York, for our two companies now in service:

Please transmit to the "Daughters of Plymouth, resident in New York," by H. H. Thomas of that city, the heartfelt thanks of Companies B and E now in service, from the old Pilgrim town, for their kind remembrance of us so far from home and friends. The Havelocks were duly received and will prove very useful.

It is with no ordinary feelings that I pen these lines in acknowledgment of the favor. Our friends seemingly cannot do enough for us to insure our comfort, and lighten the arduous duties of a soldier's life; and when the blessing comes by the hand of woman it is doubly dear to all. Most of us have left wives, or dear ones, and thus to be followed by the kindly sympathies of the sex is indeed touching. All honor to the Daughters of Old Plymouth, wherever they may be found. They prove themselves worthy of their noble ancestry, and are justly entitled to all praise. Grateful hearts will ever hold them in remembrance, and strong right arms be ready to strike in their defence.

Again expressing the thanks of officers and men in both Companies to them, and also to yourself in our behalf, I remain

Yours, Chas. C. Doten, Company B.

Letter from B, Fortress Monroe, VA⁷⁰ June 23, 1861

Friend A.

Nothing of particular interest during the past week, with the exception of a few prisoners brought in occasionally – some sixteen yesterday. The N. B. company, or rather a detachment of the same, guarded those taken in the privateer to Washington or thereabouts. A person in Zouave uniform, has been within the walls of the fort for the past few days, but in going out through Hampton, the N. York Zouaves fastened to him as a spy. He says that many of the southerners have a singular uniform.

We guarded the famed "Naval Brigade" for nine days. These men were doubtless hum-bugged in the outset, with promises of \$20 per month, &c., and it was by very small degrees that they enlisted. Many of them are decided "roughs," but many others appear to be very decent kind of people. Those refusing to swear in have been in a disagreeable fix, the government refusing to furnish them with rations. They were offered opportunities to return to New York, but most declined, doubting thinking they could secure the \$20 promised by Col. Bartlett.

I notice that the Duxbury company have made their appearance in Plymouth. Capts. S. H. and C. C. Doten visited Newport News Friday where the Fourth Mass. Regiment are encamped with the Vermonters, and New Yorkers. Geo. Barnes of P. is Quartermaster's clerk. "Havelocks" have been sent to the two Plymouth companies by ladies, daughters of Plymouth resident in New York.

We have had extremely warm weather for the past few days. I understand that Col. Wardrop is likely to be offered the command of the "Brigade." It now numbers some four hundred, and parties in New York are endeavoring to increase its numbers.

Yours, &c. B.

Letters and Articles after the Company Musters Out

Return and Reception of the Standish Guards – A Gala-day in Plymouth⁷¹

The Standish Guards are once more at home, to the delight and gratification of their families and friends. Among the first to respond to the call to rally for the defence of our National Capitol and our national honor, this band of brave hearted men marched forth at a few hours' notice, and were soon upon the "Sacred Soil" of Virginia, where their first act was to assist in the destruction of the public property at Norfolk Navy Yard, to keep it from falling into the hands of the secessionists. This and their subsequent labors, with others, in putting Fortress Monroe, for twenty years nearly neglected, in a state of defence, unquestionably saved for us the control of the navigation of Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac river, without which it is almost certain our National Capitol would, for a while at least, have fallen into the hands of the Southern rebels.

Having served the full time for which they were called out, and for which they could service under their original enlistment, they left Fortress Monroe on Tuesday evening of last week in the steamer *Cambridge*, and arrived in Boston on the morning of Friday following. There being no accommodations upon Boston Common sufficient for the two regiments which had returned, they were quartered upon Long Island, in the harbor, where they remained until Tuesday morning last, having been mustered out of the United States service the day previous. Upon their arrival in the city Tuesday forenoon, they were escorted to the Common, where they went through with a dress parade. It was expected that Governor Andrew would review and address them, but the illness of his Excellency prevented him from so doing. After being the lions of the city for the day, they took the mid-day train of cars for home.

Early in the day our town presented signs of unusual activity. Flags were displayed in different parts of the village; the streets were crowded by an unusual number of persons with faces radiant with joy and gladness; people from surrounding towns continued to arrive in considerable numbers; there was a hurrying of ladies and misses, bearing ominous baskets and packages towards Davis Hall; and everywhere the bustle and stir of our people indicated the approach of some joyous event.

At four o'clock, the military, consisting of the Union Guard, the Artillery, with their field pieces, the National Guard, (boys in Zouave dress) proceeded to the Rail Road Depot, under the direction of Jeremiah Farris, Esq., as Chief Marshal. The procession was led by the Robbins Band and followed by about one hundred young ladies and misses who marched two by two, beautifully arrayed in holiday costumes and bearing bouquets of flowers arranged with that neatness and taste which the fair sex know so well how to display.

In front of the depot a hollow square was formed by the military, and the young ladies marched inside, and formed in a line fronting the open space reserved for the reception of the Guards. The whole area around the Rail Road building, the fences and empty cars, were covered with people eager to catch sight of their returning friends and townsmen. It was really a pleasant sight to see such a crowd of people assembled on such a joyous occasion.

At a little before five o'clock the distant signal of the cars was heard, and the train soon entered the depot, greeted by a rousing salute from the Artillery, after which the Band played "Home, Sweet Home!" The voice of Capt. Doten was soon heard marshaling his men, and after a few minutes delay they marched forth into the open square and formed on a line in front of the depot platform upon which a temporary rostrum had been erected. This stand was soon after taken by Charles G. Davis, Esq., who proceeded to welcome the Guards in the following highly appropriate address:

Welcome! Welcome! A thousand times welcome to your homes and to our hearts!

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Col. Raymond! Officers, and soldiers! As the organ of the citizens of Plymouth, and in grateful obedience to their request, I am commissioned to present this welcome – not in words of studied eulogy, but such as the very heart prompts.

Welcome once more to your friends and firesides. Welcome to those who have watched every movement of your Regiments since, at the call of your country, at a moment's warning, you rushed to arms! Welcome to a grateful people, who feel that the volunteer militia of Massachusetts rescued the Capitol and secured the integrity of our country. Welcome once more to social and domestic life, and to these native scenes of peace.

Welcome once more to civil life, in which as you have already shown that the loyal citizen is the ready soldier, you will now teach us that the good soldier may again become the exemplary citizen.

Welcome to these noble women who have joined in generous rivalry in ministering to your comfort, and have left nothing undone unless because they did not know your needs.

During your absence, the inhabitants of this town, with scarcely an exception, have taken a most earnest interest in your welfare, and all have come together for the common good. For your success was our success, and your honor and glory were ours.

As you went forth on that rainy, tearful, memorable morning, the condition of our country was typified in the clouds and in our hearts! Alas, poor country! almost afraid to know itself! Now all is changed! Thank God! we now know we have still a country and twenty million of united hearts to defend it! Though temporary reverses may come, the result is no more doubtful, than that this morning's clouded sun, by force of these fresh Northern breezes, burst into refulgent noon!

Welcome then, to the approving smiles of your fellow citizens; and welcome to the approval of History which records your deeds without a blush, and engraves upon the bright page this day completed, what you have first taught the nations, and proclaimed to all time, that a Popular Government may securely rest upon the volunteer bayonets and loyal hearts of its citizens.

Welcome, also, to the sure rewards of a good conscience, reserved for those who have done well for their country. But in behalf of these heroic women, these wives and mothers, who sent you forth without a murmur, and abandoned to their country what seemed their sole support, I can assume no words of welcome; but with them, at this first moment of your return, after three months absence in service, amid dangers by flood and field, I may express that which glows in all breasts, when I return heartfelt thanks to the Great Ruler of Nations, the Giver of all Good, that he has held you in the hollow of His Hand, and returned you and your Regiment with ranks unbroken.

We cannot hope for such a mercy for the townsmen you have left behind, but we can pray that if Plymouth Rock and Jamestown meet in conflict, God may defend the Right! And that the Puritan flag of Emancipation may wipe away the curse from the Cavalier!

But soldiers, I alone do not welcome you. The Union Guards and the Artillery of old Plymouth, from whom you have already heard, and last, and in only one sense least, the boy's National Guard are here to greet you. If they may not teach you new drills not known at Fortress Monroe, they can still, with all these thousands of beating hearts around you, welcome you back to an appreciation of a true patriotism – of liberty protected by law – to the associations, the memories, and principles of the Old Colony.

And lastly, the Old Colony Flag – your old Armory Flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes on your Flag staff – also greet you. In your absence your armory has been the school of the soldier, and kept open to receive you. And the flag which you raised, amid light and darkness, storm and sunshine, like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, there it has floated still. While we have struck the party flags, we have said the Flag of the Standish Guards shall never strike! unless they go down in dishonor. As the wayfarer passed, it has daily

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reminded him of you who were serving far away in its defence; and as morning broke after gale or storm, we have often gazed forth to see whether

“Your Star Spangled Banner still proudly did wave
O’er the land of the free and these homes of the brave.”

Faded and torn there it still floats, and the Guards alone must take it down.

Capt. Doten! I am also commissioned by the ladies of Plymouth, in token of their appreciation of your ready sacrifice in behalf of your country, to present an American ensign to the Standish Guards.

The Standish Guards the name befits
A loyal band and brave.
Who left their homes and all held dear,
Their native land to save.

This dear old barren Sand of ours
Has never failed yet –
To furnish true and fearless men
Full of its native grit.

Ah! well it is that on this spot –
Made dear by Plymouth Rock,
Its sons should show the zeal and fire
Of the old Pilgrim stock.

Those rights for which our fathers fought
On many a bloody field,
Their sons have shown they dare defend –
And will not basely yield.

The flag you have so nobly served
I give in woman’s name,
At home, as on the tented field
Its honor to maintain.

Long shall that flag through ages yet
Wave proudly o’er our land,
With not a star or stripe erased,
Nor dimmed by traitor’s hand!

Long as its glorious folds shall float
In this free Northern air,
GOD BLESS THE STANDISH GUARDS! shall be
Each woman’s earnest prayer.

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Mr. Davis' speech was frequently greeted by enthusiastic cheers, and evidently gave great satisfaction to the Guards and to all who heard it. Capt. Doten, with much feeling, replied substantially as follows:

Mr. President! I lack words to express the feelings with which our hearts are filled at this noble welcome by the citizens of Plymouth. I cannot attempt a speech in their presence. There are times when our feelings must give way. This kindness is too much to bear. I can face a battery, but I cannot make a speech in face of such a reception as this.

We can never forget the dreary morning when we left you, to which you have so happily referred. We have always rejoiced that we had not time to say farewell – we went where duty called, and we knew not whither we were going. I can only say, Mr. President, that we have endeavored to do our duty – and so have the Third and Fourth regiments. We come with no trophies of war. If we have not seen actual conflict, it has not been our fault. But we rescued the key to the Potomac, to the Capital, and Virginia. We have several times expected action, and have been prepared for it, and I know that the Massachusetts regiments would never have forgotten their origin.

But we are at home again in this glorious old town of Plymouth. We respond to your welcome, when we join with you in thanks to the God of Battles, that we have all returned to our homes and friends. The great blessing of health is in a great degree attributable to the fact that our men were such that they knew how to take care of themselves.

As to the noble women of Plymouth, we thank them – we know and appreciate all that they have done for us.

Many of us will now return to the war, and, if necessary, the Standish Guards will all respond again to their country's call.

We accept the flag, and by the grace of God, we will maintain its honor.

When Capt. Doten spoke of the unexpected kindness with which he and comrades had been met upon their return to their homes, his company seemed deeply affected, and the emotions of many were too strong to be repressed, and tears stole silently down the sunburnt cheeks of the hardy soldier.

Nine hearty cheers for the Standish Guards followed in tones which made the welkin ring. The Band then played the National Anthem, America; after which the young ladies marched up in front of the Guards and presented each one, officers and privates, with a splendid bouquet. This feature of the reception was very pleasing to the Guards. The bouquets were placed in the muzzles of their guns, having been adapted for that purpose, and were thus carried conspicuously through the streets.

The procession was then formed by Marshal Farris, and moved in the following order:

Plymouth Band,
Union Guard, Capt. Brown,
Plymouth Artillery, Capt. Bates,
National Guard, (boys) Capt. Crandon,
Procession of Girls,
Committee of Arrangements,
Finney Band, Standish Guards.

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A very large number of citizens, old and young, followed, but they took up their line of march on the side walks without the aid of Marshals, and in such order as suited their convenience – a choice not to be wondered at considering the dusty condition of the streets.

The route of the procession was through the following streets: Court, Main, Town Square, Market, Summer, High, Sandwich, South Green, Pleasant, Market, Leyden, Cole's Hill and North to the Guard's Armory on Main street. The Guards were frequently greeted on their march by cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs by the fair ones, whose gladsome faces were to be seen at every door and window. When they passed their armory, the company cheered their flag which had been flying since their departure, and which, like themselves, showed signs of having braved the elements in sunshine and in storm. The front of the Armory was hung with American flags, and bore the motto: "Our National honor must be preserved at all hazards." Most lusty cheers were given by the Guards when they passed the residence of Captain Doten's father on South Green street. Upon their return to the Square in front of their Armory, the new flag presented by the ladies, through Mr. Davis in his welcome address, was formally accepted by Capt. Doten, who threw it to the breeze on the flagstaff of the Armory building. Most heartily was it saluted by the Guards, as its stars and stripes were unfurled to their gaze. Amid the cheers of the multitude, and the strains of enlivening music the company marched into their quarters, where they were soon after dismissed and permitted to receive the personal congratulations and greetings of friends, long impatient to give them the hand of cordial welcome. During the march of the procession many of our people saw what they never saw before, and what we hope they will seldom be called upon to witness, a band of soldiers bearing their knapsacks; and otherwise actually equipped for the terrible scenes of real war.

But the festivities of the day did not close with the dismissal of the Guards. The ladies had yet in store for them an entertainment at Davis Hall. At 9 o'clock in the evening the doors were thrown open, and the Hall was soon filled with a happy crowd who seemed highly to enjoy the social occasion. Many were the happy greetings between the Guards and their friends and acquaintances. Every one seemed happy and rejoiced to the happiness of others. The Hall was tastefully trimmed with red, white, and blue, and back of the speaker's platform was the golden eagle of the Guards, surmounted by evergreen, and the American ensign. At a little past 9 o'clock, the audience was called to order for a few moments, and remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Briggs of Salem, Rev. Messrs. Hall, Williams, Tomlinson and Sleeper of this place, and Judge Russell of Boston. No speaker occupied more than five minutes, and their remarks were highly appreciated by all present. One gentleman very pertinently asked, if our people are such blood-thirsty fiends as the South represent them to be, why is it that so many Southern women and children are sent North for protection during this bloody conflict? Judge Russell said, as a son of Plymouth he was proud of the Standish Guards. If Plymouth and Jamestown were to engage in the conflict, he had no fears for the sons of the Old Colony. Massachusetts would fight for the Union as long as there is a piece of Plymouth Rock left large enough to make a gun flint! Capt. Doten was then called for who took the stand and expressed his pleasure at meeting his friends and townsmen, and after a few remarks relative to their life at Fortress Monroe, again thanked them for their kindness and attention. Sergeant Major Charles H. Drew, and private Wm. E. Barnes, followed in remarks of a similar character. Lieut. Col. Raymond expressed his thanks, but asked to be excused from making a speech. The tables, bountifully laden with choice things for the inner man, were next attended to, during which time all seemed to think it was good to be there. The ice cream though very cool itself, called forth warm thanks from all who partook of it.

The company broke up and retired about 11 o'clock, feeling that it had been truly a gala day in our good old town. The Guards seemed well pleased with their ovation, and we are quite sure that the people of Plymouth

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feel that they who so promptly went forth at their country's call, have well deserved all the kindness they have been able to bestow upon.

Article on Col. Charles Raymond⁷² September 7, 1861

COL. RAYMOND. - We were glad to see the merited complimentary notices of the Boston press of Lieut. Col. Raymond, of this town. Col. Raymond has for many years been identified with the Volunteer Militia of this part of the State, and has attained his present rank by the force of merit alone. Among the 3d Regiment he has long been known as a thorough disciplinarian, and excelled by few in theoretical knowledge of tactics. At Fortress Monroe he was equally liked and respected by his regiment. Arriving there after the regiment, he found much dissatisfaction among many of the men, but his presence restored good feeling, and by devoting himself to the welfare of the men he made, in a great degree, the regiment what it was. If the remaining companies of the 3d are to form the basis of a new regiment, certainly no one can be more worthy or have greater claims to the Colonelcy than Col. Raymond and we cordially wish him success.

Article on Col. Charles Raymond⁷³ September 21, 1861

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE THIRD REGIMENT AT PLYMOUTH - Col. D. W. Wardrop having been discharged from the Militia service, in consequence of accepting a commission as Colonel in the service for the United States, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Raymond of this town, has been directed by order of Major General Andrews, to assume command of the 3d Regiment, M. V. M., the head quarters of which will hereafter be at Plymouth. This is the first time that the Regimental head quarters have been located at Plymouth since 1831, when Col. Leander Lovell was (under the old Militia law) commander of a regiment. - [*Rock*].

Article on Gift for Col. Dimick⁷⁴ February 1, 1862

[From the *Rock*.]

Interesting Correspondence

Soon after the discharge of the Mass. Third Regiment from their three months' service at Fort Monroe, a project was started of taking a contribution from the whole regiment for the purpose of making a present of a sword to Col. Dimick, in appreciation of the kindly relations entertained while under his command. The project was not acted upon by but one company - the Standish Guards - and the fund raised not being sufficient for the original purpose, it was applied to the purchase of a magnificent copy of "Irving's Life of Washington," which was presented to Col. Dimick a few weeks since. We publish the correspondence below:

PLYMOUTH, MASS., Jan. 1, 1862,

COL. DIMICK,

Dear Sir:

Please to accept from Co. B, this New Year's Gift, as a slight indication of the good will of the Third Reg. Mass. V. M., and as an evidence of their remembrance of the many kindnesses received at your hands, while at Fortress Monroe.

Many of our number have again attached themselves to the great Union Army, and each and all send greetings and well-wishes, asking your acceptance of this "Life of Washington," regarding it is a peculiarly appropriate gift for one so eminently a Christian soldier and gentleman.

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Should the public service allow, and your indications lead you to visit Plymouth, rest assured that you will be welcomed to our midst by all our citizens, who feel with us an abiding interest in one who, when to be a soldier was more a novelty than now, felt and acted an interest in the Third Reg. Mass. Volunteer Militia.

WM. E. BARNES,
FREDERICK HOLMES,
CHAS. H. DREW,

FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR,
January 1, 1862
Gentlemen:

I received this morning a beautiful edition of Irving's Life of Washington, accompanied by a note from you, as a committee appointed by B C., 3d Regt. Mass. Vols., presenting me the work, as a token of their kind recollections of me, as their Commanding Officer at Fort Monroe.

I accept the present with great pleasure, and shall keep it as a memento of our pleasant service at Fort Monroe. It will remind me also of the great joy I felt at the arrival of the Massachusetts Volunteers.

Please present my kind regards to Company B, 3d Regt. Mass. Vols., and accept my sincere thanks for the agreeable manner you took to convey to me their present.

I am Gentlemen,
Very Truly and Respectfully,
Yours, &c.
J. DIMICK,
Col. U. S. Army,

To Messrs. W. E. Barnes, Frederick Holmes, Chas. H. Drew, committee of B. Co., 3d Regt. Mass. Vols.,
Plymouth, Mass.

Chapter 3

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Introduction

NOTE: Company E of the 29th Regiment was originally considered part of the 3rd Regiment, so early correspondence may say that it is from the 3rd Regiment. They were later reorganized as Company E of the Twenty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry (MVI) by Special Order, No. 626 on December 13, 1861⁷⁵. Later, in January 1864 when their three year term of service was nearing an end, the soldiers in the 29th Regiment were offered a bounty and a thirty day furlough to reenlist. Those who did not reenlist were transferred to the Thirty-sixth Regiment MVI. However, in May of 1864, just before mustering out, the soldiers who did not reenlist were transferred back to the 29th Regiment. These reassignments to different regiments can be confusing when researching the soldiers of the 29th as historical documents, news stories, and letters could list the men in any of the three regiments. For more detailed information about the 29th Regiment, see *History of the Twenty-ninth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry in the Late War of the Rebellion* by William H. Osborne, 1877. To maintain continuity, the letters from this company are grouped with the 29th Regiment correspondence in this chapter.

The Standish Guard (see Chapter 2) had no sooner left for Fort Monroe⁷⁶ when Samuel H. Doten organized a second company of volunteers from Plymouth on April 20, 1861⁷⁷. There were seventy-seven men in the company, sixty-seven of whom were from Plymouth.

This new company was called into service by Massachusetts Governor Andrew shortly after May 3, 1861, when President Lincoln issued Proclamation 83⁷⁸ - increasing the size of the Army and Navy:

“Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy thereof and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby call into the service of the United States 42,034 volunteers to serve for the period of three years, unless sooner discharged...”

Governor Andrew decided to fill companies within the Third and Fourth Regiments with three year troops under Lincoln's Proclamation. Doten's company, designated Company E, received an order from Governor Andrew to be in Boston on Saturday May 18, 1861. The town of Plymouth gave them a large send off with a parade to the train depot. *The Plymouth Rock* reported on their departure⁷⁹:

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... They made their first appearance in our streets on Friday, accompanied by the Finney Band, making a very fine appearance. During the parade they surrounded the ROCK at the water side, and on motion of the Captain [Samuel H. Doten] unanimously adopted the name of PLYMOUTH ROCK GUARD, a very appropriate, significant, and well-conceived baptism.

The whole number of uniforms (77) were made by Messrs. John G. Gleason, John Duffy, and Justus W. Harlow, assisted by about 75 ladies, who volunteered their services to do the sewing...

... the two companies of Home Guard and the two Bands voted to do escort duty... our whole population that could leave their homes were in the street... the procession moved to the depot amid the soul-inspiring music of the bands, the waving of handkerchiefs and flags, and the loud huzzas of the multitude. While getting into the cars and during the many painful scenes of separation, a salute was fired by the Artillery, the bands discoursed National airs, and the repeated cheering of the crowd was finally hushed by the clatter of the train as it dashed away... in Boston, they took up the line of march for the State House, where they signed the roll for three years' service and received their arms. The equipments, consisting of an overcoat, two pairs woolen shirts, drawers and socks, a woolen and rubber blanket, haversack, knapsack, fatigue cap, towel, knife, fork, spoon, tin plate and dipper, for each man, were dealt out at the hall over the Depot.

Formation of the 29th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry⁸⁰

Company E initially served in the Third Regiment, but most of the Third Regiment was comprised of three month enlistees. Governor Andrew formed the 29th Regiment on Dec. 13, 1861, by Commonwealth of Massachusetts Special Order, No. 626 which included Company E.

Summary of Service for the 29th Regiment⁸¹

The seven original companies of the 29th:

"were among the first in the country to enter the service for three years; while the regiment was among the last of all the volunteer forces to disband; serving, including the term of these original companies, a period of four years, two months, and twenty days, which is rather more than the whole period of the active hostilities of the war. During this time it served under thirty-one general officers, ... in three army corps, namely, the Second, Fifth, and Ninth; did duty in the States of Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, and in the District of Columbia; while it carried its flags into fifteen States of the Union, travelling, in the course of fourteen months, a distance of four thousand two hundred and seventy miles. Two of the companies participated in the first pitched battle of the Rebellion; and the regiment was engaged in one of the last battles of the war, which took place just seven days before the surrender General Lee and his army. The regiment was, therefore, practically present at the birth - it was also present at the death and funeral - of the Rebellion. It took part in the four great sieges of the war, namely, Richmond, 1862; Vicksburg, 1863; Knoxville, 1863; and Petersburg, 1864-5; was engaged in twenty-nine pitched battles, beside a large number of skirmishes, picket fights, and artillery duels...

For more on the history of the 29th Regiment, see Massachusetts in the Army and Navy during the War of 1861-65.⁸²

List of Men in Company E

The following is a list of the men comprising the Plymouth Rock Guard⁸³. Unless otherwise indicated, all men are from Plymouth, MA. The ranks shown are the ranks when the men enlisted.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Commissioned Officers

Captain Doten, Samuel H.	1st Lt. Collingwood, John B.	2nd Lieut. Mayo, Thomas A.
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Sergeants

(1st Sergt.) Robbins, Edward L.	Atwood, John M.	Jenks, Horace A.
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Morey, George S.

Corporals

Fuller, Ichabod C.	Standish, Winslow B.	Wadsworth, George E.
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Winsor, Peter (Kingston)

Privates

Adams, Columbus (Kingston)	Goodwin (Gooding), William P.	Reed, Joseph (Halifax)
Alexander, John K.	Hall, John F.	Robbins, Albert R.
Atwood, Charles (Carver)	Harlow, Samuel H.	Robbins, Henry H.
Barnes, Charles C.	Haskins, Alexander	Shannon, John
Barnes, Ellis D.	Hayden, Thomas W.	Simmons, Albert R.
Barnes, Moses S.	Holbrook, James S.	Simmons, Frank H.
Barnes, Winslow C.	Holmes, Orin D.	Smith, Patrick (Perez)
Barrows, Simeon H.	Holmes, Seth L.	Standish, Miles
Beytes, Antonio (Kingston)	Howland, William H.	Stillman, James E.
Blake, Lawrence R.	Kimball, Henry W.	Swift, William
Blanchard, Andrew	Merriam, Charles E.	Thomas, Frank A.
Bradford, Cornelius	Middleton, Wm. R. (Charlestown)	Thompson, Walter (Plympton)
Bradford, George F.	Morey, William	Thrasher, Samuel D.
Bumpass, Benjamin F.	Morrison, John E.	Vaughan, Frank (Francis) H.
Burbank, George E.	Morse, John A.	Vaughan, Leander M.
Burgess, Nathaniel E.	Morton, Isaac (Jr.)	Warner, Alfred B. (N. Brookfield)
Churchill, Sylvanus L.	Morton, Lemuel B.	Washburn, John (Kingston)
Collingwood, Thomas	Mullen, Thomas P. (Kingston)	Whiting, Joseph B.
Dunham, Barnabas	Nickerson, William T.	Williams, David
Eddy, Henry F.	Paty, Seth W.	Williams, William
Finney, Otis W. (Plympton)	Pember, John H.	Wright, Samuel C. (Plympton)
Freeman, Philander	Pierce, George F.	
Gay, Timothy E.	Pittee, William H.	
The following men joined the company as privates in 1862:		
Bates, Benjamin F.	Burt, Thomas	Cain, Patrick
Doten, Elisha S.	Eaton, Edwin R.	Faunce, Charles A.
Harlow, Justus W.	Hosmer, Edwin H.	Kleinhans, Charles
Partridge, George H.	Peckham, George S.	Pettis, James L.
Tillson, Charles E.	Wilson, Albert C.	

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in Company E^{84, 85}

Alexander, John K.	Battle of Spotsylvania, Va. [36th, Co. G]	Killed in battle	May 12, 1864
Bates, Benjamin F.	Bethesda Church, VA	Wounded and missing	Jun. 1, 1864
Blake, Lawrence R.	Antietam, Md.	Killed in battle	Sept. 7, 1862
Bradford, George F.	Peninsular Campaign	Prisoner	Jun. 1862
Burbank, George E.	[36th, Co. G]	Wounded	May 1864

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Burgess, Nathaniel	Fort Stedman, Va.	Died of wounds	May 25, 1865
Burt, Thomas	Washington, D.C.	Died of disease	Oct. 3, 1862
Collingwood, John B.	St. John's Hosp., Cincinnati, OH	Died of disease	Aug. 21, 1863
Collingwood, Thomas	Captured Savage Station	Prisoner	Jun. 1862
	Camp Parke, Ky.	Died of disease	Aug. 31, 1863
Cain, Patrick	Craney Island, Va.	Died of disease	Feb. 3, 1864
Hall, John F.	Fort Monroe, VA	Wounded	Feb. 11, 1862
Harlow, Justus W.	Mill Creek Hospital, Va.	Died of disease	Sept. 15, 1862
Hayden, Thomas W.	Camp Parke, Ky.	Died of disease	Sept. 4, 1863
Holmes, Orrin D.	Fort Stedman, Va.	Killed in battle	Mar. 25, 1865
Jenks, Horace A.	Milldale, Miss.	Died of disease	July 26, 1863
Klinhaus, Charles L.	Fair Oaks, VA	Wounded	Jun. 15, 1862
	Savage Station	Captured	
Mayo, Thomas A.	Gaines' Mill, Va.	Killed in battle	Jun. 27, 1862
Merriam, Charles E.	Malvern Hill, VA,	Wounded	July 1, 1862
	Harper's Ferry, Va.	Died of disease	Nov. 12, 1862
Morton, Lemuel B.	Spotsylvania, Va.	Killed in battle	May 12, 1864
Morey, William	Plymouth, Mass.	Died of disease	Oct. 13, 1862
Mullen, Thomas P.	Washington, D.C.	Died of disease	Jan. 11, 1863
Nickerson, William T.	Fort Stedman, VA ⁸⁶	Prisoner	Mar. 25, 1865
Paty, Seth W.	Fort Monroe, VA	Wounded	Feb. 11, 1862
Peckham, George S.	Lenore's Station, Tenn.	Died of disease	Nov. 1, 1863
Robbins, Albert R.	Plymouth, Mass.	Died of disease	Mar. 5, 1864
Robbins, Henry H.	Washington, D.C.	Died of disease	Dec. 4, 1863
Shannon, John	Antietam, MD	Wounded	Sept. 17, 1862
	Petersburg, VA	Prisoner	July 30, 1864
Swift, William	Peninsula Campaign	Prison	July 29, 1862
Thomas, Frank A.	Mill Creek Hospital, Va.	Died of disease	Sept. 15, 1862
Thrasher, Samuel D.	Spottsylvania, VA	Wounded	May 12, 1864
	[36th, Co. G]		
Tillson, Charles E.	Andersonville, Ga.	Prisoner; died of starvation and neglect	July 24, 1864
Wadsworth, George E.	White Oak Swamp, VA,	Wounded	Jun. 29, 1862
	Camp Parke, Ky.	Died from wounds	Aug. 31, 1863
Warner, Alfred B.	White Oak Swamp, VA	Wounded	Jun. 30, 1862
Williams, David	Camp Dennison, Ohio	Died of disease	Sept. 14, 1863
Williams, William	Plymouth, Mass.	Died of disease	
Wright, Samuel C. ⁸⁷	White Oak Swamp, VA	Wounded	Jun. 30, 1862
	Antietam, MD	Wounded	Sept. 17, 1862
	Bethesda Church, VA	Wounded	Jun. 3, 1864
	Petersburg, VA	Wounded	July 30, 1864

Images of Members of the Company

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to this company. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.

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Figure 14. Doten, Samuel H.,
Capt.⁸⁸



Figure 15. Atwood, John M.,
Sergt.⁸⁹



Figure 16. Standish, Winslow
B., Corp.⁹⁰



Figure 17. Barrows, Simeon,
Pvt.⁹¹



Figure 18. Paty, Seth, Pvt.⁹²

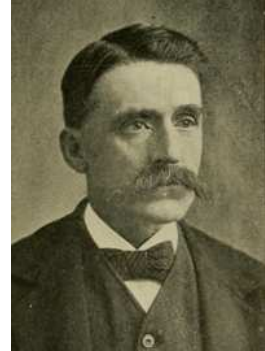


Figure 19. Simmons, Albert⁹³

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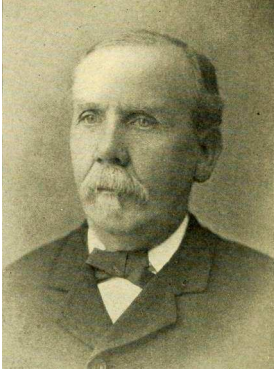


Figure 20. Shannon, John, Pvt.⁹⁴



Figure 21. Wright, Samuel C.,
Pvt.⁹⁵

Letters and Articles in the Plymouth Newspapers

There were over ninety letters published in the Plymouth town newspapers from the Plymouth Rock Guard during the course of the war. Many of letters were written by Henry H. Robbins (H.H.R.), Edward L. Robbins (E.L.R.), and Samuel H. Doten (S.H.D.). Others are from unknown authors. Some of the unidentified letters were written by George T. Peckham. *The Old Colony Memorial* reported on Peckham's death in an article on December 4, 1863 and therein stated that "readers have been acquainted with [Peckham] for some time past, by his letters in our paper⁹⁶." There were no letters with the author identified as "Peckham" in the paper. When the author's identity can be presumed, based on observations, initials, articles in the newspapers, etc., it is given.

Departure of the Plymouth Rock Guards⁹⁷

This company, under the command of Capt. Samuel H. Doten, left Plymouth on the Saturday last. At the early hour of five, our streets began to be thronged with people, and the interest expressed on all countenances, indicated that the event was of no ordinary occurrence. The two companies of Home Guard and the two Bands volunteered their services as escort. After receiving the volunteers, the long procession marched to the depot, greeted on all sides by the waving of handkerchiefs and flags. On arriving at the depot, the companies halted, and gave all an opportunity to take each volunteer by the hand and wish him God speed and a safe return. That parting will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. There was scarcely a volunteer who did not have some friend present, to whom he could deliver some last message for those whom he had left behind. Many eyes were wet with tears, and many a hand trembled as it received the grasp of friendship, perhaps for the last time. A few words of parting were spoken by Capt. Doten, and amid the cheers and good byes of the vast crowd, the PLYMOUTH ROCK GUARDS left their homes, and all that was dear to them.

After their arrival in Boston they received their arms and equipments and at about five o'clock in the afternoon the whole company marched on board the steamer *Cambridge*, which was to convey them to their destination. Many were the compliments they received for their noble appearance, and the determination which was expressed in their countenances to fight for their country, as long as they had the power. A large

Co. E, 29th Regiment

number of Plymotheans were at the steamer to see them off, and after they had all marched on board three rousing cheers were given for them. At half past six Saturday evening, the *Cambridge* left the wharf, and as she sailed down the harbor, was saluted with cannons and cheers from the forts, which were heartily returned by those on board. All were in excellent spirits and everything was favorable for a pleasant trip.

OFFICERS

Samuel H. Doten, Captain

John B. Collingwood, 1st Lieut.

Thomas Mayo, 2d Lieut.

PRIVATES

Winslow B. Standish, Simeon H. Barrows, Frank A. Thomas, Barnabas Dunham, Nat'l E. Burgess, T. Hayden, Jas. Holbrook, Ichabod C. Fuller, Moses S. Barnes, Geo. S. Morey, Wm. H. Howland, A.B. Warner, Frank H. Vaughn, Cornelius Bradford, Orin D. Holmes, Henry F. Eddy, Antonio Beytes, A. W. Simmons, Wm. H. Pitie, Chas. Atwood, David Williams, Miles Standish, Sylvanus Churchill, Samuel Thrasher, Andrew Blanchard, Winslow C. Barnes, Walter Thompson, Chas. C. Barnes, Joseph B. Whiting, Benj. F. Bumpus, Edward L. Robbins, John M. Atwood, Perez Smith, John W. Pember, Samuel C. Wright, Columbus Adams, George F. Pierce, Leander Vaughan, Wm. Swift, L. Blake, Lem. B. Morton, Wm. P. Gooding, Seth L. Holmes, Albert R. Robbins, Henry H. Bobbins, James Stillman, Geo. E. Burbank, Frank H. Simmons, Seth Paty, Ellis D. Barnes, Chas. E. Merriam, Wm. Williams, John K. Alexander, Wm. R. Middleton, Geo. F. Bradford, John F. Hall, Horace A. Jenks, Henry Kimball, John Morrison, Geo. Wadsworth, Samuel Harlow, John Washburn, John A. Morse, Wm. Nickerson, Thos. Collingwood, Isaac Morton, Jr., Philander Freeman, Alex. Haskins, Thos. P. Mullens, John Shannon, Wm. Morey, Otis W. Finney, Joseph Reed.

Extract from a letter from Fort Monroe, May 23d⁹⁸ 1861

Friend T:

I expect we shall have some active service here before long, as old Ben Butler has arrived and the Bloody Third was out and received this forenoon. I understand he gave our Col. a half promise that he should soon see active life. It is said the Old Coon swears like a trooper, and I believe it, for I heard him this afternoon. They say he fears neither God, man nor the devil; if that is so we shall have some fun soon.

Our men took the oath for three years with a hearty good will; not a man flagged. It was administered in front of the Guards quarters. It made the three months men stick their eyes out to see us come in with such a good will. By what I can learn I think they will be at home when their time is up. All the boys in the Fort are spoiling for a fight and don't seem to understand why they are kept waiting.

I can not write any more, as there is so much confusion, opening boxes &c. Col. Raymond is pulling out doughnuts by the bushel or less.

C.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Fortress Monroe, VA⁹⁹ May 23, 1861

Editor of Old Colony Memorial

Dear Sir,

I hasten to fulfill my promise to write to you, in compliance with your request.

We arrived here Thursday afternoon, after having been nearly three days on the passage. The passage out was very unpleasant and disagreeable. Up to Sunday night the weather was splendid, but when we got on deck Monday morning, we found it raining copiously, and quite a gale blowing. Nearly everyone was sick; some

RETURN OF THE DEAD

very sick. There were many who didn't get over it until we arrived at the Fort. Our accommodations on board the *Cambridge* were so-soish. We were obliged to "turn in" upon the lower deck, on boards that had been walked over all day, and the place was so close we could hardly breathe. Besides this, we had not half room enough. In many cases the men were lying upon each other, and had it not been for the unconquerable good humor of some few of our company, a "bluer" set could scarcely be found. Of our fare we could not complain; it was good, and there was enough of it. We expected to be here Monday night, and should have been if we had had good weather, but we ran 40 miles south of Cape Henry in the storm on Monday, and had to gain it next day.

There is a store in the Fort, and if the troops are kept here long, some one must get rich. Raisins and figs are sold for 25 cts. a pound, cheese from 18 to 22 cents, and tobacco from 30 to 50 cts. per pound. Cigars we have had to pay nearly five times as much for as at home, which makes them a luxury that most of us cannot afford. They are obliged to keep a guard at the door of the store, and let the soldiers in one at a time. What would our Plymouth merchants say to that just now.

So far, I like military life very well. I expected something far worse than I have seen thus far in the way of "grub." If we fare no worse than we have done, I shall be very well satisfied. We had fresh meat yesterday, and are to have it three times a week hereafter. Mr. Holbrook, the bivalve opener, from Mr. Ballard's, is our cook, and a good one he is.

Yesterday morning Maj. Gen. Butler arrived. Co. B from Plymouth, was detailed to escort the colors on to the field and of course it was done in good shape. A salute was fired from the casemate guns when the Gen. entered the harbor. The 3d Regiment was called out to receive him. It is said that he will take the 3d to Norfolk within ten days, but no dependence can be placed upon what one hears, as there are all sorts of stories going the rounds.

Yesterday afternoon the troops that came in the *Cambridge* passed through a medical examination. There were seven of the East Bridgewater Co. rejected, and one of ours. When we had halted in front of the Hospital, and the Surgeon came up, he was heard to mutter, "Tough looking boys, and no mistake." After we were examined he had no occasion to change his opinion, and remarked that we were the toughest set of boys in the Fort. The three months men do not have to be examined. The "Plymouth Rocks" are a jolly green set, as regards military, but we turn out more men than any other company here, and in a little time we will outdo them all in drilling. We are already ahead of some who had their muskets long before we did.

The Plymouth boys in Co. B, look tough and hearty. This is a fine climate, and, judging from appearances, agrees with all hands. We were thoroughly purged and cleansed on the passage out, and entered a new climate with a new system as it were.

I write this in a great hurry, as we have but little time. We are obliged to drill a great deal in order to make a decent appearance. We turn out for drill at 5 1-2 in the morning, and drill till 7, and at 5 1-2 in the afternoon all the troops go through the dress parade, besides drilling through the day. While I write, our non-commissioned officers are being drilled by the regulars.

Last Sunday and Monday the steamer *Monticello* fired upon batteries that had been erected opposite the Fort by the Virginians, and it is said she will pay them another visit soon.

Before closing I have to thank you for the kind offer made me at a time when I least expected it. I hope I shall not be obliged to presume upon your generosity, but it is good to feel there is one who is interested in me.

I am not much of a letter writer, but whenever anything occurs here worth of note, I will endeavor to inform you, agreeably to your request. I am obliged to write with pencil, as I neglected to bring pen and ink, and cannot procure them here.

H.H.R.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Article on three fugitive slaves¹⁰⁰ May 30, 1861

Three fugitive slaves, the property of Col. Mallory, commander of the rebel forces near Hampton, were brought in by a picket guard. They represented that they were about to be sent South and hence sought protection. Major Corry came with a flag of truce and claimed their rendition under the Fugitive Slave Law, but was informed by Gen. Butler that under the peculiar circumstances he considered the fugitives contraband of war, and had set them to work inside the Fortress, and Col. Mallory was politely informed that so soon as he should visit the Fortress and take a solemn oath to obey the laws of the United States, his property would promptly be restored. Another party came in the next morning with a flag of truce, but with no better success. On their return it is supposed they set fire to Hampton bridge, an immense volume of smoke being now visible in that direction.



Figure 22. Contraband of War, Shepard Mallory, Frank Baker and James Townsend¹⁰¹

Letter from Unknown Author, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰²

Extract of a letter from Fort Monroe

... Frank Simmons is in the Hospital but is now getting better, and will soon be out. Our company passed the medical examination yesterday, and came out tip-top, only one man being rejected, and he is not a Plymouth boy. The surgeon said it was the best company he had examined – a grand compliment to old Plymouth. ... It is very cool here this week; we are almost frozen with our uniforms. ... We expect to see service pretty soon, and we don't care how soon, after the company get drilled. We have a good set of boys, and they will give a good account of themselves when the time arrives. ... We have a slave that came into the Fort the other night by swimming the moat; he is very much attached to us, and if we start from here he is going with us.

Unk.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from C, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰³ June 3, 1861

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter received yesterday.

Fort Monroe

June 3, 1861

Friend T.:

The *Cambridge* arrived today, with Judge Russell, Messrs. W. T. Davis, John Morissey and others on board, and a right good welcome they received. Our eyes were truly gladdened with the sight of those true and tried friends. We all received something that is useful to us here, although some were disappointed because their boxes did not come by the *Cambridge*, yet they were consoled in a measure, when they were told that the *Pembroke* would bring them. Those caps come in good shape, and we do not know how to express ourselves at the many kindnesses shown us, but one thing is certain, the recollection of these benefits conferred on us, will nerve our arms and strengthen our hands, when we are called to meet the foes of the best government that ever existed on the face of the earth. When the time comes for action, we will put the Plymouth Rock Guard into the hottest of the fight, if possible, and give them a chance to win laurels for themselves.

...

This war, I am afraid will break up a great many Temperance Divisions, but while the men are fighting the battles of Constitutional Liberty, I trust the ladies, will carry on the war with old king Alcohol. I do believe if whiskey was abolished in the southern states, they would soon return to their senses.

We were expecting to go out of this Fortress last week, but the 4th were called upon instead. The reason was, as I have since learned, that Col. Dimick has taken a fancy to the 3d, and wants us to stay in the Fort, because we are a steady set of men, and he has got acquainted with us. He is afraid if we leave, some of the City Regiments will come in. The Troy Regiment has been encamped outside of the fort about a week, and the Guard house has been full about the whole time, and that is what the old Col. does not like.

A party of us have been out to Hampton today, and had a hard tramp. The town is almost entirely deserted, hardly anybody remaining but negroes, and they are leaving as fast as they can. I advised a number of them to leave, for if they remained, they would be taken and carried up country to help build batteries. The trouble with them seemed to be that their wives and families were taken from them so as to make them more secure. They all have some idea of Liberty, and say they have been praying for the time to come, and now their prayers are being answered.

C.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰⁴ June 9, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL,

There has not much of interest transpired during the past week, except the arrival of yourself and Hon. W. T. Davis, whose countenance every Plymouth boy was glad to see. Many of us have been from home just long enough to know what home is, and the sight of a face fresh from old Plymouth, does us good.

There are a few long faces in our quarters occasioned by the non-appearance of the steamer *Pembroke*, supposed to contain the boxes and packages which should have come in the *Cambridge*. The report that "the *Pembroke* is coming!" sends scores of men up to the grand look-out every half hour in the day, and they invariably come down again to be consoled with the remark, that she is "just out of sight, can be seen in a few minutes."

A guard of twenty men was detailed on Thursday of last week, from companies B and E, of Plymouth, and stationed on the Rip-raps, as it was feared the secessionists might land men and guns there, and fire shells into the fort, doing much damage before they could be routed. The Rip-raps are situated about half way between

Co. E, 29th Regiment

the fort and the shore opposite, and the channel between them and the shore not being deep enough to float a vessel, it would be comparatively easy for the enemy to land men enough there to do considerable damage. The men stationed there say they can see crowds of men hurrying back and forth on the shore, and in the night, they observe seven or eight lights passing to and fro, outside of the woods, on the beach.

The principal object of interest inside the fort, just at present, is the boring of an artesian well close to the Hospital. They are at work on it today. This morning they had sunk it about fifty feet. I hope we shall get some better water by the operation, as the water we now have is hardly fit to drink.

Co. B is for the present stationed outside, on the road leading to Hampton. The Naval Brigade (Col. Bartlett) is encamped there and having no arms or ammunition, two companies were detailed from the regiment to stand guard for them. Said brigade is in a pitiable condition. Many and perhaps most of them are poorly clothed, even in this climate, and at this season, and they say they are not half fed. They came out here upon their own hook, not having been mustered into the service, and belong to nobody in particular. Their Colonel promised them great things before they left York state, but when they got here, they said they had been sold.

This morning our company went to church, as a company, at the request of our Captain and the regimental officers. They turned out pretty strong. Lieut. Col. Raymond officiated as organist, and Capt. Ingraham, of New Bedford, at the desk.

Some of our boys are a little homesick, but I do not think that if they could have their choice, and go home with the three months men, there are half a dozen in the company who would do it. We came out here to fight, and fight we will, if there is anything to cherish and revere the institutions, the germ of which was planted on the old rock, we cannot consent to desert, as much as we love home, while there is a spark of rebellion left, or an arm needed to crush the men who would destroy those institutions.

Quite an amusing incident took place the other night, when our company was on guard. Gen. Butler came out for a walk about midnight, but had not gone far before he was challenged by a sentinel. Of course, he was required to give the countersign. He didn't know it, so he told the sentinel he was Gen. Butler. "I don't know Gen. Butler from the d---l," [devil] said the sentinel, "if you've got the countersign you can pass, otherwise not." He didn't pass.

H.H.R.

Letter from Samuel H Doten, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰⁵ June 10, 1861

Friend Morissey:

When you left here, I believe I made you a promise to write to you when anything of importance should transpire; but as every day, aye, every hour, the programme is changed, and unexpected events thrust themselves unbidden before us, presenting cause for new and varied thoughts and action, it is hard to select what to you would be most interesting. But today has been to us a day of peculiar interests. The battle has begun that is soon to decide the great contest of Freedom, the protection of the Constitution, the power of Law and Order over anarchy and confusion, and the great principle of Democracy and its power for self-government. Last evening at about nine o'clock, Company E was called out to go to Hampton, and take out for the Regulars two howitzers. We were obliged to go manned according to orders. When we arrived out as far as the Zouaves, near Gen. Pierce' headquarters, we delivered up the guns and there our duty ended. We went far enough to hear the bullets whistle, and it was the first time we have heard them. It warmed our blood and we were ready and longed to have our guns, but the orders were to return immediately, and at about one o'clock we returned to our quarters in the Fort.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The secession soldiers have for the last few days been prowling around our outposts between here and Newport News, and last night was determined upon to advance from both places and crush the rebels at once. With this intent, Col. Duryea's Regiment of Zouaves, Col. Allen's Regiment of National Guards, Col. Carr's Troy Regiment, and one other N. Y. Regiment started from here at about 10 o'clock last evening. The German Regiment with five companies from the Mass. Fourth and Lieut. Grebble of the regulars, with one field piece, started from Newport News. The German Regiment getting to the place designated for meeting, concluded not to stop, but to push on, leaving about 100 men in ambush. Soon after the N. Y. Regiments came up at double time quick time, and the Germans in ambush, mistaking them for the enemy, fired upon them, killing two and wounding thirteen. This appears to be the fatal blunder of the day, as it confused our own troops, and gave the alarm to the Rebels. After partially recovering from the confusion, our troops were marched on at double quick, and for some two or three hours had quite smart skirmishing. The rebels were retreating when all at once our troops found themselves in front of a rebel battery, and supplied with rifled cannon, which immediately opened a murderous fire upon them with rifle shell, such as you saw, when here. I saw one that was picked up, and it was of the same kind. It struck one of the wheels of the Howitzers we carried out, and did not explode. The Zouaves saved themselves by the superior tactics; they were soon flat on the ground, loading and firing rapidly, but they could not see their enemies and had to fire at random, as also did all the other regiments. Some of our troops continued to march till they reached the battery, but were not backed up as they should have been, and the retreat was sounded at that time. I have it from undisputed authority that the companies of the Mass. Fourth were at the battery, and Capt. Barnes of East Boston, Company, was the first to stand upon the parapets. The soldier from Quincy, who was killed, stood upon the parapets of the Rebels and loaded and fired twice, and was in the act of loading again, when he was shot through both arms and body. I had this from an eye witness. As near as I can learn, had the Massachusetts troops and Col. Duryea's Zouaves been properly backed up at this critical period, the battery would have been carried. Lieut. Grebble, of the Regulars would not retreat, and three or four regulars with him, till all the volunteers had left, and was at last shot down by a rifle cannon shot. The Zouaves then made a dash, and secured the gun and the body of the lieutenant. He was brought in under escort of Col. McChesney's Zouaves. The Lieutenant was shot through the head. I saw him when he was brought in. It was a sad sight, and must have been short work. We have some prisoners, among them one rebel captain, but cannot tell what damage we have done to the rebels in killed and wounded, but I think not much, as they were well protected by their battery.

Thus the first movements our troops in battle in this section, has resulted in a defeat, and the blame as well as carelessness of someone in not having advance guards to keep and protect our troops from ambush, lies heavily on some one's shoulders; whom I cannot say, but time will place it in the right place. We have lost as near as can be ascertained, about twenty-five killed, and thirty wounded and missing. Gen. Butler's private secretary was reported missing. A Zouave told me the last he saw of him, he had just left a company that was retreating, and he stood between two trees, loading and firing his rifle on his own book. He has since come back uninjured.

I have gathered these details in haste, but with care, and think it is as near a true description as can be had. We have strong stories of conflicts and the movement of troops last night, and you probably will see large and extravagant accounts in N.Y. papers. Some of their reporters came near being frightened out of their wits, as I personally know them, but all was quiet and still as usual in the camp. A few shots were fired by the outposts, but no more than usual.

Truly yours,
S.H.D.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰⁶ June 11, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL,

DEAR SIR:

Sunday night, about half past nine o'clock, our company was called out for extra duty. We had to draw a couple of howitzers over to Hampton. Little did we know then what these two guns would go through during the next twenty four hours. We had drawn them as far as the Troy Regiment, about a mile from the Fort, when we were relieved, and returned home; not, however, until we had seen the whole encampment under arms. While we were waiting for the relief, we heard a shot fired on our right, then another, and another, until about a dozen had been fired. Then there were cries of "Double the guard?" The picket guard was called and the long roll beat; and in a short time the whole regiment was in motion. We were itching to stay and see what the matter was, but we were without arms and were obliged to leave. Early Monday morning, we heard that an engagement had taken place, and that the two guns had been taken, but it was soon contradicted. Later in the day, came the news of the attack upon Yorktown, and the excitement it occasioned was intense. Monday night I had the pleasure of hearing an account of the attack, by one of the regulars who went from here. He said the secessionists had a battery erected in a large field, in such a position that they could see troops coming at the distance of six miles. During the engagement, the Zouaves and the 4th Regiment "fought like devils," to use his own expression, and if the Troy Regiment, had been as true as the 4th, they might have taken the battery. Last night the guns which we had carried out Sunday night, we brought in, but in a sad condition. Lieut. Grebble, who went from here with a detachment of men to work the guns, was shot. They had been taken and re-taken. When the order to retreat was given, he turned to fire a last shot. Seeing the enemy fire, he ordered his men to "drop." They all dropped, while he himself stood erect; a cannon ball struck him, taking off part of his head, and killing him instantly. The men who were with him say that he was as brave a man as ever lived. His remains were shipped to Philadelphia today. Report says that another attack will be made upon Yorktown soon. Last night Gen. Pierce sent to the fort for the 3d Regiment, but we shall not be allowed to go. When the next attack upon Yorktown is made, "may we be there to see" and fight.

Yours &c., *H.H.R.*

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰⁷ June 28, 1861

DEAR SIR:

For the first time since our arrival, we are having a rainy day. We have been blessed with splendid weather ever since we came here, having had but one or two tempests. For the last fortnight we have been on guard over the Naval Brigade. We relieved the Standish Guards on Monday of last week. The Brigade has been sifted, and those who were not rejected, and would take the oath, had an election of officers last week. One of their number was drowned last week while in bathing. It is supposed he was taken with the cramp. His body was not found for several days. He was buried under arms, a detachment of our company acting as escort. We have a funeral nearly every day, since the battle at Great Bethel, and we are gradually getting accustomed to that which at first impressed us with its solemnity, a military funeral. We are encamped immediately opposite the Hotel, now converted into a hospital, and every night we can hear the groans of the wounded soldiers.

The schooner *Landfair* arrived with our boxes nearly a week ago, but they were not delivered until yesterday. You can imagine how they turned out, after having been four or five weeks on the road, (or the wave, rather) filled with fruit, cake and pies. Every box and package was opened by order of Gen. Butler before given up to the owner, and every bottle that could be found was taken out, and carefully set aside, for whose use it is intended we are left to guess. Of course, out of some 80 or 100 boxes for the Plymouth companies,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

there were a few that contained liquor. The owners feel sore about it, and aver that they would not have minded it so much if it had been thrown overboard.

There is a rumor afloat that Gen. Butler has ordered the 3d Regiment into camp in or near to Hampton, which I think is very improbable, since we have no camp equipage; some of the companies have not yet got cartridge boxes even, and none of them have canteens. It is said that Col. Dimmick is trying to get the order countermanded. He prefers the Massachusetts to the New York men, and no wonder, if one can judge of the regiments by their representatives in the Guard House.

We have no men in the Hospital at the present time, F. H. Simmons having been discharged last Monday. The Vermont regiment has a large number of men there, some wounded, some diseased. Speaking of the Vermonters, reminds me of a little incident which occurred yesterday on the shore. One of our men was digging clams and a Vermonter asked a bystander what he was doing. He replied that he was digging clams. After finding out what clams were and what they were good for, he asked, "well, how do they get to the water; have they got wings?" Not less laughable was the question asked by a soldier the other day, upon seeing a cavalry officer, as to whether it was foot cavalry or home cavalry.

Our tents are flooded, and we shall be obliged to sleep standing tonight. "Who wouldn't sell a farm and be a soldier?"

[Second letter HHR, dated June 30, 1861 followed]

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Fort Monroe, VA¹⁰⁸ June 30, 1861

Sunday,

Tomorrow morning we are to leave the Fort. Yesterday the steamer *S. R. Spaulding* arrived, bringing equipments for the Third, and last night at 12 o'clock we were turned out to pack knapsacks, with orders from the Col. to be on the parade ground this morning, ready to take up the line of march. I venture to say no body of soldiers ever got ready at shorter notice. We were on hand at the specified time, every nameable thing having been packed, ready for marching. We were ordered to leave our knapsacks on the field, repair to the quarters and clean them thoroughly. This done, we bade adieu to the old blacksmith's shop, not expecting to return. But a heavy rain setting in, we were again ordered to the quarters "to remain as heretofore, until 7 1-2 o'clock tomorrow," (Monday).

So the Third is to leave the Fort. After having done all the heavy work, such as mounting guns, clearing store houses of timber, &c., they have got to go outside to throw up entrenchments for other troops to occupy, as they leave for home in a short time. Our destination can only be guessed at. Rumor says Hampton Village; Gen. Peirce's quarters at the Academy; Great Bethel; Newmarket, and a dozen other places. No doubt we shall take our pick. Mr. Holbrook is hard at work cooking our rations for the next two days, which will take him the greater part of the night.

I forgot to say that we were taken off guard as soon as the order came last night, and that the New York Virginia Coast Guard (late Naval Brigade) goes with us into camp.

Yours, H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Camp Grebble, Hampton, VA¹⁰⁹ July 3, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL:

Here we are, at last, at rest I hope, for a short time, at any rate. We marched from the Fort last Monday morning and arrived here a little after noon. The weather was exceedingly warm, and had we not halted once or twice on the way, some among us would have given out. Marching with a heavy knapsack, haversack, cartridge-box, canteen and musket, is rather more fatiguing than walking empty handed, and we were all glad

Co. E, 29th Regiment

enough to rest, when we arrived. We are stationed about four and a half miles from Fort Monroe, and contrary to our expectations, we like here much better than we did there. Hampton is a lovely little place, and judging from appearance, when it is inhabited, it must be quite a lively place. It reminds one of a Sabbath at home, to take a stroll through these streets, and see all the stores closed, and houses too, for that matter. I would not have believed that the place was so thoroughly deserted. Hardly a white person can be seen in the street who is not in uniform, and almost all the houses that are inhabited, (except those occupied by negroes) are there held by the soldiers. It is amusing to say the least, to step into one of the houses, and hear the slaves tell of the panic their owners were in, the day that the 3d and 4th Regt's landed at Old Point, and how they packed off with women and children, leaving them (the servants) to keep house. None of them seem to know or care where their masters have gone. Some of the wenches drive a lucrative business in the pastry line, and an old man a few doors from us, is to get up a Fourth of July dinner for some of our Company tomorrow.

The day after we arrived here, our Company was detailed for guard, and our Capt. appointed Officer of the Day. The guard was quartered in a meeting house situated in the centre of the village. The floor of the church is of brick. It seems sacrilegious to use this place for a guard house, but the officers are very careful that nothing shall be marred or defaced, and the men seem to have no disposition to disturb anything.

We had not been in Hampton two hours before one of the picket guard came running in with an alarm. The enemy was close upon us. The long roll was beat, and in less than five minutes after the order was given to our company to "fall in," we were loaded and on the march, only one company being ahead of us, and that was Co. B. The alarm proved to be a false one. A detachment of the Vermont regiment at Newport News was on a scout, and the sentry mistook them for secessionists. Col. Wardrop says he will give the boys fun tomorrow (the 4th).

H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Near Newport News, VA¹¹⁰ July 5, 1861

Independence day has come and gone. Our "fun" did not amount to much after all. There was a salute fired at sunrise, and Company E were allowed to fire their muskets once in honor of the day. Those of our men who had engaged a dinner, had a pretty good time. For myself, I had the pleasure of working all day on the telegraph line which is to lead from the Fort to Newport News. The 3d and 4th Regiments were reviewed twice yesterday in the morning by Gen. Pierce, and in the afternoon by Gen. Butler.

Today our company is on the picket guard. The outside picket is stationed nearly a mile from the village. This afternoon, about two o'clock, a flag of truce was seen approaching, borne as we afterwards learned, by Col. Carey of the rebel army. He was attended by three Lieutenants. Col. Carey is a citizen of Hampton, and owns a place here. He expressed a desire to go to his home and get a bundle of papers, and it is most wonderful that he was not allowed to do so. Gen. Pierce, Col. Packard, and several other officers waited upon him at the picket guard quarters, and Orderlies were on the go all the afternoon, carrying in papers, and bringing out victuals and drink; chiefly the latter. The Col. brought Maj. Winthrop's watch with him, taken at Great Bethel, and pretended that was what he came for. Our men, who stood by and heard the conversation between him and the General, say he used the pump pretty freely, and to pretty good purpose. He inquired how many men were stationed in the town, where the pickets were thrown out, and was told. When he was questioned as to the number of men at Yorktown and Great Bethel, and whether they sent out any scouts, not a word could be got out of him. When the conversation turned upon at Bethel, our officers very kindly informed him that the rebels might have made great havoc among the Federal troops, if they hadn't fired so high. Wouldn't it be a good plan to send out a Corporal and guard in the action, to tell the enemy when they are aiming too high?

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Col. Carey said he had been one of the leading secessionists for years; that he was worth \$25,000 when this trouble commenced, but now he was not worth 25 cents, and if he had \$25,000 more, he would gladly give it for the secession cause. He gave it as his opinion the war would last about a twelvemonth, when the Northern army would be dwindled down and we should be glad to acknowledge the independence of the South, all gas, no doubt, but it was enough to make a man rave to hear the *[not legible]*, and witness the impudent manner in which he said this, and much more, telling the officers that the South had "driven in their picket guard, and challenged them to fight, but they did not dare to." When he left, he said, "We shall harass you here; you will have no peace. The next time I see you, the meeting will not be quite so agreeable."

We like living here much better than in the Fort. The longer we stay the better we like. We can have plenty of fish, and it is no uncommon thing to see the soldiers dining on roast pig or chicken, green beans and corn. The only thing that we fear is, that we shall be sent back to the Fort.

H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Hampton, VA¹¹ July 15, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL,

Truly, we soldiers live upon the fat of the land. We get our "regular fat" and molasses every day, though not always in the same shape. For instance, one day last week we fared sumptuously on roast pig, and if the good folks at home could have seen us as we sat cross legged on the floor, devouring the little poker, (which, by the way was greatly improved by some cranberry sauce furnished by Lieut. Mayo,) they would not have dreamed we were living at Uncle Sam's expense and we were not. When the dinner came we some of us stopped to inquire, but probably the pig was bought, like many other tit-bits we find cooked for us from time to time.

The three months men are busy getting ready to return home. They received orders on Saturday to be in readiness to leave Fort Monroe on Wednesday next, and I guess the greater part of them are already prepared. They are to go to the Fort tomorrow, and I think we shall go with them.

A day or two ago, while Mr. Otis Finney [from Plympton] was cleaning his musket, it went off, injuring his forefinger, though not badly. Yesterday an affair of a more serious character took place, while the company was on guard. Mr. Simeon Barrows, who had marched off alone, outside the picket, fell in with a negro whom he had often seen and spoken to before. He sat down and commenced conversation with him. After a while, the negro asked him how many troops there were in the town. Mr. Barrows gave him an evasive answer, saying there were enough of them at any rate. At this moment a man came up behind him, and gave him a blow on the head with an old scythe which he held in his hand, saying "Well, by God, here is one the less!" Mr. Barrows drew a revolver, but before he could use it the two men wrenched it from him, and the white man aimed it at his head. He seized it by the muzzle with his left hand, and turned it aside as it was discharged, the ball passing through the palm of his hand. At the same time his assailant aimed a blow at his head with the scythe, which he caught in his right hand. He was then thrown down, and the negro stamped upon him, leaving the print of his heel on Mr. Barrows' stomach. The rebels being frightened lest the report of the pistol should alarm the garrison, and by his cries for the guard to turn out, left Mr. Barrows and fled. He crawled in towards the guard tents, which were hardly within hailing distance, and as soon as he could make himself heard, had the guard turned out. Mr. Barrows was immediately taken to the Hospital and Mrs. Wardrop who had arrived the day before, waited upon him. The surgeon is of the opinion that amputation of the hand or finger will be unnecessary, and that he is not hurt internally by the kicks he received.

Lieut. Mayo, who was officer of the guard, immediately took a squad of men, and scoured the woods in the vicinity arresting two or three parties, but none of them proved to be the right one. The pistol was found close

Co. E, 29th Regiment

to the scene of the murderous assault. Mr. Barrows is a fine soldier and an excellent comrade, and every one regrets that this thing should have happened to him, though we hope he may be able to be about again soon. It will teach us better than to be straggling about beyond the lines, where rebels are allowed to run at large, and shoot down the guard.

The bridge across Hampton Creek, which was burned by the Secessionists, had been rebuilt and yesterday, the Band belonging to the German Regiment came across, and favored us with some fine music.

We hear rumors every day that there are rebel troops close by us, but Col. Wardrop says they shall not catch him asleep, and nearly every night there are scouting parties sent out. A breastwork is being thrown up across the town, and we could hold it now against a large force. We are waiting anxiously to hear what is to be done with the 3 year men of the 3d Regiment. During last week, Corporal Windsor has been taken from our company and made Secretary to Gen. Butler. He is every way qualified for the position, is a brother of Capt. Wm. Windsor of the Duxbury Volunteers, and one of the best men in our company.

H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Hampton, VA¹¹² July 21, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL,

The three months men in the Third and Fourth regiments are gone, and we seem to be without head or tail, though things have begun to straighten a little. For several days we could draw no rations, and were obliged to catch a pig or two, so as not to live on salt pork all the time. But as I said, we are getting regulated, and today we have drawn our rations of soft bread, the first we have had in Hampton, except what we bought. The day after the Guards left, we changed our quarters, and now we occupy a fine brick mansion near to the bridge. On Thursday, the Company went over to the Fort, and exchanged their old muskets for rifles, and we feel much better armed than we did before.

During the last week we have had a change in our ranks. Lieut. Collingwood has been appointed acting Adjutant; Sergeant Robbins has obtained the appointment of Lieut. of Police; Sergeant Jenks is now acting Orderly Sergeant, and private W. H. Thompson is Adjutant's clerk.

Friday morning a squad of 22 men was detailed by order of the Provost Marshal, for foraging. We had a colored man for a guide, who said he knew where there was a lot of provisions buried, on the Newport News road. We started from the quarters at half past seven, and had proceeded about a mile, when we met Capt. Haliday and Lieut. Johnson coming in. They stopped us and told our Captain that they went out the night before with a party of six, among whom were a reporter for the *New York Advertiser*, Capt. Jenkins, and a man named Small, of the Naval Brigade. Early in the morning they had been attacked by a party of twenty Secessionists, mounted, about a mile and a half beyond Newmarket bridge, on the Great Bethel road. At the first shot, three of their number fell; Capt. Jenkins, a Lieutenant, and the reporter. Capt. Haliday and his comrades, Johnson and Small, fired their revolvers, killing two of the horsemen. They then retreated into the woods, while the Secessionists stopped to pick up their dead men. Capt. Haliday afterwards returned, and found the dead body of Maj. Rollins, and put it in the bushes, by the road-side. Capt. Doten sent back for the remainder of our Company, and pushed forward, without waiting for them. We proceeded to the spot where the affray had taken place, and found the body of Maj. Rollins, just as Maj. Whittemore came up with two companies of his men. Hunting in the bushes for the body of Capt. Jenkins we found fresh marks of cart-wheels, from which it is supposed that he and his comrade were wounded, and taken away. Maj. Rollins was formerly Major of a band of Kentucky riflemen, which was disbanded, and latterly he has been reporting for the *N. Y. Advertiser*. He was buried yesterday.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Leaving this place, we returned to the Newport News road, and proceeded to our original destination. Our guide took us to a house nearly a mile beyond the Bridge, where we found two negroes and two white persons. Going to an out house, our men tore up the floor, beneath which the ground looked neat and smooth but upon pushing a bayonet into it, some hard substance was found. The dirt was thrown out, and many barrels of provisions and liquor found. A yoke of oxen was taken from the field and put into a cart which was loaded with ham and liquor, and taken to the Provost Marshall. This was our first expedition, and we were pretty well satisfied with it, as many of us suspected that we were on a wild goose chase.

On Thursday the German regiment Col. Weber, came here, to fill the place of the three months men.

Yesterday a man named McCarty, a storekeeper, was arrested as a spy, all his effects packed up, and he himself sent to Baltimore. He was a leader of secessionists, and drilled the first company formed in Hampton. His wife aimed a revolver at Sergeant Morey, of ours, but he succeeded in wresting it from her.

Moses Bates, Esq., and Mr. Frank Holmes, of Kingston, arrived here this morning. We have a rumor of an engagement at Manassas Junction, but hear nothing authentic. Here we have nothing but guerrilla warfare, going out into the woods to fight murderers and cowardly assassins.

H.H.R.

Letter from John B Collingwood, Camp Hamilton¹¹³ August 12, 1861

Ed. Memorial:

Having a few leisure moments, I thought a few lines from this Camp might be of interest to some of your readers. In the first place I would state that we are encamped about one mile from Fortress Monroe, on a level piece of ground, commanding a view of the Fort, Sewell's Point, and the shipping in the Roads. It is a delightful place, and the men seem to enjoy it very much. But there is one drawback to all this. You will recollect that we were attached to the Third Regiment, and they being mostly three months' men, of course left us; so that we, with what were left of the Fourth Regiment were joined together, and we are now called a battalion. Since that time, two of our companies have been placed upon the Rip Raps, to defend and hold as prisoners those who have been taken as spies, and others who have been sent there for crimes and misdemeanors committed against the peace, good order, and discipline of the troops stationed hereabouts.

There seems to be a great deal of discontent in several of the regiments stationed in this vicinity in regard to their pay. Some of them enlisted in April, and have not received a cent. Now this is wrong, and will tend more to demoralize the army than any other thing; but this is not all, while they have plenty to eat, they are not clothed decently. This is the case with the Massachusetts Battalion. Why, if they should make their appearance in the streets of Plymouth, you would really believe Falstaff's army had landed; you can imagine with what pride they appear on dress parade. This is not as it should be, and there is blame somewhere. It cannot be because Uncle Sam is so poor; no, no, this is not the case; but the officers and men of this battalion feel that they have been neglected by somebody, and we feel it the more, because of being Massachusetts men. Other regiments which came out since we have, have had the regular uniform served out to them, which makes the contrast the greater; besides, we are kept on guard and fatigue duty about all the time, so that we have scarcely any time to drill. We have as good men as can be found in the volunteer army. Only treat them well, feed and clothe them well, and they will do their share of fighting, working, or any other duty which they may be called upon to perform.

The weather has been very hot lately, but the health of the troops is excellent.

The *Harriet Lane* sailed today to cruise for Jeff. Davis' pirates; just the craft and just the man for that business, and I think Capt. Faunce will give a good account of his cruise.

J.B.C.

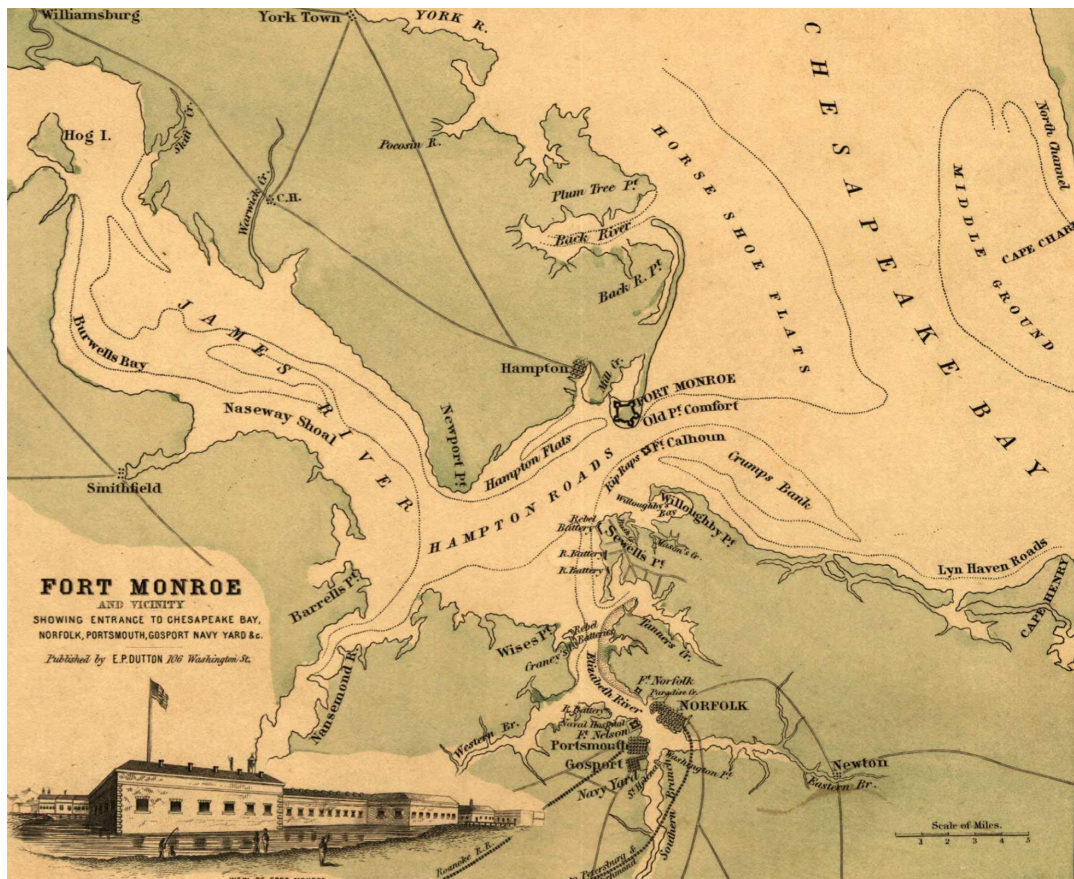


Figure 23. Map of Fort Monroe and Vicinity¹¹⁴

Letter from Edward (Ned) L Robbins, Camp Hamilton¹¹⁵ August 31, 1861

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

Our camp was thrown into a state of considerable excitement today, by the news of the return to Fortress Monroe of the expedition which sailed South last Sunday; and the fact that they were completely successful in their cruise, causes much hilarity among our troops. Two forts, one mounting ten, the other twenty guns, one thousand stand of arms, and seven hundred and fifteen prisoners, is a very fair week's work, and has the effect to raise the spirits of the men considerably. The prisoners have been sent to New York in the *Minnesota*. The only troops that accompanied the expedition from this camp, were three companies of Col. Hawkins' Zouaves.

Our camp is pitched upon a perfectly level plain, on the eastern shore of the James river at its mouth. At this place the shore rises very abruptly to an elevation of fifty or sixty feet, above the level of the river. We have between three and four thousand men here. Opposite the centre of the camp, and about two hundred and fifty yards from the shore, the *Savannah* is moored. Directly across the river, on the opposite shore, is a secession battery, known as "Pig Point battery." The distance across is about four miles. Sewell's Point is in full view of

RETURN OF THE DEAD

our camp, in a south-westerly direction, distant ten miles. The remains of can be plainly seen with a glass. From Pig Point battery to a point opposite Sewell's Point, there are several secession batteries, and at intervals, camps of rebel infantry.

For some weeks past, a ferry boat has made daily excursions down the river from Norfolk around Sewell's point, and from there reconnoitering the position of the vessels in the roads, and as far as she could, the position of things about the Fortress. Sometimes her trips have been extended up the secession shore as far as Pig Point battery. It is this craft that has always been employed to bring ladies and released prisoners to the Fortress, under a flag of truce. She has never shown the least disposition to extend her operations beyond reconnoitering, until yesterday. About 11 o'clock yesterday she made her appearance on her usual cruising ground, working up, gradually to Pig Point. When opposite to the battery at that place, those who were watching her from our camps, were somewhat astonished to see a cloud of smoke from her bows – then the report – then the sharp, half whiz, half whistle of a shell from a rifle cannon. The shell struck the water about twenty feet from the *Savannah*. This was followed by another, with about the same result. The camp was awake at once. It was an unlooked for piece of audacity. So the *Savannah* doubtless thought for she immediately returned her fire with a shell from a thirty-two pounder, which struck the water a little short of the tug. Meanwhile the little steamer stood off from the batteries and of course approached our side the river. She kept up a constant firing, her shots taking effect all around the frigate, but no one of them striking her. The frigate returned her fire, purposely dropping all her shot, after the first, far short of the saucy rebel.

In the meantime, the gunner of the Sawyer gun mounted on the ramparts in our camp had loaded his piece and stood leaning upon it, quietly watching the sport, until it was evident that the tug would approach no nearer, when he fired. For nearly half an hour she had been having things pretty much in her own way, and all watched with eager curiosity to see what effect this Yankee messenger would have upon her. The shell struck, almost splashing the water upon her decks and the celerity with which she turned stern to, and her ridiculous hurry to get out of the way were marvelous. But the *Savannah* commenced in good earnest, and let fly shot after shot, striking all about the tug, though apparently not injuring her and this was continued till she was far out of gunshot. We have not seen her since.

The range of the rifle cannon from which the Sawyer cartridge is fired is most surprising, as is also the effect of the explosion of the cartridge. Fired among woods, at the range of five miles, large branches of trees are broken off in every direction over considerable space. Striking in the streets of a town or city, or on the deck of a vessel, or in a crowded camp, its effects must be most murderous.

The weather is very warm still, during the day, though the nights are quite cool. That most intolerable of all pest, the mosquito, annoy us more than the enemy are able to and the flies are not much better. But we are in good health and spirits. There is no prevailing sickness. This is one of the pleasantest spots on the face of the earth, even though surrounded by the appurtenances of war.

It will doubtless be gratifying to the friends of the soldiers in this camp, and to the friends of temperance everywhere, to know that this is a strictly temperance camp. Not a drop of spirituous or intoxicating liquor is allowed to be kept for sale here – or is there any way which soldiers can procure it. A strict watch is kept upon baggage or packages of every description coming into camp, and every package brought by express is opened and examined – and no matter how good or poor the quality, or how small the quantity – if any liquor is found it is taken care of by the Provost Marshal immediately. Even cider and lager beer are prohibited, and the custom of dealing out a small quantity of whiskey to soldiers who have been on fatigue duty through the day, is discontinued. The effect of all this upon the soldiers is marked. The reports you have received from the swamps about Washington and other places show that such a measure is necessary.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

But I must close this. Whether our Battalion will remain in Camp Baker another week or not, I cannot tell. Since the three months troops left us, we have been shifted about quite often, and now there are rumors of another change. Perhaps we shall go to Cape Hatteras.

E.L.R.

The Sept. 5, 1861 issue of *The Plymouth Rock* also had this short notice:

WAR CORRESPONDENCE – We publish today the first of a series of letters from our new correspondent, whose initials [E.L.R.] will be recognized by all our townsmen as those of a member of Capt. Doten's company. We expect a letter each week.

Letter from Samuel H Doten, Fortress Monroe, VA¹⁶ September 7, 1861

Extract of a letter from Company E, of Plymouth, Capt. S. H. Doten:

Yesterday (Sunday) we as usual had the hardest day's work of the week. The troops were reviewed by Gen. Wool, and made a fine appearance. There being a large number of troops in the field it was a splendid sight. The Massachusetts Ragged Regiment had the extreme right of the line, but they more than made up for their ragged appearance by their quick and skillful movements in the Brigade drill that followed after inspection.

After Brigade drill we had a new uniform consisting of forage cap, blouse, and pants distributed to us, and at battalion drill at six o'clock P. M. you would hardly have believed it was the same Battalion, so great was the change, and many who did not know of our having the new uniform thought that a reinforcement of "Regulars" had arrived, more especially as our drill under our Acting Major, Capt. J. H. Barnes of Boston, has become almost equal to the "Regular" movements.

The company enjoy first rate health, not one reported on the sick list, and all in good spirits. Gen. Magruder had a reconnaissance of this place a short time since, but has so far deemed it prudent to keep clear of us. There are plenty of Rebel batteries and encampments on the opposite side of the river in full view of us, but they seem perfectly satisfied to keep a wide distance between them and us. Sewell's Point is in full view from here. They received a princely salute from Fort Calhoun a day or two since from the "Sawyer Rifle gun," at that station. The first shot cut away the flag staff and two or three more shells scattered the rebels, you could see them running on the shore at all points to escape the deadly shells that fell exactly into their camp.

There is some strong movements afloat here which time will develop; and in Gen. Wool we think we have the man to carry out whatever he shall in his judgment think best to attempt.

Very few members of this company allow a drop of alcoholic liquors to cross their lips, not even beer or cider. What you said at the Temperance meeting is well up to the truth, and not one of this company has yet had cause to be punished for drinking.

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹⁷ September 8, 1861

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

Sunday is generally a quiet day in camp, compared with other days of the week, and when it happens, as is the case today, that it is accompanied by a severe rain storm, it is dull indeed. We hear no church bells here. The contrast between our present life, and life at home, is felt to a greater degree on Sunday than at any other time. Our labors are somewhat lessened on that day, for the usual drills are omitted, and a thorough inspection in the forenoon, and dress parade at sunset, are the only duties required, except the regular guard duty, that is, if the rebel soldiers outside keep themselves quiet and out of sight.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Nothing of importance has transpired here during the past week. Col. Hawkins' regiment received orders last night to pack up, and in a few hours will probably be on their way to reinforce Fort Clark at Hatteras Inlet. We had expected, and many of us hoped, that the Massachusetts Battalion would have been chosen for that service, but we have received no orders yet.

Our camp is rife with rumors of projected movements here, but reliable information it is hard to get at. Certain it is that there is considerable activity about here, and the accumulation of gunboats in the river opposite our camp – their frequent reconnaissance up and down the shore, with the known discovery of new rebel batteries close by us, seems to promise work for us bye and bye, and perhaps soon. Gen. Wool is an active officer, and everything in his department is expected to move lively and systematically.

The Massachusetts 16th Regiment, Col. Wyman, arrived at Fort Monroe last week, and will probably come up to Camp Butler tomorrow, to take the place of Col. Hawkins' regiment. I have not yet seen them, but they are reported here as one of the finest looking regiments that has yet come out. They are at present stationed at Camp Hamilton, on Mill Creek, our old camping ground.

Our company is in excellent health, not a man having been on the sick list for some weeks, and in fact there is very little sickness in the Battalion.

E.L.R.

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹⁸ September 14, 1861

To the Publishers of the Rock:

Our camp has been somewhat reduced in size during the past week, by the removal of Col. Hawkins' Regiment to Cape Hatteras. Their place here has not yet been filled up, though there are rumors that the Massachusetts sixteenth now at camp Hamilton, are coming soon.

The monotony of our camp life was relieved on Thursday last, by another attack of the rebels on the war-vessel *Savannah*. This ship, as I wrote in a former letter, has been moored in the stream, a few yards distant, from the end of our wharf. On Thursday last, the *Cumberland* was sent up to relieve her, as it was necessary to send her North for repairs. In the afternoon, before the *Savannah* left, the rebel steamer *Yorktown* came down the river (James River,) and gave her a parting salute.

The *Yorktown* is one of a line of boats formerly running between Richmond and New York. She is said to be cased with railroad iron, and otherwise fitted up for fighting. On the afternoon mentioned, she came down to within four miles of the frigate, and commenced operations by firing a shell from a rifled cannon into our outer picket guard, posted about a mile and a half from the camp, up the river. The shell exploded among our guard, but injured no one. This of course, alarmed the garrison, and the several battalions, out drilling at the time, were quickly at their posts. At the same time, some of our teamsters, who had been outside the picket for fire-wood, were seen by the picket, driving their horses in at full gallop, having left their wagons behind them in the woods. They had hardly cleared the edge of the woods, when immediately behind them in full chase, appeared a company of secession cavalry, and just behind the cavalry two companies of infantry. Matters began to look promising for a general attack, by land and water. These new-comers were welcomed by our guard, with a shell from a howitzer mounted at the picket guard-house. This damped their ardor somewhat, and being followed by another, which burst exactly over their heads, they left precipitately – and that was the last of them for that day.

Meanwhile the *Yorktown* directed her fire upon the *Savannah*, the shots falling all about her, but none striking her. They were warmly returned, but the range was too great for the firing to be effective. This continued for half an hour, varied occasionally by the *Yorktown* tossing a shell upon the land among the pickets, just to keep them awake and lively. At this time, the Sawyer gun in our battery commenced

Co. E, 29th Regiment

operations, and as in the former attack, the effect was electric. The rebel steamer now showed as much anxiety to get out of the way, as she had before shown to approach, and so quickly did she leave, that only two shots could be fired from our gun before she was out of range. We see her every day but she does not come within range of our batteries.

The battery at Newport News is a source of great annoyance to the secessionists, because it cuts off their communication by water between Richmond and Norfolk. But for the occupation of this post by Union men, they could consolidate all their fleet of vessels, and they have several, mostly steamers, on the James River – at Norfolk. Could they be thus consolidated — armed and fitted up as they are – they might give the blockade off Fortress Monroe a hard task, if they did not pass it altogether. Scarcely an hour in the day passes without some of the steamers being within sight of us, and sometime four or five at once. That they are well armed we have ample proof, and it must be owned — though greatly to the discredit of men formerly in the United States service – that they have excellent gunners and officers on board of them. But they cannot surpass the Union troops here in that respect – and they cannot have Newport News without a desperate fight by overpowering numbers.

The romance of war – we read about it, we hear about it – sometimes we talk about it, but few of us here ever see any of it. To soldiers in a camp like this, it is easy to see and appreciate the reality, the romance can be fancied by those not engaged in actual service. But strange things happen sometimes, such as unexpected meetings of men formerly friends, now enemies. A case of this kind I remember occurred here a few weeks since. A scouting party from a regiment quartered here, fell in with a party of the famous Louisiana Zouaves and took four of them prisoners. A young soldier in the Union ranks, noted for his daring, and his determined hatred of secessionists and fearlessness in attacking them, and to whom the capture of one of the four mentioned was owing, recognized in his prisoner a former classmate in college, and - as he had considered – a valued friend. The recognition was neutral, and each had many questions to ask of the other. To the question if he had recognized his antagonist during the skirmish, the Zouave replied “No.” Should you have fought him if you had known it he was asked. “I should certainly,” was the reply. “I would shoot my own brother in such a case.” No one doubted his statement, for he “looked” all he said.

Our company is in excellent health, not a man having been on the sick report for more than three weeks, and there is very little sickness in the camp. We are in good spirits and waiting, for something to turn up. There is much speculation as to our being filled up to a regiment, and many reports come to our ears in regard to our future regimental officers, but we cannot tell that any of them are true.

E.L.R.

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹¹⁹ September 20, 1861

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

Another week has passed with no material change in the state of things at this camp. All about here is quiet, and if we may judge by present appearances, is likely to remain so. With the departure of the *Savannah*, the rebels took themselves off, and have kept out of sight ever since. How long they will continue to behave so properly, it is hard to guess, for they are a restless set, and like most useless people are generally “in the way.”

It has been ascertained since I wrote last, that one of the shots fired from our battery at the “Yorktown,” passed through her wheelhouse, and across her deck, though the extent of damage caused is not known. We learn also — from captured prisoners, and from reconnaissances that the rebels are encamped in force considerably larger than our own about five miles beyond our pickets. But, as a captured “contraband” reports, and doubtless with truth — they stand in more fear of an attack from us, than we from them.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The New York 11th Regiment, (Fire Zouaves) arrived here today. Their tents are pitched next to those of our Battalion. They look tough and hardy, and will probably fight well.

La Mountain made an ascension in his balloon yesterday afternoon, and on coming down reported a force of eight thousand men within five miles of this post. During the evening, a blue light, the signal for an alarm, was burned on board the *Cumberland*, but up to the present time we have seen no signs of an attack.

We learn from letters received within the past few days, that we are reported in Plymouth as having the small pox in our company. This is not true, nor has there ever been a case of that disease, or anything like it in this Battalion, or among any of the soldiers at this post. A seaman from one of the gun boats was brought on shore here about three weeks since, sick with , and it was from this case, probably, that the report originated. The sailor was properly cared for, and is now well, and at present there are no indications of that, or any other contagious disease at this post, either in camp or on board ship.

E.L.R.

From Fort Monroe (OCM)¹²⁰ September 28, 1861

As an evidence of the good deportment and manly character of those soldiers in our army from this town, we are pleased to state that Charles O. Churchill, Esq., has received from Co. E, Mass. Volunteers, Capt. S. H. Doten, \$1,833.16, for distribution to their families. The same company also forwarded last July \$1100.00 of their hard earnings, their first thought being for those loved ones left behind. Men of this stamp will never desert the "Flag of the Union," A portion of this company have charge of the "Sawyer Gun" at Newport News, the shot from which so frightened the rebel gun-boat *Yorktown*. The gun at that time was sighted by John F. Hall, of this town.

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹²¹ October 5, 1861

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

The force at this point has been augmented during the past few days, by the arrival of some hundreds of recruits for the Fire Zouaves, and Col. Carr's Troy Regiment. This regiment of Fire Zouaves are the original Ellsworth's Zouaves, who were with Col. Ellsworth at Washington and Alexandria. Nearly everyone was disappointed in their appearance, as their reputation for good order and military discipline was none of the best, but they are really fine looking men, and would no doubt be heard from in action. The impossibility of obtaining liquor at this post, contributes much to the preservation of the excellent order and discipline which is maintained here. Col. Lazure, their commander, is an excellent officer, and generally liked by his men. He is a young man, and a graduate of West Point.

A heavy storm of wind and rain made "sport" in our camp on Wednesday night last. Tents were blown down in all directions, and the occupants suddenly found themselves in an "exposed position." Though the position was uncomfortable it was exceedingly laughable. Torrents of rain were falling, and as the force of the wind tore up the tent pins and carried the tent away to leeward, its occupants would set up a dismal howl which quickly routed out their neighbors. No respect was shown by the elements to commissioned officers, and those who know Capt. Doten, must have laughed could they have seen him that night crawling out from the ruins of his tent, dripping wet, surrounded with wet clothing, books, papers, bed-clothes, &c. P.F. [possibly Philander Freeman, only person in company with initials PF], was the life of the occasion, and his droll remarks and actions did much to render it endurable. After fishing his gun, blanket, uniform, and nearly everything else that he owned, out of a puddle in which they were submerged, he solaced himself and his friends, with the remark that "it was all military," and with this philosophical reflection, seated himself upon his knapsack, to wait for sunrise. Those who were fortunate enough not to lose their tents, were not much

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better off, for our tents are well worn, and the force of the wind drove the rain through the canvas, fairly soaking everything inside. If my ears did not deceive me, I heard more swearing than praying that night.

On Sunday last, the troops at this post were reviewed by Gen. Wool. The General expressed himself as gratified with the progress made in drill, and was much better satisfied with the personal appearance of the men than in former reviews. We expect soon to have a dress uniform. At present our uniform is blue pants, blue blouse jackets, and fatigue caps, also blue. You might infer from this that we are a "blue" set, but a day with the battalion would satisfy you that they are lively enough, when there is a prospect of anything to do.

Should every expedition which has sailed south be as successful as the first, the results will be glorious indeed. Hampton Roads look at present quite deserted. The last expedition – which sailed yesterday – left nothing behind but the *Minnesota* and one small gunboat, mounting two guns. The rebels are gathering around us in larger force than ever before. We are kept in readiness to receive an attack from them at any moment, and should not be surprised at receiving it. Should it come now there would be overwhelming odds against us; but we can hold our position against a much larger force than ours. There are many who think that Fort Monroe is the ultimate object of this sudden gathering of the enemy at Yorktown and vicinity. Perhaps this may be true, but it is certain that nothing but treachery can ever put them in possession of that post.

Eight of the enlisted men of our company have been for some time detailed and detached from our company, as artillerists. Sergeant Atwood and four privates work on the Sawyer gun, and three privates are attached to the Light Artillery. They have now attained considerable proficiency in this drill, and fill the places assigned them with great credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of the General commanding this post, who has not always been so fortunate in his details.

Gen. Wool has left Fortress Monroe, and this post is now under command of Gen. Mansfield.

Is this Battalion to become a regiment? Is the question asked every day by members of this Battalion. Rumor tells us first that it is, next, that it is not. How can we tell which is true? Knocked about from "pillar to post," with companies half filled up -- the fragments of two three months' regiments, our position is uncomfortable, to say the least. But who can have all they wish? Not soldiers, certainly. The company are all well.

E.L.R.

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹²² October 12, 1861

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

After three days of almost constant rain, we are favored with pleasant weather again. "The Weather" may be an unimportant topic to write about, but it is a matter which affects the "Sick Report" of our camp considerably, and is therefore of some importance to us. The exposure consequent upon guard duty, is pretty sure to swell one sick list, whenever it happens to be stormy for several successive days. Sunshine and clear air are heartily appreciated by soldiers.

The news of the success of our arms at Hatteras caused considerable sensation here. It is very gratifying, as a partial offset to the Lexington affair, and helped to brighten up those who were dispirited at our reverses in Missouri. A victory gained by the Union troops, in any department where a battle may be fought, is a stimulant to exertion in every department, not to be despised, while the news of a rout or defeat, though apparently of little importance, has a corresponding dispiriting effect. Two companies of the Indiana regiment engaged in the Hatteras affair, still remain at Camp Hamilton, but will probably join their regiment soon.

We have had a further addition to our garrison since I last wrote, by the arrival of four companies of Col. Max Weber's Regiment, the New York Twentieth, (German Turners). This is one of the finest regiments in the

RETURN OF THE DEAD

service, and have already distinguished themselves at Hatteras and elsewhere. They have recently been recruited, and all their companies are filled up to the maximum. They will be heard from if we fight here.

Early this morning, a few teams belonging to the New York 11th, (Fire Zouaves), and New York 2d, (Troy Regiment), left the camp and proceeded about two miles outside the pickets to procure wood for the cooks. They were accompanied by a guard of about forty men on foot. During the forenoon an officer rode into camp with the intelligence that this party had been attacked by the rebels and made prisoners. Ten companies of Infantry were immediately ordered out in pursuit, with a battery of Light Artillery. During the absence of this force, the wood party returned, with the exception of one team and its guard of soldiers, whom they left behind in the hands of the enemy. They reported an attack from a body of cavalry, considerably stronger than themselves, who surprised and surrounded them. They escaped, as before stated, with the loss of one team and 12 men. The party sent in pursuit, returned unsuccessful.

The 10th Maine Regiment is hourly expected at Fortress Monroe. Rumor says they are to be sent to this post. There are to be more troops sent to Hatteras, though whither from this department or not, I do not know. Surgeon Johnson Clark, formerly Assistant Surgeon of the Third Mass. Regiment, and since their return to Massachusetts, Surgeon of the Mass. Battalion, has been appointed Surgeon of Col. Wardrop's Regiment, the Union Coast Guard. The two companies belonging to this Battalion, which have been stationed for some weeks past on the Rip Raps, are to join the Battalion here. They are the Bridgewater Company, Capt. Leach, and a Boston company, Capt. Wilson. Both have been recently recruited.

As we frequently see incorrect statements in Massachusetts papers, of the companies making up this Battalion, I send you the following correct list of companies as they are reported.

Co. K. – formerly attached to 4th Reg. from East Boston, Capt. Jos. H. Barnes, (now commanding Battalion) 66 rank and file.

Co. I. – formerly attached to 3d Reg. from Lynn, Capt. W. Chamberlain, 63 rank and file.

Co. D. – formerly attached to 3d Reg. from Sandwich, Capt. Chas. Chipman, 64 rank and file.

Co. E. – formerly attached to 3d Reg. from Plymouth, Capt. S.H. Doten, 76 rank and file.

Co. M. – (Wightman Rifles) from Boston, Capt. T.W. Clark, 69 rank and file.

The two companies on the Rip Raps, who have been mentioned above complete the list. Capt. Wilson's company report 101 rank and file, and Capt. Leach about the same number. The company from Boston was formerly attached to the Third Regiment, and that from Bridgewater to the 4th.

E.L.R.

Letter from John B Collingwood, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹²³ October 21, 1861

Mr. Editor:

This morning our battalion had orders to go out as an escort for the wood party, consisting of about twenty-four horse or mule teams, with drivers. The wood which we obtain in this way, consists of real nice yellow pine, all cut and corded; which the rebels shipped to a large extent before the rebellion, but which we now appropriate to our own use, as we find it much easier and handier than cutting it for ourselves. Well, we had proceeded about six miles, with scouts thrown out in advance, when suddenly, from an ambush, the scouts were fired upon. Instead of falling back upon the main body as they should have done, they returned the fire, and I am sorry to say, one of them, Mr. Blaney of Co. I, of Lynn, was taken prisoner. He was a good man and a good soldier. The rebels, after firing a few volleys, which was promptly returned by our men, retreated. None were hurt on either side, as far as we know, although it does not seem possible that so many shots could be fired without some casualties.

J. B. C.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Newport News, VA¹²⁴ October 23, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL

There is evidently some movement on foot here, as troops are arriving here by thousands. Yesterday at noon there had arrived some 7000 men, and last night report said that 16,000 troops had been landed at the Fort within twenty-four hours. None of them have come here, although we expect to see some of them soon.

There are 27 gun boats at anchor in the Roads, besides other Government vessels, and if any vessel the rebels have in their possession should now attempt to run the blockade, very likely she would be annihilated. Two gun boats came up here Monday night, and last night one of them ran up the river, and anchored, probably to see what was going on.

{An account given by our correspondent of the skirmish the Monday previous is given in the letter above by J. B. C.}

The sick list is greatly enlarged, lately. If you have had no cold weather at home, we have had our share of it. Last night was very cool, and as our blankets are poor and small, we had hard work to keep warm. Indeed, many of us got up in the night, and ran up and down the street, to keep up circulation. There may be, to those who ever tried it, a great deal of romance in camp life; we don't see it.

It is possible, and highly probable, that we shall quarter here all winter. If we are obliged to live in cotton houses, those of us who come out alive in the spring, can claim a fair share of "toughness." There are at present six men from our Company in the hospital; a greater number than we have ever had before.

My health is improving. I feel very well today, and shall take care not to get down again.

Yours, H.H.R.

Letter from John B Collingwood, Newport News, VA¹²⁵ November 3, 1861

ED. MEMORIAL:

Although I cannot chronicle events of importance at this point, yet, I will endeavor to give your readers whatever occurs of interest to us or them. In the place I would say, that the weather has been decidedly bad for our style of living, in canvass houses. We have had a most terrific gale; it seemed as if everything would go by the board, and some of the regiments did suffer some, by having tents blown down, &c.; but our battalion weathered it finely, with the exception of few wet blankets, for some of our men still occupy those miserable apologies for tents; I mean the wedge tents. We have been promised the "Liberty Patent," with stoves for warming them, but as yet, have received by a few, minus the stoves. But you would be pleased to witness the ingenuity displayed by some of the men, in fixing the interior of their tents to keep out old Boreas' blasts, which begin to blow keen and sharp. Some of the men have built berths three tiers; two sleep in the two lower ones, and one in the upper, and in that way they manage to keep quite warm and comfortable, while others have purchased lumber, and built them shanties. About six club together, and for fifteen dollars can put up quite a decent little "castle," for it is a castle in comparison to the small tents, and in this way we manage to keep along, waiting anxiously and patiently for MacGruder to fulfil his threats, and come and drive us out; I rather think he would meet with a warm reception.

A few men of the German N. Y. 7th being out a few days since, one of them being in advance of the others, espied a horseman coming upon him at full tilt. He noticed his gun was not capped, and before he had a chance to cap it, the horseman was upon him, and discharged his pistol, shooting the German through the arm. He immediately charged upon him with his bayonet, and pitched him to the ground, and finished him. Seeing others coming he left. It has since turned out, that the one killed, was the noted "Capt. Bill Phillips," called in

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those parts "Captain of the Road," and a bold, desperate fellow. Success to him on his journey, many more follow him soon.

The blockade on this river is inefficient. Scarcely a day passes without witnessing the blockade run by schooners and sloops. Sometimes the *Cumberland* tries a shot at them, but it is not much use. We want gunboats of light draught, to give chase to them. Sailing vessels are not of much account here. The two Companies at the Rip Raps have orders to join us to-morrow, which will make us seven, and I see by the papers that companies are recruiting for us at home. This is good news. Send them along.

Yours, J.B.C.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Newport News, VA¹²⁶ November 5, 1861

There is very little transpiring here to interest any one. Everything continues quiet, and is likely to remain so. Yesterday we were joined by the two Mass. Companies from the rip-raps; the East Bridgewater company, (Capt. Leach) 88 men, and a company from East Boston, (Capt. Wilson) 101 men.

The frigates "*Cumberland*" and "*Congress*" still lay off in the stream, occasionally firing a shot at certain stray schooners, which make a practice of running up and down on the opposite side of the river. There is considerable trouble with the sailors from the vessels, who come ashore, get drunk, and make great disturbance. One day last week a party came ashore from the "*Congress*," after water. A number of them got drunk, and two or three of them were put into our guard house. When they left for the vessel, towards night, one of them took a knife, and after driving the Master's Mate overboard, attempted to stab the coxswain, who finally slipped over the bow. The boat was put about to land the dangerous man, and before they got back the coxswain was drowned. What is to be done with the murderer I have not been able to learn.

Yesterday the Battalion was sent out again after wood. They took with them 12 teams, loaded them, and were on their way back when they were overtaken by a party of the 7th Regiment, (Dutchmen). They said they had lost four mules, and two men. Capt. Barnes turned the Battalion about and marched back, but could find neither mules nor secesh. The 7th are great hands to loose things. Rumor says that on this occasion they had hitched their mules and were firing at a target, when four men came up, said they were Massachusetts men, and wanted *to borrow* a team and two men. The Dutchmen let them have them! I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it is about on a par with some of their other maneuvers.

H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Newport News, VA¹²⁷ November 17, 1861

From the Massachusetts Battalion

ED. MEMORIAL

During the past week, there has been a great deal of excitement and rejoicing over the good news received from all sections. The news of the success of the Naval Expedition, at Port Royal and Beaufort, put the men in excellent spirits, and they begin to talk about going home "next spring." The report of the capture of the rebel Commissioners, Slidell and Mason, reached us on Friday, this is grand news and had had a good effect upon the soldiers.

The blockade at this place has been strengthened. Last night two gunboats came up from the Fort, and took a position in the river just above the "*Cumberland*." It is said that the rebel steamer "*Yorktown*," which is at Richmond, needs repairing, and her commander, meditates running down the river to Norfolk. Let her come.

During the past week there have been no drills here. The whole brigade has been engaged in cutting logs for barracks, but there has been no "raising" as yet. Here it is, almost December, and we have neither stoves,

Co. E, 29th Regiment

blankets, nor barracks, except the few shanties which some of the men have built at their own expense. Last night was a very cold night, and it was impossible to keep warm. In our tent, (which is one of "Sibley's," and contains sixteen men,) we had a fire built in a large kettle, but the smoke was intolerable, and the kettle was sent to "pot." Some of us put on all the clothing we possessed, in the vain hope of shutting out the cold. At least one of our number succeeded in accomplishing his object; my friend Barney wrapped his feet up in a part of his "rags," placed them in a small tub, built a barricade of boxes and kegs about him, and putting his blanket and the rest of his clothing over him, managed to keep comfortable until morning.

We are looking for recruits for the battalion very soon. When we get barracks and recruits I will drop you another line. At present, my fingers are "friz" up.

Yours respectfully, *H.H.R.*

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Newport News, VA¹²⁸ November 17, 1861

From the Massachusetts Battalion

MR. EDITOR

It may be interesting to the folks at home to know how the soldiers from Plymouth passed Thanksgiving, and how they enjoyed themselves. I cannot answer for Plymouth volunteers in other places, but certainly those who are quartered here, spent the day as pleasantly as could be expected, under the circumstances.

Last Sunday night Gov. Andrew's proclamation was read to the Battalion, and also the order recommending that all Massachusetts men every where should, as far as practicable observe the day. Accordingly, some patriotic member of the company conceived the idea of having a Thanksgiving dinner for as many of the company as chose to partake thereof. Mr. W. C. Barnes undertook to arrange matters, and have everything in readiness. A goodly number of names were obtained, and at noon, on Thursday, twenty-eight men fell in, and marched to the hall on the shore. I wish you could have seen that hall. It is a long, low building, unfinished inside. It is a long time since we have seen such a table as that, or indeed, a table of any kind; nevertheless, we managed to wait patiently until the Captain arrived. As we sat there waiting, every one seemed to be thinking of home, and many thoughts were uttered about the friends at home, and many were the conjectures as to what they were doing at that particular time.

When the Captain made his appearance, work was given to "go in." and we did go in. We actually sat down to a table with a white cloth, loaded with all manner of good things, and handled knives, forks and spoons like civilized men. Moreover, those who wanted it, drank cider out of a tumbler. The men ate heartily, and yet seemed to remember that too great a change of diet would be injurious. Turkey, chicken pie, and pudding disappeared, and our host seemed to enjoy it as well as ourselves. I may say here that Mrs. Dolly Bates, of Kingston, superintended the getting up of the dinner, which added much the entertainment.

But all things must come to an end, and so did our dinner. Then it was necessary to have some speeches and toasts. Capt. Doten was chosen toast-master, and after a short speech, closed with the sentiment:

Massachusetts: Her good right arm gives protection to the North, and her hand will soon shake the rattles from the tail of the Secession rattle-snake.

Serg't H. C. Jenks was called upon, and after a few appropriate remarks, gave the sentiment to *Our friends at home*. Though we have bid them a long farewell, our hearts are still with them.

Private W. C. Barnes next gave:

Our Orderly Sergeant. Absent, but not forgotten. He has gone in for *Union*; may he stick to the *Government*, and never see cause to *secede*.

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Private H. H. Robbins was called upon to respond, and after addressing the Company a few moments, proposed the following:

Our Captain. May he never know misfortune until deserted by his Company.

Private Dunham was called upon to favor the Company with a story. He complied, and gave an account of the "first time he went to sea," in his inimitable style. I should like to give it to you, but it is rather lengthy, which, by the way, is the reason I have not given you any of the speeches delivered on the occasion.

There was quite a number of toasts which I shall be obliged to omit, but there are a few which I will insert, among which are the following, by Capt. Doten:

Our Commanding General: A true soldier and patriot. Under his lead we have no fear but that Secessia will have to march to the Union Quickstep; may be long live to enjoy the honors of Free Government and Constitutional Liberty.

Old Plymouth: May she never have cause to feel ashamed of the sons whom she has sent to defend the Liberties, Laws, and Constitution of the country.

The entertainment closed with a short address from Walter H. Thompson. Everything passed off well, and those who were there will not soon forget it.

This has been a busy week. The barracks have progressed finely. Word came last Monday, that they could be built of boards instead of logs, and gradually the old tents have disappeared, and in their places have arisen neat little shanties, most of them measuring eight feet by twelve, and containing only nine or ten beds. Now that we have good warm houses to live in, they have sent us our new blankets. They are large, grey blankets, weighing five pounds, and very warm.

Yesterday we were paid off, and the camp is noisy. This afternoon there was a general row between the New Yorkers and Massachusetts men. Isn't it a queer movement to break open all boxes coming to the men, and spilling the liquor, and yet allowing the sutlers to sell it?

H.H.R.

Thanksgiving Present¹²⁹ November 30, 1861

THANKSGIVING PRESENT. Our Plymouth soldiers at Fortress Monroe, sent home as a Thanksgiving present to their families and friends, the sum of \$1752.

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹³⁰ December 8, 1861

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

After an absence of six weeks from camp, I have returned to find everything changed in appearance. New and commodious barracks of logs, or small houses of boards, where I had seen rows of tents; new faces, new officers, new companies, new arrangements, and a new General commanding.

The substitution of wooden barracks for the old tents occupied by the soldiers, is a blessing highly appreciated by men who found it impossible to lie comfortably in the latter. These barracks are constructed to suit the fancy of their occupants, some companies living together in one building – in such cases, usually built of logs, with board roof and floor -- or, as in the case of Company "E," several small buildings of boards. These buildings are fitted up with bunks for sleeping, stoves for heating and cooking, and various little contrivances and conveniences in shelves, racks, &c., which might be laughed at, at home, but which make them palaces to us compared with our old tent accommodations. The heavy woolen blankets, with which we have just been supplied by government, are decidedly a luxury, and one can sleep in a bunk without waking up wet through or half frozen.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Our old friend, the *Yorktown*, paid us a short visit on Monday morning last. She was entertained by the four gunboats stationed off this port, and for two hours, the intercourse between them was animated and enlivening. Though her metal was much heavier than any carried by the gunboats, she got no advantage over them, and when they finally separated, no damage had been received on either side except to the pockets of the gentleman who furnished ammunition.

The weather for the past few days had been delightful, though for some days before it had been rains, snowy, blowy, and in fact a mixture of everything disagreeable in weather.

The nights are cool, and an overcoat is indispensable at all times after dark. But very little sickness prevails in the Battalion, and in our own company there are but two cases, and those not serious. Dr. Bradley, our Surgeon, is admirably qualified for his position, and has the confidence of all.

We are anxiously awaiting the appearance of the companies which are to fill us up to a regiment, and would like to see our future Colonel and Staff. A regimental band we cannot have, unless the regiment should choose to pay for its services, which they are not likely to do at present, so those among us who enjoy music – not a few, either – must content ourselves with listening to “Ain’t I glad to get out the wilderness,” performed with startling effect on a fife.

The *Congress* and *Cumberland* are still lying in the stream opposite our post, and the four gunboats before mentioned, and a ferry boat mounting two guns have been added the blockade.

There are about eleven thousand men at Camp Hamilton. The tenth N.Y. Regiment (Zouaves) still remain in Fortress Monroe.

E.L.R.

New Regiment (OCM, PR) 29th¹³¹ December 21, 1861

The Massachusetts Volunteer companies at Fortress Monroe and vicinity are to be organized into a regiment to be known as the 29th Massachusetts. The field officers appointed by the Governor are:

Colonel - Ebenezer W. Pierce of Freetown

Lieut Colonel - Joseph H Barnes of Boston

Major - Charles Chipman of Sandwich

The companies are commanded by:

Capt. Wm. D. Chamberlain of Lynn

Capt. Thomas W. Clark of Boston

Capt. Samuel H. Doten of Plymouth

Capt. Lebbeus Leach of East Bridgewater

Capt. Israel N. Wilson of Billerica

Lieut. James H. Osgood, Jr., of Boston

Lieut. Charles Brady of Sandwich

The last two companies were formerly commanded by Capts. Barnes and Chipman, now promoted to the field. A company recently raised by Col. Pierce, in Freetown and vicinity, has been attached to the 29th, under Capt. Willard D. Tripp of Taunton, and Lieuts. John A. Sayle of Somerset and Thomas H. Husband of Taunton. Two other companies will shortly be organized from men already enlisted, to complete the regiment. The Massachusetts company, commanded by Capt. Phineas A. Davis of Lowell, stationed at Fortress Monroe, is not included in the foregoing regimental organization, being specially attached to the garrison.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from Samuel H Doten; Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹³² December 23, 1861

We have been permitted to make the following extract of a letter from Capt. Doten written to a friend in this town.

Who would have thought ten years since that, men, intelligent and high minded, would have dared to strike the first blow to sever this mighty nation? At that time who would have believed that this day a paracidal conflict would exist, that threatens to sever ties of our nationality; and still further, who would have dared whisper that this hour, eleven of America's choicest stars would be crouching beneath the shadow of the British Lion and basely asking a recognition a band of pirates and renegades? Yet such is the fact, and such is the instability of human nature.

We are engaged in no military conflict. It has been the feature of few [illegible] of the world to look upon its counterpart or equal. We are not only engaged in upholding the supremacy of the laws, in vindicating the rights of freemen, but we are yet engaged in the sacred cause of liberty and humanity, those very principles that our fathers came here to establish and to which ... descendants are solemnly pledged, by the memory of their early struggles, their hardships and toil, to perpetuate.

The time has come for man to speak out boldly and freely, and to proclaim to the North and to the South that, slavery is incompatible with civil and religious liberty, and can no longer exist as an institution in the United States. That the North will no longer be held responsible, or in any way be connected with that peculiar institution; and that the end of this war, so unjustifiably forced upon us by the slave power *must now be the ultimate end of slavery.*

Slavery and liberty can no longer live together beneath the same roof or sit at the same feast. Compromise can no longer disgrace our manhood, or bid us chain God's image. It can no longer make us humble ourselves to conciliate a proud and haughty slaveocracy. The North must now be free from all compromises, and her citizens must stand forth representative men. Of free and enlightened principles. The North must be free indeed. To accomplish this blood must flow, and flow freely. The Northern heart must beat quick, and oftentimes beat in agony. The widow's tears and orphan's wail must yet mingle in the onward tide of battle for the right and all this, that the guilty hands of the North may be washed clean of their damning in this fouling pollution; and though this generation may be clothed in dust and ashes, and like Rachel refuse to be comforted, for the loss of her children, and though old Plymouth should mourn every loving father, husband, son and brother that have left their homes and kindred to fight the battles of freedom and constitutional liberty, still if the end of slavery and slave power be accomplished, if the political freedom as established by our fathers be placed on a firm and sure foundation, if our country again ranks with the nations of the earth and assumes her God like independence, the sacrifices of all the heart's dearest treasures are of but little value compared with these glorious results. Ages to come will pay tribute to our memory, even as we this day bend low and reverently to the sacred memory of our Pilgrim ancestry; and the blessings of God shall be our solace in this our day of troubles and distress. All of us have but few days to live in this trouble world; to all of us the hour of death must come, and how better can we be prepared to meet the king of terrors than in battle for the pure principles of God, of freedom and humanity.

The Plymouth Rock boys do credit to old Plymouth. Their habits are as good as when at home. Amid the temptations and loose morality of camp life, they have here acquired a reputation and stand deservedly high in the battalion. May God give them strength to still resist the many temptations with which they are surrounded, and at the end of the conflict, return them safe to their families and friends, is the earnest hope and wish of their commander.

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Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹³³ January 15, 1862

Dear Memo:

Since I wrote last, there have been many changes in our camp, and in the Mass. Battalion. We have been raised to a regiment, and are now looking anxiously for the companies required to fill us up. Our new Surgeon has arrived and a Chaplain, (which we were not entitled to while in an unorganized state) has been made in Company officers, some of the Captains having been promoted to the Staff, which makes room for hopeful Lieutenants and Sergeants.

For the past month or more, we have been drilling as "skirmishers," but as the brigade is now pretty well perfected in that, it has been for the most part dropped, and the French bayonet exercise taken up. This is something new for us, and helps to keep us in good spirits, by giving us a variety.

Last Saturday night, a part of Burnside's expedition left the Roads. The destination is of course unknown, but it is generally conjectured that Norfolk is the chosen spot. Some firing was heard this forenoon, and the excitement was great. As it is nearly time, if the fleet has Norfolk in view, for them to commence operations. We look for great news within the next few days, both from this fleet, and the expedition down the Mississippi.

Daniel Carrier, Esq., arrived here last (Sunday) night, from Plymouth.

Yours in haste, H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Newport News, VA¹³⁴ February 9, 1862

Note from the OCM: We have received, as we were going to press, a letter from our correspondent at Newport News, which we are unable to give in full for want of space. The writer is, and we think very justly, highly indignant at the false and mean aspersions cast upon our soldiers by the correspondent of the *Rock*, signed "H". We think that the writer must be far from being a patriot, to attempt to throw odium upon as brave and patriotic body of men as ever shouldered a musket in their country's defense.

Dear Memorial:

I have just been reading a letter in the *Rock*, from its correspondent on board the "*Constitution*." The correspondent "H." may be a keen observer, but when he says that so long as the soldiers in our army are "in good quarters, *well fed* and *well paid*, they have no ambition to achieve any great success," he casts a reflection upon the soldiers, which is entirely uncalled for, and which the facts will not warrant. How long did he have to stop on board the "*Constitution*," to find out this sad state of things? Can he point us to the instance when the rebels have shown so much more courage than the Union army? "H" says he was at Newport News a few days since. If he had stayed a few days, or even twenty-four hours, and visited the men in their "huts," listened to their conversation, and heard the regrets which they express because they are obliged to remain inactive, perhaps his paragraph would have been altered somewhat. *I*, too, "believe that what is true of one point is true of the whole army," and take this whole brigade thro', you cannot find a man, who, if we were ordered to Yorktown or to any other place tomorrow, would not rejoice. But eight or nine months in the service has taught us that to grumble is useless, and we have learned to bear idleness as we would any other evil. *He* says "there are few who are anxious to fight, or who care to stir beyond the routine of daily duties." I wonder who told him about that! I could tell him that at every opportunity small parties of men, (as many as can get a pass) go outside the line of pickets for the express purpose of hunting small parties of Secesh, who, until they were so hunted, made frequent visits to this quarter. All the little skirmishes which take place "in or about Newport News," are not reported to the papers, but they serve to show the spirit of the men. Does "H" know why General Phelps called this Regiment (the 29th) *his brothers*? It was because when the greater part of the

RETURN OF THE DEAD

battalion had gone out scouting, were attacked, and sent in for reinforcements, every man in the battalion who was not sick, and some even who were candidates for the hospital, took their muskets, and marched several miles to get a shot at the rebels, and it is a pity they got there after the show was over.

That little squib about the soldiers is a libel, and shows that the writer knew very little about what he was writing. He must have been hard up for a subject, I think.

H.H.R.

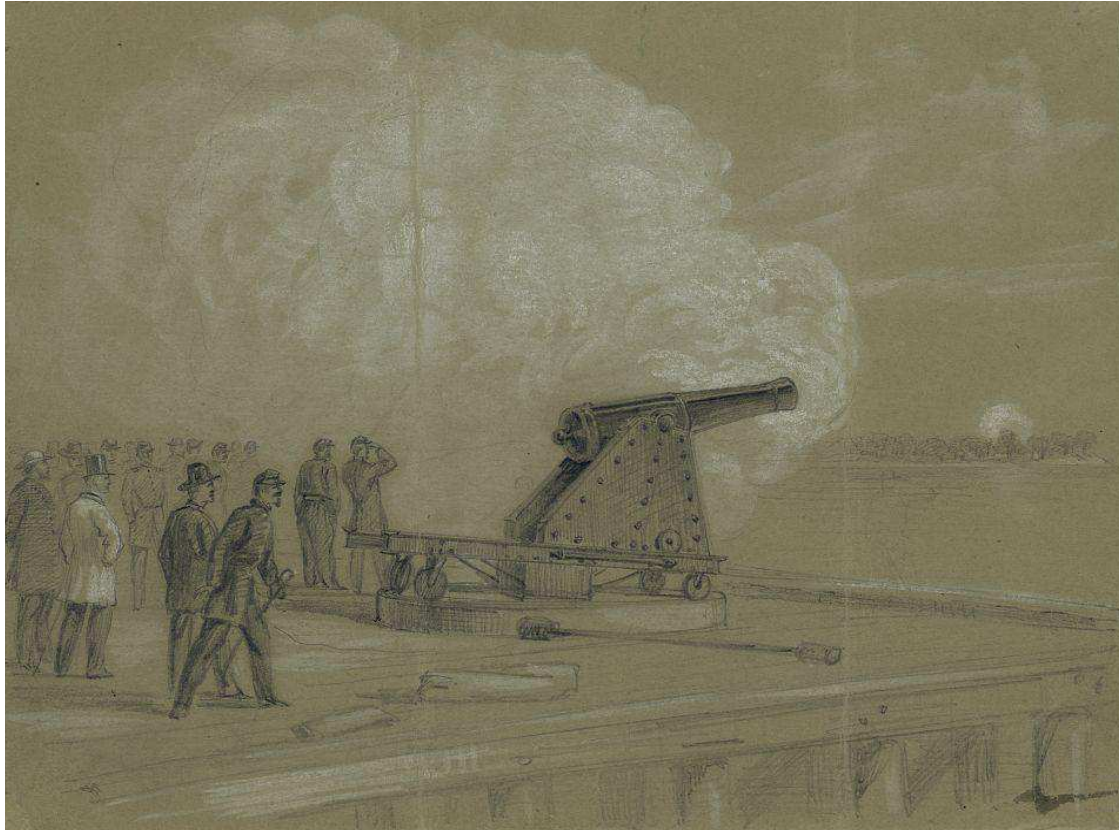


Figure 24. Testing the Sawyer Gun and Projectile¹³⁵

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹³⁶ February 14, 1862

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

Our camp was the scene of a painful accident on Wednesday last. The Sawyer gun of which I have written you in former letters exploded dealing death and wounded in every direction. This place was manned by members of the Mass. 29th Regiment and the killed with nearly all the wounded belonged to the same regiment. Privates Sheppard, of Co. B. (Capt. Wilson, Boston) and C. Jones, of Co. D. (Capt. Brady, Sandwich) were instantly killed. Private Bowman, of Co. I., was taken up for dead, but is still alive though insensible, being severely wounded about the head. Seth W. Paty, of Co. E., is severely wounded, having three ribs broken, and severe wound upon the head, he is at present comfortable, and will probably recover. John F. Hall, of Co.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

E., received cuts upon the arm and neck and other slight injuries, from which he is fast recovering. Several others were slightly wounded, but none dangerously.

From two to three hundred persons were standing near the gun at the time of the explosion, and that so many should escape is truly a wonder. The gun was mounted upon an iron carriage, and weighed between nine and ten thousand pounds. It was fired at a greater elevation than was ever before used upon that gun, and it is probably owing to this circumstance that the loss of life is so small. I have heard the opinion expressed by those who should know, that if the gun had been at point blank or but a slight elevation, the effect would have been terrible. Various causes are assigned for the accident, but I do not know that any of them are correct.

The success of Gen. Burnside is the general theme of conversation here at present, and the news of his victories so near us is very gratifying.

How kind it was in your Fort Monroe correspondent to visit the "huts" of the Plymouth savages at Newport News, and to favor your readers with so graphic a description of the habits and manners of the whole volunteer army of the North [Feb. 6, 1862 *Plymouth Rock*]. So the Hon. Steadfast Dodge¹³⁷ gave the world his opinions of French life and institutions, which he insisted must be correct, as he had spent a whole night in Paris.

It will be readily be believed by your readers, perhaps that we fancy we have arrived at the height of human felicity, because we have a "hut" to shelter us, and are sure of our ration of salt junk and bread, and our thirteen dollars per month regularly. What heroes the secession soldiers are, too, how they fight to the last gasp. But for all that, it is but a few weeks since one hundred and fifty Massachusetts men left their "huts" as this post, and drove twelve hundred of those Southern tigers like sheep before them. And we are perfectly satisfied to live our quiet, inactive lives, and have no thought outside the daily routine of our business. Very flattering, all this and the sentiments of this writer may be very convenient in case he should ever fall into the hands of the enemy. If the soldiers of the army are not interested in everything relating to it, who can be? Every means possible is used to find out the position of affairs. The people at the North can never be so elated at news of a victory as the soldiers in the field, and the faintest prospect of an excursion with any possibility of making or receiving an attack, is hailed with an enthusiasm which only those who have the cause at heart can feel. The position of a volunteer is not an enviable one, and he is not likely to fall so deeply in love with the business, as to be perfectly satisfied with his condition, and though while engaged in the monotonous, everyday life of the camp, he may appear apathetic and unconcerned, at the first intimation of active service against the enemy, he is a wild enthusiast.

Long before this is printed you will have heard of and rejoined over the victories of Burnside. We hear of splendid charges and gallant conduct on all sides, and lively hopes take the place of the most gloomy doubts. All this fighting is taking place but a few miles from us, and we may before long have a daily steamer between Newport News and Norfolk. The cannon, in that direction have been thundering nearly every hour of the day and night, for the last few days.

The weather for the past few weeks has been very bad, raining nearly all the time. The roads have been very muddy and in some cases nearly impassable for teams. But since this week commenced we have had clear weather, which is improved by battalion and brigade drills by all the regiments.

We are to have a few companies of cavalry here, and the stables for their use are now nearly completed. These have been built under the direction of Lieut. T. A. Mayo.

E.L.R.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from D, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹³⁸ February 15, 1862

Friend *Memo*:

I do not often trouble you with epistles long or short, but I sometimes think that perhaps you would be glad to hear from the “Plymouth Rock” boys, and learn how they employ the equivalent they are rendering for the blessed little pittance he is monthly distributing among them.

That it would require but little labor to earn the paltry pittance of thirteen dollars per month, is a self-evident fact to any one that can tell the difference between a roast goose and a donkey, but there are some men who have so much of the goose and donkey in their composition, that it is difficult for them to know or do anything except by instinct or imitation.

It appears by the *Rock* of the 6th inst., that one of these bipeds has been in this vicinity, and in the immense grandeur of his important self has condescend to enlighten the government, the world, and the rest of mankind, the way the war is conducted, the way it should be conducted, and what the final result will be if his stripling ideas of the present, and his puerile prognostications of the great future of these United States, do not have a powerful influence on those who guide the helm of State or hold the reins of battle.

Let me favor your readers with a short extract from this astute, egotistical flight of fancy letter writer’s ideas of our National Government, army commanders and brave soldiers who have enlisted to serve their country in the battle field to put down this rebellion at the peril of their own lives, while he through mercenary motives or cowardice dare not enlist in the contest, but like a vulture, is following in the rear of the army to get his subsistence from the very soldiers he so basely slanders. But to the extract:

“It is said that a rebel schooner from *Norfolk* came down the bay and ran the blockade yesterday. It may or may not be true. I think it could be done very easily. Any vessel flying the American flag may boldly sail in past the ships of war lying here, run up to the anchorage, and in the night run in by Sewall’s Point unmolested. It has been a subject of remark among us all, how easily it could be done. There are several steam tugs running about the harbor almost continually, but they very seldom hail any vessel, and for all the good they do, they might as well be in Jerusalem. If the blockade at other points is not more efficient than this, I do not wonder that it is evaded so often.

“One is led to enquire of himself as he visits different points at which our army is stationed, what is to be the future of this country. The idea of reconciliation and of one common country seems almost impossible. The rebels are thoroughly in earnest, and every rebel means fight and does fight, conscious that it is life if successful, death if defeat; consequently he fights with a desperation which has not been witnessed among our own men. There are few, very few of our army I am sorry to say who are anxious to fight, or who even care to stir beyond the routine of their daily duties. So long as they are in good quarters, well fed, and well paid, they have no ambition to achieve any great success. What is true at one point I believe to be true of the whole army. Where lies the fault? Is it for want of competent leaders? Have we bad statesmen at the head of this nation able to comprehend the situation, and lead our armies to success? Time has already answered the question, and I submit that the condition is absolutely more deplorable than on the 1st day of last July.”

Now friend *Memo*, I will defy any person or paper, from Jeff Davis down to Bull Run Russell, or from the *Norfolk Day Book* to the *London Times*, to produce more falsehood and slander in so small a space on the soldiers and sailors and upon the general government than is contained in those two paragraphs. Its beginning is false, and its end is falsehood. And where it speaks of the soldier, that “the height of his ambition is to be paid and well fed,” it descends to a depth of low, false, despicable, blackguard meanness, that a double distilled secessionist would despise. We are aware that we use strong language, but in these times when wolves in sheep’s clothing stand in our very midst, and rebel sympathisers follow our armies to misrepresent and traduce them, we religiously believe it is “the duty of every true Union man who feels the importance of strengthening

Co. E, 29th Regiment

the hands of government to denounce, without fear or favor, all who by word or action, give countenance to rebellion or detract from the deserving merit of the Army or Navy. And when one who professes to be a journalist of facts gives to the people a tissue of slander and falsehood, not only against government but against his own neighbors and friends, merely to traduce the character of our rulers and the action of government, such men should be exposed and their disunion position truly defined. We must be permitted to give one more short extract merely to show to what height of folly, to call it by no harsher term, egotism will sometimes lead its victim. He says:

“A change has been made in the War department universally believed for the better. The sooner a change is made in the Navy department, the better for that arm of the service. It is my belief that unless our army achieves a series of signal successes, the Southern Confederacy will be recognized in less than sixty days. Too much reliance is placed upon the Coast Expeditions. Nothing of importance has yet been accomplished by the Hatteras or Port Royal expeditions, and it is the opinion here that the Burnside expedition will prove more fatal to us than to the enemy. I hope it may not be so, but the usual amount of incompetency and thorough ignorance which has accompanied portions of our army, is also distinctly visible in this expedition.”

Here friend *Memo*, is a lad, whose chin from an incipient growth of down is just beginning to assume the look of a mouldy dumpling, and one who can hardly tell the difference between the cat-head of a ship-of-war and a cat-hole in a shop door, telling us with all the gusto of an old Commodore, that the sooner a change is made in the Navy department the better for that arm of the service, and while we poor benighted mortals were rejoicing, as we thought, the great results accomplished by Sherman, Dupont, Burnside and Goldsborough, we are suddenly awakened from that blissful dream to the astonishing reality that they had as yet accomplished nothing, and that in point of fact, they had done more harm than good, and that our own brave hearted Plymouth boys now with the Burnside expedition, are through ignorance and incompetency, (distinctly visible to the eyes of our beardless Wellington,) giving aid and comfort to the rebels.

Friend *Memo*, there is a ray of light like the morning opening to our benighted vision, and by that light we think we see the danger and duty of our national government at this important crisis. Our national existence hangs on a pivot, and if the far-sighted, egotistical correspondent of the *Rock* is not immediately engaged to correct the errors of this blundering administration, and Jeff Davis & Co. are allowed to overbid us and thus secure his valuable services, we might as well give them all they ask, and make peace while we have the power so to do, and on the best possible terms.

D

Letter from D; Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹³⁹ February 15, 1862

Ed. Memorial:

We had a sad accident in our camp last Tuesday. The gun in our battery familiarly known as the “Sawyer gun,” burst while being discharged at some boats near Pig Point, on the opposite side of the river. The gun was manned by men from this Regiment, and has been so ever since we have been in this encampment. Four men of Co. E. were detailed for the service, and have served for near six months. They were as follows: John M. Atwood, Sergeant of the gun; Wm. H. Howland, Seth W. Paty, and John F. Hall, gunners. Gen. Phelps, before he was relieved, expressed his gratification and confidence in the management of the gun under their hands, and Gen. Mansfield has done the same since he has been here. A thorough investigation has been had, and it proved satisfactory to the Gen. that there had been no fault in the management of the gun. At the time of the disaster, J. F. Hall sighted the gun, and S. W. Paty applied the match. Hall’s left arm was filled with powder and some minute particles of iron, taking off the sleeve of his jacket almost entire; he is now doing well. S. W.

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Paty was found under what is called the cheek of the gun carriage. It took two men to lift it off his breast, and he had three of his ribs broken and a severe cut on the temple. He is now getting along well. There were two killed and four severely wounded, and quite a number slightly wounded. The gun was sighted at some boats at a distance of five and a half miles, and the shell struck to all appearances within fifty yards of the point aimed at. To get that distance the gun was elevated twenty-seven degrees. One man was killed at a distance of one hundred feet from the gun, the piece that hit him weighing nearly seven hundred pounds. The gun was ten feet ten inches long; thickness of the butt nine inches, and weight nine thousand five hundred pounds.

The men belonging to Co. E. are all well, but are uneasy. They wish to be more actively employed, and are in hopes that opportunity will soon offer.

D

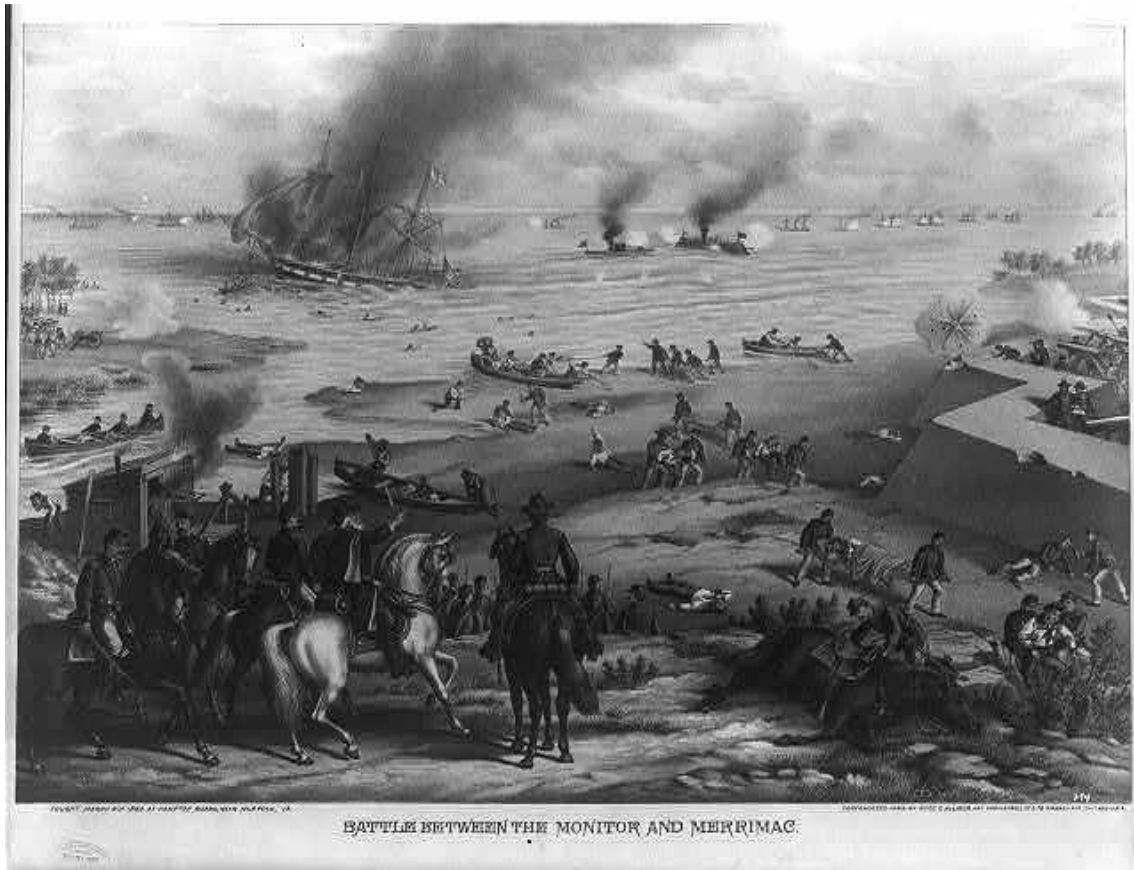


Figure 25. Merrimac vs. Cumberland and Congress¹⁴⁰

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Jenks, Paty, Hall¹⁴¹ February 22, 1862

Sergt. H. A. Jenks has arrived in town from Newport News. Sergt. Jenks reports Seth W. Pay, injured by the bursting of the Sawyer gun, as recovering, and able to sit up and write. J. S. Hall, hurt at the same time, is about, and nearly recovered from his wound. Sergt. Jenks has come on to recruit for Co. E, and there can be no better opportunity offered for our young men to get into a company composed of young men who are second to none in all respects. This company was raised in this vicinity and we hope enough will be obtained to fill the ranks from about here. Now is the time to serve your country, earn a living, and obtain a bounty at the close of the war.

Letter from Charley, Newport News, VA¹⁴² March 9, 1862

The following letter from a soldier of the 29th Regiment, written to his friends in East Bridgewater, we have been kindly permitted to publish.

Sunday Eve,

Yesterday noon the old *Merrimac* came up from Norfolk and “pitched into” our blockade, which consisted of 2 sloops of war, the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, and completely used them up. The *M.* is iron-clad, and I do not imagine we have done her the least damage. She commenced with the *Cumberland*, did not fire a gun at her, but run into her, struck her in the bows, smashing her in most awfully in less than 20 minutes she sank. Oh! ‘twas a sad sight to see her keel cover and go down, for she was the “bulliest” ship of the line in the service – and then to see the poor sailors crawling out from the port holes, jumping off every part of her, in short, getting off from her any way they could, was sadder still. There were many who did not get off. As near as I can ascertain about, 100 officers and men were killed and drowned. Some swam ashore (she was not more than thirty rods from the shore;) others came ashore in boats, and a steamer went out and took off a load. The *Cumberland* being the smartest boat, the rebel battery attacked her first; had to pass directly by the *Congress* to get at the *Cumberland*, say, within twenty rods of her. The *Congress* was firing into the *Merrimac* all the time and so were we from our battery; our shells struck her every time, but they glance off not doing a bit of harm.

The officers of the *Congress* seeing the fate of the *Cumberland*, ordered a steam tug to “hitch” on to the *Congress* and drag her aground, both being sailing vessels, mind you, and it being very calm, they could not help themselves at all. As soon as the *Cumberland* was sunk and the *Congress* aground, down the James River from Richmond came three rebel gun boats, the “*Jamestown*,” “*Yorktown*,” and one other, the name of which we do not know. Then all four of the rebel boats commenced on the *Congress*; they completely used her up, and in a little while she was forced to strike her colors, and ran up a white flag. The rebels boarded her and took all or nearly all her officers (but none of the men) prisoners. The fact is, we here, are too much excited to know or tell the truth about anything, which will account for contradicting reports.

While this was going on, the steam frigate *Minnesota* came up from Fortress Monroe to help us; our light battery here, took a position on the bank of the river, and did some damage to the “*Yorktown*” and “*Jamestown*,” but they kept too far off from us to be reached well, and kept changing position to keep clear from our battery, and as often as they changed, our battery changed. Once, the *Minnesota* got aground and for a while all thought we should lose that, but the old Commodore knew what he was about; he raised a heavy anchor into the rigging to let fall on the *Merrimac* if she should run into her, and fixed some grappling irons, so as to catch hold of her and keep her if she should come to close quarters. The *Merrimac* was afraid of her and did not come near her. About sundown, the rebel boats hauled off up the river towards Norfolk, and lay under the guns of the rebel battery on Craney Island. When we saw the rebel gunboats coming down the river,

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it was supposed that a land force was coming down from Yorktown to attack us; the “long roll” was beaten and the whole camp was under arms; the guard was taken off and every man in the guard house was released and took his gun and fell into the ranks. After our two boats were used up, we were afraid that we should be shelled out, but the battery and the *Minnesota* here, kept the rebel gunboats off, fortunately for us they could not elevate the guns on the *Merrimac*, could she have been able to so, she probably would have run in close to our shore and driven us out.

I went out scouting early Saturday morning, and did not get in till the firing was over. I was out with nine other privates and Sergeant Morse we went about seven miles, within three miles of the rebel camps – did not see a rebel – we spent the day shooting pigs and traveling around, probably shot fifty pigs. I shot two; we cut open every large one we killed and cut off the hindquarters, tied them together, strung them over a pole and brought them in on our shoulders. We had a gay day. The boys in camp never expected to see us again, while we never imagined the rebels would come on us, or if they came up the river they could do one half the damage they did. We heard that the *Cumberland* was down when we got within a mile of here, but did not believe it until we saw for ourselves. I forgot to say in the right place that the rebels threw a few shells into our camp (about fifteen), but no harm was done, quite a number struck the buildings making awful work. Reinforcements were sent here from Camp Hamilton: a regiment of Cavalry and one of Infantry, which are still here. After going round the camp to see everything, I turned in about sundown as I was awfully tired. Fearing the rebels might come up and take away the *Congress* it was thought best to burn her. About 7 1-2 P.M., she was set fire to. I got up to see it, then turned in and was soon sound asleep. About 12 1-2 the fire reached her magazine, the explosion of which woke me; I turned out and saw the most splendid sight I ever saw. I can’t describe the scene other than that it was magnificent fire-works on a grand scale.

All who went to bed last night, went with the feeling that the *Merrimac* was “one too much” for the Federal fleet in Hampton Roads, and that she had played “the deuce” with us and would do so again in spite of all we could do.

An iron-clad boat was expected at Fortress Monroe yesterday morning, but did not arrive there until about 9 o’clock last evening. This morning the old *Merrimac* and her three “aides” came up again to fire us another pull, but this time we were enough for her; our boat (the *Monitor*) was all that saved us. There was some fighting! It was grand to see those two boats run up close to each other, and “pelt away,” but we were a little the trickiest, for when we got close to her we would wait for the other to open her port-holes and then pop right into them. The firing was kept up until noon, and then the rebel gunboats cleared out. About 2 this afternoon, a messenger came to camp and said that “five companies of rebel infantry were outside,; then another, saying that “quite a large force was outside,” &c., &c; the “long roll” was again sounded, and we were all under arms in less than five minutes. We were kept out about two hours, then dismissed with instructions to eat supper immediately, to put our breakfasts into our haversacks and to sleep on our arms at night. The rebels are now (8 1-2 P.M.) about five miles from here with quite a large force. We expect to have something to do before morning, if we do, rest assured that the Mass 9th will maintain the credit of the Old Bay State. I am going to fight by the side of Neil McMillan, he is just my height, and has more courage than forty bull-dogs! We have been ordered “to sleep on our arms” so many times that I am afraid this will not amount to any more than the other orders have. We all want to fight, and we will fight bully! I have written this in a great hurry, am greatly excited, but the smell of powder will keep me cool.

Yours, Charley

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Edward L Robbins, Camp Butler, Newport News, VA¹⁴³ March 12, 1862

To the Publishers of the *Rock*:

Last Saturday was an eventful day for us. You will of course, have seen many accounts of the visit of the iron clad steamer *Merrimac* to Newport News, before this reaches you, but, thinking that it may interest your Plymouth readers, I send you this account of the affair, as I saw it.

The weather on Saturday was pleasant and warm, unusually so for the season, with no indication during the forenoon of the fiery storm that was to burst upon us in the afternoon. Shortly after one o'clock P. M., the news ran through the camp that the *Merrimac* was in sight off Craney Island, and was approaching our shore. It was not as first credited, but a very few minutes sufficed to show that it was even so, and the shore was covered with men watching eagerly the approach of the iron-clad monster. When it was certain, from her movements, that she was to visit Newport News, the long roll was beat, and the garrison quickly under arms, and the battery men at their posts. I think very few, at that time had any idea of the power of the approaching foe, or that she could possibly be the formidable combatant she proved. The frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland* were lying in the stream, the latter about three quarters of a mile directly opposite our water battery, the former a half mile below her and nearest the middle of the river. When the *Merrimac* had approached within quarter of a mile of the *Congress*, the *Cumberland* commenced firing upon her with her heavy guns, the shot striking her without taking effect. It was supposed she would run down the *Congress*, but she passed within a few yards of her, giving her, in passing, a full broadside, which was returned by the *Congress* from both tiers of guns. About a mile below the *Congress*, and opposite our signal station, the three gunboats which had attended the *Merrimac* from Norfolk, were stationed, and occasionally tossed a shell into our camp, giving us a taste of what was yet to come.

After passing the *Congress*, the *Merrimac* made directly for the *Cumberland*, and all on shore watched almost breathless for the collision. It came soon, and a terrible crash it was. When close aboard, the *Cumberland* gave her a broadside of ninety-eight pounders on one one-hundred and twenty pounder, firing solid shot, every shot striking her, and bouncing off like peas from a board. Our battery on shore, of heavy columbiads, blazed away at her, and one shot from our James gun struck the large Armstrong gun on the stern of the *Merrimac*, fairly throwing it into the air. The *Merrimac*, after striking, backed off from the *Cumberland*, and gave her a broadside, the shot going through and through her antagonist. It was evident the *Cumberland* was sinking, though they still fought on board her like devils. The *Merrimac* carried two flags, the secession flag at her stern and a black or very dark blue flag at her bow, these were both shot away by the first broadside from the *Cumberland*, and a man who afterwards came out upon the *Merrimac* and waved the black flag, was literally shot to pieces. After firing her broadside the *Merrimac* again came down upon the *Cumberland*, staving her side in. She sank rapidly, but as long as a gun remained above water it was fired though with no visible effect. She went to the bottom with her colors flying and her men cheering their flag even while they were in the water and clinging to the rigging. Her flag is flying at her masthead yet, having been nailed there later in the day by a sailor.

A few minutes later, (after the *Cumberland* had sank) the three rebel steamers *Yorktown*, *Jamestown* and *Patrick Henry*, made their appearance coming down the river, and were soon at the scene of action. Our battery on shore warmly engaged them. The rebel fleet now consisted of seven vessels. Our troops being utterly powerless so far as concerned any part in this action, stood in groups around their quarters, or rather on their quarters, for the roofs of our houses were covered with men through the entire engagement. Shot and shell of every description whistled round their heads, making music not quite so agreeable as that of a brass band. Some of their missiles were of the largest size, fired from ten and eleven inch guns, and you may be assured that wherever they struck they left a mark. Several struck around and among the quarters of our

RETURN OF THE DEAD

regiment, but fortunately no one was injured. The fact of being so near the rebels, of witnessing their slaughter of our sailors, and of being obliged to receive whatever favors they saw fit to send us in the shape of shot and shell, without being able to lift a finger in defense, or strike a single blow in retaliation, was terribly galling to our men. But not a man left his proper place, nor did a man in our regiment seek a shelter in the woods from the iron shower. The men detailed from our regiment for service in the battery, were the only ones engaged, and they worked incessantly.

While the *Merrimac* was at work upon the *Cumberland*, the gun boat *Zouave* hauled alongside the *Congress*, which vessel had been badly damaged by the broadside of the *Merrimac*, and towed her in shore. While performing this service the *Zouave* received a shot which carried away her smoke stack and otherwise injured her. The *Congress* struck the shore opposite the camp of the 20th Indiana regiment. After the sinking of the *Cumberland* the *Merrimac* paid another visit to the *Congress* and raked her, making terrible havoc. She repeated this process a few times when the *Congress*, with the commanding officer and a large number of her men killed, showed a white flag. A rebel gun boat came alongside and took possession – almost. The shore here is very bold, and the *Congress* was but a few yards from water mark. As soon as the rebel gunboat touched her, the soldiers, squatted in the sand on the shore, peppered them well with their rifles, and a detachment of Captain Howard's Light Battery coming up, drove them away quickly, they carrying with them some thirty of the *Congress* men as prisoners. The rebel fleet commenced firing at the *Congress* again, though she kept the white flag flying, showing she was out of action, and put six shells into her. After the *Cumberland* had sank, and what were left of her men were clinging to her rigging, which is out of water to her top-sail yards, the *Merrimac* fired one shell in among them, but the old flag flies there yet.

And now came a new enemy for the rebel fleet. The *Minnesota* (steam frigate) appeared at the scene of action, aground, though within range, and quickly the *Merrimac* turned her attention to this fine vessel. None could see this without a shudder, for we knew the power of the enemy, and the *Minnesota*, as fine a vessel as ever floated was fast aground. To all appearances she would fall an easy prey to the iron monster. But for some reason the *Merrimac* chose to keep a respectful distance from her, though firing constantly from her tremendous battery. The other vessels ran up and down our shore, pitching in a shell occasionally to keep us lively, and thus night closed the scene. At sunset the firing ceased, the rebel vessels running over to Sewall's Point, and disposing themselves for the night.

The living remnants of the crew of the *Congress* were brought on shore, and the vessel was on fire. The night was beautiful, the moon shining bright, with hardly a breath of air stirring. The burning frigate was a grand, though an awful sight, and the evidence of the work of today, was suggestive of the thought of the probable events of tomorrow. The plan of the rebels was as clear as daylight and their means of executing it were before our eyes. The prospect looked somewhat black, but a surprise was preparing for us, as well as our enemies. About midnight, the report came up that the Ericsson battery had arrived. We could hardly credit our good fortune, but with the sun on Sunday morning came the welcome sight of the little *Monitor* laying behind the *Minnesota*, which still remained aground where she had first struck. About one hour after daylight, the *Merrimac* started for the *Minnesota*, as if to begin anew the contest of the day before. But she met with a check which must have surprised her. The *Monitor* met her half way, and at it they went, and for five hours they fought such a match as the world has never seen before; and we had the satisfaction at last of seeing the *Merrimac* sneak off like a whipped cur. The other vessels of the rebel fleet, did not move from their position off Sewall's Point during the fight; nor have they been seen since they towed the *Merrimac* up to Norfolk.

All honor to the *Monitor* and all connected with her. She saved the government, without a doubt, millions of dollars and hundreds of lives, and when, from the events which followed after, we found how much she had really done for us, a tribute went up from honest hearts to her inventor, which any man might be proud of.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Thus ended the great naval contest, though I have not pretended to give you a full account, as you must have seen so many since the events took place. The men detailed from Co. E, Mass. 29th, for service on the water battery, are Sergt. J. M. Atwood, Privates W. H. Howland, J. F. Hall and Seth W. Paty. Of these Paty and Hall were wounded a short time since by the bursting of the Sawyer gun. Paty has but just left the hospital, and was unable to be in action during Saturday afternoon. Hall was unable to take his position at the gun, but kept himself employed on the ammunition. Atwood and Howland came up to the mark finely, and worked incessantly without flinching.

Lieut. Mayo, acting that day as Aid to Gen. Mansfield, was indefatigable in his exertions, and won universal commendation. And the section of Capt. Howard's light battery engaged, were Privates Wm Williams, A. Beytes, and C. Adams, all of Co. E, who received the particular notice of Capt. Howard for their good conduct. These mentioned were all the members of Co. E who had a chance that day to show their willingness to come up to the mark. But they will show themselves when the time comes.

E.L.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Newport News, VA¹⁴⁴ March 12, 1862

The Naval Battle at Newport News Point, Newport News, VA

DEAR MEMO:

On Saturday last we witnessed at this port, what has never before seen. About noon, there was a rumor that the "*Merrimac*" the iron battery which we have heard so much about, as being prepared by Secesh at Norfolk, had made its appearance below Craney Island, and was going to pay us a visit. We have heard that same rumor ma[n]y times, but this time it proved too true. She was indeed in sight, and kept steadily advancing upon the "*Congress*" and "*Cumberland*." What sort of a thing she was, or what armament she had, no one could tell. She looked exactly like the roof of a house, and the only thing I can compare her to, is an iron house, sunk to the eaves. When she first hove in sight, she had two flags flying; the Stars and Bars at the stem, and a black flag at the stern. She had a contrivance on her bow for punching a hole in wooden vessels. I can convey to you no idea of the ugliness of the craft.

At a little past two o'clock, the *Merrimac* came up with "*Congress*," and then commenced a bloody conflict. She punched her once, and then laid alongside of her, and gave her a broadside, which finished her. The whole operation took no more than three minutes. Without stopping, she moved on to the "*Cumberland*," punched her, backed off and punched again, repeating the operation four times. She began immediately to sink. All this time both vessels and our battery on shore were playing directly upon the monster (I can think of no other name) without the least effect. You can form some idea of her strength when I tell you the "*Cumberland*" fired 120-pound solid shot, at a distance of a few yards, without making any more impression than if she fired into the river. She fired into the *Cumberland*, her shot going through and through her. It was now ascertained that she carried ten heavy guns, four on a side, and one on each end. She soon left the *Cumberland*, and steamed up the river a short distance. In her conflict with the frigate, she had one gun dismounted, and the Confederate flag shot away, and shortly after the black flag went too. Meantime the *Cumberland* was sinking fast (the *Congress* had already gone ashore below) yet not a man had left her, nor had she stopped firing at her formidable enemy. At three o'clock she began to sink fast, and the order was given for the men to look out for themselves. Directly her rigging and sides were covered with the gallant men who had stuck to her so long, and every boat was filled, and turned to the shore. A steamer put off from the wharf and took the remainder on board. The remainder? No not the remainder, for there were many gallant souls on board who were unable to reach the deck, and who went down in the vessel, with the Stars and Stripes still

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floating above them. The rebels showed some mercy, and fired only one shot at the men who were struggling for life upon the vessel. That was a horrid sight! May I never look upon the like again.

At this time the rebel gunboats made their appearance up the river, coming down from Richmond, and the *monster* was still close under the bank, playing up and down by our battery as unconcerned as could be. Of course, there was nothing left for them to do but to shell the camp, and we knew that there was nothing for us to do but to stand and take it. They did shell us, and we did take. No man can imagine, nor shall I attempt to describe, what were our feelings during that afternoon. Here we were, thousands of men, with shot and shell flying above and around us, and, we powerless to retaliate. If we had had anything to take up our mind, it would have been better. But there wasn't an enemy in sight, and from first to last we didn't need a rifle. We learned the drop-game that day for during the whole time we had nothing to do but dodge.

At the beginning of the engagement, the *Minnesota* had been telegraphed for, but on the way up she got aground, and after the rebel boats came down, the *Monitor* went to engage her. The wooden gun boats, not caring to lie under the fire of our battery, ran down to the *Congress*, which was aground, and unable to do anything. She hoisted the white flag, but the rebels, with that bravery which distinguishes them, immediately began to rake her fore and aft with their guns, sweeping down them like grass. At this moment, a section of Edward's light battery, together with a siege howitzer and a small brass piece, stationed themselves on the bank, and although they were in an exposed position, and worked under a [heavy assault] from the enemy, not a man was hurt, and finally, what men were left unhurt on board the *Congress* were enabled to land.

Now commenced again the shelling of the camp, which lasted until sundown and I assure you it didn't take anything from our discomfort to know that our last grain of powder had been put into cartridge, and none could be had from the Fort for some time. Moreover, a shell had been put into the James rifle during the first of the action, rammed part way down, and couldn't be started. This firing was kept up between the *Minnesota* and the iron battery until late in the evening.

About eight o'clock, three regiments of infantry arrived from Camp Hamilton, in anticipation of an attack by land. At nine, several wagon loads of ammunition arrived, and with it came the news that Ericsson's iron battery, the *Monitor*, had got in to the Fort, and was ready to engage anything. This was indeed cheering, and we all felt better. The *Congress* was now on fire, and as she had been left with her guns shotted, we must take a few more shot. Happily, none of her shot came into camp. At half past twelve, her magazine exploded, and this was the last of the *Congress*. So ended the first day.

Sunday morning dawned. It was a beautiful morning, and after breakfast, I walked down the beach to where the *Congress* laid the day before. During the night her timbers had washed ashore, together with large quantities of clothing, and here and there the mangled limb of some poor sailor. Keeping on to a point opposite to which the *Minnesota* lay aground, I got a fair view of the *Monitor*, which was just under her bow. Here was another ugly machine. Every one likens her to a plank with a barrel in the centre. When in action there is only a few inches of her out of water, and there is nothing of her to fire at except the turret in the centre, where she carries her guns, and when a shot strikes this turret, the effect is to make it revolve, that is all. On the opposite side of the river, under the battery at Sewall's Point, was the secesh monster, and two gunboats, ready to serve the *Minnesota* as they had served the *Congress* and *Cumberland*. At eight o'clock the rebels moved across, and opened the ball, evidently expecting to make prey of the *Minnesota*. On our side, were the *Minnesota*, the *Monitor*, and three gun-boats. The *Monitor* left the *Minnesota*, and advanced to meet the secesh battery, who soon found they had met their match. The *Monitor* ran up to her just as she ran up to the *Cumberland* the day before, and it was a terrible thing to see these two machines, within speaking distance of each other, pouring the iron into each other, and yet neither of them seemed to be affected by it. At one time, the secesh battery was driven a long way toward the Fort. This fighting continued until afternoon, when

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the rebel gun-boats left for Norfolk, two of them taking their iron battery in tow. It is thought there was a hole in her. The *Monitor* disabled the *Yorktown* during the action. When the rebels left, the *Monitor* had but little ammunition left, and ran down to the Fort. No sooner had they ceased firing, than the long roll beat, and scouts came in, stating that we were soon to have an attack on the land side. A body of cavalry had approached to within a short distance of our pickets, but came no farther. We were kept in line until late in the afternoon, our men following them a mile or two. It is supposed here that this was the second part of the programme, a plan having been laid to destroy the vessels here, allow the boats to pass down from Richmond, and then to co-operate with a land force and drive us out. The first part of the programme was carried out but too well, although the second was a failure, thanks to the *Monitor*. Whether we have heard the last of it, remains to be seen.

There was a large number of men lost on board the frigates. The *Cumberland* has over a hundred men missing. Her men worked the guns until the water was knee deep on the gun deck, and when she went down, her colors were still flying. There were but few killed in the camp. A shot from the rebels passed through Gen. Mansfield's quarters, where he was sitting.

Yours, H.H.R.

Honor to Plymouth Boys¹⁴⁵ March 22, 1862

At the battle of March 8th, at the mouth of James River, a shot from the Newport News Battery, entered one of the port holes of the *Merrimac*, dismounting one gun, killing two men and wounding five others. The gun on the battery was sighted by William H. Howland, Co. E. One shot from the James Rifle, under the charge of Sergeant J. M. Atwood, of Co. E, dismounted a Barbett gun on the *Merrimac*. The General commanding, expressed his gratification at the faithful and prompt manner in which the guns were worked in the battery, by the men from the Massachusetts Battalion, under the command of Lieut. Smith, of Co. I, and after the action, presented his thanks to them in person.

Money Sent Home¹⁴⁶ April 12, 1862

Another remittance of money has been received from Capt. S. H. Doten's company to their families in this town, amounting to eighteen hundred and ninety-two dollars. This makes in all they have sent home, eight thousand dollars. No higher evidence could be shown of the intelligence, sobriety and character of this company, than these figures. If all the army of the U. S. Was composed of men like this company, Senator Wilson's labors would have been saved and the Sutler would have been one of the thing that were. If the members of Co. E. Could see the faces of their friends after receiving one of their dividends, they would be amply repaid. Keep on doing so boys.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Stupidity¹⁴⁷ May 23, 1862

CAMP STUPIDITY, 10 MILES FROM THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD,
FRIEND ****:

You probably by this time would like to know our whereabouts. Well, here we are close to the edge of the dismal swamp, encamped on a field of low land, full of frogs, toads, skeets, snakes, fleas and crabs; useful animals in their way probably, but for us more uncomfortable than useful.

Since I wrote you last we have been on the move. We had some long marches in the hot sun, and when we arrived at Norfolk you may depend we were weary and foot sore. We marched about forty miles in all, carrying

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all our personal estate with us; but we are most all in good shape and ready to start again tomorrow morning, as we shall at six o'clock, but I think not to go far, but to get where it is better camping ground.

You would laugh to see us reduce baggage at every place we stop. I gave away clothing that cost \$20, and it was good, but I could get along without it, and that is only a sample of all. The men reduce to the least possible amount, so as to have the less to carry. More than a cart load leaves us every time we camp. As I write one of the boys has just brought in a beautiful King Snake; it is beautiful but not lovely.

Old Virginia is called the Mother of Presidents. I have pillowed my head on her bosom, and I must say that for vermin, bugs, snakes, &c., as well as mud and dirt, she has the nastiest bosom of any old hag I have yet seen, and when she calls us to "Come rest on her bosom," for one I had rather be excused, as she is a little more "than my fancy painted her," and she has been an expensive and deceptive old gipsy.

One of our companies have been up to Suffolk repairing a railroad bridge that the rebels burned and have just got back. We expect to have the cars tomorrow morning.

The Union sentiment is not very strong at Norfolk. They look sour and ugly, more especially the women. One of them told me that they were better off without us, and hoped we should leave soon; that they would soon whip the yankees and be clear of them. We have to keep close guard, as they are deceitful, and the soldiers get stabbed; one was killed yesterday., but it is all right. Government protects them in all their deviltry, but if one of our soldiers kill a pig there is the devil to pay. If I could have my way I would hang monuments to every tree the city, and if that did not cure I would burn the infernal hole. There is not half so much unionism in it as there was righteousness in Sodom, and not half so good reason for saving it, and half you read in the papers about the union sentiment is the gassy emanation of a reporter's brains.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Camp Near Navy Yard, Portsmouth, VA¹⁴⁸ May 24, 1862

DEAR MEMO:

A fortnight ago today we left Newport News. We had been encamped at that place for upwards of eight months, and were glad to get orders to move. On the 9th of May we received orders to pack knapsacks and be ready to march, with three days rations in our knapsacks. We had been under marching orders for a week, and didn't much expect to leave, but the next morning we were started off. The march to Camp Hamilton was tiresome, for the weather was very warm, and the road dusty. We arrived at the latter place about the middle of the afternoon, and had made arrangements to spend the night there, but we had barely time to brush up a little and eat a mouthful, before we were ordered to Fort Monroe to take the boat across the river.

We left our knapsacks at Camp Hamilton under charge of a guard, a thing which none of us were sorry to do. Arrived at the Fort, we were not long embarking, but it was dark before we left the wharf. The moon was shining brightly, and we had a pleasant sail, cheering as we passed the different vessels in the roads. After a run of an hour or two, we reached the "President's Wharf," at Willoughby's Point, on "Ocean View," and as soon as the first boat load got ashore, they spread themselves on the ground, expecting to stop until morning, but this was not to be. It was near midnight when the last of the men were disembarked, but as soon as this was done, we were told that the time for rest had not yet come. At half past eleven we were on the road again, and after a march of a couple of hours, reached a deserted cavalry camp. This was to be our stopping place until morning, and we were not long in making ourselves comfortable in the barracks so lately occupied by the secesh.

We had but a few hours to stop here, however, early in the morning the regiment was called out, and took up its line of march for Norfolk. At half past nine o'clock we reached what the rebels called the "entrenched camp," a line of breastworks three or four miles long, distant from the city about two miles. We halted here for a short time only and then proceeded to the city, marched through the principal street and then returned to the

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entrenchment. We had no tents or blankets, and as it was now near night, we could not build a shelter of brush, so we had to worry through the night in the best manner we could. We had been on foot most of the time for thirty-six hours, were tired and foot-sore, and not at all particular about a bed, so that we could get a nap.

On Thursday (13th) our knapsacks arrived, but as yet we had no tents, and all hands were busied making a shelter. Some of the houses were made of brush, others of sods, shingles, boards, and anything that came to hand. Altogether, it was a queer looking camp, but we were not to enjoy it long. Early Wednesday morning we were en route for the Naval Hospital in Portsmouth. Here we received tents, and I venture to say that no part of the army has had a pleasanter place to encamp than we found here, in the Hospital grounds. It was altogether too good for us and on the 20th we started again. This time we stopped close to the Navy Yard, and in a most miserable place. The ground was low and swampy, and disagreeably suggestive of snakes, lizards, toads, and all sorts of reptiles. Three days were spent here, and this morning we made another move. We are now encamped about a mile from the Yard, and are literally living in clover, having pitched our tents in a clover field, at the edge of a swamp, which is "dismal" enough. Many of our tents are poor.

No doubt you will like to know about the Union feeling here. There is a great difference between Norfolk and Portsmouth, as regards Union sentiment. When we came through Norfolk we found only one flag which was displayed by the citizens. In Portsmouth I saw plenty of them and on Thursday there was a Union meeting held. Norfolk men with whom I have conversed, state there is a large number of Unionists in the city, but as yet they dare not declare themselves such.

The Rebels, before leaving, did what the Northern troops failed to do a year ago, they destroyed the Navy Yard, and the destruction was complete. There is nothing left but the dry dock, and even that they attempted to blow up. The river is full of the remains of steamers and sailing vessels which the rebels burned.

We are not allowed to have the daily papers, here now, and can tell nothing about what is going on in the country. We have a report today that Richmond is in our hands. It is also reported that Gen. McClellan took 20,000 prisoners at that place, but with how much truth it is of course impossible to say.

Since Col. Pierce has been reinstated in command of this regiment, many of the officers of the old battalion have resigned, and others have expressed their intention so to do. Should not dare to say they resign because he is reinstated, but perhaps they are not pleased with the "charming rusticity" of his manner.

Yours truly, H.H.R.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Portsmouth, VA¹⁴⁹ June 1, 1862

Everything is dull enough with us now. Almost completely shut out from this world, it is a relief to be sent out on picket guard. No passes are allowed in the town, and shut up here in camp without a newspaper or book to peruse during the long days, is tedious. The only event which happens of any account, is the daily arrival of the mail, a blessing which we all know how to appreciate.

Last week we only made one move, and unless we can make a better exchange than we did then, I hope we shall not start again. We are now about a mile and a half from Portsmouth on the Suffolk road, in a field where mud abounds. Imagine a man shut up in a pig-pen with a bit of canvas over him, and you will just get the condition of the 29th.

Mosquitoes have come, and are thicker than, no, not thicker than niggers, nor are they any greater nuisance. The camp swarms with these latter pests, and I wish Greeley would send a recruiting officer down in this section.

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There is more sickness in the regiment since we came here than there has been for a long time. There is only one member of our company in the hospital, however, and for myself, I hope to steer clear of all Government butchers. I saw a statement in your paper last week, made by the returned soldiers of Burnside's department, that the sick were not cared for as they should be. I don't believe sick soldiers in our army are taken good care of anywhere except in the newspapers. I have been informed by a man employed at the General Hospital at Fort Monroe, that four-fifths of all the men who die there, die from pure neglect. What is true of this hospital was true of Newport News, where a hospital was established for the accommodation of the sick from McClellan's army, and where, out of six hundred patients at first, five or six died each day. And our hospital! Well, to be sure there are not many who die in it, for the reason that not many go there.

Yesterday, Mr. Segar, M. C. from Elizabeth City County, made a speech to the people of Portsmouth on the war. He showed to the secessionists the great mistakes they had made in attempting to break from the Union, and congratulated the Unionists upon the redemption of their town from the rebel rule.

The order to "fall in for your pay" has just come, and I must close, of course.

H.H.R.

Letter from Seth Paty, *The Monitor and Merrimac*¹⁵⁰ June 2, 1862

Published in *The Friend* (Samuel C. Damon, Editor). Honolulu: June 5, 1862.

The Monitor and Merrimac 'BY AN EYE-WITNESS.'

We take great pleasure in laying before our readers the following graphic sketch of the great naval battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. It has never before been published, having been written by an eyewitness, and communicated in a letter to a kind friend, who has furnished it at our solicitation. It was not intended for publication. We are confident our readers will peruse this letter with much interest. It is an event of the civil war in America, which seems destined to revolutionize all the navies of the world—place all the nations of earth upon a common level. All must now begin, to build anew their navies. As it has been forcibly remarked, "The *Monitor*, in one day, battered down the navies of the globe." They lay at the mercy of her guns. This shows the conquering power of a new idea. It is, after all, true, that mind rules the world. An idea of Ericsson—the native of Sweden, and the adopted son of America—now "rules the sea," and is "Mistress of the Ocean":

Camp Butler—Newport News.

I suppose you have heard of the naval engagement, off this place, between our men-of-war and the iron-clad steamer *Merrimac*, but as some of the accounts in the papers were not exactly as it happened, I will just give you an eye-witness-description of it.

It commenced about 1 o'clock on Saturday, the 8th March. I had just sat down to write when the long roll beat, and the men all rushed to arms. I went down to my gun on the battery to see the cause of the alarm. I did not have to look long, for down the river, towards Norfolk, I saw three rebel gun-boats coming up; in advance of these was something that looked like a roof of a house, with a chimney in the center. We all knew in an instant what it was, and the cry "the *Merrimac* is coming" passed through the whole camp. A very formidable appearance she presented to us, and we knew we had got some fighting to do to get rid of her.

As soon as she got within range of the guns of the frigate *Congress*, that frigate opened on her, as well as the battery here; but the *Merrimac* took no notice of the shot, although they were falling like hail, and kept steadily on till abreast of the *Congress*, when she opened her ports and poured a broadside into her, with terrible effect. The *Congress* then returned the broadside directly down on the *Merrimac*, but with still no visible effect, and the shot only rattled down like so many marbles. The *Merrimac* then kept on for the Cumberland, which lay a short distance from the *Congress*; it was now a perfect thunder of cannon, for the

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Congress, *Cumberland*, and our battery, were raining solid shot on the *Merrimac*—still she kept on for the *Cumberland*, running presently into her starboard bow, and at the same time firing a broadside into her, which made an awful slaughter. One ball from the *Merrimac* killed sixteen men at one gun. The *Cumberland* immediately returned a broadside of 120-lb. solid shot, the *Merrimac* being close to the muzzles of the guns; it only had the effect of dismounting the only gun they had in sight, and cutting away two of her flag-staffs. The *Cumberland* now began to settle slowly, but still kept firing. The commander of the *Merrimac* now asked the commander of the *Cumberland* if he would surrender. "No, never," said that gallant commander, but still kept on firing. As she began to go down faster, the commander was again asked if he was ready to surrender. "No," said he, "I will go down with my colors flying"—and so he did.

Until the water was knee-deep on the gun-deck, the *Cumberland* kept up her firing, and finally sunk, carrying over a hundred brave and loyal men to a watery grave. It was a terrible sight to us to see this noble vessel disappearing from our sight; not a sound was heard on shore as she made her final plunge in the river she had so faithfully guarded—even the cannon ceased their thunder for a few minutes, and the "stillness of death was here."

Just before the poor *Cumberland* went down, the *Congress* slipped her cables and ran ashore on the point about half a mile below here. Both of our vessels being now out of the way, three more gun-boats came down the river from Richmond.

The *Merrimac* next commenced to shell our camp, but being so near, she did not do much harm, her shot passing over us. She then ran down to where the *Congress* was ashore, and was joined by the other six rebel gun-boats. The *Congress* fired a few shots in return, and then hoisting the white flag, surrendered.

One of the gun-boats came up to take the crew prisoners, but were kept off by the boys on shore, who fired with their rifles—so the Rebels only succeeded in taking a very few.

The *Merrimac*, and all the gun-boats, commenced shelling the camp, the shot and shell whistling over us and crashing among the trees of the forest, and occasionally smashing our tents and exploding near us; but the night soon came on, the firing ceased, and the boats ran up to Norfolk to wait till morning, when they intended to return, capture the *Minnesota* and other vessels of war, shell us out, and land a force to hold this post. They would have done it too if Ericsson's floating battery, the *Monitor*, had not arrived during the night.

As soon as it was dark, the flames broke through the deck of the *Congress* (she had been on fire below some time,) and mounted the masts and rigging of the doomed frigate, and she was soon enveloped in flames from stem to stern, which cast a lurid glare over the water and on the camp. She lay broadside to the camp. About 8 P. M. the fire began to affect the guns, which were loaded. It was a fearful, yet grand, sight to see that noble vessel blazing like a huge pyramid, to hear the booming of the bursting guns and have the balls whizzing over our heads, fired by no mortal hand. One of the shot struck a schooner and sunk her near to our wharf. We went to sleep in the midst of this sublime scene, with the shot still flying over us. At 1 o'clock, every man in camp was startled by the explosion of the magazine; it shook the ground like an earthquake; the whole firmament was filled by the burning splinters and sparks of fire.

Sunday, the 9th, was as beautiful a day as ever dawned on this troubled Union. We were up at daylight, to see the re-commencement of the fight. At 8 o'clock, the *Merrimac*, *Patrick Henry* and *Yorktown*, came down from Norfolk to engage and take the *Minnesota*, which lay aground off here; but when the *Merrimac* got within three miles, the *Monitor* came out from behind her and bore directly for the *Merrimac*—the other two rebel boats ran off. The Rebels were very much surprised to see the *Monitor*; they neither knew where it came from, or what it was. The Rebels fired the first shot, and thus opened the engagement. The *Monitor* engaged the *Merrimac*, and it was a novel sight to see these two ironclad steamers firing upon each other without serious damage to either, and all this time not a man could be seen on either vessel. After five hours firing, the

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Monitor drove off the *Merrimac*, with some considerable damage. While they were fighting on the river, the long roll beat in the camp, for the Rebels had come down by land to within three miles of us. They were sent to cut us off in our retreat when the *Merrimac* should have driven us out. It was a well contrived plan, and came *very* near being successful. Had the *Monitor* been delayed a few hours, we should not now be at Newport News.

SETH W. PATY¹⁵¹

Letter from Unknown Author, Near Richmond, VA¹⁵² June 10, 1862

Advance Part McClellan's Army, 29th Reg. Mass. Vol.,
Messrs. Editors:

Ever on the march we have but little time to journalize, but knowing the anxiety of friends to learn our whereabouts, and your uniform kindness and labor to keep them so informed, we feel it a duty incumbent on us to assist you in your labor and keep you well posted.

You doubtless know that this Regiment was the first full Regiment that marched through Norfolk, and also know of our forced march of twenty-five miles to Suffolk in one day.

Well, we started from Suffolk on Friday afternoon by rail for Portsmouth. That night we slept in the market; at 3 o'clock in the morning we embarked in the transport steamer *Catskill* for the White House station on the Pamunkey river, about twenty-three miles from Richmond. The sail down the bay to Fortress Monroe was beautiful and interesting, more especially to us at this time. We had a good view of the extensive fortifications thrown up by the rebels, and of which we have had a wholesome dread for the last year. Our course through the Chesapeake Bay and up the York and Pamunkey rivers to the White House station was full of varied scenery and delightful as well as interesting, but time will not permit me to describe it, suffice it to say that although the transport was crowded to excess, we all enjoyed the sail and appreciated in our hearts the marks of Nature, and of Gods of Science, and of man.

At the White House landing the river is filled with vessels of all descriptions, laden with war material for man, and guns, and the banks of the river for miles are covered with teams for transportation of the vast amount of stores and ammunition for McClellan's great army. Not less than three to four thousand teams are loaded here daily for the army, beside the transportation by railroads which is immense. We encamped in a field some half a mile from the river in God's great tent, and under his starry blanket we passed the night; but as it was decidedly cool we did wish that the blanket had been tucked in a little closer about the edges.

Sunday at 4 o'clock P. M. we received orders for the "Onward to Richmond" movement. We left our tents and everything that we could not carry handily, and started on foot for our destination. We marched about eight miles and encamped for the night, built fires, each soldier cooked his pot of coffee, and then stowed away for the night. We had before starting from the White House, shelter tents given us; they are made for the use of two, each soldier carrying one half of a tent, and at camping they are buttoned together. They answer very well to keep off the dew, but are not of much use in a storm; but if three join their pieces together, it will answer quite well.

At daylight on Monday we were again on the move, and after about twelve miles traveling, we arrived at the advance line of defences, and were by order consigned to *Sumner's corps de armee*, *Richardson's* division, and *Meagher's* Brigade. Our position is the outer line of defence, in a field near the woods, and we have stood to our arms all the time since we arrived, in expectation of an attack. The enemy's pickets are about half a mile from us, and there has been a smart skirmish close to us; the guns are firing quick and heavy as I write. Our sharpshooters are hard at it.

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Tuesday. It began to rain about daylight this morning and it has been a hard storm. Our men are most all wet through, and the rifles as rusty as crowbars. The mud in our camp is nearly over shoe and our tents shelter us but little. We have had no rations or coffee to-day. The storm is cold and chilly, but the men keep up good spirits, and like one of Dickens' characters, still write "JOLLY" on their slate.

We expect hourly to fight, we are at the battle front, and I have no fear but that every man will do his duty. Within five hundred yards of where I sit writing in our camp, our sharp-shooters are popping away every five minutes and often with deadly effect. Our line of battle is about four miles from Richmond, and we are slowly advancing. All that we fear is that the rebels will evacuate Richmond and we have to follow them elsewhere. The camp where we now are is called "Fair Oaks," and we comprise the right center of the line of defence. At 2 P. M. we changed our position, as the enemy are shelling us, and we now stand in mud nearly over shoe waiting anxiously for a movement. We all feel that the deep earnest of war is around us, and let the results be what they may. Plymouth boys will do their duty.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Fair Oaks, VA¹⁵³ June 12, 1862

Messrs. Editors:

We here are now in the midst of the turmoil and bustle of war. All the energy, thought, and action of government seem to be concentrated on this one spot, and it seems determined to effectually blot out *the only Richmond* that there is in the field. Years are crowded into months, and months into days. The power of the elements are subdued and seeming impossibilities are accomplished in the shortest time. If all the grumblers, growlers and faultfinders, slow coaches and fast, high pressure and low, could but be at the head of this grand army for only one week and see the energy with which government is accomplishing all about Herculean task, they would slip their little heads beneath their arm and lull themselves to sleep as quietly as a humming bird in Paradise.

How truly is Abraham Lincoln the man for the place and for the times, and how well has he shown that good judgment and keen sighted vision is his when he chooses such men as McClellan and Halleck to plan and execute, when such momentous issues are hanging by the slight and brittle thread of fate, but few can conceive the magnitude of plan and operation that is necessary for the present emergency, and it seems almost a moral impossibility for man to carry out all those plans as a whole or in detail. This whole army is one great spectacle of labor, industry, and determination, under the most disheartening and cheerless circumstances that the world ever looked upon. You see here the hand softened by wealth locked with the hand hardened by labor, both laboring cheerfully, in season and out of season, to accomplish one great object of sustaining the government that has been their pride and glory through life thus far, and both willing to yield up that life if necessary, to sustain those laws and institutions that were handed down to them by their Revolutionary sires and which they have ever held as sacred as household gods. There is a deep and abiding energy and determination in such men that only the hand of the death can turn from their holy purpose. May the protecting arm of God keep them in life and protect them in their earnest endeavors.

McClellan advanced the left wing of his army yesterday, and to-day we make a short advance, but his whole energy is bent on the right wing, to get it up into line. The very heavy rains have been a great pull back to his crossing the Chickahominy, bridges have been swept away when just on the point of crossing, and the almost impenetrable and impassable thud has been a great obstacle to his advancing. It is a common sight here to see four or six mule teams fast in the mud with but about five hundred to one thousand pounds for a load, and yesterday two teams were fast in the mud of our camp with empty wagons. The road from here to the White House Station is dotted all along with dead mules and horses. The teams of our regiment have just got

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in, not half loaded, and have been two and half days on a road of eighteen miles, and one whole company to help and assist them. It is almost impossible to get rations. It would indeed seem that sounding in mud holes for lost teams was not a myth but substantial reality.

The Plymouth boys since they have been here have had on an average but six small hard bread for a day's rations, and they can buy nothing here to eat for love or money. This with a pot of coffee is rather hard living, more especially when it is known that for the last sixty hours they have not had six hours quiet sleep, but hungry, wet, and muddy, they have been subject to hourly alarms, heavy guard and skirmish duty all of the time.

The last twenty-four hours the Plymouth boys have been in a swamp skirmishing with the rebel pickets, the water over shoe and raining most of the time. No sleep for any one, using the utmost vigilance, as it is here not lonely "the price of liberty" but often of life. The rebel pickets are but about thirty rods distant, and the moment one incautiously shows himself he is a target for rebel practice, but as we thrice have had occasion to feel grateful, their practice though sharp is beautifully deficient. Not ten minutes are allowed to elapse but the sharp crack of their rifles are ringing in our ears, and while I am writing their bullets are whistling harmlessly around us. A whole days practice for them resulted in but one killed and two wounded. We have in the advance a very large tall tree which is a special object of interest to both sides; as by ascending it we can look over the slashes as it is called, and see into their camp. They are about eight hundred yards from it, and when a man incautiously exposes himself in ascending or descending, a dozen rifles are leveled at him. One Lieut. yesterday had his fingers skinned by a ball and the bark thrown into his eyes by this practice; but every day our men are "right up the tree" for all that. Yankee knowledge and Yankee curiosity must be gratified let the consequence be what it may.

Our wood cutters are felling the forest, and daily, acres of wood land cut over with no expense or charge to the owners. Our skirmishers keep about fifty yards ahead of the wood cutters, driving the rebel picket before them thus slowly advancing, while they are being followed up with the batteries. We little thought in "the winter of our discontent" at Newport News, that we should have the glorious privilege of being the advance skirmishers for McClellan's grand army before Richmond, but so it is, and it is a proud thing for the Plymouth Rock boys.

Gen. Meager is very much pleased with this regiment, and his only fear seems to be that we dislike to be under his command. He is a fine man and good soldier, and a go ahead man, and suits our fancy. He is brave almost to a fault, but yet prudent and quick sighted, quick to conceive and ready to execute. He looks the General and soldier to perfection.

When we were skirmishing and both sides "laying low," one of the rebels, probably thinking he saw one of us, fired, when "Eddy" called out "Crack again old smooth bore! Where's your rifles?" "None of your business, you d-md Yankee," was the quick response.

"Swift" the great pedestrian, as he is familiarly termed, owing to his frequent excursion into the enemy's country last winter, took a fancy to climbing the tree this morning, not exactly to see his Lord as the good old Zacheus did, but to see if he could get a glimpse of the other chap, when a rifle ball gave him notice that the old fellow was at home, and he quickly descended fully satisfied with his morning compliments.

Most all of Co. E are well, but few sick and that not dangerous, slight colds and fatigue being the principle troubles.

We expect hourly an attack, but do not fear it.

Yours, -----

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Samuel H Doten, Portsmouth, VA¹⁵⁴ June 14, 1862

Co. E, 29th Regiment

We have seen a letter from Capt. Doten received on Thursday, in which he says that after marching to Suffolk, a hard march in the broiling sun, with the Thermometer at 98, and at the end of which the regiment which started 800 strong, only arrived 100 strong, the rest having dropped down by the way unable to proceed, they received orders to go back to Portsmouth and take transports up the river towards Richmond. This journey back was performed by rail. They were near the place of landing at the time the letter was written. He writes that every man of his company is well and with him except a few detailed for other duty. They are probably by this time with Gen. McClellan before Richmond.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Fair Oaks, Near Richmond, VA¹⁵⁵ June 15, 1862

Messrs. Editors:

You and I have read of the battle-field, and in imagination have seen the horse and rider dashing madly into the contest; the sword flashing in the sunlight, sunbeams playing on the points of glittering bayonets, and heard the incessant roar of artillery as in thunder tones it has sent its iron messengers of death and destruction to mangle and despoil the fair image of God's creation, and add a new list to the long catalogue of the frailties of man, when mad ambition, grasping at power and place, becomes the ruling passion of the day and hour. But how faint is imagination in contrast with the sad reality; how dull and leaden seems the hand of art, when nature grasps the pencil.

I now write you from the battle-field. The sad wrecks of humanity lie scattered around me. The graveless dead are before me, and the deep mouthed cannon and the hissing shell are at this moment thundering in my ears, seeking fresh victims wherewith to glut its vengeful appetite.

Yesterday at 4 P. M. the Plymouth Rock boys with two other companies of our command were detailed for outside guard on the "Casey" battle-field, where two weeks ago this day Gen. Casey was surprised by the rebels and forced to retreat with heavy loss, on the next day (Sunday) the rebels were driven back by Heintzleman's Division and by Meagher's Brigade (who by the way, made a splendid charge with the bayonet, which is highly spoken of here) to the ground first occupied. Meagher's Brigade is called the fighting brigade of Sumner's "*corps d'armee*," and as I have before informed you we are attached to this brigade, and by that means are at the advance post, and as a natural consequence have all the hard work of the advance to perform.

Where I sit writing, the air is almost unbreathable from the stench arising from unburied soldiers and horses who fell in that battle. More than twenty dead, unburied soldiers lay close to our picket. In one grave on these "slashes" there is, as I have been credibly informed, six hundred soldiers buried, and the ground is covered with above ground graves, which is merely throwing turf on the body as it lies, and leaving it in that way.

The line of woods which we are guarding is as near as we can judge from one half to three-fourths of a mile in width, and the rebel pickets are in the woods on the opposite side. The battery now firing is opposite us, and the shell pass directly overhead, while a brisk firing of musketry is kept up on our right; the rebels evidently fear that we are making an advance.

This company has not had three hours quiet sleep since they arrived here, and this is the second night in succession that they have been on guard. When they are off guard they have to labor in the trenches, and at night they have not even a shed to get under, but with their blankets, roll up and lay down beside their arms which are stacked to be ready at a moment's warning.

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As far as dress is concerned you can hardly tell an officer from a private. Gen. McClellan gave us a hasty review on Wednesday. He was dressed like a citizen, except his shoulder straps, designating by its three stars his rank. He wore a straw hat. He took an eagle glance at us and our entrenchments and was off for the left wing of his army. He hardly rests night or day, and seems to fully comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking. Our advance is disputed inch by inch with all the energy of despair in a desperate cause. They fully believe that the famous "last ditch" is dug, and that they stand on its edge, and it is now victory or death. We believe the same and with God's assistance we intend to bury them decently in that last ditch, if they will only stay in one place long enough for us to harness the hearse and call in the mourners.

Yours,

P. S. We finished writing the above just as a dreadful thunder storm came up at 4 P. M. In the height of the storm, our pickets were attacked by one Regiment and a half of Rebels, we had a sharp time of it, we had two killed and four wounded, what loss to the rebels we do not know, but five was seen to bite the dust. Charles C. Klinhans [Kleinhans] of Co. E, was wounded, the ball passing through his cartridge box, cartridges, and brasses into his side, but the force of the ball was stopped by the cartridge box and it was extracted without much trouble, the wound bled pretty freely, but he will soon be well again; how we escaped without more damage is hard to tell, as the trees where we stood were cut to pieces by the rebels. We retreated back far enough to give open space between us and the woods, and held our position, still skirmishing. In about thirty minutes after we were attacked, we resumed our position in the woods till we were relieved by the Relief Guard; we were complimented by Gen. Meagher, and the 88th N. Y. Regiment cheered us as we passed them, they having one company on guard with us. It is now 11 P. M., and we are standing in line of battle, wet, cold, and hungry with the prospect of standing thus till 7 o'clock, A. M. tomorrow; the men are very weary and tired, but as we expect an attack every moment we must hold out. Co. E took one prisoner out of the lot that fired upon us, and he gave us the information as regards numbers. Monday morning, found nine dead rebels on the battle field.

Letter from Unknown Author, Near Richmond, VA¹⁵⁶ June 18, 1862

The following War Correspondence is from the *Barnstable Patriot*, and is understood to be from the pen of Col. [Ebenezer] Pierce, of the 29th. We publish it for its local importance, and for the purpose of showing what a winning way the writer has to make people hate him. A Colonel who can thus unfeelingly brand members of his command with cowardice, by publishing such uncalled for and useless statements in their home papers, deserves to be read out of the society of all decent:

Mr. Editor:

Being in close proximity to the enemy, the pickets of the Union and Secession forces frequently indulge in the singular pastime of firing upon each other. This creates alarms so that scarcely a day passes without having the whole force in line of battle in momentary expectation of deadly combat. On Sunday, the 15th, several of these alarms occurred. Two of the companies of the 29th Regiment were on the pickets, and while in the performance of that duty were attacked by superior numbers, and a few of their men, more scared than hurt, ran into camp and started the story that both companies had beaten an inglorious retreat from about twenty of the enemy. The companies in question were the Plymouth and Bridgewater. Sergeant Hayward of the latter came hatless and limping into camp complaining bitterly of being hurt, but there was not so much as the smell of fire on his garments. One of the Plymouth Company came in with a bullet in his back. But the companies, as companies, did well. The Bridgewater company lost one man, George D. Brown, of Scituate, twenty-five years of age, who was shot through the neck and was robbed of his watch and money by the rebels before his

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body was found by his friends. This company took a prisoner from whom we learned that he belonged to a Georgia Regiment, and that the attacking force were one regiment and part of another. Nine dead rebels were found where the Plymouth and Bridgewater boys bravely repelled their attack.

A regimental court martial has been convened by the Colonel, of which Capt. William D. Chamberlain is President and First Lieuts. Freeman A. Taber and Thomas H. Adams are members.

There are four vacancies in the office of Second Lieut. in the 29th Regiment, one of which report says, is to be filled by the appointment of Lieut. John Milton Dean of Freetown. Lieut. Dean has for several years been a member of the Assonet Infantry or Co. G, of 3d Regiment, Mass. Volunteers, and as a Second Lieut. did good service in that company with the three months men at Fortress Monroe. As the 3d Regiment appears to be essentially a "home guard" institution, Lieut. Dean is anxious to see active service and will probably soon be gratified.

Several companies of the 7th New York Regiment were sent out on picket duty with one company from the Mass. 29th, the Sandwich company, Capt. Brady, under command of Major Gabriel of the 7th. A few shells from the enemy drove away the Germans and Major Gabriel was soon left with only the Sandwich company, who gained laurels in the opinions of the officers commanding the Brigade by their coolness and undaunted bravery.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Fair Oaks, Near Richmond, VA¹⁵⁷ June 21, 1862

MR. EDITOR:

There has nothing unusual occurred here since my last. We are still at work with the shovel and the pick and when we lay them down, as the friends of old Uncle Edward the colored man were requested to do, you may expect to hear thunder, see it lighten and read of a long list of rebels, sent to that place "where good negroes don't go". [We have read it, Ed.]

A pious individual of the olden time, when the contents of his pork barrel mysteriously disappeared, said, "He thanked God that there was such a place Hell." We think in our present frame of mind that we fully agree with the old gentleman. But feelings near akin to pity steal over me when we think of the immense amount of trouble and perplexity it must be to the old gentleman to superintend that establishment, when we "crowd his gates" with these infernal rebels.

Our brigade is posted on the right center, and as far as we are concerned, the entrenching and breastworks are about finished for this parallel and we feel fully competent to sustain considerable pressure if it comes down upon us.

We last week advanced our pickets. The Sixteenth Massachusetts made a gallant charge supported by our batteries, they lost fifty-six in killed, wounded, and missing. The rebels were badly cut up by our Parrot rifle guns, with grape and canister, near six hundred men killed and wounded. We took some wounded prisoners, and one an orderly sergeant, said, that "it was beyond the power of man to withstand the shower of grape and canister that was hurled with such terrible effect from our batteries."

Yesterday, the rebels began shelling our line on the right and left, but with what effect, we have not learned, they kept up a vigorous cannonading for near two hours, when not eliciting a reply from either wing, they paid us their compliments, but fell short of us as we were very happy to see, they seemed to be desirous of finding the position of our batteries, a desire, that, we are at this moment gratifying, from two of our batteries, and which will probably divert their attention from certain positions where said attention can, for the time being be dispensed with.

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We are having a spell of good weather which will facilitate operations, the roads are rapidly drying up, and travel for teams getting quite decent, fishing in the mud holes for teams appears to be about at an end for the season.

You may not look for a decided advance upon Richmond for two or three weeks, but circumstances may at any time change the program, and a decisive battle take place.

We know the anxiety of the Northern mind and the longing desire to see the downfall of the Capital of Southern independence, and rascality, but if the large majority could see the enormous power and energy that our government is exerting, and the magnitude of the undertaking before it, they would rest satisfied that the end is not yet, and for good and substantial reasons. McClelland is hard at work, he is on the move all the time, he is often here as he passes from one wing of the army to the other, and always inspects all the works himself, and gives directions for future operations.

The wounded man of Co. D is doing well under the judicious care of Dr. Brown, our efficient surgeon. Dr. Brown is a gentleman of kind heart and sympathies, and will do all in his power to alleviate suffering humanity. I wish I could say as much of some others.

Letters addressed to members of Co. E, should have this direction plainly and fully written - Co. E. 29th REG. MASS. VOL.

P.S. Our pickets have just been driven in, but a regiment from our brigade that was held in reserve returned the compliment and sent the rebels back in a hurry, leaving a few wounded as prisoners; from them we ascertained that they were obliged to draw back two of their Regiments beyond reach of our morning compliments.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Fair Oaks, Near Richmond, VA¹⁵⁸ June 27, 1862

Messrs. Editors:

In my last, I gave you a faint description of the battlefield [June 6, 1862]. Let me at this time give you a night on the pickets. Last Monday noon Co. E, with two other companies were ordered out on picket to make an advance, or at least to search out the line of rebel pickets. When all was ready, we began cautiously to feel out our way through a dense swamp filled with briars and tangled underbrush. Our progress was necessarily slow and careful, and after advancing a short distance we stirred up the "hornet's nest," and a livelier time you seldom see. The rifles cracked, and the bullets sung as they sped on their deadly mission, but as we had practiced "laying low" and had got quite perfect at the business, they were harmless messengers to us. After a skirmish of some three or four hours, it coming night, we were ordered to withdraw to the old station while the batteries shelled the woods. Tired and wet, as it had rained some time during the afternoon, we set our pickets as usual, hoping to have a quiet night, but the rebels having been stirred up could not rest easy; their backs were up to think we had ventured up to their lines, and they kept up their noise till about ten o'clock P. M., when a heavy cloud came up from the north, and heaven's artillery for the space of about four hours gave us all such a specimen of its tempestuous eloquence, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain, that both sides seemed perfectly satisfied to stop popping, and smother our little teapot tempests till nature got through shelling.

To know what a Virginia thunder storm is you must see and feel it. Its vivid lightning and crashing thunder is beyond description. It is at once sublime, grand, terrific. Yankee thunder storms are not to be classed in the same category. In a New England thunder storm the lightning flashes, and after a brief interval the thunder comes creeping along as if the lightning had waked him from a sound sleep and he felt disposed to grumble a little about it, but in a Virginia thunder storm, the lightning zigzags in the sky as if ten thousand Virginia fences had gone up in a whirlwind and it was trying to follow the top rails, and the thunder comes

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crashing on the instant as though old Jove had got weary of such fantastic tricks, and was determined to put a stop to it instantly.

As soon as the tempest was over the rebel picket began the cracker business, probably to ascertain our position, but as we did not reply they kept their music going till day light, when a volley from a whole regiment elicited a reply from us, and for about two hours a sharp practice was the result. We may be considered as speaking lightly of some things, yet a more serious night we never experienced. Standing in the gloom of that dense old forest, the winds howling among the trees, the lightning's flashing and the thunders roaring, raising in torrents, cold and chilly, and anxious watching amid the gloomy darkness for a stealthy enemy, was well calculated to unnerve the strongest arm and touch the stoutest heart. It was indeed a fearful night, a night that shortens life and draws deeper lines of care upon the brow of youth and age.

Co. E is to-day almost "non comatabus in swampo," being on picket duty in a swamp, and to appearance we could supply you Northerners with anything they would like for Mosquito to a dead rebel. In the way of snakes we could supply a large lot of 'regular rattlers.'

JUNE 28. Porter's Division opened upon the enemy at 4 o'clock P. M. Yesterday with musketry and shell, and for four hours there was no cessation and it is said drove the rebels some three or four miles. This morning at 3 A. M. The ball was again opened but with what success I have not heard. Co. E after having been swamped twenty-four hours without sleep are now in line, not exactly listening to the soft winds sighing but to the whistling shells of the enemy that seem to be paying this regiment particular attention, more so than is agreeable or pleasant. The company is suffering some from over work and quite a number are on the sick list, but none are dangerously sick and a day or two of rest will bring them all right.

Condition of Regiment¹⁵⁹ June 28, 1862

The 29th regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers is in a very bad condition, owing, it is said, to the inefficiency of Col. E. W. Pierce. On the arrival of the regiment at Suffolk, such was its condition, that Col. Wyman, commanding the post, placed Col. Pierce under arrest. There is excellent material in this regiment, and it is a shame that nearly eight-hundred men should be so nearly demoralized for the want of an efficient head.

Boston Evening Gazette

Klinhaus, Standish, Robbins¹⁶⁰ June 28, 1862

By letter from our correspondent of the 29th Regt., received too late for this weeks issue, we learn that private Klinhaus, who was wounded in a skirmish on the 5th is doing well.

WOUNDED. Co. E, 29th Mass. Reg., under command of Capt. S. H. Doten, of this town, was engaged in a skirmish with the rebels on the 15th, in which they came off victorious, and without loss. But one man private C. C. Klinhaus, was wounded; he had a narrow escape, the ball passing through his cartridge box and lodging in his side from whence it was extracted without making a dangerous wound. Nine dead rebels were found on the field after the fight.

W. B. Standish, of this town, a member of Co. E, Mass. 29th Reg. Arrived in Washington on Sunday, sick with dysentery. He was conveyed to the hospital.

E. L. Robbins, also of this town, and a member of same Company is reported arrived at Philadelphia, Saturday, wounded. If this is correct, he was probably disabled in the commencement of the great battle on Thursday.

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Sick Soldiers¹⁶¹ July 5, 1862

We are sorry to learn that W. B. Standish of this town, a member of Co. E, 29th Regiment, is in the hospital at Washington seriously ill with dysentery. Also Mr. E. W. Robbins a member of the same company is upon his way home in consequence of sickness.

Death of Lieut. Mayo¹⁶² July 10, 1862

DEATH OF LIEUT. MAYO. The sad intelligence of the death of Lieut. T. A. Mayo of this town, has been received. He was killed by a shell, in the battle of Friday the 27th ult. Lieut. Mayo was the second man to enlist in the first company of three years men recruited in this town under command of Capt. S. H. Doten. He was a good soldier, and for pluck and endurance probably had no equal in the army from his native town. We have no particulars of his death, but shall not be surprised to hear, that his bravery has cost him his life, as no other member of the company is yet reported injured, the regiment being exposed but a very short time. It was reported of him while at Newport News last winter, and in command of a foraging party attacked by the rebels, that he resolutely stood his ground after every man had deserted him, and guarded his teams, until reinforcements reached him, and the rebels were repulsed. His age was about 45 years. He leaves a family in this town.

THE 29TH REGIMENT. This regiment was in action but a short time in the recent great battles before Richmond, and it is believed that less than 50 men were disabled - but one, Lieut. Mayo, in Co. E, was killed. Col. Pierce is reported to have behaved most noble, and to have fully retrieved his reputation as an officer in action. His name appears among the list of wounded, having lost his right arm by a cannon ball.

Disease¹⁶³ July 10, 1862

Private letters from Co. E, 29th Regiment report 15 or 20 members in the hospital at City Point, by reason of disease and fatigue during the recent battles.

Article on Death of Lieut. Mayo¹⁶⁴ July 12, 1862

We learn with regret that Lieut. Thomas A. Mayo was killed [June 27, 1862] by a cannon ball, in the charge of Meagher's Brigade. Lieut. Mayo is the second victim, slain upon the battle field, from this town, by this rebellion of slavery and slaveholders. He was one of the first to join the company being raised by Capt. Doten, and was chosen by the members to be their second Lieutenant. Well and faithfully did he perform the duties of that office. Universally liked by the men of his company, no braver heart ever went to the field of battle, no stouter arm ever struck for the right. He died nobly, fighting for his country and against wrong and tyranny. No nobler death man ever died. "Fighting he fell, with his face to the foe, cheering his comrades on."

Lieut. Mayo leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss. We trust that his country and town will see that they are provided for.

Letter from an Unknown Author, Camp at Harrison's Landing, VA¹⁶⁵ July 19, 1862

The following letter was written, as will be seen, to supply the place of the one that had miscarried and was supposed to have been lost, but which finally came to hand and was published last week. Although treating of the same actions, the present letter is so much more full, and on that account, interesting, than the first, that we are sure our readers will thank us for publishing it.

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MESSRS. EDITORS:

We received yours stating that the communication to which we referred in our letters to friends as having been sent you, had not been received. We wrote on the third inst. A concise account of the seven days' battles, as far as we were engaged, thinking it would be a satisfaction to our numerous friends; but by some unaccountable misarrangement of the mail, but few of the many letters sent from here reached their destination. You know how hard it is to run over the incidents of the past; more especially when the present has, and does occupy almost every moment of the time, and the thoughts are reaching ahead to the future, looking for the silver lining to the little dark cloud that has for the moment obscured the bright horizon of our earnest hopes and expectations. As it may now at this late day be of some little interest to your numerous readers, we will endeavor to trace out a few faint lines from memory, but to us the freshness of incident has been lost in the cares of the present.

When we wrote you on the 26th ult. We made a mistake in dates, and dated the 27th and 28th when it should be the 26th and 27th. On the morning of the 27th, Company E was relieved from picket guard at the swamp, and ordered to be ready for duty at a minute's warning. At about 5 o'clock P. M. our Brigade received orders to start at double-quick for the battle-field at Gaines' Mills, about five miles distant. We were quickly in motion and soon within hearing of the musketry as well as artillery. We crossed that famous river, the Chickahominy, of which we have read in "days lang syne," that Porter intended to cross, and here first began to realize that we were approaching a hard fought battle-field.

On the approach to a battle-field, more especially after the battle has been of some hours duration, the first you meet are "skulkers," a class of soldiers more numerous than you would at first suppose. It is quite amusing to question one of these as to why he left his company or regiment at the only time when, if he was anyways useful as a soldier, he was the most wanted. He will begin to enumerate to you a long list of aches, pains, chronics, and general debility, that would unfit any man for duty, that had not a good sound constitution to base them upon, such as you feel assured that the individual before you enjoys, when the sound of the battle is afar off. But one thing singular and remarkable is the tendency they have to cling to their knapsacks, which contain all their worldly goods. They throw away their beautiful rifle, cartridge box, and all the equipments that had been their pride and glory, and on which they had sworn many a fearful oath and founded many a threat of death and slaughter should an enemy dare show enough of his rebellious carcass to be covered by a Minnie; and with apparently hardly a thought for anything but personal safety, they leave arms and trust to legs; but that knapsack and haversack cling to them like "Sinbad's old man." They seem a part and parcel of themselves, and they live or die together. If we have time and opportunity we will at some future time give you a true description of this class of soldiers on this seven days' battle by an eye witness. The next you meet are a different class. You now begin to meet the true hearted and brave, those with wounded hands or arms. They are no longer of use on the field, and are wending their way to the camp. Next come wounded soldiers, with faithful comrades supporting them. Then ambulances and other conveyances for those who cannot help themselves. All these are more or less frequent, according as the battle is more or less sanguine, or of long or short duration. The battle-field we are now approaching has been a hard fought field, and this is the second day. We crossed the bridge at Gaines' Mills and here met some two or three thousand men, belonging to different regiments that had been broken up and were in the utmost confusion. As we neared the battle-field the whole brigade was formed into column by division, and marched steadily onward up a hill, expecting to engage as soon as we could get on the other side. The unexpected sight of our brigade fresh and ready, and our cheering as we pressed forward, gave fresh courage to those who had retreated; and the remains of four regiments came immediately into line, formed in our rear and commenced cheering; even the slightly wounded

RETURN OF THE DEAD

and almost all that had courage fell in and started forward. It was a glorious sight to see men who had been in battle, and retreating from exhaustion and fatigue, fall again into line, and with fresh courage start forward to again battle beneath our country's flag, for Union and Victory.

On the summit of the hill the enemy first got sight of us, and we our first sight of a battlefield. It was a large, hilly and uneven field, miles in extent, and on every hill or eminence were planted batteries that were all in full play, while the intervals were filled with large dark masses of soldiery in deep and deadly contest. We gave three rousing cheers as we passed over the hill, and we could plainly perceive the quick and more rapid firing of our soldiers, and hear their answering cheers. At the foot of the hill the brigade formed into line of battle to charge upon the enemy and a battery that stood upon a rising ground near by. While forming line of battle a shell passed over Co. E, cutting off the bayonet of John F. Hall, and hitting Lieut. Mayo on the chin, breaking the lower jaw; and cutting the jugular vein on the right side of his neck. He fell backward "with his back to the field, and feet to the foe," and never moved again. We carried him beneath a tree near by, and our surgeons pronounced him dead. Brave, generous, kind-hearted and true, he was a great loss to us and to the army, and he will long be missed, not only by this company and his brother officers of the line, but by many friends in other regiments, to whom he had endeared himself by his kindness, and by [illegible].

At this time our army had succeeded to turn the tide of battle and our sudden appearance on the field decided the contest, and the enemy fell back.

It being near dark we were ordered to advance till we felt the enemy, which we did slowly and cautiously till within one hundred and fifty yards of a Georgia Brigade, where we halted; and after a few shots from the enemy to the regiment on our left, we were allowed to rest. Near midnight we were ordered to retreat silently back some distance, and again form in line of battle. At about two o'clock on the 28th we were ordered to bring up the rear, and again cross the Chickahominy. All the guns, ammunition, and troops, except the wounded, had already crossed. At about five o'clock on the morning of the 28th, we arrived at our own camp; there was no appearance of retreating, no moving of guns or tents, but rather the appearance of being reinforced; but we noticed that our heavy siege guns, seven in number, were suddenly missing. At dark, however, the scene changed, and the baggage wagons and batteries began to move. As soon as it was dark our camp was broken up without noise or confusion, and we were again on the march. The regiments that were on picket guard remained at their posts till morning, and then silently formed and marched to join the main body. The morning of the 29th found us at Savage's Station, on the R & Y River Rail Road, and all the army ahead of us towards the James River.

Meagher's brigade was now regularly constituted as the rear guard of the army, and we had to pick up all stragglers possible and send them onward. It was a hot sultry day, not a breath of air fanned the earth, not a cloud obscured the burning rays of the sun - the heat at near 100 deg. In the shade. It seemed as if it was utterly impossible for human nature to stand the fatigue and labor that must be performed. Yet there was the whole of this immense army on the move "from early morn till set of sun;" the most labor to be accomplished, stores to be destroyed, a battle to be fought which must be won, eight miles of teams must cross White Oak Bridge, and all the paraphernalia of an army must be safe beyond before we could leave our position let the consequences by what they would, except defeat, that could not be thought of.

Now commenced the burning, blowing up, and destroying of a large amount of forage, camp and garrison equipage, ammunition, &c., which was as the rebels say done most effectually. Mead was wasted, whiskey spilled, guns broken, engines burst up, and farming tools enough to furnish a Boston agricultural warehouse, destroyed. It seemed as if the demon of destruction had taken a holiday, and he was bound to put it through if it was Sunday.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

While this wholesale destruction was progressing, the army was marching and counter marching for position. The batteries were on a quick move and no chance for an advantageous position lost. Generals Sumner, Richardson and Meagher were conspicuous and ever on the move, as to them was the safety of the army entrusted, and faithful to that trust they planned their position for undoubted success, as nothing else could or would be tolerated, let what would come. The rebels hovered around us all day, but for some unaccountable reason delayed to attack us. At four o'clock, however, they seemed to feel confident of their own strength, and began the attack by fire batteries of some four to six guns each, and one battery on our left of nine guns. They opened from all their batteries at once, and made an advance with their infantry. This was quickly met by our troops, who were in line of battle, our brigade acting as the reserve.

The advance of the rebels was soon checked. Orders were immediately sent to the rear for reinforcements, and in the short space of thirty minutes four batteries of four guns each passed us, the horses (six to each) on the tight leap, and in an incredible short time were in position and in full play. At the same time a Vermont regiment came up and took to the heavy roads to our left, about a mile below the nine gun battery of the rebels. As it was getting dark, the underbrush of the roads was fired in different places to prevent surprise through the woods, and at eight o'clock our brigade was called upon to make one of those charges for which they are celebrated. We were immediately formed in line of battle, the 69th New York on the right, the 88th New York in the centre, and 29th Massachusetts on the left, and such cheers and yells as felt upon the ear, can be heard but not described. The charge was a perfect success. The green flag of the Emerald Isle, and the unearthly yell of the soldiers, have become a terror to the rebels, and they fear it as they do the justice of God. The rebels immediately gave way, and left us masters of the field. At the same time the Vermont regiment that had deployed through the road on the left, (as they intended) suddenly came upon the nine gun battery, and drove the rebels from the guns at the point of the bayonet; but they being quite a distance from us and unsupported, they were obliged to leave them, after destroying what they could on the moment.

Our troops now left the wood, or rather the edge of the wood, and the batteries all at once commenced shelling the woods, and for nearly thirty minutes the air was filled with shell flying in all directions. At eight o'clock they ceased firing, and all but two batteries resumed the line of march for James River, the brigades composing this division, and all others except this brigade and the New York 7th, accompanying them. The New York 7th was left for picket guard. At ten o'clock the picket was drawn in and sent forward, and the brigade reformed for a march. It had commenced raining heavily at nine o'clock, and by this time we were wet through, and it was dark as Egyptian darkness was supposed to be. We took up our line of march over one of the worst roads we ever remember to have traveled. Nature may have formed some of our Plymouth roads, but she never could have had a hand in this. It was beyond description, and after two hours' rain on its clayey soil made it so slippery that many of us frequently found ourselves in a devotional attitude, but with a disposition fully up to the swearing point. In fact I think I heard one man swear, but am not positive.

We had now been without sleep, except for an hour or so at a time, since we stood guard at the Swamp at Fair Oaks, and many of us fell asleep at the word halt! Almost instantly leaning on our guns. More men gave out this day than at any other time during the march, and on this day the 29th Regiment marched ten miles on the railroad, having traveled over, it three times in the hot sun. Many of our officers fell down on the track sun-struck, and a large number of our men were in the same condition, and were left behind to be made prisoners of or to die, it seemed to be very immaterial [sic] which.

At two o'clock on Monday morning, we passed through a deep muddy road, where the mud was at least ankle-deep [sic] to the bridge. We soon crossed the bridge, and at three o'clock A. M., laid down our wary and way-worn, they fell out at different places along the road, with the intent of overtaking us at morning, which some of them did.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

At sunrise this morning, (June 30th) we were awakened and formed in line of battle, as we were closely followed by the rebels who we had foiled in their intent of yesterday, but as we had the advantage of place and station, they did not dare an immediate attack, but seemed to be concentrating their forces for a fierce and decided onset. Our Generals were busy; the teams all left; about twenty-five were on the road to Berkley's Landing, on the river, and all was quiet, but bright eyes were on the watch. At one o'clock P. M., as the mule teams were at the remains of the bridge for water, they were fired upon by eight or ten pieces from a battery in the woods, and such a stampede of mules and teams can hardly be conceived of. The mules were harnessed together, six in a team, and when fired upon they rushed through our ranks, tangled in their harnesses, some dragging the others and uttering the most unearthly noises as only a mule can. We jumped to our arms and was soon ready. The battery in position on the left of the bridge on a rising ground, opened on the rebel battery. The 29th was ordered to support this battery, and General Richardson, ordered us into position, which we took, but by some mistake as to the order or place, we did not get the place designed.

General Richardson, with that persuasive eloquence for which he is so famous, ordered us to take another position. We were soon on the move, amid a perfect shower of shot and shell, and took our new position. While moving to this new position, Col. Pierce's arm was shot off and two privates cut in two by a round shot and several others, severely wounded. Sergt. Kellum of Co. H., of Charlestown, was killed; he was an exemplary man, and all that knew him loved him; he is a great loss to his country and the regiment. Other batteries came up and we soon had some twenty guns in free play. We held our position for six hours, the remainder of the brigade having formed on our left in a ravine, where a battery of the rebels was trying to dislodge them, but of course without success. We here lost quite a number killed and wounded. Col. Pierce when shot, said to Col. Barnes, who stood by his side, "Col. I'm killed" and left the field. We here lost an Adjutant, and as he was not seen during the fight, we supposed him killed or desperately wounded, but he has since been heard from at New Bedford on a furlough. A few others were desperately killed, but "Micawber" like, they have turned up in Richmond and elsewhere, and are good for exchange if nothing else.

At two o'clock P. M., Gen. Sumner sent two brigades to the left or rather to the right, as we face to the river, to guard against surprise or being cut off, as you will see by maps that the direct roads from Richmond lead direct to our line of retreat, and they are good roads if such a thing can be in Virginia. This was a good move, and at three o'clock P. M., its wisdom was approved. Heavy batteries opened upon the two brigades and a sanguine battle was here begun. Troops were immediately ordered up to support the brigades, and the battle was kept up without intervention till dark. At six P. M., the 29th Regiment was ordered to quit its position and take up the line of march. With Gen. Meagher at its head, we marched near two miles before the object of this move became apparent to us, and we then found that the battle-field to the right was our destination. We soon arrived there and were drawn up in line for a charge, but our lucky star was for once in the ascendant; the darkness of the evening made it almost impossible to tell friend from foe, and after maneuvering round for near two hours, we were allowed to lay down on the battle-field to rest, the battle having already been decided in our favor but with much loss on both sides. Thus again were the rebels failed and their plans defeated; they had calculated on the certainty of cutting us off before we could reach the shelter of our gunboats. And thus ended the eventful month of June to the grand army of the Potomac.

On the morning of the first of July at nine o'clock A. M., we were ordered to fall in and take up our line of march for Berkley Landing, near five miles distant. The main body of the army and nearly all the baggage trains having reached that station. We arrived there at sunrise and was ordered to form in line of battle and then rest on our arms. At ten o'clock A. M., the brigade with two others, were ordered to the left opposite a rebel battery which had just opened fire upon us; the 29th Regiment was ordered to support one of our batteries. Our batteries opened in return but could not succeed in silencing the rebel battery. The *Galena*

Co. E, 29th Regiment

opened her fire, shooting wild of the mark for some time, finally they got the range and did good service. We took a good smart shelling but fortunately without damage. At one o'clock we were ordered on picket duty. Six sheep and one bullock belonging to Secessia, came within our reach and we were ordered to "rise, slay and eat." We followed the command, and soon each man had a portion of their carcass on the end of a stick, roasting; we had no salt, but as we had not eaten meat for five days it was relished and ate with a will. A four o'clock we were recalled from picket duty, and at six the whole brigade was ordered to the battle-field on our left, where the rebels near forty thousand strong, had gathered together to give us a final battle.

The battle was raging fierce and heavy. The rebels had charged three times across the field, almost to the muzzle of our guns, and had been driven back with dreadful slaughter. Near three thousand dead and wounded rebels lay before our guns, but still they were urged on to sure death by their desperate leaders. This brigade was drawn in line for a charge, the 29th Mass. as usual on the left, and started on the double quick. Soon we were within range of shot and shell, and as our ranks began to feel their power we were ordered to charge! And such a yell as was sent up by the whole brigade, could have been heard high above the din of battle, and with Gen. Meagher at the head, we charged up to the woods. This was Meagher's grand charge, and well did it effect its purpose. The batteries advanced and the troops were withdrawn behind the batteries, when they commence shelling the woods to their right and left and in front, and for near an hour it was a sight seldom witnessed in modern warfare. Near one hundred guns, playing each at the rate of twice per minute, and the bursting of the shells, kept the air one sheet of flame and made the solid earth tremble. It was a determined Battle Victory or death seemed to be the invincible determination of our Generals, and with not over twenty thousand troops who were really in the fight, we defeated the flower of the rebel army and save our own. We lay on the battle-field till three o'clock on Tuesday morning, and then took up our line of march for this place.

This morning at eight o'clock it commenced raining, and soon the roads were as usual, one bed of mud, and we had not traveled more than three miles before we, for the first time in this movement, came up with our baggage train. We had to travel the road with the teams, but when we could we took the roads and fields, but all was mud! Mud! And weary, wet and hungry we arrived here, and after standing in the mud for two or three hours, because it was military, we were assigned a mud-hole to pass the night in. On the march here, at every place where we had to make a charge, we were ordered to throw away our knapsacks and all that encumbered our movements, so that when we arrived here we had but few tents and few blankets; of course in the rain and mud we passed a very disagreeable night.

The Army of McClellan has just passed through one of those sudden changes in war which to us seems strange and unaccountable. That it has been accomplished successfully, is certain. But that it is for the good of the nation and the cause we are engaged in, is uncertain. Under the circumstances, it had to be accomplished. But that those circumstances should have existed is a serious matter of doubt; but it is useless to speculate upon it or its causes. It is enough for us to know that it has happened, and a remedy is to be provided. The rebels must be subjected, the country must be again united, and North must see to it that it is done, and that speedily. Act as well as speak, work with a will, labor in season and out of season, plough deep, sow quickly, and God will give the crop.

Letter from Author N, Harrison's Landing, VA¹⁶⁶ July 29, 1862

Mr. Editor:

I noticed an article in your paper some weeks since which attempted to give an account of a skirmish which took place while on picket at Fair Oaks, June 15th, between two companies (C and E) of the 29th Reg.

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Mass. Vols., together with one company of the 88th N. Y., and a force of 1400 rebels (as ascertained by a rebel prisoner).

The writer of said article was much at fault for making an unjust and most unqualified mention of Sergeant Hayward's (of Co. "C," 29th regiment,) conduct on that occasion.

The spurious article appeared to be imputed to Col. Pierce, but we do not believe that the colonel is so void of truth and manliness as to publicly charge a sergeant or any soldier of his command with unbecoming conduct in the face of the enemy, without first enquiring into the circumstances of the case, and thereby doing alike justice to the accused, and honor to the cause, and, then by the indubitable evidence of the case the conduct of the accused is either condemned or approved. The latter was the result of a due investigation of the charge against Sergt. Hayward, as he acted strictly according to orders, although placed in a perilous situation.

So therefore the judgment of the writer of the article must have been premature, and he was entirely ignorant of the nature of the skirmish and the circumstances connected therewith, or he acted purely from a malicious spirit toward the sergeant. In either case proving himself unworthy the name of a reliable correspondent to any paper.

The writer of this does not claim particular friendship toward Sergeant Hayward, but indignant at the injustice done him by the unscrupulous writer of the article mentioned, I felt it my duty as a matter of justice, to write the foregoing to your valuable paper, which is always a welcome visitor to our camp.

Yours, &c.

N.

[We have seen no denial of our assumption that Col. Pierce was the author of the article in question, and have no doubt that such is the fact. — Ed.]

EL Robbins, WB Standish, Chris Harris¹⁶⁷ August 9, 1862

Ed. L. Robbins, of this town, 1st Musician of the 29th Regiment, has been discharged from service, on account of ill health. Mr. Robbins has been in the hospital at Philadelphia for some time, he arrived home a few days ago, and speaks in the warmest manner of the kindness and attention of the inhabitants of that city to the sick and wounded soldiers. Blessings upon the kind hearts of the Quaker City, they will be remembered by many a fireside long after our troubles have ceased.

Winslow B. Standish of Co. E, 29th Regiment, has arrived at home from the hospital in Washington, D. C., having been discharged on account of ill health.

Sergeant E. L. Robbins, of Co. E, Mass. 29th Reg., arrived in Plymouth last week, having obtained honorable discharge from the army on account of continued ill-health.

We hear that Private Chris Harris, of this town, is to be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Mass. 12.

Samuel H Doten¹⁶⁸ September 6, 1862

Arrived Home.

Although sorry to owe it to his illness, yet it afforded us great pleasure to take the hand of Capt. S. H. Doten last Sunday upon his arrival from the Hospital at Newark, N. J. Capt. D. was taken ill soon after the battles of the Peninsular, and although sick and hardly able to leave his tent he stayed with his company until the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, when, being unable to proceed with his company he was sent to Newark, from where he had leave to visit his family, and under home influence recruit his health. Although Capt. D. looks thin and worn, he is impatient to be again in the field leading his brave comrades against the rebels, and will join them at the earliest possible moment.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

We understand that since Capt. D. has left, the company has been commanded by Orderly Sergeant Winsor. We think Serg't. Winsor has well won a commission, and in justice to a good officer and a worthy man, we hope the matter will be attended to by the Governor. Of course it is useless to expect a matter of justice from the Colonel of the Regiment.

Lt. John B. Collingwood of the 29th has also arrived from a hospital in Philadelphia upon leave of absence. Lt. Collingwood has been in the hospital some two or three weeks.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Camp Near Rockville, MD¹⁶⁹ September 8, 1862

DEAR MEMO:

Perhaps some account of the movements of the 29th, for the past three weeks would not be uninteresting to your readers.

We left Harrison's Landing on the morning of the 16th of August. For nine days previous to that date, we had been out in the woods on picket duty, without shelter, and a good part of the time without food. While we were on picket, the movement of the army from the peninsula commenced, and all the blankets and knapsacks of the Irish Brigade were sent on board transports, and carried down the river, so that when our time came to march, and we were recalled from the woods, all that was left to us was our tents.

As I before stated, we started down the peninsula on the morning of the 16th ult. We marched but about six miles the first day, but the continual haltings, and turnings out for the wagon train, tired us out more than twenty miles would have done on a good clear road.

I shall not attempt to give you all the details of our march. We marched seven days, arriving at Newport News on the 22d of Aug., having passed through the towns of Williamsburg, Yorktown, Charles City and Warwick C. H. [Court House.] We crossed the Chickahominy river the second day of the march. The weather was remarkably fine throughout the entire week, and had it not been for the dust, we might have had quite a comfortable time. The dust was sometimes so thick as almost to suffocate us, and after a squadron of cavalry or a battery had passed us on the road, not a man of us that could be recognized by his most intimate friends.

It was raining hard when we arrived at Newport News, and every man was wet to the skin, yet I think there were very few men of the 29th who not glad to see their old camping ground, although when we thought of the fine army that left that vicinity but a few months before, and which had marched the length and breadth of the peninsula, had worked hard and fought well, gaining the ground inch by inch, merely to be driven back again, it looked "rough."

We found Newport News very much altered from the Newport News of four months before. The shanties which we had been so proud of, in the days when we were playing soldiers, were filled up with niggers and other rubbish; the streets which used to be kept so neat, were overgrown with grass and weeds, the guns were all removed from the breastworks and water battery, our old guard-house was metamorphosed into a sutler's shop, and instead of the companies of men which we remembered to have seen drilling on the parade ground, there went limping about sick and wounded soldiers, who had been sent down from the grand army.

Our stay at Newport News was short. On the 24th, we embarked on board the steamer "*Commodore*," bound, we were told (by those who knew of course) for Alexandria. We were kept cooped upon the boat thirty-six hours, and as we had but a few crackers in our haversacks when we went on board, we were pretty hungry, but then they keep us hungry most of the time, we march so fast and so much, the grub can't keep up.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 26th, we steamed out of James river, and at 4 o'clock P.M. we arrived at Aquia Creek, about 30 miles below Alexandria, on the Potomac. We were landed here, and encamped for the night, and early on the 27th we were put aboard the cars, and after a ride of about an hour, stopped at

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Falmouth Station, about a mile from Fredericksburg. Here we found a portion of Gen. Burnside's men, but none of our Division were here. We were foolish enough to suppose that this was to be our stopping place, and for the first time since leaving Harrison's Landing we pitched our tents, and slept under shelter. Rations were issued to us, and on the 28th our cook undertook to stew us a mess of beans, but no sooner had they got well under way, than an order came to march, and beans had to be dumped, and we had to go without our dinner. This time we were carted back to Aquia Creek on the cars.

At Aquia Creek we were met by Col. Pierce. We were marched down to the wharf immediately, and the brigade was put aboard the steamer "*Commodore*" and "*Louisiana*," (the 29th on the latter boat,) and as we all were very tired we were not long in settling down to sleep. We woke up next morning to find ourselves lying at anchor off Alexandria, with the Capitol at Washington in full view; further north than we had been for sixteen months.

At eight o'clock we disembarked, and were marched through the city, and about four miles outside, where we found the rest of the Division corps. Here, we thought, we shall find rest, at least for a short time, but again we were, doomed to disappointment. No sooner had we stacked arms, than every man was told to hold himself in readiness to march. It was near night when we started again, and marched a good ten miles without a halt or rest. When we did stop it was for the night, and we threw ourselves upon the ground to make sure of a little sleep. We were very hungry as well as tired, but there was nothing in our haversacks.

The morning of the 30th of August, found us lying upon Arlington Heights, overlooking Georgetown and Washington, in full view of both places, and nearer to the Capitol than most of us had ever been before. For the first time since leaving Newport News in May last, we drew a ration of soft bread, and later in the day we drew other rations, a sure sign that we were not to stop long in that place. Moreover, there was heavy firing heard all the morning, and we all felt sure that before night we should have to go and look after it. Besides, cook attempted to boil us a piece of pork; another bad sign. No sooner had the water got boiling, than an order came to fall I, and be ready to march. We were ordered to leave our tents here, and take nothing but haversacks and canteens.

It was a little after noon when we started on the road to – where? We knew we were going to the battle-field; we could tell this by the firing. The sun was hot, and the road dusty, yet we were trotted over the track at a quick step. Later in the evening we passed through Fairfax, and halted about two miles beyond for the night.

We knew there was a fight going on in front, but up to this time we had not been able to learn how it was going. No stragglers had been met; only now and then a nigger who pretended to be posted, and these invariably told us that "Pope was driving them." Yes, it looked like "driving" the next morning, when, soon after we started, we met about one hundred and fifty Union soldiers without muskets or equipments, making for Washington. "Paroled prisoners," they said, in answer to our inquiry as to who they were.

It was not long before we saw every evidence of a "skedaddle." The road was choked up with teams and men all with their backs to the enemy, and we knew the army was retreating, and Sumner's corps must be there to cover its retreat, of course. We arrived at Centreville about the middle of the forenoon on Sunday, and were immediately drawn up in line of battle in front.

We were not in time for the fight, but we were just in time to stand out in the cold rain, and get a wetting. All day Sunday we stood to our muskets, and at night we had the privilege of lying down behind them, on the wet ground, without tent or blanket, or any shelter.

Up to this time Serg't Winsor had been in command of the company, Capt. Doten having gone on board the hospital boat at Harrison's Landing, but he was now taken sick, and sent back to Washington, and is in the in that city.

Tuesday, Sept. 9th, 1862

Co. E, 29th Regiment

I had intended to finish this letter today, and give you an account of our movement since we left Centreville, but we drew rations a short time ago, and now an order has come to march, and I must close. We left Centreville Monday night, (Sept. 1st) marching all the night and the next, occasionally visited by secesh. We are on the move all the time, never stopping more than eight and forty hours in a place, and our friends will be puzzled to keep track of us. Where we are going now I cannot tell, but I will drop you a line if we stop in one place long enough. We have recovered our tents and every man has got a loaf of soft bread, so we are all right for another day. "Fall in."

H.H.R.

Death of Frank Thomas¹⁷⁰ September 20, 1862

We regret the necessity of announcing the death of Mr. Frank Thomas of this town, belonging to Co. E, 29th Regiment. Mr. Thomas died in the hospital at Hampton, where he had been for some time. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss, and a large circle of friends.

Letter from Murry, Sharpsburg, MD¹⁷¹ September 21, 1862

We left Frederick City about a week ago, close to the heels of the enemy, and kept gaining upon them all the time as we advanced, until we got so close to them they were compelled to stop and give us battle on the mountain, which was an awful place for us to drive them, for it was almost perpendicular, but we finally drove them off by the point of the bayonet, which they cannot stand anyhow, but there were a great many killed on both sides before we routed them. The fight lasted two days, and the second night the enemy retreated, but we were so close to their heels that they did not get out of sight. This time our Brigade was in the advance and we captured any quantity of prisoners. We still kept advancing, until within about two miles of Sharpsburg, when the enemy made a stand and waited for us to come up. We kept on and saw the enemy drawn up in line of battle, and waited for us to get near enough. We made preparation for battle, but before we were ready they opened on us with their artillery. We soon got our battery in position, and our Brigade was ordered to support them. We soon opened upon them, and kept a steady cannonading until dark. We had quite a number wounded and about a dozen killed. Corporal Tribou, one of our company, had his left foot shot off by a solid shot. He belonged to Middleboro', and was color bearer.

The next day we had four or five more batteries and kept up a regular artillery fight all day, but few were killed. Our shells made awful havoc among the rebels, for we could see them carrying off their dead and wounded in great numbers.

The next morning we were ordered to relieve Gen. French's Brigade. We marched to within about five hundred yards of the enemy and halted. We took off everything but our equipments. The rebels saw the green flag of our Irish Brigade, and knew that Brigade was coming in and immediately formed a whole division in our front. As soon as we were ready we started at "charge bayonets," and halted to within about 100 yards of their lines and poured into them. The effect was awful. Our poor fellows fell like grass all along our lines, but the fall of the enemy was yet more terrible. Their killed and wounded lay in piles one top of another. It was probably the most severe battle ever fought in the country. We went round after the battle, and piled up the dead rebels. They looked like a lot of hay stacks.

As you have heard, Lawrence R. Blake was killed, and John Shannon had two of his ribs broken by a shell. The rest of us are all right.

Murry [probably John "Murray" Atwood].

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter (forgery) from S H Doten, NY¹⁷² September 23, 1862

We give below a letter received by Mrs. Doten purporting to come from Capt. Doten in New York, asking for money. As it happened, Capt. Doten was at home to look after matters himself, and the scoundrel was foiled in this case, but no doubt hundreds of our soldiers are swindled in the same way.

Scoundrelly Work.

New York, Sept. 23, 1862

My Dear Wife:

I have just arrived here wounded in the arm from the battle. I shall not have to lose my arm, but it will lay me up for some time. I am under the care of Dr. Cotton, and get him to write to you as I am unable to write. I shall be on to Plymouth in a day or two, as soon as I can get leave from Washington. Send me on by return mail \$50 to pay some expenses. Don't delay it as I need it badly. Direct it to me and put the envelope in another directed to Dr. Jesse B. Cotton, New York, then I shall get it safe. Expect me in a day or two. Don't feel uneasy for my wound is not very bad. Don't make it public until I get there. Love to all.

Your affectionate husband,
Samuel H. Doten

Funeral for Frank Thomas¹⁷³ September 25, 1862

The body of Mr. Frank Thomas arrived in town Monday morning, and was taken charge of by Mr. Raymond. The funeral services took place at the Pilgrimage Church, which was crowded to overflowing. The coffin was placed in front of the pulpit, draped with the national ensign, on which was placed his military cap and likeness. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Woodworth, assisted by Rev. Mr. Patterson, with appropriate singing by the church choir. After the services, the body was taken to the hearse, which was covered with the national flag, and escorted by a corporal's guard from the Standish Guards, at Camp Hooker. The whole corps would have been present but for the imperative duty of being mustered into the service that day. Following the escort was Capt. Sam'l Doten, Lieut. J. B. Collingwood and other returned soldiers of his company. Next came the band, of which he was a member. These were followed by a long procession of mourners in carriages and friends on foot.

At the grave [Oak Grove] the coffin was placed on a table for all to see the likeness it bore, name and age of the deceased, &c., then lowered to the last resting place where

"No sound shall awake him to glory again."

Article Blake and Harlow Death¹⁷⁴ September 27, 1862

More Plymouth Soldiers Dead.

Two more of the brave hearts that went from us, beating high with courage and a proud desire to serve their country, are stilled in death. One, upon the battle field, in the fierce excitement and awful tempest of the contest, fell with his "Face to the sky and his feet to the foe." Another, after lingering upon a bed of pain, away from friends and loved ones, yielded up his soul to its Maker. Mr. Lawrence F. Blake, of Co. E, 29th Reg't., was killed in the battle of Antietam. Mr. Justus Harlow, of the same company and regiment, died in the Hospital at Hampton. Peace to their ashes, they both died a soldier's death, although so different. Both have an equal claim to our remembrance and gratitude, and their friends have the balm to soothe their sorrow, that it was for their country they died.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

JB Collingwood¹⁷⁵ October 4, 1862

Personal.

We are glad to learn that Lt. J. B. Collingwood of the 29th Reg't. Has been ordered to join his Regiment, and informed that the proceedings instituted against him by Col. Pierce have been quashed as being trivial.

This is a fitting commentary upon the proceedings of this Colonel.

JM Atwood¹⁷⁶ October 4, 1862

Singular Occurrence.

Serg't J. M. Atwood of Co. E, 29th Reg't., of this town, while inspecting the knapsack of a dead rebel, belonging to a Mississippi regiment, after one of the late battles; found a couple of "Cartes de Visite," of a young gentleman and a young lady. That of the gentleman he immediately recognized as Mr. Thos. L. Nelson of this town, and upon the back was the well known card "Photographed by B. Whiting, Main St. Plymouth, Mass." The explanation of this card being found in this place, is supposed to be, that Mr. Nelson, who is in a store in Boston, and boarding in the city, gave his card to some friend going to the war, whose baggage fell into the hands of the Mississippians, and the pictures were kept by them as trophies of war. It has by a singular coincidence returned to the hands of the original.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Warrenton, VA¹⁷⁷ November 14, 1862

MESSRS EDITORS:

We expected before this time to have advanced still farther into the heart of Old Virginia and give the rebels a second revised edition of what they received at Upperville a few days since, but delay seems to be the order of the day whether McClellan or Burnside guides the arms of State or leads on to battle; when the rebels get sufficient distance from us that there will be no danger in following them, we should probably follow in the tracks, but at sufficient distance to secure safety.

Warrenton, near which we are encamped, is what would be called in Massachusetts, quite a village, but is near dignified with the title of a city, it is situated on a high rising ground and like all else in Virginia, has the look of ages past, when architecture was in its infancy, and deformity the ruling passion. Rural and modern architecture would certainly blush at the huge stone or brick chimneys that are generally erected at both ends of the houses on the outside, and at the abortive attempts at portico and piazza, which are as heavy with lumber as a Dutchman's eyes with slumber. We should as soon look for beauty in form and feature in the wooden Gods of the Chinese mandarins, as to look for beauty or taste in architecture among the F. F. V's, in Virginia. Nature having formed the foundations, of the street (as it has but one principal street) of this city of a composition almost adamantine, it has been kept in a decent state of preservation, but the sidewalks, that have the appearance of once having been formed of brick have long since passed away and their material, in imitation of human nature, returned to the dust from which they were first created. At the crossings and as further evidence of its antiquity, are heavy stepping stones probably in imitation of the ancient druids, or in fear that the time of which we often read might come, even here, of streets deluged in blood, at which time those who were bootless could pass over and not wet their feet. Having some curiosity in knowing what could possess human beings to locate themselves here, and railroad victims to make a branch railroad to this place, and to understand what could support either, we asked a cadaverous looking specimen of humanity, that looked for all the world as if a spirit had left its earthly home unbeknown to its shadow, and left that God-forsaken: "What was the principal business of the place, from which increase could be desired for the support of man and beast?"

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"Well, stranger," said the shadow, "before this wicked war, (the said shadow was secesh to the back-bone,) which the North has forced upon us for the purpose of stealing our niggers and reducing the price of oysters, sweet potatoes, and peanuts, we were a prosperous City. Agriculture and manufactures gave us employments, and trading and speculating in stock, gave us wealth."

"Speculating in stock?" we asked, not clearly understanding the term as used here.

"Yes, stock," said he.

"What do you define as stock?" said we.

"O! Ah, yes," said he, "I see, you are the North. You don't understand? Well, you see that everything domestic that runs on two or four legs, outside of our own household, is here considered as stock, and therefore legitimate objects of trade and speculation."

"But," said we, (pointing to a very pretty mulatto, that at the North would have passed for a white person,) "does not stock often originate in the household?"

"Stranger," said the shadow, "you Yankee Northerners ever was an inquisitive set; you have too much freedom; too much humanity, you would weep and wail longer over a still-born chicken, than a Southerner would over the loss of a two year old nigger. You have too much heart. Reduce the size of your heart that it may be filled with your commerce, manufactures, agriculture; and you would then be content to stay at home and leave us to ourselves, and to manage our institutions as we please. Apropos of manufactures" said he, "we shall soon compete with the North. Do you see that building below the hill? Well, we manufacture cotton cloth and domestics, and before the war, carried on a heap of business there. We built it up in shares, and will soon learn our niggers to work cotton. It has not yielded profit yet, but we expect a dividend soon."

We looked in the direction indicated, and there saw what was dignified with the title of Manufacture. There stood a building about the size of the famous John Brown school house at Harper's Ferry. One of the water-wheels of a Lawrence or Lowell Factory, would revolve round the whole concern, and not disturb the weather-vane, and if the inside looked like the outside, then vanity is no besetting sin with the stockholders. We have seen many a yankee school house that would have held the whole concern and had ample accommodations for the stockholders and their families, leaving out the niggers.

"Well" said we "it is impossible to say what might happen in these degenerate days. There was once a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, that bred quite a row before it was over, perhaps it will be so in this case, but we must say the least, mighty unlikely to do much in this generation. Well" said we "what comes next?"

"Agriculture," said he. "Look at the expanse before you, hill and dale, meadow and intervale; here we raise all the grain, hay, and vegetables that we want for home consumption, so that we are independent in this respect and ask no favors of any one."

"True," said we, "but all this does not establish the wealth you boast of, there must still remain some great source of income; some great point of bargain and sale, whereby wealth finds its deepest interest and silently fills the coffers of the industrious merchant?"

"Stock, stock," said the shadow, "there is the secret and the principal."

"Negroes! Negroes!" said we. "The fruits of the body and the damnation of the soul! This then is your wealth; this then is your traffic! No wonder your land is thin and worn out. No wonder your habitations are old and shabby. No wonder your churches remain unfilled. No wonder that shabby gentility walks your streets and anarchy and confusion in your midst. You live on your own life blood; you traffic in your own souls, and the Genius of Liberty sits silently weeping as the slave child and bond-woman chained and manacled, for distant parts pass by. Can ought but the curse of God rest upon you? Can ought but eternal damnation be the fate of a willful slave dealer, a trafficked in God's humanity? Can ought but a" I turned suddenly to the shadow, but he had left, and as we heard the distant roll of the drum, and shrill sound of the trumpet, the signal to "fall

Co. E, 29th Regiment

in,” we left the town of Warrenton in all its shabby glory, thanking God that our lives had been cast in more pleasant places, and that we yet rested the sole of our foot on the spot consecrated to liberty and humanity by the best blood shed on its sacred soil by the patriots of seventy-six.

Letter from Henry H Robbins, Camp Near Warrenton, VA¹⁷⁸ November 15, 1862

FRIEND MEMO:

You see, we are on the move again. We arrived here in Warrenton last Sunday, having made a longer stop here than at any other place since leaving Bolivar Heights. This morning however, we are to move again, report says towards Culpepper. The order came last evening to be ready for a move, and Chaplain Hempstead had the men got together, when he addressed them upon matters pertaining to the soul. It was a solemn time, for the hour was an unusual one, and the Chaplain spoke with unwonted earnestness. I think the meeting will not be forgotten soon by those who attended.

Since leaving Bolivar Heights, we have been blessed with pretty good weather, with the exception of one day, when we had quite a snow storm. The nights are very cold and with nothing but our small shelter tents, it seems as if we must freeze.

Capt. Doten and Lieut. Collingwood joined the company before leaving Bolivar Heights, much to the gratification of the boys, and this morning I noticed the shoulder straps on Lieut. (late Sergt.) Winsor, who has received a second Lieut's. commission, and been appointed to our company, another cause for congratulation.

There is nothing of interest occurring with us now. We march day after day without seeing or hearing of a rebel, at least, since leaving Snicker's. We eat our daily portion of raw salt pork and hard tack, and wait patiently for the “coming event,” for we are all looking for a big fight, Gen. McClellan is superseded by Gen. Burnside, and something must be done, and that quickly, or Burnside will be superseded, as an officer said the other day, it was nothing but say good bye to one General, and “how d'ye do” to another, in this Army of the Potomac.

If we find any thing up this way worth writing about, perhaps I will give it to you.

H.H.R.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Warrenton, VA¹⁷⁹ November 12, 1862

MESSRS. EDITORS:

We arrived here Sunday, and encamped to night for Commissary stores, before proceeding onward, as you know that it is all essential that this great army should be fed and clothed, more especially if there is labor to be performed, and that there is we have not the least doubt. We have already traveled some seventy or eighty miles, and have just got broke in to marching and out door living. On the 7th we had quite a snow storm, and the next morning some of our men were quite surprised to find an outside blanket of soft fleecy snow on their beds; emblem, as we hope, of the purity of their motives and actions, and of the righteousness of the causes in which they are engaged. God speed the right, and speed the day, when the hand of man shall no longer be raised against his brother man, and the Angel of Peace and Happiness spread her broad pinions again over our beloved Country, clasping every State in one fond embrace, giving Liberty in its broadest sense to enslaved humanity; peace and prosperity to this great Nation and joy and happiness to every human heart.

Yesterday, Gen. McClellan took a formal leave of the Army. This Division, or rather this army corps, was in line at an early hour, anxious to see him in whom they had ever placed implicit confidence and were ever ready to confide in his judgment and follow his lead. At about nine o'clock A. M. Amid the thunder of artillery and the shouts of the army, he passed through our lines, and such a heartfelt greeting as he received must have

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amply satisfied him that the affection of the soldiers under his care had ever been his, and that amid all the trials and sufferings of advance or retreat, in the hour of battle or in the busy camp, they had ever been true to him and true to the great principles for which he had pledged his life and sacred honor to maintain. We deeply feel his loss, we deeply regret his removal; but do not for one moment think that it will change the feelings of the army as regards the great principles for which they have left home and friends to advocate by this appeal to arms. No Principle is engraven on their arms, and Liberty on their escutcheon, and under other good leaders, they will as readily do battle for the great principles of justice and humanity, and march as readily forward to vindicate our Country and its Laws, as they ever did under Gen. McClellan. That there is a deep feeling manifested in the army at this time, is not to be disguised. That a little disappointment rests upon the hearts of the army, cannot be put out of sight, and that the army is fast getting disheartened at the work of intriguing politicians, who care by little for country or friends, provided, they can accomplish their own ends, is too true. They came here with high patriotic thoughts and motives, to do battle for law and order; for the vindication of their unalienable rights as citizens of one great Republic, and to support the Laws and Constitution of these United States. Thus far they have found themselves the tools and dupes of designing heartless politicians, who would sell their birth-right for power and place, and sell their God, if it would place them at the summit of their unbounded ambition. Can you blame them that they are sick and tired of the war? Can you blame them, that they feel that they are failing to accomplish the true object for which they left their homes and periled life, and all its enjoyments to obtain? Can you blame them, that they are disheartened when they see that in appointments in the army, fools with wealth, override honest merit, if is coupled with poverty? And yet, amid all these disheartening circumstances, they will yet do their duty to their country and to their God, if they can but feel that there is left behind them a few just and true men, to guide the Ship of State when they shall by their labor and exertion get her again in good sailing trim and well fitted for the voyage of life among the nations of the earth. We know we are drawing gloomy pictures, but we are talking honest truth, and we are satisfied that nothing but a victory over the enemies of our country, would restore the army to its equilibrium and drive the dark shadows from the mind, that are fast gathering around them, and that victory must come speedily to the rescue, and as we are marching around and now hear the sound of battle in our ears, may that be the precursor of better thoughts and the stifler of bitter feelings.

We are now it is supposed between the rebels and Richmond and still advancing, Gen. Pleasanton, yesterday crossed the Rappahannock river but was forced to retire as his force was inadequate to hold. Division advanced to-day, and probably Porter's will to-morrow, or perhaps ours (Hancocks), we have no orders yet, but as our orders come one hour, and we are off the next, we always keep ready. What few there are left of Co. E, are in good spirits, we have many away sick or detailed; if time and opportunity offers, we will send you a list of those who hold out and have gone through this march thus far from Harpers Ferry.

Orderly Sergeant Peter Winsor of Co. E, has at last received a commission as 2d Lieut. In the 29th Regt. This long delayed compliment is well merited and faithfully earned, he is a military man in all respects and well worthy of this advancement.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Falmouth, VA¹⁸⁰ November 22, 1862

MR. EDITOR:

As there is nothing exciting, or any incident worthy of notice at this time with us, we thought it might be interesting to home folks to know how the Plymouth Rock Guards are situated and the location of the members thereof, as it is just eighteen months this day, since they were mustered into the service of the United States. We give below the location of each member that is not present with us at this camp:

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Samuel Doten, Capt.; John B. Collingwood, 1st Lieut., now in command of Co. I, 29th Reg.; Thomas A. Mayo, 2d Lieut, killed at battle of Gainesville, June 27, '62; Peter Winsor, 2d Lieut., promoted to 2d Lieut. Sept. 13, '62; *Edward L. Robbins, Sergt. discharged at Philadelphia, July 8, cause, disability; Geo. E. Wadsworth, Sergt. at present acting Orderly of Co. E; Horace A. Jenks, Sergt. left sick at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 29, '62; John M. Atwood, Sergt. left sick at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 29 '62; Ichabod C. Fuller, Sergt. left sick at Mill Creek Hospital, Aug. 3, '62, last at Convalescent Camp; *Geo. S. Morey, Sergt. discharged May 10, cause, disability.

Corporals - Winslow B. Standish, discharged Aug. 5, cause, disability; Samuel H. Harlow; Henry W. Kimball; Jas. S. Holbrook; Alfred B. Warner, left sick, at general hospital, Harper's Ferry, Oct. 29; Lemuel B. Morton, left sick Sept. 10, last at New York; *Wm. P. Gooding, sick since June 15, last at convalescent camp; Seth W. Paty; John F. Hall.

Privates - *Columbus Adams, detailed on Howard's Battery, Sept. 1861; Chas. Atwood; John K. Alexander; Nath. Burgess; Ellis D. Barnes; *Chas. C. Barnes, detailed as nurse at hospital, July, '62; *Winslow C. Barnes, detailed cook at hospital, Nov. 1, '61; *Simeon H. Barrows, detailed as cook at hospital, Jan. 12, '62, discharged July 21, '62; *Andrew Blanchard, sick at Fair Oaks, June '62, last at convalescent camp; *Antonio Beytes, detailed on Howard's Battery; *Geo. E. Burbank, detailed as nurse at general hospital; Nov. 13, '61 *Geo. F. Bradford, taken prisoner July 29, '62, (exchanged); *Cornelius Bradford, detailed as nurse at general hospital, July 19, '61; Lawrence R. Blake, killed at the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, '62; *Benj. F. Bumpus, detailed as cook at hospital, July 24, '62; Benj. F. Bates; *Thomas Burt, sick at Fair Oaks, June '62, reported dead; Sylvanus L. Churchill; Thomas Collingwood, left at Snickerville in charge of stores, Nov. 5, '62; *Barnabus Dunham, disappeared at Frederick, Va. June 13, '62, last cook at hospital in Md.; *Elisha S. Doten, left sick at Frederick, Md. Sept. 11, '62, last at Baltimore; *Henry F. Eddy, reported sick at Fair Oaks, June, '62, last at convalescent camp; *Edwin R. Eaton, reported sick at Fair Oaks, June 10, '62, last at convalescent camp; *Philander Freeman, detailed on Howard's Battery; *Charles A. Faunce, reported sick at Fair Oaks, June 14, '62, last, at home on furlough; *Timothy E. Gay, detailed as cook to non. Com. Staff, Jan. 12, '62; Orin D. Holmes, left sick at Frederick, Sept. '62, last at convalescent camp; Seth L. Holmes, left sick at Frederick, Md., since discharged; Wm. H. Howland; Thos. W. Hayden; *Alexander Haskins, *reported* sick most of the time since leaving Plymouth, last at hospital in New York; *Edwin H. Hosmer, sick at Fair Oaks, June 1, '62, last at Mill Creek hospital; *Justice W. Harlow, died at Mill Creek hospital, Sept. 15, '62; *Chas. L. Klinhaus, wounded in skirmish, June 17, '62, taken prisoner July 29, '62; *Thomas P. Mullen, detailed on Howard's Battery; Chas. E. Merrian, left sick at general hospital, Harper's Ferry, Oct. 29, '62; Wm. R. Middleton, discharged at Harrison's Landing, July 13, '62, disability; Isaac Morton Jr., left sick at Frederick, Md., Sept. 13, '62, last at Washington; John E. Morrison, detailed as teamster, June 21, '62; Wm. Morey, left sick at Frederick, Md., Sept. 13, '62; *John Morse, discharged at Hampton, July, '61; Wm. T. Nickerson; Geo. F. Pierce, left sick at Alexandria, Sept. 8, '62; John H. Pember, reported sick at Fair Oaks, June 1, '62; Otis W. Phinney, detailed at Smoketown hospital, Sept. 24, '62; James L. Pettis; Geo. H. Partridge; Geo. F. Peckham; *Wm. R. Pittee, discharged May 4, '62, cause, disability; Henry H. Robbins, fell out at Warrenton Junction, Nov. 15, '62 (sick); *Albert R. Robbins, left sick at Frederick, Md., Sept. 13, '62; Albert Simmons, reported sick at Harrison's Landing, Aug. 17, '62, last at Craney's Island; Frank H. Simmons; Miles Standish, left sick at Frederick, Md., Sept. 13, '62, last at Washington; *Wm. Swift taken prisoner July 29, exchanged Sept. 14, last at convalescent camp; John Shannon, wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62, now at hospital, Philadelphia; Patrick Smith; *James E. Stillman, detailed as teamster, May 12, '62; *Walter Thompson, detailed as clerk to Adjutant, Aug. '61; *Samuel D. Thrasher, reported sick at Fair Oaks, June 25, '62, sick at hospital; *Frank A. Thomas, died at Mill Creek hospital, Sept. 14, '62; Charles R. Tillson; *Francis Vaughn, discharged May 4, '62, cause, disability;

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Leander M. Vaughn; John Washburn, reportedly sick at Harrison's Landing, Aug. 20, '62; *David Williams, taken prisoner June 29¹⁸¹, '62 (exchanged) sick at Mill Creek hospital; Joseph B. Whiting, detailed as Orderly; Samuel C. Wright; *Albert C. Wilson, discharged Aug. 5, '62, cause disability; * Wm. Williams, detailed on Howard's Battery.

The above is the full report on the company, as near as can be ascertained on this date. Those marked thus * never were in battle with the Company.

None of those against whose names remarks are appended, have been with the company since the date of the remark.

Those five who are detailed on the Howard Battery, are now at Suffolk, they have been in battle with the battery, and are highly complimented by the officers. At the battle of Antietam, Serg't Geo. E. Wadsworth had his haversack torn to pieces, or nearly so by a piece of shell. Serg't H. A. Jenks had his sword and sheath cut by a round shot. Private John K. Alexander was hit full in the breast by a spent ball and knocked down, but soon recovered and went to work again. Private Chas. E. Tillson had a rifle ball pass through the leg of his pants, barking his shin quite severely. Private Henry H. Robbins had his rifle broke in two near the lower tail band, by a round shot, he immediately picked the rifle of a dead soldier of Co. I, and again engaged in the battle. What few of the Guards that were at the battle, did credit to themselves and to Old Plymouth. When the whole Regiment marched up in line of battle, Gen. Richardson seeing them, exclaimed: "My God! just look at that line; I never saw the like before, it is perfect, there is no fear there!"

There is now for duty in Co. E, 2 commissioned officers, 6 non com officers, and 17 privates, and when you read of regiments going into battle, remember that instead of a full regiment of one thousand men, as they generally are when they leave home, that Co. E, is a fair sample, as far as our observation goes, of nearly every regiment going into battle, that has been long in the service. Co. E, may be, and is, harder detailed than any other company in the regiment; but as to sick, it has less than the general average, but what is left of them the elements, fatigue, and hunger, seem to make no impression upon.

Letter from Unknown Author¹⁸² November 22, 1862

MESSRS. EDITORS:

We are still marching along. We have in advance, Gen. Pleasanton with four to five thousand cavalry and twelve batteries, Porter's corps, Franklin's corps, and our own commanded by Gen. Couch. We being the rear guard, on Sunday, Nov. 2, we advanced on Snickerville Gap; our Brigade had to advance in "line of battle" for nearly a mile, as our skirmishers had encountered the rebels. We rested for the night, and on the third, we were called to "fall in," but did not move till noon, when we started.

As we lay at rest, we took this occasion to go some half mile, to the Mass 18th, and 32nd, saw Capts. Collingwood, Drew, and Windsor, who are now in good health and spirits, having marched the day previous, seventeen miles; did not see Capt. Fuller of the 32nd, as he and his command were detailed for duty and had not come up at that time. Old Plymouth is well represented in this advance, and we have no doubt her representatives will do their duty.

We had heard that at a place called Upperville, some six or eight miles distant, there was a large body of Rebel cavalry. We advanced in three separate columns, with the hope of cutting them off, but was, as usual, about two hours late. Our Division then encamped on the best farm we have yet seen in Virginia, and as the Government has ordered us to draw light rations, we proceeded to forage for heavy rations with a good will, and sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys and chickens, were no strangers in our camp. The good old Union man says that he is two thousand dollars poorer than he was yesterday - if we were to have our way he would be poorer still. We do not believe in Union men like him. When we got here the rebel cavalry had not left his house, but

Co. E, 29th Regiment

(as the negroes say) about two hours. It was very cold when we arrived here, and the prospect of a cold night made us look out, sharp. A hay-stack of some four or five tons was demolished in the space of thirty minutes, and sheds, cards, and hen houses were soon converted into fire wood, as the division fences of the farm (our usual fire -wood) were all built of stone. "Light rations" consist of coffee, sugar, bread and salt pork, this is to be all the rations issued at present to this advance. The weather is cold and chilly, and it is severe on the men, as they have no tents and are to have none at present. The earth is their bed and God's great star their covering, yet, if the army will be advance, they are satisfied.

As we advance through the country the inhabitants keep a good look out for their farm stock, they having full and ample time, as our advance is heralded at least twenty four hours ahead of us. Hens, geese, turkeys, and pigs, are put in safe places or at least supposed to be so and where there is any doubt of safety, the poultry is killed and cooked, ready to sell to our soldiers, who buy freely, using Philadelphia confederate currency in payment. We saw a number of beehives upset and its busy little denizens disputing the possession of their contents with stinging ferocity; but the point of the bayonet usually decided the contest, and the soldier marched along with the honey-comb hanging on its glittering point till it could be safely handled by hand. At another place the hens and geese were huddled into the kitchen, and a bouncing country lass, stood in the pig-pen with a young grunter in her lovely arms, screaming at the top of her musical voice: "Come here 'Sal' and take these pigs," and they were soon safely ensconced in the aforesaid kitchen; while 'Sal and Peg,' with arms akimbo, stood faithful guard and bid defiance to Union or Secesh. Yesterday, just after dark, one of Co. E, by a strategic movement, surrounded a young porker and having inserted his knife, was complacently watching "the life blood ebbing fast," when suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and on looking up, an officer stood over him with pistol in hand; with a jump and run he was soon clear, although "stop, or I will shoot you!" sounded in his ear. The officer's attention being called in a different quarter by the squeal of another victim; the soldier, by another strategic movement slung his victim over his shoulder, and piggy was soon safely stowed away in that receptacle of all things eatable, the haversack.

The weather with us is very cold. We have had snow to the depth of three inches and all the cheerless aspect of winter is around us; yet the hearts of the men are as cheerful as ever, and all they ask is that whatever they have to do, may be done quickly.

Yours, * *

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Opposite Fredericksburg, VA¹⁸³ November 24, 1862

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Couch's Corps, of which the 29th Mass. forms a part and parcel, arrived at this place on the 18th inst. and encamped. We started from Warrenton, Saturday, Nov. 15th, for this place, which is nearly opposite Fredericksburg and have marched at the rate of fourteen miles per day, which is smart traveling for so large an army. On the second day (Sunday,) this regiment had a very hard day's work. Our line of skirmishers extended nearly two miles, and when it came night we were thoroughly exhausted and beat out. Many of our men are footsore and when the amount they carry is taken into consideration, it is wonderful that they stand it as well as they do. A soldier on the march carries about the following in weight:

Gun and bayonet, weighing	9 1-2 lbs
Cartridges and equipments	11 lbs
Blanket	5 lbs
Half tent	3 lbs
India rubber blanket	5 lbs

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Overcoat	8 lbs
Haversack, with 3 day's rations	10 lbs
Canteen (filled)	4 lbs
Knapsack and contents (generally about)	10 lbs
Total	73 1-2 lbs

This is not an over statement, but is about the amount that every soldier has to carry on a day's march. In fact a soldier is a kind of pack horse, doing more labor and enduring more fatigue than a mule, and generally expected to live on a less amount according to his strength, than the aforesaid animal.

We have been here since the 18th inst., doing nothing and living from hand to mouth, but provisions are so scant with us that the hand often goes to the mouth empty, and when it will be so as to have it go full, it is hard to predict. We have here at this time about one hundred and ten thousand troops, it being the Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, and in what it consists. The Army of the Potomac has been divided into three Grand Divisions consisting of the second and ninth army corps, and of which the 29th Reg. forms a part, is under the command of Maj. Gen. Sumner, The Center Grand Division, consisting of the third and fifth army corps, is under the command of Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker. The Left Grand Division, consisting of the first and sixth army corps, is under the command of Maj. Gen. W. H. Franklin; and the eleventh army corps, with such others as may be hereafter joined to it, constitutes the reserve, and is under the command of Maj. Gen. Sigel. The grand whole under the command of Gen. Burnside is supposed to be safely moving towards Richmond. We of the Right Grand Division, have located ourselves at this place, nearly opposite Fredericksburg, and have sent threatening notes to and received short answers from the rebels. We have told them if they did not leave within sixteen hours, and did not stop sending goods, cloth, grain, &c., south to Richmond on the railroad, we should certainly shell them. The Mayor of the city said it should be stopped, perhaps he did stop it, but we could hear the cars on the steady run all the time, and at least four times sixteen hours have passed, no shells have whistled through the air and still the cars keep running. We have been correctly informed, as we believe, that when our advance arrived here, there was not over ten thousand rebel troops near here or Fredericksburg, and that we could have easily passed over the Rappahannock and taken possession of the City. Longstreet did not arrive at Fredericksburg till two days after we arrived here, and now with the two Gen. Hill's Divisions, they probably do not number less than ninety to one hundred thousand; yet still we wait and threaten. Sunday, this regiment was on picket guard on the banks of the river, the rebel pickets were within speaking distance. We could see the lights of their camp fires for miles away; see the brigades of troops moving, and see them throwing up earthworks and entrenching themselves.

The rebel pickets are often bright and saucy. One of those punning rascals called out of one of our pickets: "Say Yankee, do you intend to go to Richmond this time?"

[illegible]

"Well," said the Secesh, "if you do, you'll have to pass over a Longstreet, between two Hills, and over a hard Stonewall, before you get there!"

Letters were received by the officers of Co. E, from Serg't H. A. Jenks, at Harper's Ferry, announcing the death of Private Chas. E. Merriam of this company. It came sudden and unexpected, and cast a gloom over us that is not easy to dispel. Private Merriam was a universal favorite with us, always kind and considerate in his ways and manners, friendly in his intercourse, gentlemanly in his deportment, honorable in his dealing, and fearless in danger; he had by these attributes endeared himself to his comrades in arms, and was highly esteemed by all that knew him. He is a great loss to that little band who started from Plymouth eighteen months since to peril life and limb in battle for their country and its honor. He was a patriot in its broadest sense. His blood was fired at Northern wrongs and Southern aggression, and he went forth to conquer or die

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in defence of his country's dearest rights and for the cause of liberty and equality. In that cause he has laid down his life, but we trust only to take it up again in a brighter and better world.

Rest, patriot rest! In youth thou hast given
Thy life for thy country, her honor and fame;
On the banner of God, by angels in heaven,
Emblazoned in glory, inscribed is thy name.

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Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Fredericksburg, VA¹⁸⁴ December 1862

MESSRS EDITORS:

Nothing new, nothing especial, and all quiet along the line, must be our heading at this time. Secesh keeps remarkably quiet, and we as usual, keep remarkably still, and in such a cold snap as we are now experiencing, we hardly see how it can be otherwise. Last Friday, snow fell to the depth of about six inches, since then it has been severely cold, and how men stand such weather in their little shelter tents, with no fires, and with nothing between themselves and the earth, but a rubber blanket, and nothing between themselves and the open air, but their cotton tents and woolen blankets, God only knows, and we think he must be a little surprised to see so many of them live through it; but be that as it may, they do live and move, and have a being, but as Sam Slick says "it is a mighty hard chance" and "won't stand practice." Human nature can't and won't stand it, and yankees have a large amount of human nature in their composition. We are often told of the soft and balmy air of Southern climes; of gentle breezes; air filled with delicious fragrance; and land flowing with milk and honey. We've listened to the song of "Way down South in the Dixie," and a dozen other songs expressive of sunny hours and heavenly bliss, south of the Potomac, and we've had eighteen months experience; we've Wintered and Summered in Dixie, and experience tells us that as far as we have been, it is decidedly an unmitigated humbug as far as Virginia is concerned. We hope we are not prejudiced against the mother of Presidents, as Virginia is called, but we do sincerely thank God that, "our lives were cast in more pleasant places," and that the old Harlot is but a distant connections of ours, and we hope before we leave her disagreeable profile, to reduce her to the lowest terms, and her system of slavery to a vulgar fraction.

Since we wrote you last, quite a number of absent ones from Co. E, have returned, and it seems quite pleasant to have them again with us. Among them are Orderly Sergeant H. A. Jenks, John Washburn, James Stillman, T. P. Mullen, Moses S. Barnes, Orrin D. Holmes, Corporal John Shannon, Philander Freeman and Thomas Collingwood. These men have rejoined their company as soon as they were able or free from their detail, but there are a few who are shirking round Hospitals, and Convalescent camps with no sickness or disease upon them accept the "SHELL FEVER," and nothing to keep them from joining their company, except the disinclination, and laziness [sic]. In this category is not of course included such as are really sick, but only those who are hanging about Convalescent camps praying for a discharge. Throughout the army there is a great and growing tendency to hospital loafing, and many who are now all doubled up, and who appear older than their grandfathers, walking with canes and crutches, would if a discharge were placed in their hands, straighten up, throw cane and crutch away, and dance as merrily as a jackass in a field of thistles.

We see by the papers that the powers that govern us at Washington, have decided that there should be no Winter quarters for the Army of the Potomac. If they will finish up the war through that means every officer and soldier will hold up both hands, and agree to suffer almost any privation to effect that purpose, and although the cold is severe, rations short, and duty hard, we hear less grumbling at this time among the soldiers than we ever have known since we have been in the service, and all this is because the hope and belief

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of all is, that this is to be the last "Winter of our discontent" and another Summer will see them wending their way homeward to their own loved valleys, kindred and families, rejoicing that the war is at an end, our honor vindicated, our country united, and the glorious star spangled banner, still floating over "the Land, of the FREE and the home of the brave," so mote it be.

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Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Fredericksburg, VA¹⁸⁵ December 1, 1862

MESSRS EDITORS:

We feel just like singing "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," 'Red, White and Blue,' or anything else that is sentimental or patriotic, or that will express the most intense gratification of a gratified mind in having a long hoped for wish unexpectedly gratified. And it is not only our veritable self that is so much gratified; but Company E, and the whole of the 29th Regiment, who are as gratified, satisfied and apparently as happy as if they were sure of eternal happiness and safely stowed away in "God's pocket." Any why should they not be happy? Why should they not rejoice at the prospect before them, when they feel and see that at least one wish of theirs has at last culminated to a point, and that in their favor? Do you know Brigadier General Francis Meagher? And do you know the Irish Brigade? "You've read of them." Well, that was all I expected you knew about them, and just what I expected you to say. And now do you know Lieut. Col. Joseph H Barnes, of the 29th Reg.? "You've heard of him." Well that was as I expected, Merit, integrity of will and purpose, and retiring modesty, stand no more chance of newspaper notoriety than a stray pig does of life eternal in the Union Army. But Brig. Gen. Francis Meagher, the Irish Brigade, and Lieut. Col. Joseph H. Barnes are intimately connected with our cogitations at this time.

Sometime since it came to the knowledge of this Regiment, that there was being made at New York, a splendid green flag to be presented to this Regiment as a mark of esteem, and to be carried by them in battle and at reviews, &c. The green flag is carried by all the Irish regiments in the Brigade, and is emblematic of Irish Nationality. It having come to the knowledge of Lieut. Col. Barnes, that the flag would be presented in a few days, and that in the absence of Col. Pierce, he would have to receive it for the Reg't, and that there might not be any misunderstanding about it, Col. Barnes took occasion to visit Brig. Gen. Francis Meagher at his quarters, to confer with him as to the reception of the flag and the requirements consequent on its reception. Of the conversation between them at the time, of course we know nothing; but we do know that our Lieut. Col. flatly refused to have the flag carried at the head of the regiment or to receive it for that purpose; but he was willing to receive it as a token of respect and have it sent to Massachusetts as a memento of the gallant services of the 29th Reg't in the Irish Brigade. At the remark of an officer who said: "We thought we had made Irishmen of you," Gen. Meagher rejoined: "Bah! You cannot make an Irishman of a Massachusetts man."

"You are right General," answered our Col. "You can never make an Irishman of a Massachusetts man. Never! Never!" at which the General rejoined.

"You can leave, Col. Barnes, you are wanted at your Regiment."

All honor to Col. Barnes for his prompt and decisive action in this case, for by it he has upheld the honor and integrity of the Reg't, and gives others to understand that Massachusetts men cannot be insulted with impunity, or made to sail under false colors, let what will be the consequence. The result of Lieut. Col. Barnes prompt decision is, that two days from that time we were ordered to join Christ's Brigade, Burns' Division, Wilcox corps, in the Right Grand Division of the Army, under command of Gen. Summer, and are now clear of the "Irish Brigade," in which we have experienced many hardships and much suffering, both in camp and battle-field. We joined them without the wish and we leave them without regret; glad to get in any position where reason sets enthroned with solid judgment, and where principle, (not ambition,) is the fountain of

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action. It may not be so here, where we now are, but any change to us must be for the better, and certainly if there is anything in a name, we have made a long march in the right direction. This Brigade has no General, but is commanded by Col. B. C. Christ, and there is not at this time a single colonel beside him in the Brigade; all the regiments are commanded by Lieut. Colonels.

There is nothing new or interesting with us at this time, "and all quiet along the line" brings fresh to the mind the daily report of last winter on the Potomac, and the fear that this winter's campaign will end with about the same result, cannot but frequently cross the mind of those who feel the least anxiety for the advance of the army and the ending of the war. There are some slight indications of an advance, and some movements being made which we cannot name at this time, by which we entertain the hope that a heavy blow is soon to be struck in the right direction before long and if so, look out for a hard conflict, bloody and decisive. It is useless any longer to deceive the public about heavy rains, mud, &c. We have not had two inches of rain since we left Bolivar Heights, and the roads are in prime order and have been all the time, and nothing has held us back, as we believe, but want of inclination to advance. When we arrived here we firmly believe that ten thousand men could have taken possession of Fredericksburg and held it, with the loss of a few hundred men. Now it will require the blood of thousands, unless the rebels are more frightened than we believe them to be. If we could change sides and stand in their position, we would defy all the troops that are encamped on this side of the Rappahannock and feel perfectly safe as to the result.

We yesterday received the message of the President, and to our mind, and as far as we could ascertain to the minds of a large majority of the army, it was a document, the perusal of which inspired the hearts of officers and soldiers with a feeling of pride and confidence in the Commander-in-Chief, and a feeling that at least one faithful sentinel stood on the watch for the honor of our flag and the integrity of our Country. Thank God, that there is one true heart that beats for the Union, and the crowning glory of all, the end of Slavery. "God bless Abraham Lincoln!" God bless the man who dare speak plain hearted truth, regardless of the opinions of friends or enemies, and God bless all the true hearted friends that uphold and strengthen his administration.

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Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Fredericksburg, VA¹⁸⁶ December 19, 1862

MESSRS EDITORS:

The long agony is over; the Rappahannock has been crossed, Fredericksburg taken, shelled, and nearly destroyed, the river recrossed, and our troops at their old quarters this side the river. We have been much like the pig, that run through the hollow log and came out the same side of the fence; but not so much surprised. We have lost some ten or twelve thousand men in killed, wounded and missing; laid under the rebel guns four days; fought two hard battles; seen hard work and hard times; crossed the river for a political necessity, and recrossed it from military necessity, and are now, as far as the 29th Reg. Mass. Vols. is concerned, on guard at the river, our Reg't having one Lieutenant slightly wounded, eight privates taken prisoners, and quite a number that were severely frightened. Co. E, had two who, when we fell in as was supposed for a night attack on the batteries, made as good time over the Pontoon bridge to the opposite side of the river as was ever made on the Cambridge race course. We should be willing to swap off their courage, for a small, yellow, bobtailed pup, but for speed, with a decent scare behind them, we will bet on their heads against any foot-race in existence and throw in the aforesaid pup gratis.

Most all of your readers have before this time had all the details of the crossing, the battles, and recrossing, and the final result; and probably you will have a number of correspondents who will be happy to

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furnish full details of incidents, enough to cloy the most ravenous appetite for all that is horrible and distressing, and fill the sensitive heart of humanity with the liveliest sympathies for the broken-hearted and sorrowing, the light of whom household has gone out forever. As to ourselves, we are humbled in our feelings and wounded in our pride, and we do not feel heart or inclination to write its incidents, or to speculate on its probable results; and as we before said, we shall leave it to others and wish we could as easily take leave of it ourselves, and blot it out of thought and memory.

Beyond the incidents of the battle there is not much that is new or interesting. At our pickets there is now going on an exchange of prisoners, and such a looking set as the secesh prisoners are, it would be hard to find short of Falstaff's Ragged Regiment. Many of them had pieces of carpet for blankets, straw hats, and some of them were in their stocking feet; but they were cheerful and apparently satisfied and full of pluck; said "they were ready to go to battle again and that we did just the best thing that we could do for ourselves, to step back to this side of the river."

Those men were most all from the good Union State of North Carolina, and they were the most thorough secesh, I have yet seen; uncompromising and expressing the most thorough disgust and hatred of Yankees. They all seem to be laboring under a wrong and strange impression as to the right and actual notions of the North. They seem to think that subjugation and tyrannical government is the sum total of the war, and that should the North gain the ascendancy, that the liberty of the South would be in an eternal eclipse, and themselves in a worse bondage than we consider the slave at the South, and yet they tell us that they are heartily tired of the war and wish it to an end. They tell us that they have as many plans to take Washington, as we have to take Richmond, and that there prospect of success is full equal to ours. They laugh at our attempts to take Richmond from this way; but have some fear as to our attempts to take it by the way of the James river.

The night we left Fredericksburg, the 29th Reg. was detailed to wait until the Army was across, and to take up three pontoon bridges over the creek outside of the picket. It was done so noiselessly and quietly, that the Commanding General gave us quite a compliment, and seemed much pleased at the result, as we were close to the rebel pickets, and but little noise would betray us and bring a hornets nest about our ears. We did not cross the bridge 'til near three o'clock the next morning and the whole of this grand army had crossed between that hour and seven of the evening before. It was quick work, well planned and well executed. We think we never read or heard of such skillful, and masterly retreats as are made by our Generals: McClellan on the Peninsula, Banks at Front Royal, Pope at Centreville, and Burnside at Fredericksburg, are movements that will stand in history of what they accomplished and of the valor and efficiency of the Union army. In fact if masterly retreats would finish this war, we feel that we have the men to do it and the leaders that seem to understand its principles of action and have proved themselves fully capable to execute its peculiar movements, and wind up all our troubles, trials and difficulties in military parlance, by inversion.

We have very cold weather here at this time, the river was nearly skimmed over this morning and the ground frozen quite deep. It was so cold it was impossible to sleep in our shelter tents, and as we were on picket we were obliged to keep wide awake and perfectly cool.

It looks quite probable that this army will soon go into winter quarters, perhaps not here, and we hope before we write you again that we can speak and show of more decisive action that will differ from what we communicate to-day and be more pleasing as to its results.

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Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Ned (Edward L Robbins)¹⁸⁷ December 25, 1862

Messrs. Editor:

Don't look for anything new or interesting from here, or from us at this time. "Everything is quiet along the line" and not a movement, past, present, or future but what has been canvassed, harped upon and hushed up, by news mongers and reporters for city papers, 'til the original idea has been worn thread bare, and much resembles what we are told in the old story about "Jacob's" great coat.

Yesterday our regiment was on guard at the river; that night an unfortunate rebel who had a decided preference to the Star Spangled Banner, over the Southern abortion, attempted to swim the river, near midway of the stream, owing probably to the coldness of the water, the cramp took him and he sank to rise no more, at least for the present. Early in the morning three reporters sat upon the banks of the river, and each was endeavoring to make an item. One reporter enquires, "sentinel: did he cry for help? Yes! He said – never mind what he said, I'll fix that, "you tried to help him all you could?" Why we had nothing to Yes! Yes. I understand you, threw ropes shoved off boards – get a boat and just as you grasped at his hair beneath the surface and you lost him, and the last words that you distinctly heard him to say was "Hail Columbia and d—m the Southern Confederacy." Ah! Sentinel," said one reporter pathetically; that man panted for liberty, but in the pursuit of liberty and happiness he lost his life, and his pants are a dead loss to the Southern Confederacy, but there is one consolation, his loss is our gain he makes a glorious item.

The Right Grand Division of the Army has been reviewed today by Gen. Sumner, the old General reviewed them by regiments and was very particular and minute in the inspection, which seems to us to have a decided look like a movement of some kind, but what that can be it is beyond us to guess or to attempt to figure out. One thing is certain, we cannot remain here much longer in idleness, waiting as Micawber says "for something to turn up," we have yet to move and try for ourselves and see if we cannot make something turn up by our own exertions. We move too slow. Our movements are too much like some fat, lazy, infirm, old grunter, who having got his form safely at rest, waits patiently for the hour, when his bodily exertions will be called into play by the hand of his keeper. Stir him up with a pole and he is fierce, savage and belligerent, and will fight hard, but drop the pole and he drops with it and his exertions are at an end 'til the next stir up.

It is this that the rebels have a decided advantage over us, they keep the Lions well stirred up and they stir up the lesser animals, their movements are quick and decisive, they are ever vigilant, ever ready. They keep their army in the field, while we keep our army in the convalescent, stragglers, and paroled prisoner's camp near Washington. Their officers are in the field, ours at home or in some soft place at Washington, where danger never comes and where distance from the battle-field is a sure guarantee of safety. We venture to say, that if two-thirds of the energy and perseverance of the South, as far as it concerns the war, was used by us we should be victorious and should not have to record the tithe of the defeats by mismanagements that we now do, nor be so often check-mated as we have been here and elsewhere.

We see by the papers that the great hue and cry North, is, where to rest and on whose shoulders to place, the responsibility of our defeats at Fredericksburg. The enemies of President Lincoln's government attempt to foster it on Halleck, Stanton and the President, while others with equal zeal place it on the devoted head of Gen. Burnside. Gen. Burnside has taken the responsibility and is able to back it up, he has the true metal and ring in him, and is as ready to assume the responsibility of defeat as he would be to claim the merits of victory. Had we gained a victory over the rebels at Fredericksburg the whole North would have rang with acclamations and shouts for the victory and in fulsome laudations for the victor chief, and to him and him alone would have been credited the gallant achievements. But for now we are defeated, a change "comes over the spirit of our dread," and lo, government is alone responsible. Government fought the battle, and Gen. Burnside was only a tool in the hands of Halleck, Stanton, &c., and like a puppet was moved by the telegraphic wires to fight battles,

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take positions and do the dibbing of those who “snuff the battle from afar” and on the couch direct the war. But thank God that the cormorants and government croakers are for the first time, at least, “made to bite the file: and feed their discontent on the scanty fodder of their miserable souls. Gen. Burnside, to his honor as an officer, and commander; to his credit as a true soldier, and to his moral worth in all that comprises the attributes of a gentleman and man of worth and integrity, does stand before the Country and the world and fearlessly assume the responsibility of the slight check on the advance of the Grand Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg; and for this if nothing more, he claims as much a fair hearing and a fair trial from his opposers as he excites the admiration, holds the homage and esteem of the whole grand army under his command. Gen. Burnside this day stands high as a soldier and commander in this army; he has assumed the lead on his own responsibility and with such advisers as Hooker, Sumner and Franklin, the army have full confidence in his lead, and will follow him regardless of danger, trusting in God for the result.

When the excitement attendant on the battle has at last come to rest, and reason again assumes dominion. Men of thought will look carefully and dispassionately at the circumstances attendant on the last movement of the army, and in our opinion will not only say that it was right and in accordance with the strict system of modern warfare, but, that it was a perfect MILITARY NECESSITY to gain the knowledge and to test the strength of the enemy and their entrenchments and that it has just such a movement as the art of war dictated and that no competent general, capable of leading so large an army could have avoided it. And then due credit will be given Gen. Burnside, for his destruction of Fredericksburg and attack on the rebel entrenchments at this time.

We have a few words to say of a certain class of beings, who exult and gloat over the list of killed and wounded, after every battle, and whose particular aim seems to be to swell the amount and magnify the disaster, to vilify the Government, traduce the Generals and the army, croak over our defeat and falsify our victories; could they expand their little souls as they expand the news of a defeat or check to the army, the Almighty might possibly discern them and they stand some chance of coming in at the tail of the heap at the sound of the last trump. They open their mouths and as Ass speaks; they search history and by it they discover that they belong to the human species.

They search nature and discover a mole hill. They search their own empty heads and in its shell they discover a ---. They are the curse of the earth, and the curse of creation. They live in misery, and gloat over eternal damnation. They rejoice over the one sheep that is lost and hope the next will be missed at the shearing. They contract truths and magnify falsehoods, revel in misery and delight in destruction. They are the rats of creation, and the snakes of society, both of which animals in principle and odor they much resemble. In the army they magnify the dead by thousands, and the wounded by tens of thousands, and are the first to skedaddle at the sight of their own shadow. To sum up all they are the curse of the army, the curse of home and curse of God, and richly deserve eternal torments for the misery they have caused to the loving, beating, hearts of God's humanity.

For the last few days we have had good weather and today it is delightful. We [illegible]. They stood up to their duty manfully, although new in the business, and wherever they were stationed, performed the duty assigned to them credibly. Our officers are true as steel, and understand the business they have undertaken, and the 3d can never disgrace itself, under its present Field Officers.

But this is already too long. There are many incidents of the march I would like to give you, but another time will do. Rumor says many things, and I can't, but you may before long receive another letter from

Ned

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Samuel Harlow Sickness¹⁸⁸ January 1, 1863

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Samuel Harlow, of Capt. Doten's company, has been in the hospital several weeks suffering from chronic sickness induced by exposure.

Samuel Harlow¹⁸⁹ January 15, 1863

Mr. Samuel Harlow has returned from the Hospital, where he has been invalidated for a long time. He has been a soldier "good and true," following the 29th regiment through all the vicissitudes, trials and battles, and only leaves them because of his ill health.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Near Falmouth, VA¹⁹⁰ January 25, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

It must certainly rejoice your republican hearts to learn from our own lips that we are yet here, safe. We are in no danger from the enemy, for they, the impudent rascals, cannot get to us, and we the great and glorious Army of the Potomac, are ingloriously stuck in the mud and cannot get at them; and what is worse than all, the enemy know it, and no doubt are this day taking advantage of it and sending their troops to the West and to North Carolina to reinforce their troops at those places. Knowing as they do that we cannot cross or even get to the river, they can readily spare twenty-five or fifty thousand men for a short time and use them beneficially in other localities.

It does seem to us sometimes as if we were not only fighting the rebels, but the elements. There has been hardly a move of much importance made, either by land or sea, but what have had to encounter severe weather, gales of wind at sea, and terrific storms on land, and always under the most disheartening circumstances. These storms ever making it necessary for us to delay action, which for good and practical results should be immediate, and for which purpose such action was intended.

A practical illustration of an elementary idea is now before us, and its results are this day more disheartening to this army than the repulse at Fredericksburg. On Sunday, Jan. 18th, a movement of the army was in progress, but for some probable good reason, was postponed till Tuesday, when at an early hour of the day the sixth Army Corps, Gen. Smith, of Gen. Franklin's Division, commenced moving from their position below Falmouth up to the right, but still to the rear to prevent observation. About the same time, or rather later, Hooker's Centre Grand Division took up its line of march towards a place called "Bank's Ford," and they, of course to prevent observation, marched some way back from the River. This was but the preliminary movement of the whole army, the pontoon train having started in advance and some of the heavy batteries. The weather, which through the day had been cold, blustering and disagreeable, at sun-down set in with rain and heavy wind from the northeast, and a darkness that would make sunlight glisten through a bag full of minks, and every one of them look like silver stars in a golden firmament, settled down, not only over and around us, but its dark shades penetrated the hearts of the soldiers, and fears and doubts began to mingle with the aspirations of patriotic thoughts and hopes of a bold strike for freedom and the right. Still the longest night (except possibly the night of death,) must have an end; so with Tuesday night, and daylight of Wednesday ushered in as disagreeable a day as one could wish for his most bitter enemy. But in our hearts were wishing that the bright sun would shed its effulgent light and rosy beams this day on our enemies, feeling that we were so near to them that we could not be left out in the cold, and if patience and perseverance were of any account, we should soon make them take the wings of the morning and alight some miles nearer Richmond. But in this, as in all things else, we were doomed to bitter disappointment. It did seem to us as if not only the windows of heaven were open, but that the whole broad side had fallen out. The gale that through the night had been only

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singing, now commenced screaming. The rain that is so often described as falling in gentle showers upon the thirsty earth: now seemed to have the idea that the earth had got on a blow and wanted the water in torrents "to" (as sailors say) "cool her coppers." But men and horses were not to give up at trifles till rifles get too big to contend against. The Pontoon trains and batteries were again in motion, driving on through mud and mire to get to the appointed place of crossing and to accomplish their part of this movement.

The army was soon in motion; Generals and men were in earnest and all seemed determined. Confidence was not lacking, for we had all confidence in our Generals and felt satisfied that they would not move this army again, unless, onward to what should to them, seem a sure and decided victory and success. They had laid their plans deep and with caution. They had fully surveyed their ground and thoroughly. They had by threatening the enemy at different points compelled him to scatter his forces over a distance of near twenty-five miles, and then in that long distance had truly ascertained its weakest point and had rapidly concentrated our army, reserving only enough to make a feint at different points, that they might not know where the blow was to fall, and was now about to strike that blow sanguine and sure of success.

But for some reasons in the all wise Providence of God this was not to be; our star was not yet to shine bright on the horizon, and the finger of Faith was yet to point upward and bid us wait. The rain through the night had taken the frost from the ground and left it soft and yielding as youthful hearts in Hymen's Market, when it is getting to be about Saturday night with many of them.

After an advance of about three miles the wheels of the pontoon train would sink down to the hubs, and it was utterly impossible for the teams to haul them out. Men worked and labored as only men can do. Mules and horses did their utmost, but it was useless, it was beyond their power, and darkness closed the day of labor and toil as cold, wet, and dreary as it had done the day previous. Another night of the pitiless storm drenched the army, and another dark and gloomy night fell cheerless on the hearts of all. Thursday morning broke upon us only to show us the utter helplessness of further effects and that the expedition for the time being must come to an end, and the Army get back to their old quarters as best they could. This has partially been accomplished and we shall soon be in regular trim again. A part of our Batteries and pontoon trains yet remain fast in the mud, but as the weather has cleared and the sun is shining brightly we think it will soon dry up so that we can get all together again.

We believe that the plan of this movement was good – that its full success looked to its projectors certain, and that every caution had been taken and chances carefully weighed that nothing should be lacking to make it all that could be desired. It seems hard that after so much labor and exposure we should be so disappointed and that the utmost superhuman efforts of this army should result in worse than a defeat; but so it is and the morale of the Army, its discipline, and its effectiveness has had a severe shock from which it will be hard for it to recover.

To make the Army of the Potomac again effective it must change its ground. It can never be effective here. In all the battles of the rebels, where we have been the attacking party, they have never given us battle at the same place with the same Army. Men who have once been defeated on the battle field dread to try the same field again, but lead them to some other locality, even if it is more difficult, and the old spirit again bursts forth and the old confidence is restored. McClellan knew this when he took the defeated Army of Gen. Sherman up to Arkansas Post and there gained a brilliant victory, and these same soldiers now return filled with fresh courage and flushed with victory and again attack Vicksburg, when before it would have been almost an impossibility to have led them up to a second engagement at the same place.

Gen. Burnside has done all that could be reasonably asked of him. He has been ever active and ever on the alert; and has done all but control the elements – that was beyond him; and no doubt this is a bitter disappointment to him and more so than to the country at large. The hard labor of busy days and sleepless

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nights, the intense thought and mental study of hours devoted to tracing maps and arranging all the different plans and formula of attack, has all been swallowed up by this insatiate North Easter, and now all we ask is that Providence in this wise dispensations will at a fitting time and opportunity and when it shall benefit us as much as this has them, administer a like dose to the rebels with a like effect and as good results.

* *

Samuel Harlow¹⁹¹ February 5, 1863

Plymouth Soldiers.

We were glad to shake the hand of our old friend Sergt. Harlow, who has followed the “star spangled banner” in victory and defeat, over all the battle fields of the old Dominion, and freely gave to his country all the nerve, muscle, blood and strength of a once stout and manly frame, hard knit in the wilds of California, save just sufficient to keep life’s lamp still burning and bring him back to home and friends again. Sergt. H has a heart brave in battle but tender and gentle as woman’s in the sick room, and has stood by us in many a smart skirmish with the “grim skeleton mower,” who carried the scythe and “cuts a double swarth” in these times of gunpowder, bomb and ball.

Letter from an Unknown Author, Newport News, VA¹⁹² February 27, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Again in camp at Newport News, Va. on the banks of the James River, and looking out on the beautiful bay that constitutes the far famed Hampton Roadstead, that welcome haven of rest for the weary and way worn ocean traveler. It seems in one sense like getting home again. Almost our first introduction to military life and to war, scenes was at this place, and many a happy hour was whiled away as we loitered on the banks of the river in the golden twilight of a Summer’s eve, or wandered amid the dark old forests that skirts the river banks and whose somber hue gives color to dark and doubtful traditions, but the day, the hour, the shadow, has passed away and the stern realities of life, the dread realities of war, the battlefield, the camp, have each in succession been to us since we left this place, life realities.

The 10th day of May, 1862, Co. E, with the 29th Reg. Mass. Vol., took as we then thought a last look at our winter houses. Packed our knapsacks and started with willing hearts to plunge into the realities of war, and perchance imbue our hands in a brother’s blood; knowing nothing of the realities of battle or the sufferings of the camp, we were anxious to push forward and take part in the unnatural contest, to fight the battle of freedom, to vindicate the laws, and to keep the flag of our country still floating in the pure breezes of heaven as pure and unsullied as when it was first unfurled to the morning breeze by our patriotic sires.

Our hearts beat high, and our hopes were strong; we firmly believed we were in the right, and it nerved our heart and arms to stand firm in the contest, to bear fatigue, sufferings, and hunger, trusting in the God of battles to support us in the trying hours. The trying hour has oft been upon us and it is no egotism to say that we have stood firm, when shot, and shell, and the leaden messengers of death were flying thick around us, covering the earth with the dead and dying and making fearful inroads in our little Camp. Thank God, Old Plymouth need not be ashamed of her sons wherever they may be, on the ocean or on the battle-field, at the West or the South, or in poor old degraded, and miserable Virginia.

The Pilgrim blood flows quick at Freedom’s call,
As when, upon our rock-bound shore
Beneath Winters’ sky, mid savage hords,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Miles Standish marshaled there his little band
And claimed of God protection

When we left here, Co. E, numbered eighty-six in rank and file, but long and weary marches, exposed to excessive heat or bitter cold, sleeping on the damp cold ground, often without shelter from rain or snow, the miasma of the swamps, and impure water, the bullets and the shell have done their fearful work and this day it numbers but fifty-four, fifteen of which are now in hospitals, and six away on detached service, leaving but thirty-three to again tread these familiar paths and look again upon our winter home.

The few that are left are hearts of oak, and iron constitutions. A rain storm and wet blankets seem to strengthen them, and they grow fat and thrive on a north-east snow storm, and hungry or cold, wet or dry they will get around the camp fire almost every evening and sing old familiar songs to cheer and comfort each other before crawling into their little tents and damp blankets.

We have no knowledge of what is in store for us, or for what reason we have been sent here. Surmise or supposition avails nothing, we only know we are here, and look anxiously for the next move. We were reviewed yesterday by Gen. Dix, and believe the review was satisfactory to the General. There are quite a number of troops here, the Richmond papers say twenty-five thousand, but they only take a Yankee privilege and guess, possibly they may have guessed right, we do not know therefore cannot say.

It has stormed almost every day we have been here, first a heavy rain storm, then a strong north-east snow storm, there was more snow fell than we saw here all last winter, the next day it turned to rain with high wind, flooding our tents and blowing down many of the officers tents, which are old and what are called A tents, literally tearing them to pieces. There does not appear to be many armed vessels in the river or around the Fortress. One or two of the iron *Monitors* and *Galena* lay near our camp, and the *Minnesota* and six or eight gun-boats are further down the bay. Our camp is one and a half miles up the river above the landing, and a half mile above the "Redoubt Erickson" that Co. E helped throw up while under the command of the late and much lamented Gen. Mansfield. Our Regiment has just received a supply of new A tents, which looks as if we might stop here some time, and another indication of the same is, that we have resumed Battalion and Brigade drills.

There is no dependence to be put in appearances, while writing the last sentence the Sergeant Major put his head into our tent and said "That, the number of men that had no shelter tents must be reported at headquarters before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning." Well, we are ready. It takes but thirty minutes to put this Regiment in marching order and we are so often on the move that we now hardly speculate as to where we are going, or how, but follow our leaders with a kind of dogged resolution to take what ever comes to us with as good grace as possible, looking for the end of our enlistment as a solace for all the trials, troubles and vexations of this unhappy war.

* *

Albert Simmons¹⁹³ March 5, 1863

Private Albert Simmons, son of Geo. Simmons, Esq., has returned home from Capt. S. H. Doten's company, 29th Reg., having been discharged on account of physical disability.

W N Hathaway Funeral¹⁹⁴ March 5, 1863

The funeral of Corp. W. N. Hathaway, who died at the convalescent camp near Alexandria, took place at the Universalist Church, in this town, on Sunday afternoon last, and the last sad ceremonies were performed to another of Plymouth's departed heroes.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Letter from Samuel H Doten, Newport News, VA¹⁹⁵ March 20, 1863

We take the following extract from a letter written by Capt. S. H. Doten to a friend.

From the 29th Reg.

Friend:

We broke camp yesterday and started in a heavy snow storm to the landing, to embark for, I don't know where, but I suspect we are bound West. We are now having the hardest storm of the winter, we are living hard in this storm, and I am afraid some of our troops are suffering much, we have got into some old log huts, but they are open, but it keeps off the storm some, and I have got a dry cold corner to drop you a line.

It is supposed we are going to Nashville, as the movement is so sudden, and we are told that our baggage will be reduced to the lowest possible amount. Well I am ready, and I think that we shall go there as the Rebs are getting desperate, and must get something to eat or starve. Our Major is sick again, and I have to take his place. Lieut. Winsor has command of company "E."

Letter from Unknown Author, Parkersburg, VA¹⁹⁶ March 25, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

When we wrote you last, we had not even the most distant idea that our next communication would be from the banks of the Ohio river; but so it is.

On the 18th inst., we received orders to have five days rations cooked and ready to start the next morning at 8 o'clock. As we did not receive the order till near ten o'clock in the evening, of course we had to draw rations and cook them that night, and in time next morning we struck our tents and were ready to march. At about ten o'clock a strong northeast snow storm set in and we had to stand without shelter till four o'clock p. m., when we marched to the landing with all of our camp equipage, ready to embark on board the transports; but as they had not (owing to the storm) arrived, we took shelter for the night in some of the old log barracks. The storm was very severe and we had to wait till Saturday, 21st inst., when we embarked on board the steamer *City of Richmond*, bound as we afterwards learned, to Baltimore, we sailed that night, and as it still stormed we had a rough passage, and at about three o'clock p. m. arrived and were put on board the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, bound West but where we know not, and after a tedious passage have arrived on the banks of the Ohio at this place.

We would like if we had time, to give you a brief description of the magnificent scenery through which we have passed on our passage hither, but shall have to defer that for some other time, if ever; but fearing that perhaps the friends of Co. E would be anxious to learn our whereabouts and our destination, we thought best to drop you a line, as we are on the wing and keep you posted.

The 29th Mass. Reg. is, as we are informed, the first Mass. regiment to go West, and as such excite much curiosity by the way and at stopping places, and a kind and friendly feeling is manifested towards us by all we meet. Western Virginia is strong Union, and it is the first time we have seen Union sentiments manifested in the State. At the town of Grafton we stopped for rations, and the ladies treated the soldiers and bid them God speed.

Times up. All on board. Write you again soon.

* *

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from Unknown Author, Paris, KY¹⁹⁷ March 30, 1863

Messrs. Editor:

The 29th reg., arrived here on the 27th inst., and encamped near the town for the purpose of protecting the railroad bridges of the Kentucky Central Railroad. There are two large bridges close to our camp which are of especial importance to the Union army at Lexington and the camp beyond, as over these all the army supplies that are forwarded from Cincinnati, the headquarters of the army, have to be transported; and as they become the more desirable, or at least their destruction becomes more desirable to the rebels, who are at this time using every means they can command to accomplish their object. We have already four heavy flanking stockades erected of twelve inch square hard wood timber, with loop holes in all directions, and substantially built, which will render good service should the rebels be so unwise as to attack us, and every day lessens their chance of ultimate success.

When I wrote you last I believe we had just reached Parkersburg, a town situated at the junction of the Little Kanawha river with the Ohio. It is a town of some note as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad terminates here, and all goods, produce, &c., are forwarded here for shipment East. Of course the Levee was crowded with steamboats and everybody full of business. Most all the boats are of light draft, not drawing over forty-two inches of water, and many of them not over eighteen or twenty inches when loaded, and yet they are splendid floating palaces. Some of them four stairs high and fitted up in superb style with everything that is beautiful, useful and attractive. The famous steamer *James Strader*, that was built at Cincinnati for the Louisville Mail Company, at a cost of \$170,000 lay at the Levee and was a perfect wonder in the way of steamboats. She is the largest boat on the Ohio river, being 347 long, 38 wide, and eight feet deep. Her cabin is 306 feet long and is furnished in a magnificent manner, and everything pertaining to her is of the best material and workmanship.

The 29th reg., was put on board the new steamer *Eclipse*, a stern wheel steamer drawing eighteen inches of water when fully loaded; and as soon as all our baggage was on board, we cast off and were soon steaming down the Ohio. The 29th Mass. reg., has the honor of being the first New England regiment that has been ordered West in this war, and being a Massachusetts regiment we attract a great deal of attention. We have been very cordially received on the route through Western Virginia, and were so as we approached the Ohio river. Western Virginia is quite strong for the Union. Soon after we started down the Ohio we passed a small village on the Virginia shore, where they displayed an unfinished flag for the new state of Western Virginia. The stripes were finished and the azure field of stars in which was placed the initial of the new State, was completed and brought down to the river's banks and held out to that we could see it. Of course we gave a cheering welcome to the prospective new comer, and hope soon to see her sitting in the bright galaxy of stars amid the sister states, free from the thralldom of slavery, happy and contented in the new position she voluntarily assumes in this the darkest hour of our Nation's history.

It must be beautiful to sail down the Ohio when the river's banks are dressed in their summer robes, and the vine is loaded down with its luscious burthen. As far as the eye can reach vineyards cover the hillside, and the neat little villages that dot the river's banks give abundant evidence that the cultivation of the grape is a decided success and yields good profits to the husbandman; even at this season of the year the plow is turning its smooth and even furrow, and the busy hand of the farmer is fast deposition the seed whose increase shall not only feed the hungry of our own land but the hungry of our unnatural mother, who in her dotage forgets her child and would rejoice in its destruction.

It was quite amusing to us on the route to see the look of wonder and surprise, when in answer to the oft repeated enquiry of "what Regiment is that?" they were told that it was the Mass. 29th, and very often you would hear the rejoinder of "Bully, for Old Massachusetts," "God bless Old Massachusetts," "Hurrah, for Old Massachusetts." When we arrived at Cincinnati, we were invited ashore to a beautiful collation, and officers

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and soldiers were treated with the greatest mark of respect and good feeling that could possibly be shown to them, when we reembarked on board the steamer, barrels of apples were distributed among the soldiers and the hearty cheers of the thousands who had gathered upon the levee to greet us, gave us the heartfelt assurance that whatever might be the destiny of these United States, that New England was enshrined in the great heart of the mighty West, that their destinies are the same, that their interest are identical, that pure New England blood circulates freely in Western veins, and they are as true to the memory of New England as we are to the memory of our Puritan ancestors. And when such miserable specimens of God's humanity as the Woods of New York, or Valendigham and Cox of Ohio, talk of leaving New England out in the cold, and of separating the East from the West, they simply show to the world that their own knowledge of human nature never extended beyond their own miserable carcasses, and that when they are permitted to catch an occasional glance at human nature, they look at it through the corrupt channels of a mean, sordid, avaricious, and contemptible mind. Leave New England out in the cold! Separate the mother from her offspring! Divide the blood that circulates in kindred veins! Create earth without a heaven, a home without happiness, or attempt to gather the stars of Heaven in a wicker basket to weave into garlands to deck the fairy form of woman, the incipient thought of its folly and he who is wise enough to attempt it theoretically or practically, is a stupendous first day of April victim.

Col. Pierce of the 29th, Mass. Reg. is in command of this post. We have plenty of rebel cavalry near us, our pickets were driven yesterday, but last night we retaliated, killed and wounded about fifty and took a large number of prisoners. We have just received orders that we are to leave here for Lexington, but as it is the first day of April, it is doubtful, when opportunity offers we will give you a brief description of the town and country.

* *

Letter from Unknown Author, Paris, KY¹⁹⁸ April 6, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

For the last month or two the good people of this section have been in continual fear of raids from every point on the compass; first here, then there; and every guerilla chief in the secesh army has been supposed to be in this immediate vicinity. Fat Humphrey Marshall has been seen by some frightened negro, waddling round in the neighborhood of Middleton. Blake has threatened Sterling. Pegram is on the Winchester pike, and Morgan's cavalry is all over the lot generally. Every day something terrible is about to happen, and every night it almost happens, and all of this fear and excitement is without cause, at present, whatever may have been the past. There have been raids made by the rebels into this town. When Morgan made his celebrated raid into this State he visited this town and took some three hundred wagon loads of powder, two to three hundred horses, and a large number of meat cattle; but it was done in as much of a gentlemanly way and as civil as could be expected from them; in fact they were gentlemen robbers and quite respectable thieves. Since that time, the features of such raids have materially changed the nature of the "chivalry," and they have degenerated to low, disgusting pickpockets and brutes, so low that it is in our opinion degrading to negro soldiers to have to fight them.

Heretofore they have abstained from injuring their secesh friends and shown some respect for the ladies, and their greatest wish was for conciliating their neighbors, and destroying all the property belonging to Uncle Sam; they used to buy what was wanted and pay for it, true it was in "the worthless rags of the confederacy," but it was some show of justice even for villains and scoundrels as they were, but now a change comes over the spirit of their dreams, and the low pettifogging thief and midnight marauder takes the place of the chivalric scoundrel, and now they come not on to rob the good Union men, but their friends; of course we are grateful to

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them for it and hope they will thus continue in well-doing till all those who sympathize and protect them may say, "Save me from my friends."

There has been a singular way of Union protection by our government in all most all of the towns round here. When the rebels make a raid in any of the towns the troops seem to have orders to retreat, from some one in this department, and the soldiers were beginning to think in this department that they had volunteered to retreat from the rebels whenever they made their appearance; but when Gen. Burnside took command a radical change was instituted, and the General said to the 29th Mass. when we were ordered here, "That the general practice had been that when our forces were attacked to retreat, I want none of that," said he, "nor must it be, the ground must be occupied and held at all hazards," and as that is our orders we expect to obey them, and not only that but make raids on our own hook.

Last night Lt. Col. Barnes, of our Regt., took 75 picked men, or rather volunteers, some of them from Co. E, and at ten o'clock started out on the Winchester pike. He went about eight miles and captured one captain and three soldiers, with their horses. One of them was the blackest, thievish looking rascal that we ever saw, and they were all bitter guerrillas and seemed perfectly astonished to find troops that were looking after them, and when they have Lt. Col. Barnes on their track they may as well give up first as last, as he is bound to have them.

The 29th Mass. Reg. stand in good favor with the citizens, and as we told you in our last, telegraphed to Gen. Burnside to keep us here. The following is a copy of the telegram:

Maj. Gen. Burnside:

The unconditional Union citizens of Paris desire the 29th Mass. Vol., to remain; it would be very agreeable to us and satisfactory.

Dr. W. A. Griffin,
For citizens,

The officers and soldiers are great favorites with the citizens, and are often invited to dine with them, and they seem much pleased when the invitation is accepted. Our respected selves have some half-dozen invitations ahead to attend to.

One of the Kentucky papers speaks thus of New England soldiers:

"We had with delight the arrival of New England soldiers in this State, and only find them high-toned, well-educated gentlemen. We have now McClellan's old veterans with us, and under a good General to give orders to advance on the foe, the rebels will suffer."

Within a few days we have given the guerillas a severe check and changed the looks of the guerrilla warfare "right smart," as they say here. We are pushing troops in to all the towns that are troubled with guerrillas, and are looking after them "in all the regions round about," and of which you will hear more soon.

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Letter from Unknown Author, Paris, KY¹⁹⁹ April 16, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Since we wrote you last the elections in Ohio have come off and the result is hailed with every demonstration of delight and gratification by the citizens and soldiers in this State. They feel that the attack of Vallandigham and his nest of copperheads has signally failed, and that the stain on the loyalty and integrity of their sister State has been fully washed out.

Could you but see the strong feeling that exists, and the hopes and fears that are expressed as daily the papers give doubtful news of success or defeat, you would then see the deep feeling that exists, and the strong

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attachment for the good old Union, that is part and parcel of their very nature, of the Union men and women of this State, and you would then see real sacrifice for principle, such as is not seen in any portion of the free States. Father and son, mother and sister, and even husband and wife take different views of the contest, and from loving friends become bitter enemies. Neighbors who have lived in perfect harmony and peace from childhood to age, now pass each other without recognition, and we have seen quite a number of families where one or more of the sons were in each army.

In the absence of the colonel a few days since, the command of the post devolved upon us, by which we had a still better chance to see the evil and misery of which we speak.

Nearly opposite our headquarters lives a family, the husband of which is in the Confederate army, and is, of course, absent; but the wife and daughter cling to the "good old Union," as she expresses it, and is determined to stand by the flag let the consequence be what it may, she says she does so from principle as a true woman and a Christian, believing that God has pointed the way for her to pursue. Yet she is subject to all the trials of those opposed to the Government, has had her house searched, and we today, as in duty bound, stopped the trunks of the daughter as she was leaving to join her husband, to see if nothing contraband was contained therein. This was very humiliating to the pride of the mother, as she descended from the F. F. Vs. [first families of Virginia] of Virginia, and it was the first time in a long life that even suspicion of wrong was ever fastened upon her. Of course she, as well as the daughter, were very indignant, and your correspondent had about as much as he could attend to under running fire from two such batteries, of the real old Virginia blood, stung to the quick by what they deemed an insult to the honor of a long ancestral line; but still for all this they both remain strong for the Union, while the husband and sister are as strong "secesh," and if when they are all together their exchange of sentiment bears any comparison to our own experience, the weaker vessel has our heartfelt sympathies and commiseration.

We are making frequent raids out among the secesh gentry, between here and Mt. Sterling and Winchester, and almost daily pick up soldiers and secessionists; they fear us, and do anything but pray for Massachusetts troops while it seems as if the Union people here cannot do too much for us; they are ready at all times to feed the soldiers and do what they can for their comfort, and the sick are objects of especial attention and favor. Truly, for a season "our lines have fallen in pleasant places," and as we have been for the last year ever on the move, faring hard,, living hard, and those who have died, dying hard, we feel truly grateful to the power above us for this probable unintentional ray of sunlight that is so cheering to the way-worn soldier.

On Sunday last the field and line officers of this Regiment were invited to dine with Hon. Garrett Davis, who is or was formerly, a member of Congress from this district. Mr. Davis is a fine specimen of the old Henry Clay whigs of Kentucky, and is one of those true conservative Union men who stand firm on the constitution and the laws. Looks at the days of Nullification as the time, and a conflict of Southern interests and aristocratic principles as the first great cause of our present troubles. He was an intimate friend of Henry Clay and justly reveres the memory of this illustrious son of Kentucky. He is heart and soul in the Union cause and is making great sacrifices for country and principle. Such men living in a slave State and advocating such principles would put to shame, if it were possible, those Northern soft-heads, dough-faces, and maudling politicians who pander to the interests and crawl at the feet of a Southern slave-holder. Kentuckians despise such sham democracy, and Southern slaveholders spit upon them, "and use them for their mirth, yea, for their laughter when they are waspish."

For a circle of ten to fifteen miles around here we keep the rebels well stirred up. Lt. Col. Barnes is among them when they least expect it, and will soon become (if he is not now,) as notorious as John Morgan, he is

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now out on a raid towards Mt. Sterling, and should he attempt to make a search you may depend it will be done thorough.

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Letter from Samuel H Doten, Somerset, KY²⁰⁰ May 14, 1863

Co. E, 29th Mass. Reg., have been through some rough work, but their Captain [SH Doten] is bound to have his joke as usual, no matter how rough the way is, as will be seen by the following:

Friend H ---:

As the *Rock* and *'Memo'* are united, I suppose that the accounts of the *Rock* have fallen into your hands. If so, will you please write me the amount of my indebtedness to the concern, as I do not wish to die with a printer's bill on my conscience. I have been told that when no other bill would pass current for ferryage over Jordan, that old "Charon" has passed many a wicked sinner over on the presentation of a receipted printer's bill, with the remark that he would put a man through even at the last gasp if he had not defrauded the printer. I would like to have it before the next battle, as at the last battle a soldier was struck full in the breast near his vest pocket by a six pound shot, at short range, which glanced off and went through his next neighbor. On examination, it was found that the first had a receipted printers' bill in his vest pocket, while the other had a four years' dun for subscriptions.

We had an alarm last night, but it amounted to nothing. "Morgan" is close to us and threatens to "gobble" us' but it is all threat, and we laugh at it, and as soon as we get our reinforcements we shall soon see if he will make good his boast, "that he will hold the south bank of the Cumberland river."

Letter from Unknown Author, Somerset, KY²⁰¹ May 16, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Do for heaven's sake, let us exiled mortals get an occasional glimpse at the "*Memo*." We have not seen that old familiar and welcome friend since the twenty-fourth of April, and all sorts of surmises as to the reason are rife among the boys. Some think that the "conscript" has taken the "lit' un" and left the "big' un" in "heaps of trouble," and no knowledge of our present location. Others think that the high price of Cod has upset the usual decorum of the whole editorial corps and they have all gone a fishing.

We are ever changing our location, but we still remain in the second Brigade, first Division, ninth Army Corps, our location being now Gen. Burnside's Department of the Ohio. The trouble, no doubt, is in the Post Office department of the West, as letters properly directed are often three to four weeks reaching us. There is not that care and attention given to the movement of troops and their location in the West that there is at the East, and a great want of promptness in the business of the Post Office department.

Our Brigade still remains here waiting for the "movement of the waters," which seems to be troubled enough at other points for those who are ready to "dip in," out here the rebels seem to have suddenly subsided, leaving everything as calm and placid as

"Sinless Eden, when the gentlest pair,
(In their Creator's image planted there,)
Together walked or sat in sylvan bower,
Or, in the moon's mild lustre wandering stood
And their Great Maker saw that all was good."

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We are now encamped on the battle-field where our Gen. (Carter) engaged Gen. Pegram and drove his army across the Cumberland river, which is about five miles from here. It was a sharp, short, and decisive battle, and every little hill-top covered with rifle pits show with what energy and determination our troops contended with the enemy at every point, to finally win a victory as complete as it was successful.

John Morgan has taken position on the south bank of the river, and, as he says, intends that to be the impassable bounds for the Union army. Perhaps John is a true prophet and will keep his intentions good, but we Yankees always have a doubt till we have a fair trial, and then, (as in law) take the benefit of the doubt.

Before this Brigade came here Morgan, although driven across the river, seemed to feel equal to the task of regaining a foothold on this side, and was continually making raids near here, but now he seems to have a wholesome dread of 'McClellan's old troops' (as they call us here) and is very quietly waiting for the spirit to move us, to give him battle. We are not one of the anxious kind and are not "spoiling for a fight" like many that have only "snuffed the battle from afar;" our regiment has been in seven regular stand up battles, where the rebels have thrown their shot and shell among us with a "perfect looseness" and without regard to human life. We have seen the elephant in his different positions; admired him when he stood on four legs, and wondered when we see him stand on two, and are no longer anxious to see him again even if he should stand on one leg; but just at this time, and under all the circumstances, we should like to be near enough to exchange cards and take his photograph. We are daily expecting fifteen to twenty thousand troops here, and when they arrive there must be a move of some kind or we shall all starve, as we do not have but two-thirds rations now. And here let me possibly enlighten you and your numerous readers by giving you the true reason, for often after a decisive battle in which our troops have been victorious, and when it seems to you at home that that victory should have been followed up, it is not done, and our army retreats back. This army is now in exact position to illustrate. Should we move forward and defeat the rebel army we could not possibly follow them twenty-five miles without waiting for our supply train to come up, and as we are now on two-thirds rations, the supply then would be, of course, very short. All our supplies have to be carted sixty miles, as the country has been foraged by both armies till the inhabitants themselves are suffering for the common necessities of life. There is neither hay nor grain to be found for a great distance around us, and the horses look as if they had passed through the first year of the Egyptian famine. This may explain to you why in this country the many victories are not followed up, although it may not explain why Hooker did not follow up that great victory for which he thanked God and the soldiers.

Paris, Ky., is still a military post, but for what purpose I cannot tell. At this time the shadow of six defunct old ladies would afford sufficient protection for the town, and a dozen or two of Hoosier soldiers would keep the railroad bridges from harm or danger; and why the War Department should deem it necessary to keep some three hundred good men at that place is hard to understand, when their presence in the field of active service would be more for the benefit of the country, more especially when so many are leaving whose term of service has expired. It is a good safe place for those who in the hour of battle have "their hair stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine;" but it is no place for those who wish to see our beloved country once more at peace and again blessed with the smiles of God, prosperous and happy.

Major Chipman is again with us restored to health and as ready as ever to do good service in battle for his country, and while the regiment is under the command of such men as Lt. Col. Barnes and Major Chipman you need have no fear for the result when in action, as they are composed of that stern, solid material that makes men heroes and patriots.

Co. E has been twice disgraced by desertion; two of its members have ingloriously deserted the flag of their adopted country, and have not only disgraced the service but have doomed their friends to bear the stigma of the disgraceful and dishonorable act. These two worthies bear the cognomen of

RETURN OF THE DEAD

JOHN E. MORRISON and
PATRICK SMITH

If they should return to Plymouth, don't for Heaven's sake send them back here, but keep them as select specimens of how low a man can degrade himself and still live and breathe in this land of liberty, and under the protection of that flag which they have deserted in the greatest peril. We fear we have one more; a "native to the manor born." We shall wait a short time longer, and if so, give the public the benefit of a short history.

* *

Article on Location of 29th Regiment²⁰² May 22, 1863

The 29th Regiment last at Paris, was ordered to Stanford, Ky., and left on Sunday last. Col. Pierce and some of the officers remained behind on business, but on Monday, after the Regiment had left, the order was countermanded, owing to the earnest representations of the citizens made to Gen. Burnside, and it is expected the Regiment has, ere this time, returned to Paris. This is the second time the Regiment has been ordered away, and the second time the order has been countermanded by the solicitation of the citizens of Paris. The soldiers of the 29th have made sad havoc, it is reported, with the hearts of the most susceptible sex, and when the Regiment took the cars at the depot, the platform, presented a lively scene of tears and pocket handkerchiefs.

Letter from Unknown Author, Somerset, KY²⁰³ May 22, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

This day is our anniversary. It is just two years today since company E, then in one of the great strongholds of the nation, (Fortress Monroe, Va.,) surrounded by frowning battlements and all the implements of destructive warfare, took the customary oath to support the Laws and Constitution of our country, to fight for her honor and integrity, and if need be, to lay down their lives in defending that flag and those principles that were the pride of our fathers and the glory of those who fought for liberty and equal rights in the battles of the Revolution.

Nothing cheers the hearts of the soldiers so much as the success of the cause in which he is engaged, and enkindles in his breast the hope that when his troops are called into action, that they may win as great a victory, and that desire moves his heart and arm to do good service in the hour of trial.

In front of us, on the south side of the river, the rebels have gathered in considerable force south of Steubenville. Gen. Morgan is supposed to be in command, with four or five regiments of infantry and ten pieces of artillery, and also Gen. Buckner, of Fort Warren notoriety, has twenty or more regiments at Morristown in East Tennessee. The gathering of the clans in that part of Tennessee that borders on Kentucky, would indicate a raid into this state or they may be gathering to watch our movements and hold us in check should we attempt to move into Tennessee; or this sudden movement of their troops may be for the object of more certainly whipping the army of the Cumberland, to which they look with great hope, as the pickets at the river say that if they can only whip Rosecrans their independence is a sure thing, and the poor deluded heathen seem to fully believe it. Let the purpose be what it may, our General has an eye upon them and watches their movements closely, and if they think to flank Rosecrans by this movement we shall be sadly mistaken if they do not at the same time find a fire in their rear that will send all their ideas of flanking and independence a wool gathering, and start them on the double quick in a south-easterly direction.

We are all rejoicing here at the great and decisive victories at Vicksburg, Jackson, and other places won by Gen. Grant, and it is having a great moral effect on the army, inspiring them with new courage and giving a

Co. E, 29th Regiment

new impulse to all departments, and they are fast regaining their confidence in the success of our arms that was lost by the defeats and disasters at Charleston and on the Rappahannock.

There is no special news here; we are looking for movements every day, our cavalry, are constantly on the scout to prevent surprise, as we are full to the front, and have to exercise great vigilance and caution. There is hardly a day but our cavalry pick up a few prisoners.

Of course you have seen that Gen. Burnside not only gives orders, but has them obeyed, and has struck a copperhead in high life and has sent him to his friends in the South; but I have many doubts about their receiving the seditious rascal, and he may yet be made to realize the sense of the soliloquy of the "used up man" where he says:

"I 'spect that when I dies from Satan I'll be driven
And have to loaf about outside the walls of heaven"

I have not much doubt but that he will be turned out of the hell of the South, and if he should ever get back to the heaven of the North may he receive that elevated position (by the aid of Kentucky hemp) that should be accorded to traitors, and to which all the army rank and file would shout a loud amen.

* *

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Somerset, KY²⁰⁴ June 3, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

The symptoms of active warfare begin to assume a serious aspect in these regions, and our little army stationed at this place are kept in constant readiness to move at a moment's warning. Last week the rebels became quite troublesome, and quite a body of them made a raid across the river near the mouth of "Fishing Creek" and "Mill Spring," about twelve miles from here, and captured some of our pickets and a few horses. A cavalry force under Col. Krantz, of the 2d Ohio Mounted Infantry, was immediately dispatched to the scene of action, which not only made the rebels double on their own track, but doubled quite a number of them up, marked and labeled for a ground sweat, besides taking a number of prisoners and horses. These raids are getting most too common and the enemy too familiar with our pickets, and orders have of late been given to shoot whoever appears on the south side of the river in the shape of soldiers, let them be pickets or otherwise. This has had a salutary effect and the rebels give the banks of the river a wide berth, although they show themselves on the highlands beyond. Some eight hundred cavalry exposed themselves to the admiring gaze of our pickets a few days since, but accidentally a section of the Mountain Howitzer Battery got sight of them and sent a few compliments on their first appearance in the shape of a shell, that so astonished them that the place that knew them for a moment will probably know them no more at present, if ever. A day or two since our cavalry crossed the river with a section of the Mountain Howitzer Battery and made a raid of ten or twelve miles, taking eighty prisoners, securing quite a number of horses, and returned. With our cavalry it seems to be a perfect mania to secure horses, and frequently on a raid if they find a horse better than the one they have and they have no means to bring it to camp, they change saddles and turn their horse loose to shift for himself, while they flourish and curvet [a leap of a horse from a rearing position] the new one, and probably give him his first introduction to the use of the spur and carbine, and it is astonishing how soon they become accustomed to both.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

On Sunday that never-failing sign of a forward movement, a Pontoon train, arrived here, or, at least, the first section, the other having been delayed, and of course the following order to our Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the regiment and through him to the regiment was the immediate result:

HEADQUARTERS 29TH REGT. M. V.

Somerset, Ky., June 1, 1863

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 25

Commanders of Companies will immediately comply with the requirements of circular from Head Quarters, 4th Division Army Central Kentucky, dated June 1, 1863, they will immediately notify the regimental Quartermasters of the amount of baggage in possession of themselves and officers in excess of thirty pounds to each officer.

The officers will see that every package of baggage is distinctly marked – the men will only be allowed to take an extra change of under-clothing, and extra pair of shoes in knapsack, the balance of clothing will be sent back with officers' baggage, and the Quartermasters must be immediately notified of the amount to be sent.

When the command marches the men will carry three days' rations in haversacks and five days' small rations in knapsacks, and Company commanders will explain to their men the necessity of taking proper care of their rations as none will be issued until the eight days have expired.

No more than thirty pounds of baggage for each officer will be carried.

By command of

Lt. Col. Joseph H. Barnes,

Comd'g 29th Regt. Mass. Vols.

H. S. Braden, Act. Adjt.

No provision is made for soldier's blanket or tent, but we suppose he will be allowed to carry them if he can possibly stand up and travel under his load. As to the officer's baggage the valise or trunk generally weighs from ten to twenty pounds, the books and papers of his company as much more, so that if he goes according to regulations he will have to march in about the same uniform that clothed our first parents when they left Eden. We have a hard march before us, and when we shall have out where we go to, probably you will say the same troops that have been on a part of the route give hard descriptions and think that hunger will follow close upon us, as it did upon them, and if we look for hardships, hard fare, and labor, to say nothing of fighting, we shall not be disappointed, however, we shall not anticipate, but take it as it comes, and having got pretty well used to it for the last two years, we think we can stand most anything reasonable.

As frequent inquiries are made about who are with Co. E at this time, we give below the following list of officers and men present – true it is small, but it is good:

Captain, S. H. Doten; 2d Lieut., Peter Winsor. Sergeants, H. W. Jenks, G E Wadsworth, J S Holbrook, H Kimball. Corporals, S W Paty, S Wright, J Shannon, J K Alexander, M Barnes, T Hayden, T Collingwood. Privates – C Atwood, E D Barnes, B F Bates, G F Bradford, N Burgess, G E Burbank, S L Churchill, W P Gooding, O D Holmes, W. Howland, L B Morton, W T Nickerson, G H Partridge, G T Peckham, A R Robbins, J. Stillman, W Thompson, J Washburn, J B. Whiting, David Williams.

The above list comprises all of Co. E present or that came with the company into Kentucky, except Frank H. Simmons, who not only has proved a disgrace to his friends but a disgrace to his company and regiment, by deserting his country's service in the hour of peril, and deserting that flag that has been his protection of the ocean and on the land. Any man that will steep his brain in whiskey and then let a courtesan seduce him from his duty, clean, and then clear him out, has certainly drunk deep at the bitter fountain, and his hopes of happiness in this world must rest on a small foundation.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

It is not certain yet when we shall take up our line of march, but probably this week. When we sent our extra baggage to the rear, we took a "last, fond look" at it, as we probably will never see it again, and we parted with blankets, overcoats, &c., as with old friends, remembering that they had kept us warm through a rough, cold winter, and that often when we have returned to our little tent be numb and shivering with cold, we have snuggled beneath our blanket and was soon dreaming of home and happiness.

* *

Letter from Unknown Author, Mississippi River, Island No. 10²⁰⁵ June 11, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Our steamer has just stopped at this famous place for orders, and as we promised to drop you a line "on the wing" thought this would be a good place to begin it.

When we wrote you last we fully expected at this time to be in East Tennessee, foot-sore and weary, traveling o'er the Cumberland Mountains. We had our rations ready and were under orders; but soldiers are creatures of chance and change; they know where they are on the hour, but where they will be the next is as uncertain as a crop of corn in a sheep pasture, or the codicil to a bankrupt's will.

On the morning of June 4th we expected to start for East Tennessee, but at one o'clock of that morning we received orders by telegraph to break camp immediately and march to Nicholasville, about seventy miles distant. We started at daylight and marched eighteen miles and encamped; the next day we marched about eighteen miles, and on the next reached Nicholasville. We had a very hard journey, as it was very hot, dry, and dusty; oftentimes the regiment could not be distinguished at ten yards distant on account of the dust, and the men and the officers were so covered with it that it was difficult to recognize them. Many of the regiment and brigade (as the whole brigade was on the move,) gave out, and were left behind to come up through the night. If they could, which some did; all of Co. E were up at ten o'clock that night, but some of them were so lame and foot-sore that they could hardly walk, but a determination not to be left behind, overcome all other feelings, and they marched along over many a weary mile, where others less determined sank by the roadside. No other company in the whole regiment did so well or stood the march so well as Co. E.

On the morning of June 8th we took the cars for Cincinnati, passing through Paris, where we stopped for a few moments and saw some of the others of the 29th, who are as they say, very anxious to make their mark, yet loafing around Paris under detail, so as to keep out of the hardships and dangers of field service, where they would possibly be of some service to their country, instead of hanging around a place where they are of no more use than a boot black would be in the kingdom of Heaven, or a pair of red plush breeches to a young cherub. In all cases there are honorable exceptions. It is so here and if ever called upon we are ready to give our opinion.

We arrived at Cincinnati late in the afternoon, and the whole regiment was provided with a bountiful [illegible], and at ten o'clock on that same evening we took cars for Cairo, Illinois. On the road to Cairo we passed through the States of Indiana and Illinois, and it was easy to see the difference between slave and free labor, even in comparison with old Kentucky, where slavery assumes its most favorable phase. The face of the country seems changed. Farm houses look more comfortable. The eternal log cabin of all slave states has disappeared, and in its place the small but neat cottage dots the roadside, and an air of thrift pervades the whole farming districts. Comfort and happiness sit upon the door-step, praying with bright eyed, healthy children and rosy cheeked, blooming lassies full of health and spirits, greet us at the homes and by the roadside as we pass through their villages.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

When we passed over the Wabash River and entered the State of Illinois, we soon opened on the immense prairie lands of that State. As far as the eye can see the broad expanse of land is level; cultivated and dotted over with farm houses and villages, and at this season of the year it is really beautiful to see the broad fields of grain waving in the wind, giving promise of abundance in the seed time and harvest of God's promise.

To us there is nothing beautiful in the look or appearance of a prairie village. The beauty of hillside and valley is lost in the dead, flat prospect; the eye catches and comprehends the whole in a moment, leaving nothing to admire or interest.

When we arrived at Cairo we were immediately embarked aboard the steamer *Mariner*, bound down the river, but where we do not know, but suppose Vicksburg. The whole brigade had already embarked and were waiting orders. (There were five large steamers loaded with troops, and one battery on the boat with ourselves.) At 11 o'clock at night orders were received, and we were soon out of the Ohio river and steaming on the broad Mississippi; and here we are at this famous Island No. 10 receiving orders to still keep our course down river.

Island No. 10 is quite pretty place, but as stronghold it does not come up to our expectations. It is about thirty feet above the level of the river now, and about twenty when the river is full. The forts have been probably leveled, as they was nothing to be seen of consequence, but it must have been quite well fortified to resist and hold out so long against the force brought against it. Still we cannot see why it should not be easily reduced at any time from the main land, and why it should be very difficult to take possession of the main land for that purpose we cannot comprehend. We don't think so much of it as we did, and don't think so much of the exploit of taking it as probably it deserves. We have just passed Fort Wright on the Tennessee shore, and if no untoward event happens, we expect to arrive at Memphis at about midnight, when we shall have to stop to report, and when we hope to mail letters for home.

* *

Letter from Unknown Author, on board steamer²⁰⁶ June 12, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

We arrived at Memphis, Tennessee, at two o'clock this morning and found the rest of our brigade here; the other brigades of our division are ahead of us, we are to meet at the mouth of White River and all proceed to Vicksburg under convoy of gunboats.

We have to stop here to coal up, and it takes a long time to do so. We are not allowed to go on shore, and for that reason have to take our view of the city from the river; but that view is rather favorable to the place and its location. It seems to be well situated on a high bluff, and the buildings built in that good substantial character that is so characteristic of the West. In traveling through the West, one cannot fail to observe the singular massive style of architecture so prevalent in the cities and many of the villages. Many of the farm houses are large, massive brick houses, such as often grace the suburbs of Northern cities, and to all appearances are palatial residences, fitted up and adorned with all the elegance and taste of the most refined society. There does not seem to be any intermediate grade (or, at least, it is seldom seen) between the brick mansion and the log cabin, and society seems to partake of the same nature, more especially in Kentucky, the wide gulf between master and slave is as wide between rich and poor, and is as hard to cross. The height of learning and the lowest depths of ignorance live side by side in the villages, and in the city vice in all its forms takes the highest seat in the temple, and is caressed and petted by all grades of society.

We waited here for the arrival of Gen. Potter, who commands our division, till Sunday at four P. M., when we started on our voyage down river. Our fleet consists of five large steamers: the *Dacotah*, *Diamond*, *Meteor*, *Lenora*, and *Mariner*, all well fitted with troops. Ours (the *Mariner*) has on board besides the 29th Regt., one

Co. E, 29th Regiment

New York battery with all their horses, guns and camp equipage, making a crowded mess of men on one of the meanest steamers, or rather one of the meanest conducted steamers probably on the river – if there is any other whose officers are meaner or more despicable, we pity those who have to take passage with them; for ourselves we would sooner take passage from Cairo to New Orleans in a good sized alligator a la Jonah, than to be at the tender mercy of such a set of Jews, and narrow, contracted, half-souled Israelites, whose sole idea seems to be how to get the most money for the smallest compensation, and how to rob the soldier of his hard earned gains in the meanest, smallest, and most scientific manner. We told them we would give them a first-rate notice, and we again say that a man can get starved for the most money on that boat than on any other in the river, and if this boat is a sample of the living on board of the Mississippi River steamboats, God pity the river travelers.

We proceeded on our voyage down the river to the mouth of White river, where we stopped for the night, and in the morning was taken under convoy of two gunboats. Our pickets were fired upon here, as we were obliged to picket the woods for fear of a surprise, but no damage to our side. On Tuesday we were fired upon by guerillas from the shore, and returned the fire from our battery, the gunboats shelling the woods at the same time. During a severe squall one of our boats was blown ashore, and our boat grounded once, and in the height of the squall took fire over the boilers, which was soon got under without material damage. We again stopped at Lake Providence for the night, and Wednesday morning started for the Yazoo river. We arrived at Snyder's Bluffs at noon, and disembarked, and were marched about three miles toward Vicksburg, where we now (June 19) are encamped. You need have no fear for Vicksburg, it is surely ours, and we believe the large part of Johnston's army will be so in a short time. Our government is at work with a will and determination to end this war on the Mississippi, and is exerting all its energies for that purpose, and it will be accomplished. As the mail is about to start we must close. We are now in Christ's Brigade, Potter's Division, 9th Army Corps, near Vicksburg.

In giving you the names of those who are now with the company, and who went with it to Kentucky, we omitted the name of Charles E. Tillson of Plymouth, one of our best men, and one who has always been with his company, faithful to his trust and to his duty. Company 'E' has received thirteen recruits since it left Plymouth, of which, only Tillson and G. F. Peckham have been able to stick the fatigues incident to camp life, and they are the only ones with the company at this time.

* *

Letter from Charles Tillson, Camp Rear of Vicksburg, MS²⁰⁷ June 23, 1863

Ed. Memo and Rock:

In your valuable paper of June 12, I notice a letter from your correspondent of the 29th Reg., in which a list (or what purports to be a list) is given of the members of Co. E then present. And the statement is there made that "This is all of Co. E present, or that came into Kentucky with the Regiment, with but one exception."

As my name is not mentioned among the number, I consider it my duty, in justice to myself, as well as to my friends at home, to state that I was present; that I came into Kentucky with my company and Regiment, and have slept away from them but four nights (except when on picket) since my name was first placed upon their roll, and farther, I have been in every battle or skirmish that they have been in, excepting two nights out of the four above mentioned, when circumstances beyond my control prevented it, and these were during the retreat from before Richmond.

In correcting this statement, I do it from no feeling of ill-will, or any desire to parade my name in public. But every true soldier, though he may be a private in the rear rank, feels that if he does his duty, he serves his

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country and her cause as faithfully as he who wears the stars of Generalship upon his shoulder, and though but a private he carries in his breast a soldier's heart, and feels a soldier's pride.

There is in the heart of every man some pride, and that pride which stimulates one to serve his country and fight for principles so noble as those of Freedom, Justice and Humanity, is a pride which he need not be ashamed of, or blush to acknowledge that he possesses it.

While we privates feel our own insignificance in a military point of view, still we realize that there is a responsibility rests upon us, and upon our courage, strength, and firmness, finally rest the great issues of the conflict; and we are sensible also that there are those who look to us to strike that blow for freedom which circumstances prevent them from striking themselves. And those of our descendants, who are to come after us, while they enjoy the blessings our blood bought, will not fail to love and revere the memory of those who by their privation, toil, and blood, saved Freedom's Banner from the danger which threatened it, and destroyed the last enemy that struck at its vitals.

Then do not censure us if we are zealous of our honor and fame, for fear some one should seek to despoil us of it, for though we are but minute parts of one great whole, still there are those at home who love us, and in whose heart we have an abiding place, as dear to us as that which a successful Commanding General possesses in the hearts of his countrymen.

What we earn of honor and glory is hard earned, and what we have earned at so great a sacrifice we prize too highly to allow the stroke of a pen to take from us.

To my friends I will say in conclusion, that I came to war to serve my country as a patriot soldier, and God helping me, I will do it; and when I betray their trust, and prove myself unworthy of their esteem, let them cast me away as worthless dross.

Yours, &c., C. E. Tillson

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Rear of Vicksburg, MS²⁰⁸ June 23, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

An unexpected but not an unlooked for pleasure greeted us last evening, in receiving by the regular course of mail the '*Memo and Rock*' of the 12th inst. This is the first news from home we have received by paper or letter for near five weeks, and even at this time it is the only news, as no other letter or paper came with it; every one wished to hear it read, and then read it himself. Every one was willing that the Captain should be read it first if he could, but owing to a slight pimple on the forehead, that by chafing and cold has assumed undue proportions, he had the appearance of having tried his skill in the pugilistic art and got the worst of it, in fact he looked about the eyes as 'Heenan' was supposed to look when 'Sayers' presented him with the last eye closer in the English sporting ring; so the 'Orderly' took it to the camp fire and read it to all hands, beginning at "*O. C. Memorial*" and finishing it at "Job Printing" done at this office, even the advertisements possessed new charms, and the boys were highly pleased to learn that 'Strong' kept "Ladies Delights," and wanted 'six hundred thousand more,' that 'Steve' had just received the 'Spring styles' that Doten had got "something new," and that lumber was yet to be had of Robbins, and drain tile of Jackson; that although the old Physician's sands of life had run out, the 'Confessions and Experiences of an Invalid' still remained; but some of the boys suggested that it might be a good plan to either shingle that "New Livery Stable" or alter its date; but what pleased their fancy most was "Girl Wanted," 'apply at this office,' they all know that there is one bachelor editor [William T. Hollis – presumed by use of Ancestry.com 1860 and 1870 U.S. Federal Census records] to the paper, and they are anxious to know if the advertisement proves successful, as, if so, you may expect a full column of similar advertisements from the bachelors of Co. 'E.'

Co. E, 29th Regiment

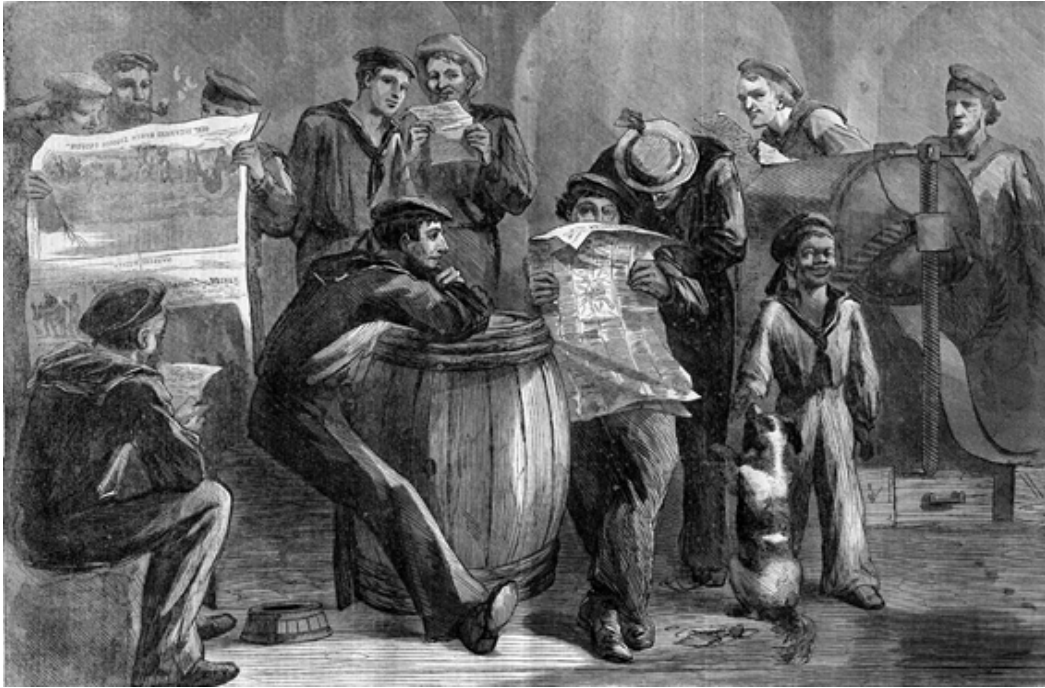


Figure 26. Civil War Sailors Reading Harper's Weekly Newspaper Tween Decks News from Home²⁰⁹

We are entrenching ourselves strongly here by breastworks and rifle pits, as we expect Gen. Johnston will soon be paying us his compliments, and want to be ready to receive him in a proper shape and manner. We have now one thousand men on fatigue today in the trenches. Lt. Winsor is away with a detachment today under Maj. Chipman from our regiment, and the continual sound of cannon day and night admonishes us that whatever is to be done must be done quickly. Gen. Grant thinks he has certain information that Gen. Pemberton has been in communication with Gen. Johnston, and that there is to be a preconcerted movement for Johnston to attack in the rear while at the same time Pemberton is to attempt to cut his way out from Vicksburg and thus save his army if he cannot save the city. 'Forewarned should be forearmed,' and we think we shall be ready to meet the test and stand the trial, at any rate there will be but work and bloody before that project will be carried into effect for we be made to yield to any force that the rebels can bring against us.

Vicksburg is indeed a stronghold, and it will require patience and perseverance to possess it. Naturally strong in its position it has been fortified by good judgments and skillful engineering till it is almost impregnable, and a few thousand men if well supplied could hold it against all the troops that could be brought against it, it is really the Sebastopol of the United States, and bids grim defiance to our army and navy; but as Sebastopol fell, so will Vicksburg, for nothing earthly can withstand the strong will and determination of man, and both of those elements are here in this army and its leaders, and we feel confident if we are permitted to live a short time longer, of seeing the star spangled banner again waving gracefully on the breeze where now waves that abortion of the Southern traitors.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

There was quite a battle at the city on Saturday morning last. Two thousand picked men of Pemberton's army made a sortie and captured one of our batteries, but they had 'reckoned without their host,' as Grant soon had a cross fire upon them, and they were glad to retreat, leaving our battery and one of their too, which we took possession of.

Our men that are to the front have had weary work. They have twenty-four hours guard, these twelve hours off, then twelve hours in the trenches and the next day guard again. They are getting worn down with fatigue, but are very healthy and well fed. There are but very few on the sick list.

Our troops are in very close proximity to the rebels in many places; but fifteen or twenty feet divide them, and of course our side is busy in a peculiar way, of which you may probably hear from other sources even before you [get] this, suffice it to say we are not idle. The sentries walk their beat within ten feet of each other and talk together, but do not shoot at each other, but if a man shows his head above the trenches on either side, he stands a 'right smart' chance of having an extra hole in it, and an ounce of lead added to his brain, all of which not being very agreeable; but very few let their search after knowledge run their heads into danger. As most of the rebel guns are of heavy caliber, our sharpshooters keep them from doing any damage in the day time, and in the night time we take care that their range shall not be very effective. The rebels pretend to have plenty provisions and offer to swap soft bread for hard, and for coffee; but we have our doubts and think this but a little game of brag, and that they are getting short of bread and food of all kinds, and by the way they use their ammunition we think they have no great supply of that – hope not at any rate, as it is a dangerous article in their hand, and they may do much damage with it.

Lt. Col. Barnes has got his regiment in fighting trim again and you need not fear for the honor of the old 29th, or that it will in any way tarnish that reputation he has labored so long to give it; more especially while here among our Western friends, who look upon us with jealous eyes.

On Sunday last our Dr. Cogswell was down at Vicksburg, and within fifteen feet of the rebels. The Doctor being a perfect Yankee, tried to trade knives with one of the rebels, but the rebel declined trading, saying that the doctor's knife was too dull to cut bacon.

* *

Letter from Unknown Author, Jackson, MS²¹⁰ July 18, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

As we have the promise of a mail being forwarded from here in the course of the next hour, we have taken the opportunity of dropping you a line just to give you and other friends at home our whereabouts.

We started on the 29th day of June from Millville, near the Yazoo, and took up our line of march, leaving our baggage (what little we have left) behind, to take a new position between Grant and Johnston, and on the 1st inst. took position and threw up entrenchments, cut down the forest, and were soon ready for an attack. Everything remaining quiet however till the 4th inst., when Vicksburg having surrendered, on the morning of that day we were ordered to start at 3 o'clock, P. M., with four days rations, for the Big Black River. On the 5th, when near the River, there was skirmishing along the whole line, some of the regiments losing quite heavily; the 5th Iowa losing forty-four in killed and wounded.

On the 5th we were ordered to march at dark, but a heavy squall came up and prevented the movement, rendering it so dark that it was impossible to proceed. Here Lieut. [Peter] Winsor of Co. E, having got his discharge from the service, left us; we were all sorry to have him leave, but glad for him that he had got clear of this detestable country and out of the army. A large majority of the officers would have liked to have his chance and opportunity.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

On the 7th we were ordered (as usual) to start at one o'clock, P. M., with the heat to at least 100 in the shade; we crossed the Big Black at three o'clock, but near one half of the regiment gave out before crossing, the heat was so excessive. Temporary bridges had been thrown across the river, which is here about a hundred yards wide, but quite deep. We crossed in three columns, the 9th army corps being the centre column. At 8 o'clock this evening we had one of the most terrific thunder storms we ever experienced; it rained very hard, but we were still kept on the march, although it was so dark that we had to take hold of each other, not only to keep our way but to keep from falling down, as the soil being all clay, was very slippery and the mud was over shoe. We marched till eleven o'clock, when we halted, having in the last three hours marched about one and a half miles, and as the ground was wet, and the men wet through, we could not make ourselves very comfortable. A Virginia fence near us was set on fire, and we stood and dried ourselves as best we could. At two o'clock the next morning we had a second edition of the tempest. At four o'clock P. M., we were again on the road, marched till two o'clock on the morning of the 9th inst., when we rested till 7 o'clock, A. M., and again took up the line of march. We passed the village of Clinton today, but not near enough to see much of it; at eight o'clock, P. M., we halted, and our regiment (as usual) was ordered on picket.

The rebels, as they learn in part of us, set nearly all the cotton and cotton presses on fire, and what they do not destroy we do. A fine house with its furniture was destroyed today by our army, the owner having left. We thought we had left about all that could be required of us, but this morning (July 10,) we were ordered to pile up our knapsacks and tents and leave them under guard of some poor sick soldiers, and immediately take up the line of march, and marched about three miles north of Jackson City and took up our position on the Railroad leading north from the city. A battery was put in position, and the 29th Reg., ordered to support it. We burned quite a number of cotton presses and mansions today, whose owners were known to be strong rebels, and could expect no more favor from us than our ships on the ocean get from the pirate *Alabama*.

On the morning of the 11th inst., our skirmishers opened on the rebel pickets and drove them in. Battery 'L,' having been put in position, its commander asked the favor of having the 29th Reg. to support him, so the agreeable work was assigned to us, and soon our battery was exchanging compliments with the rebel batteries. We had a severe tempest today but no cessation to hostilities. The 36th Mass. suffered much today as skirmishers, and the 2d Michigan lost heavily by not being properly supported while storming a redoubt which they took but could not hold. Our battery is near the State Lunatic Asylum, a splendid building, well fitted for its purpose, but according to our opinion not large enough, as certainly two thirds of the males and about all the females in this State should have long since been confined within its walls, to try to regain the few scattered senses that have once been at their command. On the night of the 11th we were ordered to throw up barbettes for the six heavy guns of the famous "Benjamin Battery," which we accomplished by 6 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, and were ordered into position on the left of the woods near the line of skirmishers, as supports. At 7 o'clock, all our batteries opened on the rebels, and for near an hour it was one continual roar of thunder; the heavy batteries, the forts or redoubts. The batteries in front of us soon ceased to reply, except occasionally they would drop a shell among the 29th to keep them wide awake and lively. The rebels in front of us worked hard through the night of the thirteenth, and in the morning we found the result of their labors in a new redoubt and rifle pits, but except the usual skirmishing, there was nothing new through the day; they attacked our skirmishers but were soon driven back by the 7th New Hampshire, who were the skirmishers of the day; the Lieut. Col. of the 46th New York was severely wounded, and quite a number of the 7th New Hampshire.

On the morning of the 14th, our Reg. was ordered to the rear for rest, of which they stood sadly in need, and the men were much used up, but at 6 o'clock, P. M., Co. E, was again ordered on picket duty. In an attack on our rifle pits last evening the rebels lost heavily, as well as again this morning, and they requested leave under a flag of truce till 4 o'clock, to bury their dead, which was granted. On the night of the 15th we shelled the

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city all night to provoke an attack upon us, but failed to bring them out of their trenches. On the 16th the whole line of skirmishers were ordered to advance, the 29th having been ordered out as skirmishers; at three o'clock this morning made an advance at the given signal, and after advancing a short distance met the whole skirmishers, who retired as we advanced, but the right of the line could not advance, and the men obliged, after holding our advance for a short time to retire and take our old position. We lost but one man and he was killed; his name was Scully, Co. H; many had narrow escapes. On the morning of the 17th we were relieved as skirmishers and put in the reserve. At 6 o'clock, A. M., the skirmishers were ordered to advance, and not meeting any opposition our Regiment followed them closely till we found that the enemy had evacuated the city and crossed Pearl River when we marched into the city and took possession. Our Regiment was among the first to enter the city, but it is said the 35th Mass. was the first; and placed their flag on the dome of the State House. Our troops were allowed to take things from many of the deserted homes and stores, and supply themselves with eatables, which as they had been on short rations for a long time was very acceptable. Our brigade left the city in the afternoon and marched back to one of our old camps near the Asylum, where we now are, waiting like "Micawber," to see what will next turn up. We have burned a good portion of the city, but no more than should have been done and probably much less. It takes Yankees a long time to turn pirates, but to southerners it's human nature. I would give you a description of Jackson, but time is up.

The weather is dreadful hot here, but there is no sickness in the Regiment.

We do not hear from the East, and feel anxious to know about affairs down there, but probably shall hear something by fall if not before.

* *

Letter from an Unknown Author; Milldam, MS²¹¹ July 27, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

As you see by our date we have arrived here at our old quarters. We left Jackson Miss. July 20th, for this place; on the first and second day we marched twenty miles each, the weather very hot and the roads dusty; our regiment was provost guard for the division and Col. Barnes Provost marshal; our regiment was selected for the duty by Gen. Potter under an order from Gen Parks, that "Division commanders should select the best troops for rear and provost guard duties, to prevent straggling, pillaging, and all disorderly conduct by the troops," it was a hard job and we did not get to our camp on the first night till twelve o'clock, and started next morning at four, so that we had but little rest in traveling forty miles. On the morning of the 2d we marched a short distance and encamped in the woods to wait for stragglers to come up, as it was utterly impossible to keep men from straggling on so rapid marching. Men gave out from heat and exhaustion and it is said fourteen died from the effects of the sun. At four o'clock P. M., we again took up line of march and at five o'clock crossed the Big Black River in as hard a tempest as one would ever wish to see, much less be exposed too as we were; in a very few minutes the ground that was covered with dust, shoe deep, was mud and water much deeper, and so slippery that it was difficult to march at all, but we pushed on through mud and rain till nine o'clock P. M., when we went into a wet field and encamped with what comfort we could, and the next morning we started, arrived here and encamped at our old camp ground.

We found many here sick with the chills and fever which is quite prevalent, and many die from it; there is generally one of two funerals every day from the different regiments although our regiment has not suffered much as yet, Dr. Coggsell keeps a sharp look out and detects it in its first shake and then Quinine does the work.

One of our wagons filled with three mothers and about thirty children of the ebony species was run away with by the mules attached, the wagon smashed, and four negroes reported missing.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Our men are most essentially used up by such severe marching and as it appears for no earthly use whatever, we might have taken four or five days to reach here and had the men in good trim as well as to force us along in three days, and have them so used up.

Serg't. Horace A. Jenks, of Co. E, died of typhoid fever on Sunday morning, 26th inst., he had not been well for some time past, but had attended to his duties as Quartermaster Serg't. until a few days of his death; he was with us at Jackson Miss., leaving there before we did, and when we arrived here we found him very sick at the Regimental Hospital, every attention that could be, was shown him, but it was of no avail, he sank away quickly and quietly, and on Sunday morning at two o'clock his spirit gently winged its way to God that gave it. Although we had been schooled in the hard school of adversity, and taught to place no dependence on anything earthly, yet we were unprepared to see one who had ever been with us through all the trials of soldier's life, suddenly struck down by disease; we were unprepared to see one whom we fondly hoped would be of the few that at the end of our enlistment would again be welcomed to kindred and home by those fond loved ones who had looked forward to that period for a happy and joyful reunion, struck down in a strange land, but the bright rosy morning, follows the stormy evening and the gorgeous clouds of sunset covered the forked lightnings. Hope is a sure anchor but the chain of our existence is short, unsound, and easily broken.

Sergeant Jenks received a second Lieutenant's commission the day before he died; it was a commission he had fairly earned and should have been his long before this time, but promises are often made to be broken, while justice is heavy heeled and moves slow. As soon as he was able to take the oath of office he was to have been assigned to Co. E, in whose ranks he had spent all the days of his enlistment; he was Regimental standard bearer through the seven days' battle of the Peninsular and never left his post till worn out with fatigue he sank by the road side. Faithful to his country, and its laws, faithful to God and humanity, and a firm oppose of human slavery, he saw the liberties of his country assailed, its star spangled banner trailed in the dust by traitors, and he freely gave his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of freedom that our country should again be that proud and happy nation that our Fathers left as a rich legacy to our generation.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again."

It is said that we are to leave here soon for the north, we earnestly hope that it is so, as the climate bears hard upon our constitutions and we see no earthly reason for keeping us all summer in this unhealthy hole.

* *

Letter from Seth Paty; Mill Dale, MS²¹² August 7, 1863

Dear ----:

Our regiment has just gone out on picket, every man except a few non commissioned officers and the color guard. Our duty has been very light since we have returned from Jackson, this being the first time the regiment has done guard duty of any kind, and it is well that our duties are now so light, for the men are run down so much that it would be impossible to endure hardship at present. This regiment stands it better than any I know of in the Division. Only two have died in our hospital though we have many sick. This company has none in the hospital, which is something remarkable in this place. I was somewhat disappointed in the Jackson battle in not being able to do more harm to Johnson's forces. We did not have a very large force I know, not many more than did Johnson, besides he was entrenched and had everything prepared for us; yet our troops were in much better spirits and could have fought better than his. Had he remained a few hours

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longer, the fate of his army would have been decided, or else we should have got a severe whipping, for I heard the orders that came from headquarters, to attack him in the morning at 8 o'clock along the whole line, and we were so near his works that a few yards more would have given us the possession of such of their works as would entirely cut off all means of escape for them. Jackson was a very pretty place when we went into it, but not much better than ruins when we came out. The 15th corps pursued the enemy, and we returned to our old position outside the city. All I have got to remember Jackson by is a \$100 confederate bill.

There are a great many peaches in this part of the country; but all around camp here they are cleared off by the troops – even the green ones. We got quite a number of melons also coming from Jackson.

We left the lunatic asylum for this camp on the 20th. The night of the 21st the regiment halted near the Big Black, making forty miles in two days, with the thermometer above 90 deg., and so dusty a man could hardly breathe. The corps did not move camp on the 22^d until 4 P. M., as nearly all the men were straggling behind unable to keep up after what they had passed through before. All the ambulances and teams had to be sent back to bring them in. I caught up with the regiment here and started with them at 4 P. M., but just after this a severe tempest came up, flooding the roads. I was bare-footed, having sore feet and could not keep up it was so slippery. I stopped at a plantation overnight and slept under a cattle shed. Had a good night's sleep, awoke early and started without breakfast for the regiment. Arrived here at 10 A. M., a good morning walk of fourteen miles with sore feet. My health is now very good – better than it ever was of a summer at home. Samuel Wright has been very sick again, but the last letter I had from him he was gaining slowly.

The draft is a subject of much talk among the troops. I fear those that oppose it and the rioters of New York and Boston would get but little mercy shown them by the old troops in the field, who would willingly present every one with an ounce of lead, and powder to go with it.

Our destination is rather doubtful, as it always is. I think we go to Kentucky, then to the Potomac. The rebels are pretty well used up in this department. Those on the western side of the river were not of much account, and Grant will soon give those further south another dose – perhaps Mobile may come in for a little of Grant's attention.

We are now looking for news from Charleston. I have more confidence in its being taken than I ever had before, for it looks as though they were now working the right way. We long to see that nest of traitors entirely destroyed, and not one stone left upon another.

We are now what may be called nine months' men, and that time will soon pass away, though I hope we may see peace before its close, on such terms as we choose, with slavery thrown out, and all men enjoy liberty, so that this country can indeed be called a free country. God grant that I may never have it said of me that I deserted my country in such an hour as this, for my conscience seems to tell me that I am doing God's will, as well as fighting for advancement of civilization and the salvation of my country.

Yours, S. W. P.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp at Covington, KY²¹³ August 27, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Again on the broad prairies of Illinois, and again following in the track of the iron horse, over what appears to be the richest and best soil of all God's creation. The fields as far as the eye can reach teeming with the golden harvest, about ready for the sickle, fulfilling God's promise of labor and its reward.

We feel as if a decided change had "come o'er the spirit of our dreams," and we had made a final escape from the malaria of Mississippi. Our nostrils again breathe the fresh air of heaven, untainted by the curse of slavery. And there would have been a great change for the better, could men be used as men should be; but crowded into unwholesome and dirty cattle cars, with a little straw thrown under foot, and thus boxed up for a

Co. E, 29th Regiment

journey of three or four hundred miles, how can it be expected, how can it be otherwise, but that men will sicken and die under such treatment; and yet this is the way that the bone and sinew of the northern army and the men on which the country depend to defend them, are transported. Ever crowded in cars and transports, packed like so many cattle in unwholesome and unventilated places, it seems to matter little whether they live or die, provided they can be all crowded into a given space. And when marching, the leaders on horseback think but little of those on foot, and march men till they either drop by the wayside, or if able to keep up are perfectly useless for any purpose either offensive or defensive. In one march from Jackson, it is said the sixty-three died from the effects of the sun and overexertion; we marching forty miles in two days with the heat at ninety degrees, when we might just as well have taken three, or even four days, and the men would then have been fresh and ready for anything that might turn up. We do not speak of this as being always the case. There are many field officers in the service who are careful to keep their men in good fighting and serviceable order; that know how far and how fast a man can march and yet be ready for action; and such officers know that they can then depend upon their command when a forced march is required. Men when thus over marched and misused get fretted, ugly, and insubordinate, and there is nothing that so tends to demoralize a regiment as this. When will men learn human nature and be guided by its principles.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., on the 2d, we reached Cincinnati, and as usual were invited to a collation, and then were ferried over the river and encamped at this place. At Cincinnati, we had to leave about thirty men, who were sent to the different hospitals; also, six or seven officers. Lieut. Col. Barnes was sent home. This is the first time this gallant officer has given out. From the time of his taking command of the Massachusetts battalion to the present, he has ever been at his post and ever ready for duty, and has never been absent from his battalion or regiment. He has commanded the regiment in every battle and every skirmish except three, (and we have twelve regular battles inscribed on our banner), in every one of which he has shown that fearlessness and disregard of danger, so characteristic of him. His indomitable energy, and determined will and purpose, has sustained him through all the changes of climate and position, till the malaria of the Mississippi and Yazoo, has accomplished what was not in the power of man; and he has gone home to try to recruit his wasted energies, and to be again ready to do battle for his God and for his country.

For the last eight or ten days Major Chipman has had command of the regiment; and though in poor health, has managed all the affairs of the regiment with honor and credit to himself as an able and efficient officer, and capable of the position he has taken.

It is rumored around the camp that this is not our abiding place, that we are to move on the morrow to Crab Orchard, about thirty-five miles below Nicholasville, which is the end of the railroad. It seems hard that we cannot be allowed to rest, and get a little recruited up before we move again; but as the powers above us will it, so it must be; but we strongly suspect that there will be but a corporal's guard of the whole regiment that will march to Crab Orchard, as we have many sick with us now, and we cannot muster but about sixty men for duty out of the whole regiment today.

On our passage here by railroad, we passed a number of cars that lay by the road side broken into fragments, where a sad accident happened to a regiment in our brigade, the 41st New York Vols.; seventeen privates of which were either killed or wounded by this disaster.

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Article on Death of Lt. John Collingwood²¹⁴ August 28, 1863

Lt. John B. Collingwood died last week at Cincinnati, on his way home from his regiment. Although his friends and the community were apprised of his sickness, yet his death was entirely unexpected, as letters had

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been received of an encouraging character, intimating that he would resume his journey in a few days. Lt. Collingwood went out as 1st Lieutenant of Co. E 29th Reg't. He was afterwards Acting Adjutant, through all the Peninsula campaign of McClellan, and Burnside's battles in Virginia. The Reg't went to Kentucky with the Ninth Army Corps, thence to Vicksburg and Jackson. Lt C. was sick at Paris, but went, against the physicians advice, down the River with his regiment. On the way he accidentally fractured his shoulder, then had a fever, and was ordered home to recruit his wasted energies. But dysentery seized upon his weakened system and closed the sufferings of the patriotic soldier. He was 28 years of age, and leaves wife and two or three children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

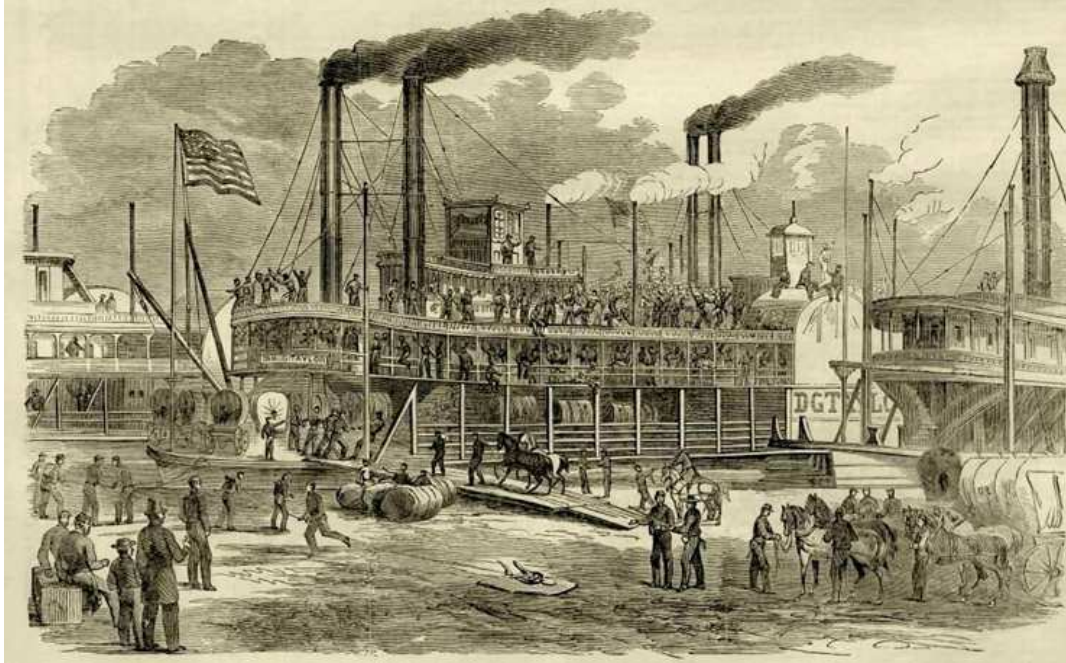


Figure 27. Soldiers Aboard Steamship²¹⁵

Letter from Unknown Author, Cairo, IL²¹⁶ August 29, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Again on the move, and on the broad Mississippi on board the steamer *Catahoula*, we still continue our endeavors to keep you and your readers informed of the movements of the 'Old Twenty-Ninth.'

The Ninth Army Corps have for some time past been on the move up river as fast as transports can be furnished to move them, and as usual the 29th brings up the rear, it being the last regiment to leave Milldale, Miss. and the last to embark, and if the slow movements of the boat on which we are now is to be taken into the account we shall be the last to reach any given point that may be designated.

It is said that we are to go to Cincinnati on this boat, if so, we shall probably reach there in the spring, in time to take the railroad north for our discharge, as our three years term of enlistment will be out in May; but of this there is no certainty, so we leave it for time to develop, trusting that the Father of Waters will kindly bear us up, while steam and paddle wheels attempt to push us onward to our destination.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

We left Milldale on the 10th inst., marched to Snyder's Bluff, and there encamped. We remained here till the night of the 11th, when we embarked on board this steamer. On the morning of the 12th we left the bluffs and passed out of the Yazoo, with the hope that it will be a long time before we again visit its malarial regions, drink its dirty water, or breathe its infectious air; and as we have before said, we would not swap our right to a decent burial place in good old Massachusetts for the whole region of country laying between the Yazoo and Big Black rivers, if we were obliged to pass our days upon it.

As we sailed out on the broad Mississippi, it was with a gratified feeling that now in its length and breadth it was free for commerce of the world; that the rebels had no foothold upon its banks, and that the good old 29th had done good service in assisting to accomplish this great result, and now after our object has been accomplished we are returning North to the scenes of our former labors, decimated in numbers by the bullet and disease, many sick with the pestilential fevers common to this region, but all hearts beating with hopes of rest when we reach the soil of Old Kentucky. God grant that it may be so, and that we be permitted to recruit our wasted energies in some good place, where some of the necessities of life may be within our reach, and a paymaster to give us the means to sustain ourselves.

Our boat is a slow old boat and well loaded. We have the lower deck filled with wagons, one hundred mules, and twelve or fifteen horses. There is no room on the second deck except forward, and that is used for a hospital. So the third and upper deck is for the regiment; where under a broiling sun the men must try to live to the best of their abilities. When it came night to our infinite astonishment as well as disgust, we had to tie our old steamer up to stump, our pilots not being acquainted enough to run nights.

On Friday, 14th inst., we arrived at the mouth of White River, where we endeavored to procure coal from an old coal barge that had been shipwrecked, and nearly covered with mud; after working some four hours, we obtained enough to start with, and proceeded on our journey. Just at dark a beautiful horse belonging to Major Chipman, stepped overboard, and that was the last we saw of him. The next morning we stopped at a bend in the river to pick up drift wood, as we were out of coal and no wood yard in sight. With what drift wood we picked up here we reached a wood-yard, where we wooded up in good shape. While here our men took the opportunity to bath in the river; one fine young man by the name of Sprague, belonging to Co. G, in diving from the boat, struck his head against a snag and sunk to rise no more. In the course of the evening another horse stepped overboard. We reached Helena, about midnight, where we stopped till morning, and where we buried one of our men that died that day; on Sunday night we arrived in Memphis. We stopped at Memphis through the day, loaded up, took on board our rations, and again wheezed our way up the Mississippi.

We arrived at Island No. 10, and as we have to take the east channel past the Island, the current made it hard work for our old boat, and it was a long time doubtful which would beat, the Island or the boat; but we finally worked up abreast of the Island, when a gun from the fort admonished us that we were to stop and report, which we did, when we put out again, and after a severe struggle of near two hours, as nigh as we could judge, the Island dropped down stream and let us go by; and here let us say, that we have more respect and a better feeling toward Island No. 10, than we wrote you when we passed it going down river. We had a good full view of it this time, and must say it is a port of superior strength, and by patriots in a good cause, could be held against almost any power that could be brought against it.

On Tuesday, the 20th inst., we arrived at Cairo, having been eight days on board the boat, and for all that time not one single breath of wind from any quarter to cool the fevered brow; but the hot sun all day with the dread malaria, striking one after another, till but very few officers or men are fit for duty. And a more thankful set of men we never saw than when our old boat wheezed up to the shore and our feet again touched the soil of a country free from the pestilential vapors and dread malaria of the Mississippi river and its tributaries.

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Article on return of Doten and Whiting²¹⁷ September 4, 1863

By private letters received in town, we learn that the 29th have at last arrived in Kentucky. Capt. Doten and Joseph Whiting are sick and in Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati. The Regiment was at the last accounts just over the river on the Kentucky side.

Letter from Unknown Author, Crab Orchard, KY²¹⁸ September 9, 1863

On the Yazoo – Passage up the River – Burial of Jenks – Land Excursion – Western Hospitals
– The sick at Cincinnati – Death of Collingwood and Wadsworth – Forlorn, Hope – Death of
Hayden – Crab Orchard

Messrs. Editors:

Perhaps an imperfect idea of matters and thing pertaining to Co. E of the Veteran 29th, may not be uninteresting to your readers.

We left Jackson, Miss., July 2d, at an early hour, and marched 18 miles this day and encamped for the night, foot-worn and weary. Early the next day we were called to 'fall in' at three o'clock A. M., when we were on the tramp again. This day (the 21st) we halted and rested for the night about a mile from Big Black River, and bivouacked in a big cornfield. Left this place on the morning of the 22d and changed quarters, about a mile distant in a fine Magnolia Grove, where we had plenty of water, and of which we used profusely, more especially on the outer man. Having refreshed ourselves and rested during the heat of the day, we were off again at 4 P. M., and crossed the Big Black during one of the most severe tempest. Foot-sore and thoroughly wet through we turned in for the night at Bovina, (I think the place was called). On the 23d we were up early, breakfasted, and were soon on our way to Milldale – our old camp – at which place we arrived at about 9 o'clock. This was a hard march, and as we supposed a forced one. Expecting as we were that transports were awaiting us – as we were told so – the march was made in less than three days, distance sixty miles, and that, too, when the thermometer indicated over 100 degrees in the shade. Well, it is all 'Military,' as the boys say.

It was a few days after our return to Milldale (July 26) that we were called to pay the last tribute of respect to one of our comrades, Lieut. H. A. Jenks. We all felt this loss deeply, as he was with us at all times when it was consistent for him to do so, and always ready and active in his duty. His family have the heartfelt sympathies of his comrades. We buried him under the shade of a large Gum Tree, and inserted his name upon it. We scraped the outer bark from it in the shape of shield, and inscribed the following: "Lt. H. A. Jenks, 29th Mass. Vols., Died July 26, 1863, aged 31 years." All the company followed his remains to the grave.

We remained at this camp until the 16th of August. On this day we struck tents and started for the landing at Snyder's Bluff, about two miles distant; and here we were obliged to wait transportation until the 12th ult., during which time we had opportunity to visit the fortifications on the Yazoo river, Haines' Bluff, &c. At Snyder's Bluff, near our camp, the obstruction across the river was made, and part of it still remains. Our forces are at work here clearing it out and shipping the big guns used in the fortifications.

PASSAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI

Early on the morning of the 12th ult., we found the 29th on board the steamer '*Catahoula*,' steaming slowly down the Yazoo, and it was with no regret we left this part of the "Uncle Sam's farm." It is considered very unhealthy here, especially at this season of the year; and we have proved it to our sorrow, for many of our men were sick before we left. A few hours later brought us into the Mississippi River. We were obliged to move slow on account of the boat, which had been captured and recaptured from the rebels some half-dozen times, and the inexperience of the pilot, who would run but little in the night. We stopped at White River, Helena, Memphis, and Island No. 10, where the 128th Illinois 'bring to' every passing boat with a rousing battery salute.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

After about ten days we arrived at Cairo, and were glad to exchange the steamer for the Illinois Central Railroad.

LAND EXCURSION

Left Cairo on the same day, and, passing through some of the finest part of the State for farming purposes, arrived at Sandoval, Ill., the junction of the 'Illinois Central' and the Mississippi and Ohio. We changed cars and left the Junction about midnight. August 22d we were still on the cars, passing through the State of Indiana over the prairies of the West. It is lovely place, and the people are very patriotic. Let me here say in passing through Washington, both in going and coming, the ladies of that place fairly besieged us, loading us with all the niceties and luxuries the country affords in the shape of eatables, and we all abundantly supplied the "inner man." All thanks to the ladies of Washington, and we shall all remember them with gratitude. The train did not stop long. We were soon off again and arrived at Cincinnati, O., about noon. We were received as in former times, and taken to the Fifth Street market, where we were provided for by the citizens of that city. God bless the noble and patriotic citizens of Cincinnati. We proceeded across the Ferry to Covington, Ky., and encamped about two miles on the Licking River. We experienced quite a change of weather here, as the nights are quite cool. Capt. Doten, J. B. Whiting, D. Williams and J. Stillman were left at Cincinnati sick. Capt. D. went to Camp Dennison, Ohio, 16 miles from Cincinnati, the others remained at the hospital. We have heard from them – Capt. Doten and Whiting – and they are doing well. They were quite sick while on the trip, and most of them with the same disease – what we call the Yazoo fever.

IN KENTUCKY

Arrived at Nicholasville, Ky., early next morning, (the 28th) having been in the cars all night. We stopped at N. this day. Aug. 29th received orders to march. We were obliged to leave Sergts. Wadsworth and Holbrook, Corps. Hayden and Collingwood and W. H. Howland, they being unable to march. We advanced four miles, where we found the rest of our Division and the Convalescent Camp of the 9h Army Corps. Aug. 30, we made out the pay-rolls, expecting to get 'paid off.' Aug. 31st the sick were brought to the Convalescent Camp. We were 'mustered in' for pay. Today we were called upon to pay our last sad adieu to Corp. Thomas Collingwood. He died at the hospital. We did all we could for him, and buried him by candle-light, near the Turnpike, in a Locust Grove. Had scarcely returned to camp when the sad news of Sergt. Wadsworth's death reached us. This was indeed melancholy news to us all. Although we knew them both to be very sick, and had just returned from the hospital, waiting upon them and others there. We procured everything possible, necessary to have them decently buried, and our little band, all that were able of the company attended the burial. We deeply feel the loss of both and each, and may God sanctify the sad affliction to us all, and to their dear friends at home. Sept. 1st our company remained to pay the last respect to our comrade, Sergt. Wadsworth, while the rest of the regiment moved out. We overtook them near Bryantville, where we bivouacked for the night.

Sept. 4. Today we hear the sad intelligence of the death of another of our company, Corp. Thomas Hayden. He died of the same disease. We were not present at the time of his death, but no doubt he was properly cared for, as some of those we left behind were with him. Since we came here seven more have joined us, and I learn the others are doing well.

The friends and families of our departed comrades have our most sincere and heartfelt sympathies, and we can assure them that all and everything was done for them by the company that could be done under the circumstances.

Yours, * * * *

[We regret that in consequence of the lateness of the hour our correspondent's letter was received before going to press, we are obliged to omit a portion of it. We hope to hear from our new correspondent often.]

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Article on the Death of George Wadsworth²¹⁹ September 11, 1863

It is with no common feeling of sadness that we record the death by sickness of Geo. E. Wadsworth, of Co. E, 29th Mass. Vols., in a hospital in Kentucky, where he went soon after the arrival of the regiment from the Mississippi.

In the loyal thousands who have taken up arms in their country's defence, no one, no, not one, did so from a higher sense of duty, a more exalted patriotism or a purer motive, and few made a greater sacrifice, than Sergt. Wadsworth. No boyish desire for adventure, no restless love of change, no pecuniary inducements were the motives that led him, a seaman, loving his avocation in which he had made good progress, to leave the calling of his choice, and enlist as a private in the ranks in a profession towards which he had no affinity but rather a positive aversion. Only the strongest, the purest patriotism, and highest convictions of duty could have induced such an act; and those of us who had the pleasure of being acquaintances and friends know full well the extent of the sacrifice.

Sergt. Wadsworth joined the company of Capt. S. H. Doten upon its formation in this town, as a private, and was made Corporal and then Sergeant soon after its leaving the State. He had been with the company the whole time in all its battles and marches and sieges, its hardships, its dangers and its triumphs, but the fatal climate of the Gulf with its impure water and deadly malaria proved too much for even his iron constitution, and temperate habits.

He has gone to his rest and no stronger arm or stouter heart is left in our ranks to hurl defiance to rebellion. One more gone to whom we had hoped to extend the hand of welcome, to do honor to their services and congratulate upon their return; one more link from the chain of friendship, one more gap in the domestic circle; God in his mercy comfort the stricken hearts and make them feel that not valueless are the dear lives gone, but that as the smoke of precious incense upon the altar of humanity their spirits ascend while their names will be held dear on earth as long as liberty and human progress are known to men.

Article on the Death of Thomas Collingwood²²⁰ September 11, 1863

Intelligence has been received this week of the death of Thomas Collingwood, the third of a patriotic family of robust and energetic brothers who volunteered in the service of their country. On the return of the 29th from Kentucky, he found his brother Lieut. Collingwood lying dead at the hospital. After sending his body home, he went with the regiment to Kentucky, where he was taken sick, and being worn out with the hardships and fatigues of a campaign that has killed the Regiment he could not survive the attack. The name of Collingwood will ever be honorable in Plymouth annals of the great rebellion.

Article on the Death of Thomas Hayden²²¹ September 18, 1863

Another Gone

Again we are called to mourn the loss of another of our citizens, a member of Co. E, 29th, Mass. Vols. Sergt. Thomas Hayden one of the finest and most esteemed of our young men, who responding to the call of his country from purely patriotic motives, has followed the banner of the 29th through all in its vicissitudes, all its battles, and has now fallen a victim to the dreadful malaria of the Yazoo region.

Article on the Death of David Williams²²² September 25, 1863

Another Gone

The news has been received of a death of another member of Co. E, 29th Reg., David Williams, who died soon after Corp. Hayden at a military hospital.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

We trust this will prove the last of the sad list.

Letter from "P," Knoxville, TN²²³ October 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Thinking perhaps you might like to hear something relative to the "Old Twenty-Ninth," and more especially Co. E, I, on this drizzly, rainy day, having no special duty to perform, and, wishing to while away a few of the many monotonous hours "cooped up" under my shelter tent, I lay me down to scratch a few lines. Nothing of great interest has transpired very recently as regards our movements, save what you have already learned before us; and it is become a proverb almost in military circles, (i.e.) "A private is not supposed to know anything." But as you well know, there are exceptions to all general rules, it is possible there may be to the above; at least as far as my humble judgment goes, judging from what I see among us.

Well, after a long and tedious march of about two hundred miles, I've reached this noted city. We left Crab Orchard, Ky., on the morning of the 10th ult., and arrived at Mt. Vernon and encamped for the night – distance twelve miles. Next day we passed camp "Wild Cat," among the mountains, and halted for the night, distance about sixteen miles. Off again the next morning at four o'clock. Halted for the night near Landon, Ky., distance eight miles. At this place our regiments were paid off. Off again next morning early. On our march this day (the 14th ult.) we met the prisoners captured at Cumberland Gap, and I'll assure you they were a motley looking crowd. We were told by an officer in charge of them that there were 2200; to use a southern phrase, there was "right smart of 'em." We marched fifteen miles and 'turned in.' Next morning at daybreak found us on our legs again and off, thirteen miles and in for the night.

Sept. 21st at daybreak were off again, over mountains and anything but decent roads. We found ourselves after a long march, at quite a town among the mountains – Tazewell, the first town we came to in this State. It is the county seat of Claiborne County, and a strong Union place too. It was literally burned to the ground – a mass of ruins – the work of Secesh. By the way I like to have forgotten to say anything about passing the Gap. We passed this, the famous Cumberland Gap, just before we arrived at Tazewell. This was one of the strongholds of Johnny Secesh; but like all others was obliged to "cave in" (suppose they heard the Old 9th Army Corps was around). Here at the Gap, is the point where the States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee join. The place is marked by a stone. Some of us had the audacity to leave the ranks and step into all three of the States, but have not yet been arrested.

Sept. 22, were off again at daybreak, forded Clinch river, climbing up the mountain of the same name, fording the Halston River. We halted for the night at Morristown, the nearest point on the railroad, expecting to make the rest of the route by steam. Here we were disappointed, and that too, after tramping some forty miles out of the direct way. We stopped at this place two days, which, by the way, is strongly tinctured with secesh principles. We left Morristown on the morning of the 24th, and arrived at 'Mussey Creek,' and halted for the night. Off again the next morning at daybreak; stopped at Strawberry Plains two hours for dinner. At this place there was a Barbecue given to the soldiers that were in garrison there. Some of our boys were present. The rebs burned a splendid bridge across the river here, and all along the line of railroad the culverts were destroyed. Our brigade (2d) and the 3d parted here and took different roads. We forded the river Halston again and they took the other road; halted for the night. Early next morning we were off again, and arrived here about 9 A. M., three hours before the other brigade – having arrived the 25th ult.

This place has been quite a business place. Everything is very high here now. The Parson is not at home now. He is at Cincinnati for the purpose of procuring a press and type – is expected here this week, when I expect he will give the rebs grape and canister – at all events some hot shot from that instrument that is

RETURN OF THE DEAD

‘mightier than the sword.’ This morning reported five privates for duty. The boys that are here are all in good health.

Yours, P.

P. S. I presume ere this you have heard of the death of David Williams, another of our number, a victim of that almost fatal disease called the Yazoo fever. It seems that it took away some of the most healthy of our company. We left him with Capt. Doten, Joseph B. Whiting, and James Stillman, at Cincinnati, too sick to come with the regiment. Others were taken sick on our arrival at Nicholasville. Sergt. Wadsworth, Corps. Collingwood and Hayden, as you are informed ere this, have died all good and true men. Our number is now very small. I will give you the entire roll:

Sergt. Holbrook. Corps Paty, Shannon, and Alexander. Privates, Bradford, Churchill, Gooding, Burbank, Burgess, Morton, (L. B.) Peckham, Thompson, Robbins, Tillson, Washburn and Thrasher. Of these Corp. Paty is detailed on ambulance; Alexander on color guard; Bradford on cattle guard; Burgess, as pioneer; Churchill and Gooding as teamsters; and Burbank at the Hospital Department. So you will see that Co. E is small, but true. Thrasher joined the company on the route. Walter Thompson at Nicholasville, and is detailed as Adjutant’s Clerk.

P.

[Author “P” is probably George Peckham. Above letter implies author is a private and only two men whose last name starts with “P” are listed in Company above: Corp. Paty and Private Peckham. See Dec. 4, 1863 OCM&PR newspaper about death of George Peckham who had his letters on the 29th published by the paper.]

Article on the Death of Lt. Thomas Mayo²²⁴ October 2, 1863

The following spirited description of the charge of Meagher’s Brigade, of which the 29th were then a part, and which refers to the death of Lieut. Mayo, is an extract from an article written originally for the “Irish American” by Maj. Gen. W. F. French.

The battle of Gaines’ Mill had raged until about 5 p. m., when Gen. McClellan directed Gen. Sumner, whose corps was at Fair Oaks Station, to send two brigades across the Chickahominy to reinforce Fitz John Porter, who was being severely pressed, and that there was no time to lose. French’s and Meagher’s brigades were selected; and in a few moments were moving rapidly toward the battle field, five or six miles distant. As this command crossed the Chickahominy Bridge, a large number of stragglers were encountered, who were directed to fall back to their regiments.

Gen. French, who commanded by virtue of seniority, seeing the crisis of affairs, pressed forward the troops at double quick, and ascending the hill to Gaines’ house, encountered the entire army of Gen. Porter in full flight; all arms of the service pressing upon each other in indescribable confusion.

Finding it impossible to penetrate this mass in the ordinary manner, he directed the leads of his regiments to charge through by main force, which soon extricated them.

Being now disembarassed, there two brigades were directed to deploy in line of battle, which was done in the boldest and most spirited manner. Leaving behind them the routed army, the line rushed to meet the enemy at the “pas de charge,” cheering as it went, while a shower of balls and shell was being poured upon them and the troops behind. As the reinforcement forced the crests of the hills, the enemy’s infantry fell back rapidly, and their artillery limbered up and hastily retired. In this movement Lieut. Mayo of the 29th Massachusetts, was killed by a shell while gallantly charging with Meagher’s (the Irish) Brigade I line with French’s.

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It was now almost dark; and the two brigades were ordered by Gen. French to stand to arms and advance their pickets, but under no consideration to open fire unless attacked. While these precautions to hold the Rebel army at bay, with only six thousand men, were being taken, Porter's command, having recovered somewhat from its confusion, began to have order re-established in its ranks; and while French's and Meagher's Brigades held the front, which was nearly a mile distant, the defeated army lay down to rest.

At 12 o'clock that night, Gen. Porter communicated to Gen. French the orders of the General-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, which were that the right wing was to recross the Chickahominy, and that he was to remain until every one had crossed the bridge, the passage of which was to be defended at every hazard until all were over, when the bridge was to be destroyed.

At the dead hour of the night that mass of men was awakened and withdrawn, and began the first to wend their way toward the "new base."

When they had passed the Woodbury and Alexander bridges, Gen. French drew in his pickets, and his regiments filing noiselessly from the presence of the enemy, returned to Fair Oaks by daylight. The timely arrival of the two brigades, and the bold manner in which they checked the hot pursuit, saved the right wing of the Army of the Potomac from being thrown into the Chickahominy. Was the Irish Brigade on the field that day? Is it now answered?

Article on Capt. SH Doten's return to Plymouth²²⁵ October 2, 1863

Personal

Capt. Samuel H. Doten, of Co. E, 29th Mass., arrived home on Saturday evening last. Capt. Doten has been in the hospital since the regiment arrived from the Mississippi expedition, having been sick from the malarial fever that has so sadly decimated the regiment. He comes North to recruit his health, and rest from the arduous services performed by the 9th Corps.

We trust that ere long the services of the Captain may be rewarded by a well-deserved promotion.

Letter from "Gengius;" Near Loudon, TN²²⁶ October 22, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

It is seldom that I, (composing one of the renowned corps, (alias) "Burnside's Menagerie") have much time to write, owing to the popularity of the establishment; but this beautiful October morning finds us here at Loudon, the capital of Roane county. By the way, I presume as short account of our travel and adventures of late would not be uninteresting to your patrons and our friends at home. I will try and give you some of the many incidents &c. of our march.

We arrived at Knoxville, Tenn., early on the morning of the 25th ult. after a long and tedious march (from Crab Orchard, Kentucky), the distance of about 200 miles. Nothing of very much importance occurred during this long march, save sore feet, empty stomachs, and weary limbs' (a natural consequence in a soldier's life). Knoxville is, or has, been quite a flourishing town, and still bears the marks of prosperity, although it has been the theatre of several raids and [?] during the rebellion. This is the place of residence of Parson Brownlow, of some notoriety as a staunch Union man; of this I need not say more, as you are as well informed of his acts as myself. He was not at home when we arrived here, but was at Cincinnati getting ammunition for his annihilator. He returned last week and opened his small battery by way of a speech on Saturday eve last, and says he will have his smart machine in operation this week. He is to issue a paper called the Knoxville Whig & Rebel Ventilator. Well, you know it is not customary for shows to remain long at one place; so this menagerie was ordered to perform elsewhere. Consequently on the morning of the 8th inst. we commenced moving – took

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the cars at K. on the East Tenn. & Virginia Railroad, and went as far as Bull's Gap, near which place it was ascertained Gen. Mudwall Jackson and Williams were in force, and disputed the right for Burnside to go farther; but the Gen'l. "couldn't see the point," so on we went, (afoot of course). We found them in force two miles this side of Blue Springs – drew up in line of battle, deployed skirmishers, and drove them two miles beyond, where they made a stand and here we had quite a fight, which was kept up until nightfall, when from necessity both sides ceased firing. We threw out our pickets (which by the way were close on to the rebel batteries), slept on our arms ready for daylight; but see, when old Sol made his appearance next morning, Johnny Secesh had skedaddled. We started after them, after sending the cavalry and mounted infantry in advance with instructions to get in their rear and thus cut them off. One regiment did so, but they broke through and so we lost the game. We chased them over 20 miles that day.

Passing through Greenville, the capital of Greene county, a very pretty place and strong Union, some of them almost cried with joy to see the dear old flag again. This section of the country (i.e.) East Tennessee has suffered much – many who were, before the rebellion broke out, "well to do," are almost in a suffering condition now. But I am wandering from the subject and you must excuse me, as I am not an adept in newspaper correspondence and do not write to give publicity, but merely to let the friends know that we are still alive and are trying to do what many ought to do that are at home, (i.e.) come and help Uncle Abe crush out this rebellion.

We came back to Knoxville the 14th inst., having marched 15 miles farther than in going; this was owing to the difficulty of transportation on Railroad, as we have only a few cars; we saved 42 miles of travel however. The day before yesterday (Oct. 20th), we had orders again to march. We left Knoxville early in the morning and proceeded in the direction of Kingston, but owing to some unforeseen event, after marching some 15 miles we turned off toward this place (Loudon). The 23d army corps are at and around this place, and yesterday they had a skirmish with the enemy near here, which was the reason I think our orders were changed. We arrived here yesterday P. M. and are awaiting orders. The supposition is, we shall go to Kingston yet, although we have gone out of the way some 6 or 8 miles. The roads are very bad now as we have had very heavy rains of late – are short of supplies. The commissary department are issuing only one half rations now, but we live in hopes that soon the entire length of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad will be opened, the bridges repaired &c., and then East Tennessee will be entirely rid of Rebs and we have plenty of grub.

On our way here we were accosted by a gentleman on horseback. "What regiment boys?" "29th Massachusetts," was the reply. "God bless old Massachusetts," said he. So you see the Old Bay State is in good reputation yet. There goes the old bugle call to fall in so I must obey the call like a good "soger" and "harness up," and you must wait a while if you want to hear more from me.

Oct. 23. This morning finds us across the Tennessee River, one mile beyond Loudon. The reason why we were ordered here, I think, was because the enemy were in force here, and had driven in our cavalry under Woolford, and captured some of his train. Our cavalry are out today feeling them out. As yet we have nothing to do, only to keep ourselves warm, which, by the way is no small task, as the weather here even is quite cool. It makes one think of home. We feel it more from the fact that most of us have not drawn our winter clothing, and those who are fortunate enough to have them were ordered to leave them beyond Cumberland Gap, and they have not come up yet. We begin to feel the need of more underclothes and overcoats now.

Oct. 24th. We are still in camp, and, to use a strictly Southern phrase, "hit a raining." It makes one feel almost sad, homesick, is so disagreeable; but we are now counting the months (and they are few now) when we shall return to our 'dear ones' at home, should our lives be spared. What few of us that are left in the company are now, comparatively speaking in first-rate health and good spirits, but no so 'eager for the fray' as many correspondents are in the practice of saying; but when it comes to the pinch I think you will find, if you will

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take the trouble, that the Old Twenty-Ninth are not backward in pitching in. This afternoon the ball opened, which was the signal for us to be ready to fall in. Orders came for us to be ready at a moment's notice – which was obeyed. We struck our tents and were waiting for further orders until after sunset. It appears we had driven them, consequently our services were not needed. We pitched our tents again and turned in for the night.

Oct. 25, (Sunday) – Report says our forces have driven the enemy beyond Philadelphia, (not our Philadelphia, but a little village five or six miles from this,) whither we may go for ought I can say. Some of the knowing ones seem to think we shall go to Kingston for winter quarters. We all hope it is so – I speak for one, and think we have done our part in the “vicissitudes of war,” don't you think so? Well, time and paper admonishes me that I must close this. At some future time when I have more leisure time and more stationery I will try and do better. Until then I remain,

Yours truly, ‘Gengius’

Article on the Death of George Peckham²²⁷ December 4, 1863

Another Death in Co. E, 29th

Mass. Vols.

We are under the mournful necessity of recording the death of another member of Co. E, 29th Mass. Vols.

George T. Peckham, whom our readers have been acquainted with for some time past, by his letters in our paper from the 29th, while on duty in Lenoir, Tenn., took a severe cold, which settled upon his lungs, and very suddenly caused his death.

Mr. Peckham was a fine young man, of good habits beloved and respected by his acquaintances and friends. He joined the 29th about two years ago at Newport News, and has participated in their hardships, their perils and their glory since that time, never having left the company since he joined. Mr. Peckham leaves a widow and four children to mourn his loss.

Article on the Death of Henry Robbins²²⁸ December 11, 1863

Again it is our melancholy duty to record the death of another member of Co. E, 29th Mass. Vols. Henry H Robbins died in Kalorama Hospital, Washington, on the 6th inst., where he had been sick with the small pox, but was recovering, when he was attacked by pneumonia, which proved fatal. Mr. Robbins was a printer by trade, having served his time in the “Memorial” office, and was a young man of excellent character and abilities.

He joined the company upon its commencement and was with it through all its history until after the battle of Antietam, when his health gave way from exposure and fatigue; he then went into St. Aloysius Hospital and was there for some months when he recovered sufficiently to enter the Invalid corps, when he was seized with the contagion. He was 23 years old at the time of his death and unmarried.

[The *Massachusetts Historical Society* holds in its library, *Henry H. Robbins letters, 1860-1863*. Letters written by Henry H. Robbins of Plymouth, Mass. as a private in the Mass. 29th Infantry Regiment. The letters home to his family discuss camp life and preparedness for action, his health, and family news, in particular that of his brother Edward L. Robbins, also a Union soldier. Letters from Nov. 1862-63 were written from St. Aloysius Hospital (one letter including a drawing of the hospital) in Washington, D.C. and describe his duties as a ward attendant while convalescing away from his regiment. Robbins died of smallpox in Dec. 1863.]

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from [Samuel C.] Wright; Rutledge, TN²²⁹ December 15, 1863

As I am not busy just now, I will try to write you a few lines that you may know where we are at this time and what we are doing. When I last wrote you we were, I think, on the Cumberland Mountains. What with driving mules, rough roads, and an occasional upset of my wagon, thereby distributing rations rather freely and not exactly to order of Uncle Sam's Quartermasters and Commissaries — we had quite a jolly time getting through to the Cumberland Gap. We stopped here till Dec. 1st, when we left with Maj. Gen. Foster. The 129th Ohio left that day to clear the track for him, and as we were anxious to get to our regiment, Col. Johns, of that regiment, took us into Co. 'G' and said that he would see us through. The first day we marched to Tazewell, thirteen miles distant; the next day we started again and soon got within hearing of cannon. We then pushed forward almost at 'double quick,' and at three P. M. reached Walter's Ford on the Clinch river, having traveled 17 miles. There was thirty-three of us old troops all armed but us three of the 29th. Our forces immediately crossed the river, leaving us three to guard the knapsacks and overcoats, but we did not have to guard them long, as our forces were driven back by superior numbers. Our regiment fired some twenty rounds, but not much damage was done. That night we expected to have to retreat back, but the rebels seemed to think it best to keep the river between us, and of course we were fully satisfied with the arrangement.

Dec. 17 I saw Lt. Col. Barnes, Lieuts. Conant and Whitman, they were on Col. Curtains' staff. Col. Curtain is in command of a six month's division. Col. Barnes told me to tell Major Chipman that he should be with us in a few days, as they had all asked to be relieved. Col. Barnes is chief of staff. The 129th stopped about Walter's Ford three days, when they received immediate marching orders and left. Six of the 112th Illinois, of our party, were out foraging, and not wishing their knapsacks, &c., left, Sergt. Atwood and myself volunteered to stop till they returned. They did not get back till about 7 P. M., but they brought with them a whole hive of honey bees, and we all had a jolly time smoking them out. They found them at a strong secesh house. Some of the boys seeing bees going under the floor of the house and being of rather a searching turn of mind, thought it best to take up the floor, when out came the honey, which, under the confiscation act was taken to camp to be disposed of according to private regulations. We made our quarters at an old house, the family having left during the fight. We did not know but that Johnney Secesh would 'gobble' us up, but we were determined to make the best of it; so we made up a glorious fire, set the old table, drew up the chairs and set to work with a good will and keen appetite. Our meal consisted of fried corn cakes, dried pumpkin stewed, and honey. We should have had coffee, but by mishap Sergt. Atwood upset it, so with a few words of thanksgiving at the mishap, we ate our supper rejoicing.

Sergt. Rohan, of the 112th Illinois, had the charge of our party. We left him sick at a house about three miles back, and we made up our minds that the safest thing we could do was to go back to that house. On our way we fell in with some of our party, making in all sixteen. When we reached the house we asked permission to sleep in the corn crib, but the owner being a good Union man 'could not see the point,' but told us to just step out to the door while his family retired and then came in and lay down on the floor in front of the fire. There was but one room to the house, and in this was the man, his wife and five children, the sick sergeant, and sixteen of us, but a more comfortable night's rest I never enjoyed.

The day previous the six months' men (or rather twelve year old boys) in passing stole all that they could lay their hands upon, even bed clothes. They took the coat from the back of a good old Union man who was sick, took all their flour and "sorgum," (as they call it here). One man gave them seventy-five bushels of apples, after which they stripped his house of all they could get. The next morning the citizens came before it was light for a guard, as they had learned there were some three years' men at the place where we were. Gen. Wilcox told the sergeant to put his men on guard; so three of us went to each house, where we were assured we should not want for rations, but have the best they had. The man where we stopped killed three large hogs, and we

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had plenty of pork, corn-cake, sorgum, flour bread, bacon, potatoes, milk, &c.; but our happiness was soon brought to a close by an order from Gen. Wilcox that as the army was to fall back we must go to Tazewell, and there remain till we could go to Knoxville; but let me tell you that a six months' man could not step into a house that we guarded, and when we left the girls took all of our canteens and filled them with splendid sorgum.

The day before we left Tazewell I was on guard with eighteen men at the prison, which was full of prisoners taken at Knoxville. The six months' men had before done guard duty there and let them do as they pleased. They kept poking their heads out of the windows and insulting the guard. I was commander-in-chief as I looked at it, so I told the men to make them keep their heads in. One of the guards told me he had given that order twice to one man and was not obeyed. Said I, give that order to him once more, and if not obeyed shoot him. About ten minutes after bang goes a rifle, the ball shaving the hair on the prisoner's head and effectually putting a stop to the nuisance. The general and staff came down to learn the trouble and said we had done just right. The prisoners were the dirtiest and most ignorant set of heathens that I ever fell in with; they were a disgrace to the name of a man. They were mostly Mississippians, and if these are a sample it is full time that the State had a Yankee regeneration.

We left Tazewell, having been informed that our regiment was at Bean Station, six miles distant. Before we reached Clinch Mountain it was very dark, and it being an ugly place to climb even in the day-time, it made it very difficult for us to proceed, but we kept 'on our winding way,' sometimes tumbling into the little streams that crossed our way and anon stepping down some deep gulch so suddenly that it left a man in doubt for a few moments whether his body and head had not parted company for the time being, or that he had not accidentally left a leg behind; but we finally crossed the mountain only to learn that our regiment was at Rutledge, nine miles further on. We therefore stopped in a corn-crib for the rest of the night, and the next arrived at the regiment.

I soon found all of company E that were here. There were Shannon, Alexander, Washburn, and Morton, the rest were left at Knoxville. They told me that Corp. Paty was shot through both hands and had eight bullet holes through his clothes. Our regiment took two stands of colors, and when they were carried to Gen. Burnside, he exclaimed, "Three cheers for the Old Twenty-Ninth!" Major Chipman had his horse shot under him. He is a brave man, and liked first-rate by the regiment. There are but few officers here. There are but about one hundred men for duty in the whole regiment.

On the night of the 14th our forces began to fall back, but they took with them a lot of prisoners. On the night of the 15th we fell back seven miles and halted, started again yesterday and marched to this place. The rebels pressed our rear guard closely, and shelled us, but we are now in a good position, and they have no chance to flank us. Last night each company threw up defences, of rails, stones, &c.; our company built a good sized duck stand, and may have a chance to use it before the day closes – not at ducks, but at Johnny Secesh. Some of our regiments were falling trees all night along the roads to obstruct them. Major General Foster arrived on the ground at 4 P. M. yesterday, with Gen. Granger and the 4th army corps. Gen. Wilcox has formed a junction with us on the other side of the Clinch Mountain. Our line, it is said, extends nine miles.

The rebels have a large force of good troops, but I think with the 9th, 23^d, and 14th corps we can attend to their wants, and give them a good specimen of the fighting qualities of the Yankee boys.

On the 15th, the rebs captured 75 wagons and 100,000 rations, which we needed much. They were from Crab Orchard guarded by convalescents, some of them being from our regiment. I expect they were captured with them. It seems hard to lose bread at this time, as we want it much.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Goes the cannon – rather guess I must stop writing and go to fighting. I am well; shall send this the first opportunity. There is a rumor that the 4th corps is to relieve the 9th. If so, our officers will do

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all that they can to get the 29th home to recruit, so that when our time is out there will still be a 29th Regiment. Gen. Ferrero calls this division his pets. In the fight, when the battle was strongest, Gen. Burnside said, "now, General, bring in your pets. He did so, and Johnny Secesh immediately took the back track. It is now 11 A. M., and the firing increases on our right, so I must quit writing and get ready to do my part towards having everything come out all [?]

Wright

Article Death of Henry F. Eddy²³⁰ January 22, 1864

Henry F. Eddy died yesterday of chronic diarrhea, incurred in the U.S. service as a member of the 29th Reg't, from which he was discharge some time since on account of sickness.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Nelson, KY²³¹ February 18, 1864

Mr. Editor:

The fortunes of war, its necessities, and the greenbacks of our good old Uncle Sam, bring many an insignificant place and out of the way village into notice, and make it for the time being the great center of attraction and business, giving it a significance and a place in future history that of itself, or the labor and exertions of those mostly interested in its welfare, would have never had sufficient power or energy to have brought it ever to a passing notice.

Such at this time is Camp Nelson, situated about seven miles from Nicholasville, the nearest point of railway communication, surrounded by knobs, or small hills, and easily made inaccessible to hostile armies; well wooded, and plenty of good water, it is capable of sustaining a long siege, even against a determined enemy. Invested with these natural advantages, Camp Nelson is fast rising from its natural obscurity to quite a position of importance in the progress of this war.

Government has for the last year made this the headquarters for collecting soldiers absent from the army of the Cumberland, to be sent forward to their regiments, and has also made it the great depot for supplies for East Tennessee and Cumberland Gap. Large stores of provisions, clothing, ammunition, and all the necessary articles of war are fast accumulating for a spring campaign. From fifty to one hundred mule teams and as many pack mules well loaded go from here daily for the army, and still supplies accumulate. Large warehouses spring up as by magic, and are soon filled. Most of the lumber used here is oak; cut by government hands, taken to the saw-mills, and often in less than two hours from the stump it is used on the buildings. Government has three sawmills in full operation to supply the wants of the camp. Fortifications are being thrown up, water works established or put down, grounds leveled, hospitals erected, and everything done to make this place a permanent institution.

Regiments are almost daily arriving here from near Knoxville and Cumberland Gap, most of them old regiments that have re-enlisted. They stop here to draw clothing and shoes, of which they are sadly deficient. Some of the troops have come all the way through barefooted, and have suffered much. Troops are also arriving and starting to the front to take the place of those who have returned. There is some fine regiments from the West whose furlough has expired, and who are now returning with full ranks.

Our government and the rebels are both striving to get a full supply of rations for their armies at East Tennessee as a capital to begin the spring campaign, as it is supposed that whichever gets ready first, will have some considerable advantage over the other, and to all appearances the campaign will open at the earliest moment practicable, and, depend upon it, it will be no children's play, but a firm and determined movement. The South must win or die; the North must hold them firmly or protect the rear. We have of ourselves but little fear of the result, but yet we may meet with slight reverses at first, but only enough to sharpen our appetites

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and make us more watchful and earnest, but don't let your equanimity be disturbed by the thousand and one sensation stories and bugbear movements of the rebels in East Tennessee. As yet there is not the slightest chance or possibility of a movement of importance, and nothing beyond the regular skirmishing usual on advance posts. Should the rebels be so foolhardy as to make any move of importance, you may rest assured that Gen. Grant has them well in hand and will give them the best of attention.

The weather is extremely cold here, and many of the poor soldiers are getting frost-bitten. It does seem almost cruel to move men when the weather is so severe. The men are coming from the front poorly clad and almost shoeless, with thin blankets and hungry stomachs, and of course they are ill prepared to stand this rough, cold and rugged weather. They are suffering extremely, and if they were not hearts of oak and true as steel, they would sink under their sufferings; but, thank God, they are true-hearted, and seem willing to suffer that others may enjoy the benefits of their patriotism. Whatever may be the faults of the volunteer soldiers, they are true to their country and its cause, and true to the great principles that animated and sustained the heroes and patriots of '76, and it is the duty (as we know it is the pleasure) of the North, to deal with them kindly; to receive them with honor, and give them the free reward that their patriotism, their sacrifices and their devotion to their country justly merits.

We daily hear that the 29th Reg't is on its way here, but there is no certainty how soon it will arrive. It is said that the whole 9th Army Corps are ordered to report at Washington, and the arrival of headquarters, baggage, &c., from the front, gives color to the report. We shall soon see if this is so, and report accordingly.

* *

Letter from Unknown Author, Paris, KY²³² February 19, 1864

Mr. Editor:

Did you ever ride in the railway cars? Yes. Well, we expected that you had, for it would be as much impossible to keep a modern live Yankee from "riding on the rails" as it would have been to have kept the good old Enoch out of the kingdom of Heaven, when out of the common course of human events he took the air line for the celestial gates of Paradise; but what we mean is, did you ever start on a long journey by rail at about the hour when sleep hangs heavy to the eyes and slumber to the eyelids, and God's angels are busy blowing out the stars and making a clean pathway for the blessed sun to begin his daily journey. If you have accomplished one of these day and night journeys, you have experienced some of the ills of life to which the traveling public are subject. What with reading the papers, watching the peanut and candy merchants, and looking out for the wants of the inner man, the day passes off very well, but the evening shades begin to settle down around you, the stars are lighted, nature is weary and seeks its rest, and you now begin to feel the thousand and one inconveniences of your long and tiresome journey. The question now is, sleep or not to sleep. You place yourself in the best position that circumstances permit, and the cars having stopped for a few minutes at some way station, or to wood and water, "sleep, gentle sleep" waves its magic wand over the senses, your head falls back, and with your face upturned, as if about to take three fingers, (if you indulge,) your mouth opens as wide as a Greenlander's when about to swallow two or three yards of walrus, you begin to dream, "so comfortably snoozing," when the cars start, and you are suddenly brought to a realizing sense of your lost condition by such a jerk of the cars on starting that for the moment you have serious doubts that if soul and body yet hold close communion, or that head and body had parted company. A few moments' reflection, however, satisfies you on that point and also satisfies you that your new Kossuth [hat] is among the missing. The conductor's lantern is brought into requisition, and after a protracted search, to the great disarrangement and discomfiture of pants and crinoline, you find the missing hat; and such a hat, the old adage of "shocking bad hat," or "when this hat

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was new," were hardly worth quoting for a comparison. Just in front of us sat a young couple. Their eyes sparkled like diamonds in the sunbeams, and such blushes flitted across the maiden's cheek as gave full assurance that her little heart was filled to the brim with daguerreotypes of rosy bowers, happy hours, chubby-cheeked angels, and all the little etceteras of 'love's young dream.' Soon the young gent's arm became restless, and begun uneasily to rest upon the back of the seat, and we, in our usual kindness of heart, was just getting ready to catch it if it should fall over back, when we entered one of those tunnels where "eternal darkness reigns." In a few moments we emerged from this subterranean darkness, when lo! The young gent's arm had changed position, his head had changed position, and his mouth had such a kind of lick your chops expression that we could not help thinking that his mind for the last few moments had not like the good old Dr. Watts "on awful subjects rolled," but that he had been trying to gather honey from rosy blushes and we rather guess he succeeded. Well, we didn't blame him, life is short, and he that crowds the most of life's pleasures into the smallest compass of time is wise, while he that culls the sweets of life as he passes, leaving the bitter to take care of itself, passes through the world easily, slips into the future, and meets God's angels with smiling face, and pockets any amount of blessings. So mote it be.

* *

Article on Seth Paty's Furlough Home²³³ March 11, 1864

A Patriot

Corp. Seth Paty arrived home on a furlough of a few days on account of the sickness of his mother. He has followed the roving 29th Regiment through all its hardships, sieges, battles and marches from Yorktown to Jackson and Vicksburg and Knoxville. He was wounded at Fort Monroe by the bursting of the Sawyer gun, having two ribs broken and other injuries. At Jackson he was left behind unable to march, from being barefooted and feet blistered by the everlasting mud. Without food or shelter, save forsaken barns, he struggled on, faint and sick, and traveling by night and hiding days, and came into camp after three days absence almost helpless. He was one of the garrison at the heroic defence of Fort Sanders, and declares that to be the best chance our forces ever had at the rebels, mowing them down in heaps hardly a stone's throw from the parapet. In going for water to a noted spring he was fired upon by an ambuscade and his coat riddled by half a dozen bullets, but without injury. He was shot through both hands at the siege, and has since been at the hospital. Such men are an honor to the service.

Letter from Unknown Author, Louisville, KY²³⁴ March 15, 1864

Messrs. Editors:

If ever there a dearth of war news or what little there was perfectly unreliable. This seems to be about the time newspaper correspondents seem to be at their wit's end for enough for a respectable paragraph, and even then have to draw largely from imagination and the movements of a corporal's guard is at this time watched and its proceedings heralded with as much flourish and parade as ever the whole movements of the grand Army of the Potomac in its palmist days of chronic activity. Raids seem now to be the order of the day in the army as well as the body politic and he or they that can do the most damage to the opposing party is the hero today let who will be upmost tomorrow.

SHERMAN'S RAID

Is now the all engrossing topic, and the question is asked was it a success or a defeat; did it accomplish the object for which it was designed, or was it a grand fizzle, "a great cry and little wool" affair. If so, Sherman had had (what many lack,) the good sense to keep it to himself and is his own confident. We believe here, and it is so believed in military circles that he accomplished all that he intended or expected, and that when he started

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he intended to be guided by circumstances as they might occur on the march, having but one principle object, and that to destroy as much railroad communications and commissary stores as possible belonging to the rebels, and if rebel authority is to be believed he has inflicted deep and lasting injury to the rebel cause and two or three more such raids would totally ruin the prospects of the rebels for subsistence for the coming season throughout all the western parts of Georgia and Alabama, not to speak of the utter ruin of their prospects in Mississippi. Gen. Sherman made no great flourish in starting; made no promise of great achievements, but left the public to surmise as to its destination, and to its end for what should be accomplished. The troops of the expedition are now safely returned and the gratifying result is that they have destroyed one hundred miles of the most useful railroad in the dominion of Slavery, cutting off their means of transportation to the Tombigbee river and with the country adjacent, burned twenty-three mills and near two thousand bales of cotton, destroyed nineteen locomotives and near one hundred cars of different kinds, captured five hundred prisoners, two hundred wagons, two thousand horses and mules and has let the light of freedom glisten the eye and rejoice the hearts of seven thousand of the noble children of Southern bondage, and all this has been accomplished with but the loss of one hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and no cost to the government as the troops would probably have remained inactive till this time. It must have been amusing as well as interesting to see the negroes flocking in from far and near to place themselves under the protection of the Federal army, and it is said that they testified their delight in beholding our army often in the most grotesque manner, but with a heartiness and sincerity which no one can appreciate but those who have marched through that den of slavery, where every stump of cricket may conceal an enemy, and in their joy they would exclaim, "Bless the Lord, you's all come at last," "We thought you wasn't comin' never." "If you want any meat, the child can show your where massa done hid a heap out in the swamp." Some come mounted on their ole massa's horse or mule with the "old woman" on behind and all sorts of culinary articles hanging about them. Some were mounted in crazy vehicles such as those, and those only, can appreciate who have seen them come into camp. Generally the ole man and ole woman get in front, and a strange gathering of clothing, pots, pans, chickens, children, babies and bedding fill up the remainder of the vehicle, all of which with its exciting merriment, its exquisite drollery is enough to touch the heart and bring tears to the eyes of the least susceptible of mankind, and then to think of that trusting faith with which they come to us (too often abused), does it not enlarge the heart a greater sacrifice and bring from our inmost soul the sincere pledge that their confiding trust shall not be disappointed or their faith shaken in the promise of freedom we hold out to them, but rather will we not seal the bond with our life blood and ever plead their cause at the throne of the eternal God.

It may be and it is often said "that the South can soon repair the roads, soon replenish the rolling stock and have it in full operation." This would be true of us where everything is at hand and ready, but with them the ease is far different — thanks to our blockade. They have nothing on hand for repairs and for that reason must leave it as it is. The roads that Greirson destroyed near one year since have not been repaired nor have trains been run above that point since. If we remember right he destroyed some fifty miles of the Jackson and Northern road and the rolling stock and cars have never been replaced. Indeed it is said from good authority that even on the roads that they keep running they have to use the utmost exertion to keep up an average speed of eight or nine miles per hour on account of the worn condition of both rails and rolling stock.

GEN. KILPATRICK'S RAID

Did not probably accomplish what was expected or what at least was desired, but it accomplished much. The sacred spires of Richmond has again greeted the eyes of the Yankee raiders. The Yankees have established a pathway across the sacred mire of Virginia, and the F. F. V.s have shivered in their shoes when the indomitable Yankee thundered at the gates of their capital, and they and their armies have learned the useful lesson that no peace is secure where treason holds her court and sways the stolen scepter. Kilpatrick's raid will

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have an influence with the soldiers of the rebel army and will do much to render them dissatisfied with their rulers. It has shaken the nerves of Jeff Davis and the whole of his ungodly associates, and frightened into hysterics the Enquirer and Whig, and they threaten all kinds of torments to the soldiers engaged and enunciate all kinds of blood and thunder doctrines. They well know the effect that the raid will have on public opinion, and they well know that but an accident prevented its complete success. The brave [Ulric] Dahlgren has fallen and they have wreaked their fiendish hate and malice on this inanimate form.

The men and women of the south in their wild frenzy and despair are fast becoming demons in human shape and would this day sell themselves body and soul to the arch enemy of man if by doing so they could preserve the institution of slavery and whip the Yankees. But both are fast getting into that position where to save the one or whip the others will soon be recorded among the impossibilities. They have only to wait till the Yankees accomplish what they intend to and then try to fit themselves if possible for decent and respectable society.

RICHMOND PAPERS ON THE RAID

The whole rebel press are out against raids (by the Yankees), and affect to believe that certain documents found on Col Dahlgren [Dahlgren Affair] devoting to death and torture the whole Rebel Cabinet are genuine, and all the pack from Jeff, the traitor, down to that little barking cur of a Barksdale are shockingly bitter on the young dead hero and his command, and the Enquirer says "that now or never must we show the enemy and the world that we know our rights and dare maintain them. This day's sun should not go down before every scoundrel taken in this assassin's work is blown to atoms from the mouth of cannon, and every means should be employed to get the names of as many as possible of those who have escaped, so if taken hereafter they may be treated in the same way."

This is what might be called true blood and thunder doctrine if they who utter it dare put in practice, but under the circumstances we rather like to see it as it conclusively shows how deeply they feel that Kilpatrick's raid has inflicted deep and lasting injury to their traitorous cause, and we have found by experience that the louder a dog barks the less danger of his bite. If we remember right, at the commencement there was a document of a very injurious kind was captured in which was expressed about the same inhuman and blood thirsty ideas. When deciphered it ran thus:

I shall cross the river above Little Falls on Sunday at 2 A. M. Signal red and white rockets from Turner's Hill. For God's sake don't foil us. Fire the city at all points at once. Dispatch Lincoln and Scott as agreed and let the execution of our plot be perfect.

BEAUREGARD

This blood thirsty plot was agreed upon some three years since. Lincoln and Scott yet live and Washington is still the headquarters of Legislation and shoddy contractors, and southern braggadocio only excites our pity and contempt.

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Letter from Unknown Author, St. Louis, KY²³⁵ March 19, 1864

Messrs. Editors:

Whenever we have spoken of Kentucky we have always spoken of her as a discontented, disaffected and largely disloyal state. Such she has ever been since the first day that the hydra of secession dared openly to show its ugly head or dared to take the initiative step towards the separation of these United States. She has been from first to last secesh to the heart, although strongly professing Union sentiments and acting with the Union party. But there is not now, nor never has been, any heart or vigor in her actions to repel invasion or to disperse even the guerillas in her own borders, but she has been continually calling upon the general

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government to protect her and her slave property, and government has done this to an extent that we fully believe is a gross injustice to all other slave States where the loyal citizens are endeavoring to again return to the Union, and by the protection of her slaves, a gross insult to the free Northern sentiment. The slaves of Kentucky should have been freed by the President's proclamation just as much as the slaves of Tennessee, and Tennessee is this day far the most loyal State, and will give the government much less trouble to protect it. All that has kept Kentucky from being first and foremost in the ranks of secession is her geographical position and her fear for her peculiar institution. Had she been in the place of Tennessee, there would have not been a more bitter State among the Confederates; but bordering on the glorious State of Ohio, where freedom is one of the strongest institutions in the body corporate, she has smothered the sinister feelings of her black heart and shown miserable pretense of loyalty.

Gov. Bramlette in his address to the people of Kentucky, talks of Unionism and of Union sentiment; advises obedience to the laws and tells about driving to an ignominious distance those who in the agony of our conflict have perverted their sacred trusts to the base uses of partisan ends and fanatical purposes, when but a few days previous he presided at a sword presentation to Colonel Frank Wolford, and when the Colonel in answer expressed the strongest disloyal sentiments, advising resistance to the draft and armed resistance to the taking of slaves for government use, calling President Lincoln a traitor and usurper, and intimating that he was ready to draw the aforesaid sword to make good his words, Gov. Bramlette instead of rebuking the Colonel, by his silence, gave full assent to the sentiments presented. Finding however that public sentiment was pressing hard upon him, and that he was holding a very equivocal position before the country, he has issued a proclamation to the people of his State, coldly advising them how to act under the pressure of circumstances.

We have passed through the length and breadth of Kentucky; we have studied her people, their character and disposition, mingled with her citizens at their homes and with her soldiers on the battlefield, place our feet beneath the mahogany of the Hon. Gerritt Davis and eat of the good things of this world, and sat beside the black in the humble log cabin and eat of the infallible and eternal smoked hog that morning, noon and night helps sustain Kentucky poverty and gives tone to her principles; we have traveled on her poverty-stricken railroads, where they depend upon the Almighty for depots, being either too poor or parsimonious to furnish them; we have seen her huge distilleries, where liquid damnation is distilled for the multitude, and seen her tobacco consuming citizens trying to strengthen their nerves by the insidious poison, and we fully believe that if Kentucky had joined the Southern theifocracy at the first it would have been better for the government and for the State. Had she done this, Gerritt Davis's weak, insolent voice would not have been heard in the Senate, and her grumbling, fault-finding, and bitter opposition of all the acts of the administration would have been met with a decided change. Slavery would have been abolished, and her State government been administered to those whose firmness and integrity would need no proclamation to defend their position. Gov. Bramlette claims that fifty-one thousand of Kentucky's sons are in the Federal army, and we speak what we honestly believe when we say that clear of their troops that are kept at home for their own protection, and those in hospital, that there is not fifteen thousand effective men in the field belonging to that State. Thank God, things are fast approaching a crisis in Kentucky. The day and hour has come when she must be true to her motto, and stand united and firm with her sister loyal States, or she must fall ignominiously into the dirty pool of secessionism, only to feel the weight of her degradation, and then shorn of her besetting sin of slavery and humbled in her pride, she must return to the fold of liberty, of which Abraham Lincoln is the shepherd.

There is no war news here at this time. Several expeditions are getting ready and we think that the west of the Mississippi will give us but little trouble. Most all of the old regiments have been home, and are now

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returning with filled ranks to the front, and the Army of the Cumberland is now fully able to do all that is required of it.

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Figure 28. Return of Veteran Volunteers on Furlough²³⁶

Article on the Return of the 29th to Boston²³⁷ April 15, 1864

The 29th Mass. regiment, Col. E. W. Pierce, arrived in Boston direct from Knoxville last Saturday afternoon. A brilliant reception was given to the returning veterans yesterday, and speeches of hearty welcome delivered by Governor Andrew, Mayor Lincoln and others; after which a bountiful collation was served in behalf of the city at the American House. Half a dozen of the veterans from Plymouth came down Wednesday evening to enjoy their thirty days furlough, which we hope may prove an uninterrupted pleasure. Among the officers are Capt. Samuel H. Doten, Lieuts. Whitmore, Conant and Pope of Bridgewater.

Article on the Furloughed 29th²³⁸ May 6, 1864

The 29th Massachusetts regiment (re-enlisted veterans) Col. E. W. Pierce, are now at home on a furlough. Seven companies comprising this regiment, were among the first three years men to leave the State.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

They were organized immediately upon the call for three months men, in April 1861, and were sent early in May to Fortress Monroe, where they joined the 3d and 4th Massachusetts regiments of volunteer militia in their service of three months. After the expiration of the term of service of these regiments, these companies were organized as a battalion, and were in service at Fortress Monroe and Newport News for a year, the last part of the time the organization of the regiment as the 29th, being completed. The officers of the regiment were commissioned Dec. 13, 1861.

The regiment was engaged in the Big Bethel battle, and subsequently, on the capture of Norfolk, the regiment was in service at that place and at Portsmouth and vicinity. The regiment was in the last part of the peninsula campaign in the Irish brigade, and performed good service in the different battles at that time and the principal ones of the Potomac army. The regiment was sent to Kentucky in March, 1863, and subsequently to Mississippi, where it participated in the siege of Vicksburg and Jackson, and returned to Kentucky Sept. 20, and then to Tennessee Dec. 15.

It has been in 15 engagements, but has been remarkably fortunate in its loss of officers and men. During the siege of Knoxville it was constantly under fire, and captured the battle flags of the 16th Georgia and 17th Mississippi. Its services at Campbell's Station were such as to save the fortunes of the day. During the fourteen months from Nov. 1862 to Jan. 1, 1863 [1864], the regiment performed a journey of 4277 miles.

The regiment numbers 166 besides officers. Several men were left behind and turned over to the 36th regiment.

The officers who return are as follows:

Col. Ebenezer W. Pierce, of Freetown

Lieut. Col. Joseph H. Barnes, Boston

Major, Charles Chipman, Sandwich

Adjutant, Henry S. Braden, Boston; Surgeon, Dr. Robert Jameson; Quartermaster, John B. Pizer, Taunton; Hospital Steward, John Hardy, Boston; Quartermaster Sergeant, James McQuillen; Commissary Serg't., Henry Josselyn.

The companies are – A, Capt. Thomas W. Clarke, Boston, 21 men; B, Capt. Israel N. Wilson, Billerica, 26; C, Lieut. N. D. Whitman, East Bridgewater, 14; D, Lieut. Augustus D. Ayling, Sandwich, 4; E, Capt. Samuel H. Doten, Plymouth, 6; F, W. D. Tripp, Taunton, 29; G, Charles T. Richardson, Pawtucket, 26; H, Lieut. Charles A. Carpenter, Pawtucket, 33; I Lieut. Frank Goodwin, Lynn, 4; K, Capt. A. A. Oliver, Lynn, 6; making a total of 166 men.

The other officers are – 1st Lieut. George W. Taylor, Cambridge, Co. A; 1st Lieut. James Atherton, Sandwich; 2d Lieut. Henry A. Hunting, B; 2d Lieut. Thomas Conant, East Bridgewater, C; 1st Lieut. George H. Long, Charlestown, E; 1st Lieut. George W. Pope, North Bridgewater; 2d Lieut. George D. Williams, F; 1st Lieut. Charles D. Browne, Boston, G; 2d Lieut. Thomas F. Darby, H.

Article on Death of Lemuel Morton²³⁹ May 20, 1864

Plymouth's Sacrifice

The patriot blood of our brave volunteers, waters almost every battle field since this frightful tempest of war burst upon us, and following swift upon the news of victory or defeat come those short, merciless, electric words that paralyze and shock loving hearts and desolated homes. So with the brilliant victories of the recent contest comes the quota of Plymouth's sacrifice, the noble dead and mangled living. Of thirteen men in the fight eight are killed or wounded.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

A dispatch from Hon. Wm. T. Davis received on Monday evening reads as follows: "Lemuel B. Morton, killed; James Holbrook, Samuel Thrasher, John Taylor and John Kincade [Kincaid], wounded, but alright; John K. Alexander, dangerously wounded; George F. Bradford, Otis Finney, Alonzo Perry and Henry Kimball, all safe up to Thursday night."

Of young Morton we may safely say no finer and more respected young man has left Plymouth during the war, and his loss is severe blow to this sorrowing parents and bereaved wife, who for three years have counted slowly the days of his absence, unbroken by a single furlough, and were joyfully anticipating a happy reunion, as the time of his Regiment's enlistment expired the present week. But he has fallen in the thickest of the fight, bravely battling for his country and its liberties, leaving a good character and an honorable name as a legacy to his family and children.

Letter from Unknown Author, Belle Plain, VA²⁴⁰ May 20, 1864

Mr. Editor:

Again on the banks of the Potomac, and again ready for their duty in this life struggle of our nation to perpetuate and keep sacred the true principles of democracy and a democratic government, the old veteran 29th is again in the field, with thinned ranks, but true hearts, soon, probably to again mingle in the deadly strife when the demon of destruction assumes control, and death holds high carnival to the music of deep-mouthed cannon and incessant rattle of musketry. Truly, 'tis there – not in the vision of the seer, but in its sad yet glorious reality, that

"The field of the dead rushes red on the sight,
And the clans of disunion are scattered in light."

That old stereotyped phrase, or rather report of McClellan's, of "all quiet on the Potomac," has now given place to active operations, and to the energy and perseverance of Grant, when he proposes "to fight it out, if it takes all summer." That is as we believe the true principle, fight today, fight tomorrow, fight every day, and it will soon be seen, as Wellington said, "which can stand the most pounding," and for that we have but little fear, if the North is true to itself and true to the puritan blood of its ancestors. Thank God! Old Plymouth has no reason thus far to complain, but rather to rejoice, that her sons have shown on the battle-field that the good old Pilgrim blood still flows freely through their veins, and that they are ready now, as ever, to lay down their life for their country and the great principle of universal freedom. Almost every battle adds to her pride and her sorrow, for the brave hearts that fall beneath the deadly strife and fill the soldier's grave on the battle-field, and no truer heart or braver hand has fallen amid the deadly strife than Corporal Lemuel B. Morton. Animated by the stern mandates of principle and believing it to be a duty he owed to his God and to his country, and religiously believing that God had made plain to him his duty in the present crisis, he buckled on his armor and pressed forward in the fight, never doubting, never wavering, and ever ready to rejoice with friends in the hour of victory or meet his Savior in the hour of death. Truly, we believe he was a Christian soldier, and we knew him to be a dear lover of his country, his friends, and his home; and how often in the still hours of the night watch, and when around the camp fire, have we heard him give vent to his true and earnest love of home and loved ones in such thoughts as these: "I wonder if they do miss me tonight? My father and my mother, as they set by the old hearth far away, talking in low, gentle tones; the fond wife and little one as she counts the long, weary days that must pass before we can again be united. I wonder if they think of me tonight. How I long to go home, to wind my weary arms about the loved ones there, and stay with them forever." There were his heart sentiments, and he dearly loved to talk of home and its anticipated enjoyments and the bright prospects of a

Co. E, 29th Regiment

happy future. But the brightest stars of heaven are often suddenly shut from our sight by the gathering storm, and the fondest hopes and anticipation are as easily crushed as the humble violet beneath our feet. God gave the living soul, the beating heart and the fond affections, the tree of life is His, and at his command the angel with the raven wing gathers the immortal fruit, and suddenly a new light is opened to she ever upward, ever onward journey of the immortal soul to the eternity of God.

The news from the front is encouraging, but our friends at the North must not let their hopes of an easy "on to Richmond" get the better of their good judgment. The way is rough and hard, and the enemy determined and desperate. What man can do in a bad cause they will accomplish, and every foot of ground will be contested with all the desperation of men determined to win or die. We have a firm belief that Grant will accomplish his great mission, but he must have time and means, and then what man can do he will accomplish. Many troops whose term of service has expired are leaving the field, but from personal observation we are fully satisfied that they are more than balanced by new troops going forward daily, and not only that, but enough to cover all losses in battle.

They never were, probably, so many skulkers at any time in the history of our army as at present, and it is not only soldiers, but officers. Quite a number of officers have been sent back to the front handcuffed, and should be severely dealt with; and we believe it is the duty of the government to have every officer that thus leaves his post shot without even the form of a trial. They are a disgrace to God and to man, and no doubt should they be shot, would be kicked out of the infernal regions.

Those of the 29th that were turned over to the 36th Mass., notwithstanding they had been so unjustly dealt with, still kept their good reputation unsullied. Out of ninety-four who were with, thirty-five were either killed or wounded, and out of the ten of Co. E who were actually in battle, five were killed or wounded. After the Major of the 36th was killed there was no leader left, and orders were given from behind a tree a good distance to the rear in imitation of the "Shepherd of Freetown" at the battle of Fort Saunders. The 29th kept close to the colors of the regiment, and at every rude assault of the enemy, shouted "Rally round the flag, boys," and for this reason so many of them suffered. The 36th is a good regiment and good material, but they wanted a leader after the field officers were used up. They have always had a good reputation and still hold it, and the Governor in his promotions in this regiment should be careful to look at merit before rank.

Our regiment numbers but about one hundred and thirty for duty, and those mostly belong to the new companies, and there are 26 officers. Those officers that belonged to the old Massachusetts Battalion will probably petition the Commanding General that they may be discharged, as their term of service expires tomorrow. If so, ten officers will leave, and they are all of the old staunch veteran officers of the regiment that there is left. The regiment is left here, it being so small that it is probably thought to be of not much use at the front.

We should write of others that belonged to Co. E that were in the late battles, but as our information concerning them is uncertain, we shall forbear doing so at present, or till we have a full knowledge of facts before us. If the officers of the Old Battalion leave, we shall also present our petition to the Commanding General for leave to do likewise, thereby having a chance to settle up our three years accounts with government and be ready if necessary to begin again.

* *

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Veterans²⁴¹ May 27, 1864

VETERANS. Several members of the 29th Regiment whose term of service has expired, arrive in town Monday and will be mustered out of service this week. Theirs is a glorious record of courage, endurance, and victory for the three years of hard service, and they may well be proud of it.

Letter from [Samuel C.] Wright, Near Salem Church, VA²⁴² June 1, 1864

Messrs. Editors:

Having a few spare moments to myself I thought I would write a line just to let you know where the old 29th is located and what we are about. We left Belle Plain May 22d, and after six days of hard marching we came up with the army near Salem Church. The country through which we passed had never been visited before by Yanks or Rebs and we lived first rate. There were five regiments of us under command of Gen. Lockwood, and on the march we had strawberries, gooseberries, mutton, veal, fowls, &c; everything in fact, that one could wish. We passed large plantations of corn, wheat, rye, &c. If the army does nothing more than hold this country it would do much towards crippling the rebels. The road was a pleasant one to travel and as rained most every night it kept them in good condition. On arriving at Salem Church our regiment was assigned to the 1st Division, 3d Brigade, 5th Army Corps. The 9th, 18th, 22d, 32d, and I think one other Massachusetts Regiment is in this Corps. We did not like leaving the 9th Corps. but could not help it.

On Monday we attacked the enemy and drove them two and a half miles. We sent out two men from each company in our regiment as flankers. Holmes and Bates were sent out from Co. E; Bates has not since been heard from, the rest all came in yesterday morning. The rebels made feint on the Pennsylvania Reserves and came near flanking us, and Bates may have been taken prisoner at that time. The 22d and 32d Mass. lost heavily on Monday. The Lieut. in command of Capt. Fuller's company is reported killed. There is a large number of Mass. soldiers here – the 56th, 57th, 58th and 59th are close to us, making ten regiments of genuine Yankees at this place.

Yesterday the firing was very light all day, but towards night it was quite brisk. The pickets keep us on the move every night in the old Fair Oaks style, and today the ball has opened along the whole line. Our regiment is on the skirmish line in front, nearly a mile out from the main army and it is said the whole army is advancing. We are now about twelve miles from Richmond and five from the old battle ground of Gaine's Mills. We should like to take our Fourth of July dinner in the rebel capitol, but will not make much dependence on it as many of us will start but never reach it and we know not who will be the next to fall, and if it should be our lot we feel the proud consciousness that we have done our duty to our country and trust, to our God. Whiz goes a shell. Forward's the word.

June 2d, 6 A. M. – At 5 ½ P. M. yesterday the enemy made a desperate attack on the 29th on the skirmish line and before we were aware of it were nearly surrounded. We fought as long as there was any chance then had to make inside the log barricade just in our rear, behind which was the 18th Mass. The rebels came up three lines deep and planted their colors just in our front and a heavier musketry we never heard. The 18th and 29th gave them Jessie. We fired away every round of ammunition was slow to come up and it began to look a little blue, but Lieut. Col. Barnes (Col. Pierce being absent at this time on business) was around as usual at such times, and he told us he had agreed with three other regiments to hold the line with the bayonet, and we should have done it, but fortunately a lot of troops with plenty of ammunition relieved us. We were under a galling fire four hours and then sent out to the left as skirmishers. It is almost impossible to tell the exact number of killed, wounded and missing in our regiment, but it will not vary much from thirty. The rebels set the woods on fire between us and themselves and burned some of their own our wounded.

Co. E, 29th Regiment

Sergeant Shannon and Burgess could not get in and had to lay some four hours till the fire ceased. Shannon and Holmes were both hit with spent balls but not much hurt. Our Lieut. (Long,) was shot through the right arm below the elbow. Lieut. Taylor shot through both legs. Many others killed and wounded. This has been as sharp a fight as ever the 29th has engaged in and Col. Barnes says he never saw the regiment do better. The only fault was they were too eager to fight. We picked up 28 rifles and 2 swords. The rebels burned a part of their dead and left the rest for us to bury. We have drove the rebels one mile and the advance is still fighting. A shell just burst close to us, scattering is death messages all around, but as we dodged in time it left us all

Wright

Letter from Unknown Author, Petersburg²⁴³ August 5, 1864

Patriotism in the 29th Regiment

The following is an extract from a letter received by Collector Loring from a friend of his, now in the army before Petersburg. It breathes the very soul of patriotic devotion to our country and its institutions; and what is still better, it is but the echo of that sentiment which finds its home in almost every heart of the rank and file of all our armies:

"* * * * Thus one after another of our friends are taken away, and we are spared to cherish their memories, and mourn their loss.

One day more, and I shall have served my country thirty-eight months. An All-wise Providence has watched over and protected me, for which I can but feel grateful. God grant that I may live to see the end of this war, and our beloved country again at peace, but I make no dependence upon it. I feel that come what may, live or die, all will be well. I have tried to live as near right in the sight of God and man as I could. I feel my dependence on a higher power than man, and I am ready to bow in submission to its dictates, whatever they may be. But I would not have you think that I am sad and desponding. Far from it. I never was more content in my life; and I am bound, if my life and health are spared, to see the end of this war, if I have to serve ten years longer. I do not want to see any back down on the part of the North. I would sooner leave my bones in this inhospitable country than again be domineered over by slaveholders and traitors."

[Samuel C.] Wright Wounded²⁴⁴ August 5, 1864

WOUNDED IN THE 29TH REG'T. Samuel Wright, Co. E, head; Chas. Bosworth, Co. F, mortally; Capt. Chas. D. Brown, scalp.

[Samuel C.] Wright - Narrow Escape²⁴⁵ September 2, 1864

NARROW ESCAPE. That brave and noble soldier, Color-Sergeant Wright, of Plympton, had one of the narrowest escapes from instant death we have heard of during the war. At the storming of Petersburg, a Minie ball entered his forehead just over the eye, passing through and lodging against the back part of the cranium. The surgeon extracted the ball by probing, and there is good prospect of our veteran campaigner living to a "green old age," which is the earnest prayer of his many friends.

Article on the "Return of the Dead²⁴⁶" October 21, 1864

Corporal [*Seth*] Paty arrived home on Tuesday evening, with the bodies of Sergeant Wadsworth, and Corporals [*Thomas*] Collingwood and [*Thomas*] Hayden formerly of the 29th Regiment, three as brave and faithful men as have enrolled their names on the list of their country's defenders. We understand the funeral

RETURN OF THE DEAD

services will take place on Friday, at one o'clock, P. M. Their veteran comrade [*Paty*], who has sought them in the Western valley, where his own hand made their graves, and marked their resting place, had considerable difficulty in recovering their remains, and bringing them back to their homes and relatives.

Samuel Wright Promoted²⁴⁷ December 2, 1864

HEADQUARTERS 29th MASS. REG'T.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 75

On special recommendation, Corporal Samuel C. Wright, of Co. E, is appointed Sergeant of said Company, for gallantry in action, July 30th, 1864.

Article on John Shannon²⁴⁸ March 3, 1865

EXCHANGED - We are glad to welcome Sergeant Shannon, of the 29th Reg't., from privation of Danville prison to the hospitalities and best regards of the people of Plymouth, who acknowledge their obligations to a brave and faithful soldier.

Article on the Funeral of Nathaniel Burgess²⁴⁹ April 7, 1865

A Soldier's Funeral

"His life doth flow
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream
In whose calm depth the pure and beautiful
Alone are mirrored."

One of the most impressive burial scenes we have yet witnessed occurred at the funeral ceremonies of Lieut. Nathaniel Burgess on Tuesday afternoon. It was a worthy tribute of respect and gratitude to the memory of "the bravest of the brave," as we may well designate this young hero, who from a private won his way to distinction and honor through his devotion to his country and well tried courage. His promotion and commission were received "at the front" for gallantry in action. He fell mortally wounded while fighting his twenty-first battle, because he would not surrender when overpowered.

His body arrived on Saturday evening. It was taken in charge by Lieut. Col. Charles Raymond, and after careful preparation was visited by many friends and citizens while lying at his rooms.

At two o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, a large company assembled at the residence of his father. Through the sympathy of a brother in arms, Capt. Graves, a proper escort for an officer of his rank was furnished from the 27th Unattached Co. at Fort Standish, under Lieut. Pitman.

A detachment of his old comrades of the 29th, who have stood shoulder to shoulder in many a hard fought field, acted as body guard, while the Plymouth Band added to the sad procession the mournful strains of a martial requiem.

At the Methodist Church very appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Poole, who officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Brenner.

The line of the procession was crowded with the largest assemblage we have known at any similar gathering in Plymouth. Silence and solemnity marked the scene, and betokened deep sympathy for such a loss.

Lieut. Burgess enlisted in the 29th Regiment Mass. Vols., in May, 1861. From the camp of enrollment the regiment was ordered to Newport News, Va., where they were held in readiness for active service. Their first hostile demonstration resulted in the capture of Norfolk. From this place they marched in one day twenty-eight miles to Suffolk. In the summer of 1862, they were attached to the army of the Potomac, and participated

Co. E, 29th Regiment

in the varied incidents of that eventful campaign against Richmond. They bore their full share in the privations and hardships and dangers of the seven days' fight and seven nights' march which characterized that memorable retreat to Harrison's Landing. As soon as arrangements could be made for embarkation they were hurried away to the defense of Washington.

The 29th were among the first to report upon the well contested field of Antietam. We next hear of them under Gen. Burnside at the disastrous assault upon the intrenchments of Fredericksburg. They were next transferred to the Western army, via Baltimore and across the Allegheny mountains, through Cincinnati, to Kentucky. They accompanied Gen. Grant in his victorious march upon Vicksburg, and shared the glory of the capture of that stronghold. From thence they proceeded by a long and tedious march to Knoxville, Tenn., where for many weeks they suffered all the horrors of a siege. Here the subject of our sketch re-enlisted for the war while starvation was staring them in the face.

The regiment was next transferred to the East, and again attached to the army of the Potomac. The campaign of Grant against Richmond was, doubtless, one of the most brilliant military exploits in the history of the world. In this campaign our young hero acted no inconsiderable part. He had been several times promoted for bravery and good conduct, and last October he received a commission as 1st Lieut. Since that time he has been the only commissioned officer in his company. In the rebel attack upon Fort Stedman, before Petersburg, on the 25th of March last, he fell mortally wounded, in his twenty-first battle. After two days of diligent preparation he laid off his armor and rested in the confident expectation of a better life.

His comrades speak in high terms of him as a man and as a soldier, and recount many instances of his bravery; but the limits assigned to this sketch will allow but a single one. In one of the terrible battles before Petersburg, when several color bearers had been shot, the commander called for a volunteer to take the ill-fated post. Our noble hero immediately responded, "I will take it." While he bore aloft the beautiful emblem of freedom, the staff was shot off in his hands.

In the bloom of health and muscular vigor he has fallen, a noble sacrifice on the altar of his country.

Article on the Battle of Fort Stedman²⁵⁰ April 7, 1865

The Gallant 29th Regt.

This Regiment suffered severely in the rebel attack on Fort Stedman, and fought with desperate valor until entirely surrounded, many even then preferring death to surrender, among whom was our noble and lamented Lieut. Burgess, as will be seen by the following extract from the Boston Herald:

"A copy of an official report from Capt. M. Deane, commanding the 29th Regiment, received by Gen. Schouler, states that in the action of the 25th ult., there were many instances of individual gallantry. Lieut. Nathaniel Burgess of Co. E, refused to surrender and fell mortally wounded. Lieut. Henry C. Joslyn of Co. G, was captured on the picket line, broke from his guard and rejoined his regiment passing through a column of the enemy marching along the works. He afterwards distinguished himself at Fort Haskell, aiding in the working of a piece of artillery. Color Sergeant Conrad Hornan was ordered to surrender with his colors, refused to do so and escaped. Private T. M. O'Brien of Co. B. while being taken to the rear with other prisoners, tripped one of the guards, threw him into a ditch, and with Capt. Pizer and others escaped. Orderly Sergeant C. F. Harlow of Co. C, refused to surrender and was killed. Private William Klinklee of Co. E, placed himself at the entrance of a bomb-proof, refused all demands for a surrender, and fell fighting gallantly. Private Preserve Westgate of Co. F, fought the enemy with a club until mortally wounded. Private Charles Nightingale of Co. H, shot a rebel who ordered him to surrender. Edward Carney, George E. Snow and

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Corporal Nelson Cook of Co. G, Sergt. William H. Howe, of Co. E, and Levi Gaylord, of Co. A, are mentioned for their gallantry. The rebels at first fired no shots but used the butts of their muskets.”

Article on William Nickerson POW²⁵¹ April 13, 1865

Mr. William F. Nickerson, of this town, member of Co. E. 29th Mass, arrived home on Monday, having been taken prisoner at the attack on Fort Steadman, and paroled by the rebels just before they left Richmond. He was in the famous Libby Prison six days, and thinks that six days' experience is enough to satisfy any one of the beauties of rebel prison life.

Article on Discharge of 29th²⁵² August 18, 1865

The Mass. 29th, Lt. Col. Chas. D. Browne, commanding, were discharged at Readville on the 10th. From General Order, dated Aug. 3, we learn that they have participated in twenty-nine battles - a glorious record wrought between May, 1861, and August, 1865. The orders recount their many gallant deeds and worthy conduct, and well may their commander be proud of them.

Chapter 4

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

Introduction

In July of 1861, Joseph W. Collingwood of Plymouth began forming a new company of militia designated as Company H of the 18th Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. The 18th Regiment was mainly comprised of men from Norfolk, Bristol, and Plymouth Counties. In total, about two dozen men from Plymouth enlisted in Companies C, E, G, and H of the 18th Regiment.

The volunteers mustered in on August 24, 1861 at Camp Brigham, Readville, MA and left from Washington August 26 aboard the *S.R. Spaulding*. They saw little action until August 30, 1862 at the second battle at Bull Run (Manassas) where 169 officers and men were killed or wounded.²⁵³ They went on to fight in many battles. On July 20th, 1864 the men of the 18th started back for Massachusetts. On September 2, those who did not reenlist mustered out of the service.

List of Men in Company H²⁵⁴

The following is a list of the men comprising Company H. The men were from Plymouth unless otherwise noted. The ranks shown are the ranks when the men enlisted in the company.

Officers

Collingwood, Joseph W., Capt.	Smith, Geo. W., 3 rd Sergt. (Cambridge)	Russell, Andrew W., 3 rd Corp. (New Bedford)
Drew, Charles H., 1 st Lieut.	Drew, Stephen C., 4 th Sergt.	Robertson, James B., 4 th Corp. (Milton)
Dallas, Horatio N., 2 nd Lieut. (Boston)	Damrell, Horace, 5 th Sergt. (Dedham)	Phinney, Bernard E., 5 th Corp. (Abington)
Everson, Erastus W., 1 st Sergt. (Dedham)	Howland, Caleb, 1 st Corp. (Abington)	
Leach, Melvin G., 2 nd Sergt. (Plympton)	Jones, Charles, 2 nd Corp. (New Bedford)	
Privates		
Allen, Wm. S. (Milton)	Haley, Thomas (Plympton)	Palmer, George S. (New Bedford)
Anderson, Frederic (Raynham)	Haley, Wm. (Plympton)	Parker, James (Springfield)
Atkin, Charles (Horton)	Hein, Ernest (Springfield)	Peach, Henry (Sharon)
Bartlett, James S.	Hennessey, Wm. J. (South Boston)	Poole, Hiram (Abington)
Bumpus, Marcus (Middleboro)	Hill, James	Pratt, Edwin W. (South Hanson)
Cass, Martin (Charlestown)	Holmes, Wm. H. (Mansfield)	Pryor, Thomas (Wrentham)
Clark, James W. (Sharon)	Hooper, George P.	Raymond, Samuel P. (New Bedford)
Cook, Henry (Simsbury, CT)	Howe, Alfred G. (Pembroke)	Richards, Charles L. (Plympton)
Cook, Welles (Springfield)	Howe, Francis M. (Abington)	Ripley, Lewis (Dorchester)
Copeland, Wm. H. M. (Boston)	Jordon, Joseph M. (Dedham)	Robbins, Frederick W.

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Corbin, Daniel O. (Franklin)	Lane, James (Charlestown)	Rogers, Edwin S. (Springfield)
Cragin, Michael	Lang, Charles H. (Dorchester)	Rogers, Michael (New Bedford)
Crocker, Thomas D. (New Bedford)	Latham, Alonzo W. (Greenwich)	Rooney, Wm. N. (East Boston)
Cross, John (Lincolntonville, ME)	Logan, John (Terryville, CT)	Ruggles, George E. (Wrentham)
Drake, Joseph N. (Norton)	Lyman, Charles H. (Chatham)	Sears, Horatio N.
Drogan, Daniel	Lynch, James (Springfield)	Seyffarth, Herman (Dedham)
Duffy, John	Mabbott, George (Canton)	Simpson, Charles W. (Roxbury)
Duffy, John Jr.	Madden, Thomas (Dedham)	Simpson, Willard N. (Rumney, NH)
Finch, James (Taunton)	Mann, Sydney A. (West Roxbury)	Smith, Edmund B. (Dorchester)
Fowle, John B.	Martin, John D. (Dedham)	Tewksbury, Cyrus D. (Dedham)
Fuller, Phileman (Plympton)	McIntire, Owen (Somerville)	Tewksbury, John N. (Dedham)
Fuller, Thomas (Abington)	McRea, James (Charlestown)	Turner, Edward (Plympton)
Gould, Melvin A. (Boston)	Nickerson, M. (Wareham)	Wallis, Charles O. (East Attleboro)
Guild, Oscar S. (Dedham)	Norton, Frank P. (Lawrence)	Walsh, John S. (East Bridgewater)
Hagan, John F. (?)	Nye, Eben P. (New Bedford)	White, Cyrus (Middleboro)
Haley, Edward (Plympton)	O'Connor, Timothy (Boston)	Willis, James S. (North Bridgewater)
Haley, John B. (Plympton)		

Others in Company H (not listed in OCM)²⁵⁵

Britton, Joseph (Cambridge)	Hawkes, Levi (Cambridge)	Nolan, Timothy
Cousens, George N. B. (Waltham)	Howe, John E. (Cambridge)	Parmenter, Edwin S. (Sudbury)
Dwyer, Daniel (Abington)	Kenney, Michael	Reed, Franklin (Kingston)
Fitzpatrick, Alfred J. (Franklin)	Loker, Edward J. (Wayland)	Richards, Edward R. (New Bedford)
Gaffney, Matthew (Gloucester)	McCarty, Timothy (Cambridge)	Riley, Thomas (Lowell)
Garfield, Marshall (Wayland)	Marvin, Richard T. (Cambridge)	Rowell, Stephen P. (Melrose)
Green, James	Miller, George W. (East Boston)	Symons, Charles H. (Cambridge)
Griffin, Daniel S. (Gloucester)	Moulton, James E. (Wayland)	Towle, John A. (Abington)
Hall, Smith W. (Barrington, NH)	Neal, Edward (Boston)	Whittaker, Charles W. (New York)
Hartin, John F. (Kingston)		

List of Plymouth Men in Companies C (Privates at enlistment)

Burgess, Ezra	Churchill, Winslow	Mayberry, Stephen M.
Burgess, Winslow T.	Churchill, Zenas	Thomas, George B.
Burgess, Zenas	Harlow, J. Q. A.	Finney, Harvey H. (Carver)*

List of Plymouth Men in Companies E and G

Winsor, William H., 1st Lieut.	Co. E
Burgess, George W., Pvt.	Co. G

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in the 18th Regiment²⁵⁶

The Plymouth men from who were killed or wounded (none taken prisoner) while serving in the 18th Regiment:

Burgess, Ezra	Co. C	Wounded	2d Bull Run, VA	August 30, 1862
Burgess, Winslow T.	Co. C	Wounded	2d Bull Run, VA	August 30, 1862
Burgess, George	Co. G	Killed	White Oak Church, VA	March 8, 1863

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Churchill, Winslow	Co. C	Wounded	Chancellorsville, VA	May 3, 1863
Churchill, Zenas	Co. C	Wounded	Chancellorsville, VA	May 3, 1863
Collingwood, Joseph W.	Co. H	Died of wounds	Fredericksburg, VA	Dec. 24, 1862
Drew, Charles H.	Co. H	Wounded	Fredericksburg, VA	Dec. 13, 1862
Drew, Stephen C.	Co. H	Wounded	Chickahominy River, VA	June 7, 1864
Hogan, John F.	Co. H	Wounded	Wilderness, VA	May 5, 1864
Winsor, William H.	Co. E	Wounded	Fredericksburg, VA	Dec. 13, 1862
Finney, Harvey H. (Carver)	Co. C	Wounded	Spotsylvania, VA	May 11, 1864
		Died of wounds	Washington DC	June 26, 1864

Images of Members of the Company



Figure 29. Joseph W. Collingwood²⁵⁷



Figure 30. Charles H. Drew²⁵⁸



Figure 31. Erastus Watson Everson²⁵⁹



Figure 32. Stephen C. Drew²⁶⁰

Letters and Articles on the 18th Regiment

Collingwood Forms New Company²⁶¹ July 13, 1861

Capt. Joseph W. Collingwood of this town, has taken measures to form another company of volunteers. This is to be designated as Co. A of 18th Regiment, and will go into Camp as soon as fifty names have been enrolled. Capt. Collingwood's long experience in military matters has made him a superior officer, and we hope the full number for his company will be speedily obtained. The State will furnish rations, clothing and all necessary equipments.

Those who are desirous of enlisting under Capt. Collingwood can do so by applying at Union Hall. It is desirable that the company should be filled as soon as possible, as it will probably be mustered into service as soon as the required number is obtained.

New Volunteer Company²⁶² July 27, 1861

THE NEW VOLUNTEER COMPANY. Capt. Collingwood's company is being fast filled up. It is thought they will go into camp at Dedham next week, at which time their pay commences. Those who want to connect themselves under an experienced and efficient commander have now an opportunity to do so. There is room for a few more names.

Article 18th Leaves for Washington²⁶³ August 24, 1861

CAPT. J. W. COLLINGWOOD's company, belonging to the 18th Regiment, leaves Camp Brigham to-day for Washington. The company numbers about 90, and they are as good a set of soldiers as any company that leaves the Old Bay State.

Transportation of Troops²⁶⁴ August 24, 1861

THE TRANSPORTATION OF THE TROOPS. - Quartermaster General Reed ... it is reported that the 18th, Col. Barnes, will go by water, on the steamers *Ben Deford* and *S. R. Spaulding*...

Eighteenth Left for Washington²⁶⁵ August 31, 1861

THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT left Camp Brigham, Dedham, for Washington on Monday afternoon. A train of sixteen cars was required for the transportation of the men, baggage, &c.

The regiment numbered 782 men, exclusive of officers, and these were comprised in eight companies, two companies, A and C, not having been recruited.

ROSTER OF THE REGIMENT.

The following is correct list of the officers of the Eighteenth, as far as they have been appointed:

James Barnes, Springfield, Colonel.

Timothy Ingraham, New Bedford, Lieut. Colonel.

Joseph Hayes, Boston, Major.

George Foster Hodges, Roxbury, Adjutant.

J. H. Crossman, Bridgewater, Quartermaster.

David P. Smith, Springfield, Surgeon.

Orland Brown, Wrentham, Assistant do.

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Co. A, North Bridgewater, Captain, Lewis N. Tucker, Boston; First Lieutenant Joseph C. Ayer; Second Lieut., Jas. D. Orne, Springfield.

Co. B, Taunton - Captain George C. Ruby, Taunton; First Lieut., Cyrus M. Wheaton, Somerset; Second Lieut., Warren Dutton Russell, Brighton.

Co. C - (Not complete)

Co. D, Middleborough - Captain, Stephen Thomas, Middleborough; First Lieut., Woodbridge R. Howes, Middleborough; Second Lieut., Charles F. Edson, Middleborough.

Co. E, Duxbury - Captain, Thomas Weston, Middleborough; First Lieut., William Henry Winsor, Kingston; Second Lieut., John Edwin Bird, Boston.

Co. F, Dedham - Captain, Henry Onion; First Lieut., Charles W. Carroll; Second Lieut., Fisher A. Baker.

Co. G, Hanover - Captain, Wm. B. White, Abington; First Lieut., James N. Sparrell, So. Scituate; Second Lieut., Wm. Guild Hewins, Boston.

Co. H, Plymouth Captain, Joseph W. Collingwood, Plymouth; First Lieut. Charles H. Drew, Plymouth; Second Lieut., Horatio Nelson Dallas, Boston.

Co. I, Wrentham - Captain, Frederic D. Forrest; First Lieut, Alvin E. Hall, Foxboro; Second Lieut., Samuel H. Bugbee, Wrentham.

Co. K, Quincy- Captain, John Lewis Spaulding, Boston; First Lieut., Benjamin Messerve, Quincy; Second Lieut., Pardon Almy, Jr., Cambridge.

The 18th arrived at New York on Tuesday morning. They made a fine appearance, and much credit was accorded to them by military men. They were well taken care of by Frank E. Howe, the Massachusetts agent. They left the same evening by the New Jersey Central Railroad for Washington via Harrisburg.

Eighteenth Regiment (List)²⁶⁶ September 7, 1861

The following is a list of the officers and privates of Co. H., (Captain Collingwood's,) 18th Reg. M. V. M., now stationed at Washington:

Officers

Capt. Joseph W. Collingwood
1st Sergt. Erastus W. Everson
4th Sergt. Stephen C. Drew
1st Corp. Caleb Howland
4th Corp. James B. Robertson

PRIVATES

Atkins, Charles
Allen, Wm. S
Anderson, Frederic
Bartlett, James S
Bumpus, Marcus
Cass, Martin
Cragin, Michael
Copeland, Wm. H. M.
Clark, James W
Croso, John
Cook, Henry

1st Lieut. Charles H. Drew
2d Sergt. Melvin G. Leach
5th Sergt. Horace Damrell
2nd Corp. Charles Jones
5th Corp. Bernard E. Phinney

Holmes, Wm. H
Howe, Francis M
Hill, James
Hein, Ernest
Hooper, George P
Haley, Edward
Haley, Wm.
Haley, John B
Howe, Alfred G
Jordon, Joseph M
Lane, James

2d Lieut. Horatio N. Dallas
3d Sergt. Geo. W. Smith

3d Corp. Andrew W. Russell

Palmer, George S
Peach, Henry
Pratt, Edwin W
Parker, James
Poole, Hiram
Ripley, Lewis
Robbins, Frederick W
Richards, Charles L
Rooney, Wm. N
Raymund, Samuel P
Rogers, Edwin S

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Cook, Welles
Crocker, Thomas D
Corbin, Daniel O
Duffy, John
Duffy, John Jr.
Drake, Joseph N
Drogan, Daniel
Finch, James
Fuller, Thomas
Fuller, Phileman
Fowle, John B
Guild, Oscar S
Gould, Melven A
Hagan, John F
Haley, Thomas
Henessey, Wm. J

Lyman, Charles H
Logan, John
Lynch, James
Latham, Alonzo W.
Lang, Charles H
Madden, Thomas
McRea, James
McIntire, Owen
Mabbott, George
Martin, John D
Mann, Sydney A
Nickerson, M
Norton, Frank P
Nye, Eben P
O'Connor, Timothy
Pryor, Thomas

Rogers, Michael
Ruggles, George E
Turner, Edward
Sears, Horatio N
Seffarth, Herman
Simpson, Charles W
Simpson, Willard N
Smith, Edward B
Tewksbury, John N
Tewksbury, Cyrus D
Walsh, John S
White, Cyrus
Willis, James S
Willis, Charles

Letter from EJ [Joyce]; Arlington Heights, VA²⁶⁷ September 16, 1861

Ed. Memorial:

I promised that I would write you any news that I thought would interest your readers, after arriving at the seat of war. Our trip here was very tiresome on account of being confined to the cars so long. When we arrived at Washington there were quite a number of the soldiers who were not able to walk, their feet and legs having swelled from sitting so long. We were quartered in the barracks the first night; the next day we marched two miles to the eastward of the Capitol to our camping ground. We went into camp on Friday. On the Monday following we received orders to march the next morning at 6 o'clock. Everything was packed, and at 9 A. M. the next day we took up our line of march. Having marched all day we pitched our tents at night and eat our supper on Arlington Heights, near Fort Corcoran, where we have remained since. We are situated in the midst of fortifications, there being a continuous line from Alexandria to Chain Bridge, running I should think nearly north and south.

Since we have been in camp here, there has been one serious accident. A man in Company E, by the name of Joshua Pierce, belonging in Rochester, shot four of his toes off his left foot while asleep outside of one of the guard tents. He had been on guard and laid down with his gun loaded by his side. Those who were near heard him say in his sleep, "There are the rebels; there is Beauregard, let me shoot him!" The next instant the report of his gun was heard, and his screams awoke the whole regiment, to find that he had shot himself! Fortunately, no one else was hurt. He was taken to the hospital, had his foot dressed, and is now doing well.

On Friday there was an alarm in camp that the rebels were advancing, the long roll was beat and the men formed into line, it proved that the enemy had shelled our pickets and driven them in, killing and wounding several of them, (at least so report says.)

There has been glorious news this morning that Kentucky is going to stand by the Union and furnish fifty thousand troops for the defense of it. The forts here fired thirty four guns in honor of the good old State, and there is great rejoicing among the men.

The rebels resort to a great many tricks to catch picket guards; one I heard of today was to carry a cow-bell in the woods; our men thinking there was a chance to get some milk, would start and in the end perhaps be taken prisoners, but that game is played out, and our men find it is those who venture too far off their posts, that get shot or taken prisoners

Capt. Collingwood was in our quarters yesterday. His men are all well.

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E.J.

Letter from D; Arlington Heights, VA²⁶⁸ September 21, 1861

Mr. Editor:

Although there are not many in this regiment from Plymouth, yet a large proportion of it comes from the Old Colony, and anything concerning it I suppose will interest many of your readers.

There has been but very little said in the papers about this regiment, for the reason I suppose that the officers wished to have them known rather by their actions in service, than by newspaper notoriety. I think less has been done for this regiment than any other that has left the Old Bay State. We have nothing but old muskets to use, powder so poor that a gun cannot be used more than three times before it is useless. The same can be said of the company that hails from Plymouth; too much credit cannot be given to Capt. Collingwood for his exertions in raising his company, raised as it was without the assistance of his own townsmen, in fact, in spite of their opposition. He now has a full company of able-bodied men that would do credit to any regiment. The whole regiment received great credit on its passage through New York and on its arrival in Washington, for its appearance the companies having while at camp in Readville, sifted out the smallest men, it gave them a set of men for size and strength unsurpassed by any regiment that has arrived here as yet.

On our arrival in Washington we went into camp one mile east of the capitol, where we remained three days. We were then ordered here. We are in a very pleasant location on the premises of Maj. Sherman, overlooking the Potomac, in sight of Georgetown, surrounded on all sides by fortifications; the general impression here is that our position is impregnable. The men are kept at work constantly, either drilling or throwing up embankments. For the last week we have been at work building a turnpike connecting Long Bridge and Chain Bridge; it is now nearly finished. We are constantly extending our lines into Virginia, but so gradually as not to attract attention, and so surely as not to have to leave them. By the newspapers we see that an attack is hourly expected, but there are no indications of it here, in fact, things seem as safe as in old Massachusetts. Our pickets however, constantly remind us we are in an enemy's country, for almost every day they bring in a prisoner or the dress and trappings of one they have shot. Sometimes they have to report the loss of one or more men, and no wonder so daring do they become after going out once or twice. The rebel pickets have had the cover of a dense grove, while ours had an open piece of ground, or a cornfield at most. One day last week the rebel pickets had cooked a mess and set the kettle containing it out doors to cool. Our men perceiving it, determined to have a taste of it, so two or three started, got possession of it, and while on the way back were fired on, and had to leave it, but unwilling to give it up so, they got a party to go round on the other side and commence firing on the house, which took up the attention of the rebels till our men returned, took up the kettle and marched home; when out of gunshot they stopped and gave three cheers; the firing ceased, and the rebels found they had lost their breakfast. The picket is composed of about sixty from each regiment composing the brigade under Gens. Porter and Martindale. Last Friday we had our flag staff erected and threw to the breeze the fine flag presented to us by Col. Brigham while in camp at Readville. Gen. Martindale made a very eloquent speech on the occasion, which I regret was not reported, or I would send it to you.

Yesterday we were reviewed by Gen. McClellan and Prince De Joinville.

But I find I am making my letter too long, and must close. Before I close however, let me express the thanks of the Plymouth men in Co. H for the attentions received by them from the Hon. E. C. Sherman, who made them two or three visits before they left camp, and was unceasing in his exertions for the promotion of their interests, and with the exception of Messrs. Prince, Hollis, and two or three others who came to see them

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the day they left Massachusetts, was the Plymouth man who seemed to have any interest or care for their success.

The health of the camp is good, the men are contented, fare well, and are as comfortable as can be in such a life. Should anything occur worthy of note you may hear from me again.

Yours, D.

Letter from WHW [Winsor], Near Fort Corcoran, VA²⁶⁹ September 27, 1861

Mr. Editor:

Thinking that a few lines from the 18th might be pleasing to your readers, I seize upon the first opportunity to scribble a few. We are encamped between forts Corcoran and Bennett, and about half a mile on our right and a little in the rear of our line, is a large fort garrisoned by the N. Y. 13th, (Dutch). In front of our line on the right, is fort Michigan, garrisoned by the Michigan 2d. Near us are encamped the Mass. 9th, Maine 2d, N. Y. 14th, 21st and 23d, Penn. 33d, Carlisle's Battery, and what was formerly Sherman's Battery and two companies of cavalry. We are in the first brigade of the border division, Brig. Gen. Martindale commanding. The brigade is composed of the N. Y. 13th and 14th, Penn. 33d and Mass. 18th. The whole regiment went on picket guard last Monday and was gone forty-eight hours. Some shots were exchanged without much effect, except in one case. A private in Co. E, named Walter Weston, saw a man approaching him in the night, whereupon he immediately challenged him, but receiving no answer, repeated five or six times, but hearing nothing and the man continuing to advance, he fired. The man cried out I'm shot, I'm shot, and retreated. Mr. Weston immediately reloaded and procured help, and a search was commenced, but nothing found. It is supposed that he was carried off by his friends, as there was six armed men seen on the premises immediately after the firing. There was considerable blood seen on the ground the next morning, and it is thought that he was severely if not mortally wounded.

Four regiments have passed up towards Chain Bridge today, and there is every sign of a forward movement.

We have a balloon ascension here every day for the purpose of observing the movements of the rebels.

The men are quite contented and like their officers, especially Major Hayes, who is very popular among them.

W.H.W.

Captain Collingwood's Company, Arlington Heights, VA²⁷⁰ September 28, 1861

CAPTAIN COLLINGWOOD'S COMPANY. - By a letter received in this town the present week, from a member of Co. H, 18th Mass. Reg., we learn that they are encamped on Arlington Heights, on an elevation overlooking the Potomac and the town of Georgetown, and that the men are enjoying good health and are in fine spirits. The regiment was reviewed one day last week by Gen. McClellan and the Prince de Joinville, who were very much pleased with its appearance. The General made short speech to the soldiers. At the time the letter was written there was a rumor that the regiment would soon go to Chain Bridge. The writer thinks Co. H will give a good account of themselves when the struggle comes.

Letter from EJ [Joyce]; Hall's Hill, VA²⁷¹ October 11, 1861

Ed. Memorial:

Our position has changed considerably since my last. We are now situated about five miles from where we first encamped; the ground we now occupy is the same the rebel pickets occupied ten days ago, and the lines of

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our pickets now extend five miles farther toward the enemy. We are expecting every moment to hear the word "Advance," as other regiments are constantly passing us. Our pickets have gone out today not only armed with guns but with axes to cut down the woods as fast as our forces advance. Gen. McClellan means to be sure to see ahead this time. If you could see the noble trees that are cut down, most likely to lay and rot, you would think what a terrible loss of property it will cause the Virginians (for the rebels cut and burn in the same manner) in this kind of property alone.

We had a very severe rain accompanied with hail on the 9th inst. Some of the hail stones were very large and the lightning was the most incessant I ever saw. Our tents are getting rather thin, and the rain came in freely, wetting the bedding and making some of the tents better for boating than sleeping; but today it is fine weather, and everything is drying up nice again. We have the best of weather here most of the time, but when it does rain – well, it rains! The soldiers seem to enjoy themselves better if anything here than when in camp in old Massachusetts. Squads go out into the woods, pick out a chestnut tree that is full of nuts, cut it down, and pick off the nuts, thinking probably that if they did not cut the trees they would not be here to go after the next year's crop.

The first death that has happened in the regiment was the death of Henry Harlow, of Curtis St., Hanover; he died on the morning of the 9th inst., of typhoid fever; his body was carried to Washington yesterday, to be sent home.

Our men are anxious to have a brush with the enemy; I think they will have to force the fighting, for the rebels show no inclination to fight, they keep retreating as fast as our men advance.

Capt. Collingwood's men are all well, they are out on picket today.

Yours, Respectfully, E.J.

Letter from WHW [Winsor]; Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁷² October 13, 1861

I got in from picket duty yesterday afternoon, having been gone 54 hours from camp. Perhaps a few lines of our adventures would be interesting to you. The line of pickets is about 1 1-2 miles in advance of our camp. We arrived up there about 10 o'clock A. M., and relieved the posts. There is generally four on a post, which are 20 rods apart behind some fence, or tree or bunch of bushes. After relieving the posts, the Major told me to take 50 men for skirmishers, and deploy them forward through a piece of woods about 1-2 a mile in advance of the pickets, to protect as many men to fell trees. Having deployed them, the axe men worked until night undisturbed, although very near the rebel pickets. Next morning they were deployed again, but were drawn in soon after to relieve some pickets. That night soon after sunset, several mounted rebels and about 50 on foot made their appearance in the valley about 400 yards in front of our pickets, who immediately drew up their pieces to an aim; the rebels waved their hats and told us not fire, asking us to approach them, which did not move us. Finally, one of them cried out, "come on you d--- Yankees," upon which our boys fired into them, and they returned it, and quite a little skirmish ensued, about 40 shots were exchanged. The bullets whistled quite merrily for a few moments. One of the horses went off without any rider, and two of the infantry were seen to fall. No one injured on our side.

W.H.W.

Letter from D; Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁷³ October 16, 1861

Mr. Editor:

Since my last events with us have been of a stirring nature – at any rate have kept us on the move; at that time we were quietly encamped on Arlington Heights, with every prospect of remaining there for some time,

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and no signs of movement on either side; but on the 28th ult., an order came for us to “fall in” for an advance, which was done with alacrity by the men, amidst shouts of joy at the prospect of getting nearer to the enemy. There is nothing harder to be endured by our volunteers than remaining in one camp for any length of time; after they get everything fixed so as to take comfort – or all the comfort that can be taken in camp life – they begin to get uneasy, and for want of better employment begin to complain; but let an order come to move, with all its fatigues and inconveniences, away goes complaining of all sorts, and the sick even are off their beds, ready and anxious to go, even against the remonstrances of their officers. About 8 o’clock P.M., our men were on their way, they knew not whither; after proceeding very cautiously through the woods for three hours they reached our present camp ground – about five miles west of our old camp. The night was very dark and cold, and our regiment came near being fired on by others stationed along our route; we probably should have been, had we gone within hail of the DeKalb regiment, which has become noted here for firing upon our own men; they fired on the California regiment the next morning about half a mile from us; their motto seems to be that the Donnybrook Irishman – “wherever you see a head hit it,” – whether friend or foe, and it is almost impossible to stop them. Our regiment was called into line the other day because our wood-choppers had been fired on, and an attack was expected; it turned out, however, to be from a portion of the DeKalb, and it was with difficulty they were stopped; we should all feel safer were they out of the Brigade.

The grounds where we are encamped belong to a Union man; his houses, barns, &c., were all burnt about three weeks ago by the rebels, as were quite a number of others in this vicinity, which causes quite a sensation at the time, it being supposed they were advancing on Washington. Our pickets went out to Falls Church last week – their position being about a mile this side of the rebel head-quarters, where they could be seen easily with a glass, and the men occasionally came within speaking distance. Picket shooting appears to be entirely abandoned. Saturday afternoon our men were in line again, ready for a march, as the rebels were seen marching on our lines, and an attack, was momentarily expected, but they withdrew, and everything has been quiet ever since.

It must be a sad sight to one belonging in this section, to travel through it, and see ruin on all sides; farms laid waste, fences destroyed, crops unharvested, wheat and rye taken from the barns where it had been gathered in, and used for bedding for men and horses without being threshed; forests of oak, and chestnut cut down and burnt over; a great many heaps of ruins, showing where once stood the dwelling of some Union man – for the rebels in their retreat seem to delight in burning the houses of those suspected of being Unionists. Since our advance here, but little over two weeks, the acres of woodland cut over can be counted by thousands. At Falls Church quite a number of the houses are deserted, stores all closed, and with the churches, have been occupied by the rebels when here, and now in turn by us. There are hardly any signs of life in this now noted place; our pickets now go two miles beyond – the rebels withdrawing as we advance. The reports in the papers about the stove-pipe guns on this and Munson’s Hill, are not fables, as I saw two of them on cart wheels as I passed through Falls Church. A very large number of men have passed by us within a few days in all directions – 5,000 or more. They are going at all hours of day and night. In the morning we see a camp which was not there the night before, or one which was, is gone no one knows whither.

From present appearances it seems as if a blow is to be struck soon, perhaps before this reaches you. When we came here we were in the advance, now there are camps in sight beyond us; we expect to move, however, every day. Carlisle’s Battery was in our Brigade till Saturday, when they left for Munson’s Hill. The R. I. 5th took their place in the night, which was quite a pleasant change so far as men are concerned, for the regulars did not hide their contempt for the volunteers, and made their presence anything but agreeable. Wilson’s regiment came in Sunday night, and is attached to this Brigade. We are glad to have Massachusetts men with us. The contrast between the regiments is great. While the 22d is furnished with uniforms, rifles,

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the best of tents, a plenty of wagons, ambulances, &c., ours is poorly equipped, and officers and men all dissatisfied because we are not supplied. A more efficient or abler set of men than the 18th, has not left Massachusetts. The men are anxious and willing to distinguish themselves, and have been praised on all occasions for their soldierly appearance; but they are almost discouraged; they feel their efforts are not appreciated, and it will not take much more to break their pride unless there is a change somewhere. The regiment has no chaplain or quarter-master as yet. We are in the 1st div. under Gen. Porter, and 1st brigade under Gen. John H. Martindale. I understand that Generals Porter, Martindale, and Morell, were all under Col. Barnes' instruction while at West Point. It is rather singular they should be all connected in one division and his superiors in command. Gen. Porter is not much known by the men, but has the reputation of being a superior officer. Gen. Martindale, under whose immediate command we are placed, had become quite popular with the men – not only whenever he appears on our lines; they always seem glad to see him; he has a kind word for them at all times, and whenever he leads the way the 18th will be sure to follow. He comes from Rochester, N. Y., a graduate of West Point – lawyer by profession – stands first at the bar of his own section – should judge him to be about forty years of age. Depend upon it, if he has an opportunity to lead his brigade into action, he will make his mark.

The health of the regiment remains good; there has been but one death since we left Mass. The Boston Journal has it we are on Munson's Hill, which is incorrect, - Munson's Hill is two miles southwest of us.

Yours, D.

P. S. One fact should be borne in mind by all who send letters or packages to friends here, viz: in addition to the number of the regiment, be sure and write the name of the State to which it belongs, in full; otherwise they are as likely to go to any other regiment of the same number, as to the one to which they belong.

Excerpt from letter, Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁷⁴ October 19, 1861

From a letter written by one of the 18th Regiment, dated at Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, we clip the following: "Capt. Collingwood is jolly old soul off duty, and right up to the mark when on duty. We have good times on outpost guard if it don't rain, camp in the open air, build a good fire, dig some potatoes, glean some corn, kill a pig, cow, calf, or a few hens, cook up a good supper, post a few sentinels, stretch out on the ground generally, and contemplate the stars. When sleeping, it is important to do it with our eyes open. I have indulged a little in "picket firing," as it is called, it is exciting. One of the regiment died yesterday; cause typhoid fever. As a whole the regiment enjoys very good health, and have plenty of guard duty to perform."

Letter from D; Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁷⁵ October 26, 1861

Mr. Editor:

Nothing of special interest has transpired in this quarter since my last. We had orders to be ready for a march the first of the week, but the affair at Edwards Ferry seems to have altered the plans of Gen. McClellan for the present, as the orders were immediately countermanded; but I think from the orders and directions given, a movement forward may be looked for every day. Let no one think, however, that the Army of the Potomac is camped here in idleness. An amount of work is doing and has been done here that would surprise many people who think that because there have been no great battles, or an advance, that the army is doing nothing. The different regiments have been kept hard at work, building forts, throwing up entrenchments on the hills as we advance, building and repairing roads, (no small item in Va.) cutting down the forests of heavy timber which almost entirely cover the land, so that our guns can have a clear field and prevent the enemy

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from skulking around and lying in ambush of our pickets as they advance; our regiment has been kept constantly at it till within a week, since which more attention has been given to drilling, and the Eighteenth has now become the best drilled regiment in the brigade, and it must be pleasing to the many friends of Capt. Collingwood to know that Co. H is called the best in the regiment – a great compliment to the Company and its officers where all do so well.

“Carleton,” the correspondent of the Journal, was here last Saturday. I see by the paper that he gives the 22d regiment, (Wilson's) the right of brigade; the 18th is on the right, and the 2d Maine the left. The Maine boys are a hardy looking set, and are an acquisition to any division; they were in the battle of Bull Run.

Our pickets were out Wednesday and Thursday, and went about two miles in advance of their former positions, but saw no signs of rebels, they seem to have withdrawn entirely from this section.

In conversing with people who reside here, we find they feel quite bitter towards the So. Carolina and Texas troops who were quartered here; they paid no regard to any one's rights, and were very abusive. The Northern people wonder there are so few Unionists here. But one old lady said to some of our men, “It costs something to be a Patriot here; there is no danger at the North of having crops taken, houses burned over their heads, &c., &c., if there was it might be different.” I think this is the reason there are so few active Unionists to be found here. This lady had had about 100 bushels of grain, four tons of hay, and in fact nearly all her crops taken, but she said she didn't care so long as they had left the house standing – a home for herself and three daughters. A residence here can have been anything but enviable for the last three months.

There has been a grand review today of the First Division by Gen. McClellan, accompanied by Prince De Joinville, and Russell of the London Times. There were over 7000 troops in line; could the whole division have been there they would have numbered over 12,000; there were 11 regiments, containing 115 companies of infantry, four companies of cavalry, and three batteries. It was a grand sight – especially when they all passed in review at “double quick.”

Our men feel anxious to advance, but hope they will be supplied with rifles before we move. I should think the experience of the Mass. 15th with smooth bores was enough for one campaign. It is the only thing that discourages the men, about going forward, and they complain a great deal because they are not supplied as well as other regiments that have come out since we did. But still they are anxious to go on even as they are. The regiment is to be paid off the last day of the month; the order was read on parade today – a matter of general rejoicing among the men.

The nights are very cold, but there is no suffering here as I have no doubt there is in some of the regiments. The health of the camp continues good, as the returns of the hospital show; they only average about ten a day, which is a small number among so many men, exposed too, as we are, to the changes of weather and climate. There are no severe cases.

Yours, D.

Letter from E. J. [Joyce], Hall's Hill, VA²⁷⁶ October 27, 1861

We received our correspondent E. J.'s letter from the 18th Regiment too late for insertion this week. The letter is dated Hall's Hill, Oct. 27th. Our correspondent gives the information of the death of Ephraim Knapp, of Co. E, of typhoid fever. He belonged to North Attleboro'. The news of the defeat at Ball's Bluff, our friend writes, “had great effect upon all, especially upon the Massachusetts men, who only wish for an opportunity to revenge the loss of the brave Fifteenth.”

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁷⁷ November 8, 1861

Mr. Editor:

When I accepted your kind invitation to send you a letter once a week, containing any "items of interest, or incidents that might come under my notice," I was not aware how soon we were to fall into the dull monotony of camp life, far in the rear of the army, with no chance of having anything but speculations to send. But so it is; and as the city papers have abler pens than mine, hereabouts, who do not fail to send a plenty of such valuable matters, it is useless for me to try my hand at it, but the families of the soldiers I have no doubt look over the war correspondence hoping to see something from the regiment in which their friends are enlisted, and though there may be nothing of particular importance, yet as the soldier cannot write every day, it may be the only information of their whereabouts that they may get for weeks, perhaps.

Since my last, nothing of importance has taken place on this line, the Regiment remains as before with the addition of the Ellsworth's Regiment from New York to the Division. Our pickets go out and return without reporting a sight of a Rebel, but a plenty of camps out beyond ours, so there is no immediate danger of our ranks being thinned, except by sickness, of which we have very little.

The most exciting time we have had was caused by the northeast storm which was very severe, our thin tents being but a slight protection from the rain. After the storm, came the whiskey. I hardly know which caused the most trouble, while many of the men nobly refused to touch it at all, there were enough to take their share, and thus make trouble for themselves and others; it is a great pity that the amount expended by government in supplying rations of whiskey to the men, could not be applied in some other way – giving them more comfortable quarters, and thus protect them from the weather, or supply means of transportation for the clothing of the men, for a man cannot carry on his back clothing sufficient to keep him dry and warm in the cold season. But we do not have whiskey dealt out so often as others, it is only supplied after a severe storm or exposure.

While the soldier is exposed to the risks of camp life it is a great satisfaction to know that he is not forgotten at home, and that many hands are at work to send them those comforts of which they stand so much in need, as the weather becomes more inclement, let me suggest here, that unless men are in need of blankets and clothing, no little thing will add so much to their comfort, as a pair of gloves or one fingered mittens, such as are knit for the fishermen. Standing guard these long weary nights, or on a march, the hands need protection, and they will be a constant reminder of home and friends.

Dr. Russell of Boston, has been in our camp twice during the last week, it is quite a welcome sight to see a home face occasionally. Our camp is well supplied with reading matter, most all the papers of the day in abundance; this week the Lieut. Col. has been distributing a lot of books sent to him from the Tract Society, and I see efforts are making to raise money to make a general distribution of them; pity the money could not be spent in making the men more comfortable, or in raising regiments so as to put an end to the war; for so long as there is so much reading of a different sort to be had, not much attention is paid to them, and as your correspondent is not paid to puff up these efforts, he will give you a fact which will show how much they are cared for by the soldiers.

When our regiment was in the Park, N.Y., an agent of the Tract society was there distributing Testaments to the men; there was quite a rush for them, and he might have supposed the men were glad to find one so generous as to supply their want, but had he been with us the next day when the cars stopped at Little York, Penn., he would have seen all the girls who were selling fruit, &c., well supplied with those same Testaments, two and three apiece. When will people who have means to give for the benefit of others, learn to give it for something substantial, that will be of real service?

RETURN OF THE DEAD

As I have not written of anything we have done, I can tell you of something we did not do. The regiments were detailed as a part of the great expedition and we received our marching orders, but Gen. Martindale not wishing to lose any Massachusetts boys from his brigade got the order countermanded so that we remain here at present, and likely so to do, although tomorrow may change the scene; if so I will endeavor to keep you informed of our whereabouts.

*

Letter from JNS, Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁷⁸ December 11, 1861

Ed. Memorial,

Dear Sir:

On receiving some copies of the *Old Colony Memorial*, which I assure you are ever welcome to Plymouth Co. boys, I was reminded of the many acts of kindness received last summer, and of the interest you took in our welfare, and thought a few lines regarding the 18th Regiment, might be of interest. Up to the present time there has been but very little said that I have ever seen published, regarding the 18th. Other regiments, as bloodless as our own, have won laurels, according to reports; but facts are stubborn things, and they go to show that the Mass. 18th has its place in the consideration of our leaders at Washington.

We have a full Chasseur uniform, and a splendid thing it is; the jacket nicely fitted, dark blue, the pants loose, with leggings and red shoes; cap, black leather, plume same color; knapsack tanned, with the hair on, and well fitted with everything necessary for taking care of the uniforms and equipments. Besides, heavy overcoats with capes and hoods, and woolen caps for fatigue. We also have new tents, round and capable of accommodating 20 men; the best I ever seen. We also have small tents, managed so that men going away from camp on duty, can fold them up and take along, and pitch quickly wherever wanted.

I have given but a poor description; one should see to realize the completeness of the outfit. The boys are proud of the distinction shown them and will, if ever an opportunity presents itself, show their friends that they are worthy of the honor done them. I suppose no one questions that the 18th is not composed of as good material as any regiment that has left our old Commonwealth. And under such officers as have had the charge of her it is no wonder, to be sure, that today the 18th is a noted regiment. Our Col. Barnes, though strict in discipline, expecting every man to do his duty nothing more or less if the man is well, if unwell he is a father to all, quick to observe. He says "Are you sick?" to a private. "I do not feel well, was replied. "Go to your quarters; I do not want men to do duty if they are not able." Our Lieut. Col. Ingraham is too well known by all in our portion of the State to need one word. We all have confidence in him, and believe if the time comes ever, for us to vindicate the cause for which we left our homes, he will be found in the thickest of the fight. In the absence of a Chaplain, he officiates on Sunday, and it seems more like home than anything. We have here, when we get together and join in singing, some familiar air.

All that can be said of any man to his praise can be said of our Major Hayes. Always kind, courteous and prompt. Every man loves him, and would follow him anywhere. He takes great pride in the regiment, and many a private will always remember him, if for nothing else, for some shock the Major has given them when on guard at night; coming upon them suddenly, showing them the importance of always being on the alert. In fact I do not suppose that there is a regiment this side of the Potomac, if there is one engaged in the contest I very much doubt, that has three such perfect, in all respects, officers. Our Surgeon and his whole department are of the best order, and sick men are kindly treated. We have but few sick men now, and have lost but three men since we left Camp Brigham, one from our Co., G. Henry Harlow, of So. Scituate, a fine young man and a general favorite of his company.

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

Eight companies are out on picket; I am Lieut. of the Guard, or should have been with them. Hope before they come in they will get a crack at Secessia; they are under charge of the Major, and if there is any chance for the boys to distinguish themselves, you can depend the Major will have them there. The Company from Plymouth is among the best on the field, and should be under such officers. Why Capt. Collingwood everybody likes, and Lieut. Drew and Dallas all gentlemen in every sense. Then the Duxbury Co. is one of the same kind, men and officers. Co. G., as I am a member, it would not look well to boast of, but I must say to the friends of that Co., I believe it as good a company as any, in fact we have all good companies, and our friends at home may rest assured that we will never dishonor them if called before the enemy. Many of us fought hard to get the chance to come here. I believe all will fight hard if necessary here, and when the trouble is ended, as I believe all wish it to be soon, what there is left of us will be glad to see our Old Commonwealth once more.

Yours, J.N.S.

New Uniforms²⁷⁹ December 20, 1861

We have received from an officer in the 18th Mass. Reg., stationed at Hall's Hill, Va., the following description of the uniform presented to them by American citizens resident in Paris: The uniform is French throughout, and is called 'Chasseur dress.' The coats are blue, short-skirted, close-fitting, trimmed with orange, steel buttons, green epaulettes, loose blue pants tying below the knee; russet colored shoes, leather gaiters for rough work, white canvass for full dress; overcoats something like a ladies cloak with cowl of dark blue, dress hat-shake entirely of black leather, straps under the chin, rosette of red, white and blue, black cock's plume drooping very low; forage cap of dark blue cloth, trimmed with orange, without visor, with green tassel. Sergeants have better cloth and longer skirted coats. Officers have very full skirts, gold embroidery on the sleeves; high boots, black velvet forage cap, with gold tassel. The knapsacks are of cow skin with the hair on. The tents were made in Paris. In fact there is a complete fit-out, even to blacking-brush, tooth-brush and clothesbrush. We are to have Minnie rifles, with sabre bayonets.

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁸⁰ January 28, 1862

Mr. Editor:

It is some time since I have written you, as nothing of particular interest has transpired since my last. The regiment remains in the same place, but everything has been packed up that the men cannot carry on their backs, and stored in Georgetown until we are ready to return home. It is expected that we shall have to move now in a few days, whether to form a part of another expedition or to move "on to Richmond," we shall not know till the orders come. It is evident there is to be a general advance of our whole lines. All the regiments hereabouts have been ordered to send off everything they cannot carry, and be in readiness to move at an hour's notice. Since I wrote last we have had the French uniform distributed, about which so much has been said. The outfit is very complete, but with the exception of the tents and fatigue jackets, of use to us, as the rest have been packed away, not to be worn until we are ready to return home, having done our part in crushing out rebellion.

The weather in December was very pleasant, like our Indian summer, but January has been stormy enough to make up, as it has rained or snowed for three weeks. There has not been a great deal of snow, but enough to make the going bad enough, with a plenty of mud, for which the "sacred soil of Virginia" seems to be more adapted than anything else, but as change is the rule, so the weather has changed, the sun is out again bright and clear, and drilling is again resumed. The health of the regiment remains good, and but little increase in sickness, although the weather has been so bad.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Both of our doctors have been promoted, Dr. Smith as Brigade Surgeon, and Dr. Brown to the 29th regiment, at Fort Monroe. Dr. Holbrook of Canton and Dr. Nelson of Lakeville, have taken their places. One of their first acts has been to procure a dwelling house for a hospital, so that the sick could have proper care taken of them and be comfortable.

Mr. James Booth of New Bedford, became homesick, and applied for his discharge, but before his papers could be obtained he became almost insane, and while on guard he shot himself, and when found was dead. The regiment is now full, Capt. McFarland of Carver, having joined us with his company. The regiment goes on picket duty next week, I suppose for the last time in this quarter. The visit of the paymaster has been delayed for some time, but we are in hopes to see him before we move from here. Most every company has received more or less clothing from friends at home. Capt. Collingwood has been able by the kindness of the Plymouth ladies, to distribute socks and mittens to the whole of his company, which with the blankets that came with the Zouave uniform, have made us very comfortable through the cold weather. But I must close. When the regiment gets to its next resting place I will write again.

Yours, *

Letter from E. J. [Joyce], Hall's Hill, VA²⁸¹ February 15, 1862

Ed. Memorial:

Last Thursday the Mass. Fifth Battery of Artillery left the ground where they have been encamped for some time, (about a mile to the eastward of the Capital) and came over on this side of the Potomac, and have pitched their tents about half a mile to the eastward of our encampment. This battery has never been drilled with horses yet. Their situation is an excellent one for that purpose, there being a large tract of level ground around their camp.

The Regiments about here are at present engaged in building a road from Hall's Hill to the aqueduct bridge leading to Georgetown, the old road being so bad as to render them impassable. It will probably take the most of this week to finish this road. It is made by laying logs first, then putting on brush and sand; but it will be a rough road at the best. One teamster has already been thrown from his wagon and broken his arm.

Today is the first time since we have been on Hall's Hill that I have had an opportunity to see a lady's face; but we have at last been favored by having a lady in camp. Lieut. Ayer's (of Co. A, at present acting Adjutant) wife is here on a visit, and today as she passed thru camp with her husband, we had the pleasure of seeing her pleasant countenance.

There is scarcely a night when it is calm but we hear the booming of cannon down the Potomac from the rebel batteries. Sometimes it is continued for hours, but as we hear nothing further from it there can be but little damage done.

Our Government is determined that we shall not starve if we do not move. We have today drawn rations for fourteen days. Every Company can save something out of the rations. In our Co. in two months we saved enough to add a dollar a month to every man's pay. This is kept as a company fund, to be used in case of the death of a member or members to pay the expense of getting the body home, or for any other reasonable purpose.

Yours, respectfully, E.J.

CH Drew Back in Plymouth²⁸² February 15, 1862

THINGS HAPPENING.

BY MICAWBER.

LIEUT. C. H. DREW IN TOWN

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

We haven't been so much pleased for some time as on last Tuesday, when we had the very unexpected pleasure of taking the hand of our old friend Lieut. Drew of the 18th,. He is looking finely, and our best wishes, and those of his numerous friends are, that he may long continue so. The 18th, it will be remembered, was one of the regiments receiving the French uniform as an acknowledgment of their proficiency in drill, and we have every reason to believe it was justly bestowed. The Lieutenant is proud of his company and regiment, and they have reason to be proud of him. He reports all well and in good spirits. May the same attend them.

Letter from Veritas, Camp Barnes, Hall's Hill, VA²⁸³ February 23, 1862

Mr. Editor:

Being a constant reader of the War Correspondence in your columns, and not seeing any letter from our regiment for some time, I hope a few lines from this part of Secessia, will not prove uninteresting to your many readers.

It is now six months since our regiment left the "Old Bay State," for the seat of war, to take a part in the sacred cause of universal freedom, and for the preservation of the Constitution as it was originally handed down to us by our forefathers.

Mud and rain reign supreme here. The camp for the last six weeks has presented a most horrid appearance, owing to the very inclement state of the weather, the clerk of which seems to be playing a joke with us. One might imagine that he was taking in washing by the ton.

The last few weeks have been so dull here that the boys are at their wits ends to know what to do with their superfluous time. They have nothing to do but mount guard, go on picket, and bring wood and water. Although it has been raining for the last month, and the mud is about knee deep, we had a few days of pleasant weather, which was taken advantage of in drill at bayonet exercise, and target practice, in fact the latter has almost become a mania.

So far we have made the best shots in our brigade, not being excelled by the sharpshooters in the 22nd, near us. Neither are we behind in any drill, from building roads and telegraph lines, to the latest edition of Hardee, and can cope with any Regiment this side of the Potomac, from the Garibaldi to the 22nd Mass.

Uncle Sam furnishes us with very good rations, and quite a variety too, besides, we have so many clothes, the Colonel had to hire a large building in Georgetown on purpose to store them in. But Uncle Sam's contractors might sew our clothing a little stronger, and it would save our soldiers a great many interjections not found in the books.

I am happy to state that the health of our regiment is generally good. The columns of its mortality are yet comparatively small; besides, we have never refused to send to their friends, and homes, those of our comrades who have laid down their lives for their country, as one regiment from Mass. Near us have done.

For some days past our camps have been the scene of wild excitement and joy, created by the news of our glorious victories at Roanoke, and Forts Henry and Donelson. When these victories were announced, cheer after cheer rent the air, while the lands pealed forth their triumphant notes, and the echoes resounded from hill-top to hill-top.

We all hope our life of inactivity will soon be over and that we will be led on to Manassas, and when the time comes, as it assuredly will, the 18th will plant their proud banners over the ramparts of the vaunting rebels stronghold.

We have generally good officers: our Colonel is too well known to need any eulogium; our Lieut. Col. Ingraham has gained the respect of both officers and soldiers, for his courteous and soldier like bearing. He is a man adapted to the cause, gentlemanly, brave, generous to a fault. He has a heart for any fate that may arise

RETURN OF THE DEAD

when engaged in a good cause, and is esteemed and beloved by the whole regiment, and in him we look forward for some noble achievement.

Veritas

John Duffy Discharged for Disability²⁸⁴ March 8, 1862

Co. H, 18th Regiment

Mr. John Duffy, of this town, has returned from the war, having been discharged from Capt. Collingwood's company on account of disability. He reports our men all well, and anxious for a move. Lieut. Drew has been drilling the officers in the Bayonet exercise. We hear that the 18th still maintains its previous standing in the army, and we are glad to hear that Capt. Collingwood's company ranks so high in the Regiment. Success to the Captain and his noble men.

Letter from Unknown Author, New Market Bridge, VA²⁸⁵ April 2, 1862

Editors of the *Plymouth Rock*:

The army of the Potomac has moved at last, and the 18th Regiment is now stationed here for the present. On the 10th of March, we started from Hall's Hill where we have been all winter bound to Fairfax Court House, and as usual when Gen. McClellan has moved our division it commenced raining and we found out before we got there what Virginia roads were. The mud was ankle deep nearly all the way, and as bridges are not in fashion here, at the foot of every hill we had to go in up to our knees in mud and water, but we arrived there about 3 o'clock P.M., after a march of 14 miles, pretty well tired out, and found that we were not to be called on, as the rebels had fled at our approach. The village was about deserted, and those that remained did not attempt to conceal their opposition to the Union cause, but their property was protected by a guard stationed the next day after our arrival. The only outrages that were committed was done by the New York troops before the guard was put on, but the Massachusetts men seemed to respect the rights of others here as much as they would at home. We stayed here till the 15th, when we were ordered to go to Alexandria. The roads this way were pretty good, but it rained all day only as it rains in Virginia. In addition to our equipments, every man has to carry one quarter of a tent, which filled with water and wet clothes, made our load about as much as could be carried. We stopped about 3 miles outside of Alexandria at camp California, taking the tent which had been left by a N. Y. Reg., which was better than camping on the ground.

We stayed here until the 21st, when we left for Alexandria, where we embarked on board the steamer *Elm City* for Fortress Monroe. There is quite a fleet of eastern steamers here and a large army has been concentrated here. As we have not received our mails for the last two weeks, I do not know as government has allowed the papers to give any information of our whereabouts. We are about 5 miles from the Fortress and the same from Newport News. Quite a number of the Plymouth boys have been to see us from Co. E, and it seems quite like home to see so many home faces. It is impossible to tell where or when we move, as everything is kept secret, but preparations are taking on a large scale for a move in some direction, and if the rebels do not run from all their positions in this State, there will be warm work soon.

The great object of interest now in this quarter is the *Merrimac*, and should she venture to show herself again, great confidence is felt that she will not return to Norfolk again. I do not suppose it will do to print anything about these matters, although I have no doubt the rebels are as well or better informed about these matters than we are.

While at Fairfax Lieuts. Drew and Winsor visited Centreville and Bull Run; they saw two large wooden guns mounted at Centreville as reported. Lieut. Drew found a sabre which had been left on the field, and brought it away as a relic. Since my last there have been two deaths in Co. H, Oscar F. Guild and Sergeant

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

Horace F. Damrell, both of Dedham. When we were ordered to move from Hall's Hill the sick were taken from the Hospital and carried to Georgetown, Damrell was getting up from a fever, but took cold and sank away at once. He was much respected by all who knew him, a good companion and soldier.

*

P.S. Letters should be sent to Fortress Monroe, Va.

Letter from CHD [Drew], Camp Winfield Scott, Near Yorktown, VA²⁸⁶ April 22, 1862

From the 18th Regiment Co. C.

Ed. Memorial:

Since last I wrote you we have been extremely busy, having been obliged to remove from where we were first stationed, in order to let "Follett's Battery" of six brass guns take our position. The enemy discovering our quarters, our whole force was again removed nearly one mile to the left. We are now encamped in an orchard containing 2500 peach trees in full bloom, and as large as the whole of our village at home. It is truly a splendid sight. This encampment contains Gen. Martindale's whole Brigade, with several other Regiments. We have a fine view of Gen. McClellan's Headquarters, a two story house, and very neat for a Va. residence.

We are on the right flank and can see plainly York River and the gun boats which often exchange shots with the enemy. As we lay now it brings a creek or river in front between us and the enemy. The river is well bridged over. There are two or three pontoons, and boats in readiness for another one, beside one floating log, and two or three plank and log bridges. This is in order that the whole force can move forward at once. I was on fatigue Friday with above 1000 others, within one-half mile of the enemy's works: cutting, and building roads under the cover of the woods. I was fearful that they would hear us, but it being very windy they did not. The most difficult thing to do now is to clear the woods in front of the Forts, which will be done in the night. I prefer it dark and stormy, for if the enemy should chance to discover us they will throw shot and shell too often for our comfort.

April 23. Have just returned from my day's work, which has been quite an exciting one to me. Above 600 of us were engaged upon a fort which is nearly completed, and which the enemy did not discover until this noon, when they commenced throwing shot and shell among us, averaging one every fifteen minutes; we had pretty sharp dodging. One 32-pounder came within four feet of Capt. McFarlin, and finally brought up against a stump where one of the boys was eating his dinner. At about 4 o'clock the rebels let in a volley of shot and shell upon us, but strange to say not one of us were hurt. They made quite a racket ripping and tearing through the trees. Soon after, one of our pickets came running in saying that the enemy were advancing upon us. We jumped to our guns in an instant, but found that they were already retreating; not however without saluting our Capt., who had gone out a short distance to spy with his glass. The bullet passed very near his face and entered a tree beside him, fortunately doing him no injury.

There are to be in this fort 15 heavy siege guns. There are already five, but not mounted. Several other forts are now being built.

W is disappointed in not receiving brother W's letter. I can sympathize with him in some measure. When we first came out we had not much to eat, excepting as we caught now and then a wild pig which we slaughtered.

[illegible]

C.H.D.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Stephen C Drew Promoted²⁸⁷ April 26, 1862

[OCM]

By letter received from the 18th Regiment, we learn that Stephen C. Drew, of this town who was a sergeant of Capt. Collingwood's company, has been appointed Sergeant Major of the 18th. This is extremely creditable to Sergeant Drew, as he is only about 20 years old, and to be appointed Sergeant Major of a crack regiment like the 18th, by a West Point bred Colonel, is no slight honor. Sergt. Major Drew is brother of Lieut. C. H. Drew, of Capt. Collingwood's company.

[Additional information in the *PR*]

The subject of the above paragraph was an apprentice in our office at the time of the call for three months men to defend the Capitol, and though a mere stripling, and apparently one of the most peaceful and quiet of boys, he had no hesitation in shouldering his musket to march with the Guards at the first call. We shall never forget the calm and determined smile that illumined his countenance when he informed us that we must dispense with his services. He ranked among the best of the three months privates, and upon his enlistment for three years was appointed one of the sergeants of Capt. Collingwood's company. He was a faithful boy, and we are happy to record his promotion.

Information from John B Collingwood²⁸⁸ May 17, 1862

Co. H., 18th Regiment

By letters received in town from Capt. Collingwood, we learn that the 18th was in the fight at West Point, and behaved well. None of the Regiment was killed.

Letter from Watson, Chickahominy Swamp²⁸⁹ June 23, 1862

Ed. Old Colony Memorial:

I hardly know, Mr. Editor, whether or not, a few lines for the land of the F. F. V's. would be any variety to your paper, where, nearly all, who live within the boundaries of the pilgrim land, from which we are proud to hail, have friends here, who, as well as myself, like to while away some of the monotony of a soldier's leisure in writing to friends at home; but since my friend Moses of the "*Rock*" has "pegged out" of the Editorial chair, and has taken it upon him to test the quality, and quantity of "sacred soil" in "*Dixie*" and ceased his little dueling with you, I scarcely find anything to let me know there is such a paper as the *Memorial*, for we do not happen to have many friends that way; funds are seldom in the soldier's pocket and the few stray dimes that eventually melt into strawberries and cream, and make the eyes of the darkies glisten, would even shame the pocket of an editor and make him think himself rich in worldly goods at least. For this reason we are deprived of local papers, which of us, are most interesting. Our Regiment enjoys comparatively good health. No Regiment around here, as far as I have observed, numbering as many, has had so few in the hospital; our largest number there at any one time not exceeding thirty men. Most of these cases are camp fever, and the debility, which follows after long and fatiguing marches; a few cases of measles have been reported, and a few of sunstroke; there have died this month, Bailey of Co. F., Shaw of Co. C., and Stewart of Co. I.

Our Lieut. Col. is at home recruiting his health, he having worn himself nearly out in the performance of arduous duties on the march, and to his untiring efforts for the welfare of the men. We are looking anxiously for his return for we miss his pleasant face, and want him with us when we go into the battle which grows daily nearer.

We have been encamped on the farm of the rebel Dr. Gaines. It is a very large farm, and in times past has been well cultivated. He has about one hundred and fifty negroes, who previous to the war, must have had

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enough to do in keeping a care over the products of this place. But since we have been here, but little has been done in the agricultural line, and on many places, where were pretty gardens once, you find nothing but weeds and underbrush. The negroes are running about at their own option, some find temporary employment as cooks for officers in the army, and some are too lazy to work at all as long as they can find anything to eat and ground enough to lie upon. The Chickahominy along the borders of this farm, has been channeled and runs quite swiftly, and it is about thirty feet wide in the main channel, but the meadows and swamps are flowed, and the water on either side varies in width from an eighth to a quarter of a mile, and up to your arms at that. You can perhaps imagine the beauties of building corduroy roads and bridges here, and of hauling logs, where it matters not, now that we are used to it, whether it be three or five feet deep.

This Dr. Gaines is a rabid secessionist, and quite vehement in his denunciations of the accursed Yankees. Brig'r. General Pettigrew, the prisoner taken at Fair Oaks, is reported as being wounded, and stopping at his house. Gaines states that while we were besieging Yorktown, Jeff. Davis honored (?) him by taking dinner at his place on the way to view our works.

Last Friday we moved our camp to get a little farther from the shells, which were making too frequent visits among us for our comfort, or safety; the shells were probably fired at the balloons, which are attached to our corps, but being of too low a range fell in our camps, killing one of the 1st Michigan, and also one of the 1st Connecticut battery. These balloons are an "institution" and now that we have a chance of seeing them almost every day, we remember when we used to save our "coppers" to take our 4th of July in Boston, where we could get a view of the "marvelous" things, and the "balloons."

We are very pleasantly camped in a heavy wood which screens us from the sun, which at times beats down oppressively. Now and then we make a visit of three or four miles, to see how affairs are going on in different direction; we made one of this sort last Wednesday to Mechanicsville, where we were five miles only from Richmond, and here some of the boys gratified their curiosity to see the beleaguered city by climbing to the top of the houses, and by straining their eyes they could see only a few steeples and came down like "Zack" for the tree contented to wait a little longer. On this march Lapham of Co. G. was bitten on the hand by a moccasin snake and now lies quite dangerously ill. We have all kinds of weather here, stormy, and some awful storms and very warm, and for two days the thermometer has been above 103 degrees. I think an editor's scissors would not work very lively at such times yet we have learned if not to know, not to mind the difference; the water here is very poor, and we have to travel nearly half a mile to obtain it.

For the past few days there has been considerable cannonading towards James river, and leads us to think that our gunboats are in the vicinity of Fort Darling. Many of the Guerillas who committed the depredations, in our rear at "Gurlic's landing" have been taken, and confined as prisoners of war; also quite a number of prominent farmers in that locality, who are guilty it is believed, of conveying intelligence to the enemy. These Guerillas killed our teamers, burned our wagons and grain, and also destroyed the establishments of quite a number of Sutlers, among the rest taking Charles Mann, one of our Sutlers prisoner, who we had begun to look upon even as a blessing(?)

This band, it is said, was led by Col. Lee, son of the rebel General now at Richmond; many of the party were dressed in the gray "secesh" uniform, but some of them were in citizens dress. Whatever may be said about the affair, and though appearing of little magnitude at this time, yet it was a bold dash and resulted in the annihilation of quite a train.

The "whiskey rations" have been stopped in this Brigade, and instead, we have coffee served at reveille in the morning. I think the latter drink the best for all concerned, though no doubt those who love it better than your servant, will differ with me on this point. A little skirmish occurred close by us two nights since, in which the rebels found the "Yankees" had out witted them; the 9th Mass. were attached, and retreating purposely they

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drew the enemy "horribly" in range and cross fire of two of our batteries; the enemy immediately declined making any further acquaintance with them by taking "leg bail" towards Richmond.

By the *Boston Journal*, which by the kindness of friends is regularly received, we get full accounts of the recent "scare" and of the prompt action of the militia, which still it seems keeps good the reputation of our glorious Old Commonwealth "unconditionally" and "unreservedly."

We are all in good spirits, constantly feeling that we have yet much to do, but are bound not to let anything discourage us, and to win the next battle; necessarily it will be a hard one, and the general opinion here is, that it will be a decisive one too, I sincerely hope so.

Much has been said in regard to the arms of this Regiment at home which I notice was a misstatement at the time. May 23d we were with the rest of the Brigade supplied with the Springfield rifle of the pattern of 1861.

The officers coming from your town are well, except Capt. Collingwood, who for some time has been unwell from summer complaints but is now recovering.

Hoping, but not thinking, we may celebrate the glorious old 4th with you, we beg of you to do our share for us on that occasion "in spirit and in truth" and with patriotic zeal.

Truly Yours, Watson

Notes of the Battlefield, Watson ²⁹⁰ June 26, 1862

On guard at General's Headquarters. Ordered to keep with baggage train. Our Regiment leaves at 4 A. M. on special duty. Terrific cannonading and musketry all along the right of our lines, (Gen. Porter's) and kept up until 11 at night. Many wounded and some stragglers coming to the rear. Major Tilton and Adj. Sherwin of 22d Mass. wounded and taken prisoners by Gaines' house. Lieut. Col. Varney of Maine 2d wounded and missing. Desperate fighting on both sides, and rebels being constantly reinforced. All commissary stores burned that could not be carried off. Porter's corps fighting hard; outnumbered by rebels and fall back in good order to second line of battle. Our Brigade (Martindale's) much thinned out and General feeling badly.

June 27.

Falling back. Terrible loss of rebels by grape and canister. Line of battle of rebels (English style) 8 deep; they have been again reinforced. Arrived with train 3 A. M. on the other side Chickahominy, i.e. Richmond side, our corps being the only one on the Gaines' house side, the lines running diagonally, somewhat.) Orderly Sergeant Haskell, Co. D, missing; Ord. Sergt. Galucia, Co. F, missing; Joseph Jordan and James McRae, Co. H, missing; Col. Black, 62d Penn., killed; Col. Gove, 22d Mass, killed in charge. Brilliant charge of Meagher's Brigade (Plymouth Co. in this 29th Mass.)

June 28.

Visited around at Savage Station; line of battle formed there. Bridges blown up across Chickahominy; our troops all this side; heavy firing on left wing. Reached White Oak Creek and packed wagons; charge of rebel cavalry past camp. Splendid fighting of the 9th Mass; Col. Cass seriously wounded in leg.

Line of battle formed here. Proceeded 16 miles with train to Charles City; arrived at midnight under cover of Gunboats; many wounded crawling along the road. The roads are good, and the trains move well. Charley Jordan, Co. D, 22d Mass, shot. All commissary stores at Savage Station blown up. Our troops hold Savage Station, and repulse the enemy. Marched to the banks of James river with our baggage.

June 30th.

Many sick and wounded under cover Gunboats. It is a very hot day, and the wounded suffer badly, but are bearing up nobly in their suffering. The *Monitor* and *Galena* are lying abreast of us. The Col. of the 5th Maine is badly wounded. There is a scarcity of Surgeons; men with pieces of boards and shingles are supporting their

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wounded arms as they travel along. The roads are lined with sick and wounded soldiers. Hard fight from dusk until 9 at night; our Brigade again suffered severely; we whipped them and occupied the ground until the trains got a good start. This occurred at White Oak Creek, 5 miles beyond Savage Station. The enemy here attacked the rear of our train with a large force; 10 pieces of artillery were handsomely repulsed by part of Sedgwick's Brigade; the enemy retreated across the swamp, leaving their dead.

July 1st.

We have moved from the banks of the river to give room for the wounded, who are fast coming in. The fight began at six this morning. Many of the wounded of yesterday's battle are coming in; 3 men wounded, fired upon by farmers on the opposite side of the river, whence they tried to go, two taken prisoners there. Col. Pierce lost right arm in yesterday's fight. In Friday's fight at Gaines' Hill, Thomas Mayo of Plymouth was killed by a cannon shot in head. The right of the army is gradually falling back to Harrison Bar. Gen. McClellan leads the charges in person today, also one armed Gen. Kearney, who like Murat, takes the bridle in his teeth. The Irish Brigade made some brilliant charges here and captured 13 guns, (light artillery.) Gen. McCall is reported wounded and taken prisoner. One Brigadier and 200 cavalry taken by us. Sick and wounded about 3000 outdoors on the ground in a bleaching storm.

July 2nd.

"Skedaddled" to Harrison Bar; 3000 teams "jammed" in, and the road shelled by the enemy; their cavalry came in sight and we drove them off. Very deep mud and rainy all day. Saw men with amputated arms, which were "fly blown" and full of maggots; others dead by the roadside. Heard from Regiment for the first time, 2 miles ahead at Harrison Bar.

July 3rd.

Joined the Regiment this morning; drawn up in the line all day; reinforcements arriving among Mass 32d. The enemy opened fire on us with round shot and shell. Shield's men take the battery, 8 siege guns, and some prisoners. Trains all in safe.

July 4th.

Salute fired. One or two dish water speeches.
(by Watson)

Letter from Watson Harrison Bar, James River, VA²⁹¹ July 7, 1862

Ed. Memorial:

Since I last wrote to you, we have changed our locality, and with the rest of the "Army of the Potomac," are having the breezes of the James river, instead of the malarious fogs of the swamps of the Chickahominy. Doubtless you have, in reading reports contained in the New York papers, got the idea that we were driven here. We were not; all the events go to prove, and all the circumstances of the late movement show, that we came just as fast as was desired and calculated upon and no faster; anything contained in some of the reports, notwithstanding. A recent order from the Commanding General, congratulates us on the successful performance of one of the most difficult movements in military strategy and, you know, we soldiers will believe him, much sooner than the reports of the "penny a liners" who find their way here, with all sorts of mixed ideas in their heads, and who by a sharp questioning of stragglers to the rear during any engagement, and a plentiful supply of "T's, manage to either increase or relieve public suspense and anxiety, by getting together and sifting out reports enough of these army stragglers, to make an item for their particular papers, and to suit their particular people.

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In view then of the above, you will not wonder that sometimes we see “awful” stories and bear much news that we do not for a moment believe. So much for reporters and reports that come along to you prematurely.

So much has transpired hereabouts during the past ten days, I find it difficult to find a proper starting off to give you that which will most interest. I shall not attempt any description of scenes of the late fight, but as our Plymouth County folks have many friends in the 18th, a description of its late “skedaddle” and narrow escape, may not be uninteresting.

At 4 o'clock, A. M., of the 26th ult., our regiment with the 17th New York, left camp near Gaines' Mills, on special duty, the nature of which was a secret to those left behind. They marched until noon and were then not distant one mile from camp, having returned from somewhere in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville. The fight which lasted through six successive days, and sometimes until eleven at night, had now commenced, and above named regiments were cut off from the main body of the corps, (Porter's). They, with Gen. Stoneham's cavalry and flying artillery then started for White House, about 24 miles distant, at a double quick, knowing the enemy were in hot pursuit, and made extraordinary time of it, as the “giving out” of four of Stoneham's horse attests, that dropped by the wayside. They were harassed by the enemy all of the way and at times nearly surrounded, but that invincible soldier, Stoneham, and the promptness of the Colonels commanding, brought them safe out of the web and placed them entire on White House Plains, where, after destroying all the property that could not be shipped, they took transports down the Pamunkey into York, by Fortress Monroe, up the James to this place without the loss of a man, and with two rebels as “trophies,” who state that they belonged to Stonewall Jackson's army. Gen. Martindale thought he had lost the 18th, and this with the very heavy loss sustained in our Brigade, made him sad enough, and all thought the regiment had been captured and the joy of meeting them after eight days of suspense, and six days of hard fighting, was plainly manifested by the hearty cheers upon our arrival here.

Capt. Collingwood was left in command of the camp during the absence of the regiment, and with the sick, and camp, and Provost Guards, had a chance of seeing some of the movements and much of the sufferings of warfare. I will not attempt to describe them, or to guess at the loss sustained, as you will get the former in due time, and the latter as speedily as may be come at from the reports of commanders. The heaviest loss, occurred in our corps, which fought largely superior numbers with a determination which told well for their discipline. About a dozen of our regiment, of those who were left at camp, are missing. Of Co. H., two, McCrea, of E. Boston and Jordan, of Dedham. Also Ord. Sergeant Haskell, of the Middleboro' company, and four privates of the same company, whose names I have not yet learned; also the Ord. Sergeant of the Dedham company and the remainder of the Provost Guard, which entered the fight under command of Capt. Ferguson of the 25th N. Y., who was killed.

Extracts from Richmond papers of the 3d inst., state that the number of prisoners arrived that day was 30, representing the 18th, 9th, and 22d. Mass., among others, and only one officer, and he a “Dutch Yankee.” There must have been a much larger number taken than the above, for it compares very poorly with our “herd,” containing 2 Brigadiers and only one whole brigade. Everything not removed in camp was destroyed by fire before the rebels entered, excepting knapsacks, blankets, and tents; these the rebels have got, and the “rosy cheeked” girls of our town and those who quaff the good old breezes of Cape Cod who have sent us letters, may even by their kindness “hit” the heart of some old “sinner” in the rebel ranks. Thousands of us have, since we lost our knapsacks the comfort of a plenty of room, we have good Virginia soil and “all outdoors” for a bed, and the stars peer into our faces as honestly as if we didn't owe a dollar.

We are now on the banks of the James, have all our wagon trains, guns, and plenty of “company,” and among the last named I find the 32d Mass.; in which we meet again old friends, and fellow soldiers, who rallied at the call of the April 16th '61. They are a fine looking set but some of them are inclined to think the mode of

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living a little rough, and I notice "Ichabod" in the "Rock," feels bad for the want of room at Camp Alexander. I saw their big tents today, and they looked like "meeting houses" to me alongside the little picket tents used by us since the 10th of March, but now we have a plenty of room and you get this from the top of big stump, perhaps as large as the Plymouth Monument.(?)

The 4th passed by without anything of note occurring save the customary salute. We thought of "Farmer Allen," and "Island Grove," and the "girls." Only thought. Thanks for the *Memorial* received.

Truly Yours, Watson

Letter from X, Harrison's Landing²⁹² July 9, 1862

Mr. Editor:

Since leaving Yorktown the 18th regiment has been on the move a great part of the time. Constant marching and change of position have pretty nearly worn them out, and the same is true of a large part of the army of the Potomac. The regiment were very pleasantly situated near Gaines' Mills when the series of battles commenced which resulted in the change of position of the whole army. The morning of the 26th of June the regiment were sent out to join Stoneman's cavalry, near Hanover, beyond Mechanicsville. In the afternoon orders were received in camp to pack up immediately and report at headquarters across the Chickahominy, commencing the withdrawal of the right wing before the action had commenced, it having become evident by the attack of the rebel cavalry on our teams the week before, that our lines could not be safely held with the forces we had. About the same time the orders were received to move, the action commence at Mechanicsville, 2 ½ miles distant, and continued without cessation till 9 P. M. The enemy were repulsed at every point, and the victory was ours. During the night the rebels crossed the river in great force, so much so that we could not expect to hold our position without weakening our forces too much in front of Richmond, and the General ordered the men to fall back gradually across the Chickahominy.

The morning of the 27th, the rebels commenced the attack, our men falling back, soon commenced the destruction of quartermaster and commissary stores, a large amount of which could not be removed for want of transportation; also a large quantity of ammunition, to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels. I do not think they got much of anything, so thoroughly was the work of destruction performed. About noon our men had fallen back to Gaines Mills, the line selected for them to make a stand, so as to cover the removal of the wagon trains and ambulances, and until late in the evening they stood the repeated attacks of the rebels who were constantly bringing up fresh forces to the attack. It was here that our line was broken, the 1st Michigan occupying the place of the 18th, finally broke, and the 22d Mass. and 2d Maine, who stood full as hard an attack, finding the rebels in their rear, had to leave in a hurry. The Michigan boys fought well, had not been with us but a few weeks, but I think had the older troops had their position, it might have been kept, and the rebels would not have any success to boast of. But the troops were all got across the river that night in safety, and the bridge was blown up in the morning. There were about 200 of the 18th with the train, many of them sick, but no one knew where the rest were, and we all supposed them prisoners. The trains moved to Savage Station in the afternoon. Here was the hospital, and the wounded were lying all around in every shady place. We staid here over night.

On the afternoon of the 28th we started again, and passed through White Oak Swamp, and camped on the high ground where the fight took place on the 30th (or July 1st.)

Sunday afternoon we started again for Charles City, our troops having got through to the river. We met trains from all sections of the army, and with them were the sick and wounded from Savage's Station. It was a sad sight to see the long files of wounded men passing slowly, hardly able to drag themselves along, some not

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able to go alone, but for want of ambulances to convey the large number of sick and wounded, obliged to take care of themselves or be taken prisoner.

Monday we spent at Charles City Landing. Here many of the sick and wounded were removed down the river. Tuesday morning early we were started off for this place. The first thing seen was a long file of sick and wounded men marching along, and to add to their misery it commenced raining and rained all day. When we reached the landing the mud was ankle deep, and it was almost impossible to get your feet out of it without leaving your shoes. The trains moved about a mile when all the roads came together at a bridge, which was the only passage for all the teams. There was some crowding and pushing but still everything passed along with but little confusion. Nothing but the confidence every man felt that we had a man for a leader who knew what he was about saved us from another Bull Run. The whole train was close to the rear guard and before they all got through the rebel shells began to fly round pretty thick. We had but five miles to go, but owing to the mud and number of teams, it was over two days before they all got through.

On our arrival at the landing we were all surprised to find the rest of the regiment were here, having arrived Monday night. Gen. Stoneman finding that he could not get across the Chickahominy, had carried them safely through to the White House. The rebels in large force being in pursuit here, they went on board transports down the river to Fortress Monroe, then up the James river to this place, and had not lost a man.

There are some of our men missing who were engaged in the fight of Gaines Mills, but none from the vicinity of Plymouth. Some are prisoners, but we do not know who.

At the landing the day after we got there, were some 20,000 teams of all sorts, baggage wagons, ambulances, &c., &c., all of 10,000 men, sick, wounded and stragglers from regiments, all in apparent confusion. The men felt some encouragement, reinforcements having arrived here, and they hoped to get some rest. But early Wednesday morning the rebels commenced shelling us here; the shells flew thick and fast right into our camp. Are we to be driven from here too? No chance for rest! Where are we going to if we are? But it did not last long. Our troops were all drawn out for action. We all expected a fight must come, but it soon stopped, and the news came that Gen. McClellan had surrounded and taken the battery which was shelling us, and we have not been disturbed since. The 32d Reg. landed while the shelling was going on, and it seemed as though they had come just in time to have a hand in the fight.

The men are getting rested, and when the call is made, will be ready for action. Never was the confidence of the men in their leader greater than at this hour. Nothing else saved the whole army on the recent march. Prior to the moving of the army on to Manassas, Gen. McClellan was looked on only as their General, and as such, entitled to their respect. So, too, until after the battle of Williamsburg, when a great change took place, and whenever or wherever he has appeared, the men have rushed towards him and surrounded him, cheering him and doing all in their power to show him the hold he has upon them. He has won the whole army, and they will stand by him to the last. No words of mine can describe the feeling of the army towards him. We are in hopes the government will now supply him with men enough to bring this war to a close. He has got the rebels in a tight place, and with one blow can put an end to the war, but to do this he must have men and that speedily.

In my attempts at correspondence with you I have carefully avoided any expressions of opinion, or attempt at argument on the principles involved in this war, but your comments on "Ichabod's" letter²⁹³ leads me for once to step over the bounds I had prescribed for myself. You say –

"If our correspondent doesn't change his mind after a six months residence in Dixie, we will give his advice due consideration. At present we think he will agree with us, that he has had hardly time to see the other side of the question, except through northern spectacles, and therefore his advice is worth no more now than when at home."

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Now after a residence here of nearly a year I can only add my testimony to his, and also that of almost all I meet in the army. I have heard many who when in Mass. were classed as old Hunkers or pro-slavery men, say that their experience here has made abolitionists of them. This is the general testimony, and many a soldier have I heard complain that the government took so much pains to protect Southern men with their peculiar institutions, that they were sick, and wished they were at home, as they did not come here to fight for slavery, but to uphold the Government, let institutions look out for themselves. I believe the men of the North to be sound on this question, and will one day regret that they allowed themselves to be dragged into the service of slavery by such men as Col. C. G. Greene, Mayor Wood and Vallandigham, who are the secret if not open leaders of the Democratic organization of today. But enough. I do not intend to write an article on politics. I believe you Mr. Ed. personally to be right, but in some pretty bad company.

Yours, X

[The *Plymouth Rock* editor responds below the article. No source is attributed to the author of the letter.]

It must be that "X" has not yet seen the "entire swine," or else his former political prejudices are not yet completely conquered. As an offset to his experience, we publish an extract from a letter from a townsman of ours, now in the army of Virginia, who is no politician, nor ever was, but who voted for Abraham Lincoln. He has seen the "elephant," and here is what he says about him:

"The slaves about these parts are leaving their masters to join the army, and they take the advantage of so doing every chance they get. Poor deluded fools, did they but know when they were well off they would content themselves. O these accursed Northern Abolitionists! (for I can find no milder tem) had it not been for such as John Brown, happy homes would not have been made desolate nor hearts to bleed with anguish as they do now all over this once peaceful, happy country."

Sick Soldiers at Fortress Monroe, VA²⁹⁴ July 10, 1862

The following soldiers have arrived at Fortress Monroe, having left their company on account of sickness. Lieut. W. N. Winsor of Co. E, 18th Regiment, Wm. Withington, do. do. J. A. Harlow, Co. C, do. Frank Fisher, Co. F, do. J. B. Sheeley, Co. H, do. W. Southworth, Co. E, do. George Ray, Co. F, do.

Letter from Watson, Harrison's Landing, James River²⁹⁵ July 11, 1862

Mr. Editor:

With all the attractions of our happy New England fresh in our minds, we cannot remember of the time when such a morning as this was gotten up there. It is an exception to the rainy weather of the valley of the James, and has so salubrious an effect upon us, that we feel like doing somebody some good, but out of the many objects presenting, we hardly know which one to choose. But in the absence of rebels to whip, we will set to work upon editors as the next item, in the long schedule of "Uncle Sam's" tormentors.

We are soldiers! And there was a reason for our becoming such, and we think because we have learned the manual, we are entitled to respect, at least for trying to do; and though our pen may drag heavily over the sheet, and our subjects may not be handled with the care and touched up with the finish of those who drill be detail on such themes, yet our souls cries loud for vengeance on somebody, and our convictions are, that he must be an editor. Our sense has been kicking up a "bobbery" for a dozen of months, and our patience has oozed out, and now we must pitch into the cause generally, to satisfy our judgment, and yet our judgment

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scarce does say who, and conscience must decide, and we will choose no "Isaac" to lay upon the altar, for fear the hand might not this time stay the blow. Arrange them then to suit, we'll put "Horace" at the head of the class.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a testy, touchy, pleasant fellow.
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There's no living with thee, nor without thee."

We will now write of the soldiers of the Peninsula. If you could see the "hurley burley" of the news boys on the wharves here, the horse racing to get first into camp, and the thousands of papers that daily find their way here, you would not doubt a moment but they were reading soldiers. If they read, they think, and with a knowledge of the events, which are the topics of discussion in these papers, they judge.

Among the men of the army, you can find none who ask of their leaders, whether they be Whig, Abolition, or Democrat; their one object is the suppression of the rebellion, the foe, who would destroy the peace and harmony of the land they love, and these are the men who compose the armies of the Union, who fight the battles and deal with realities as they are. At home they left the men who joy to drag webs of argument amongst the waverings of the past and the hopes of the future, for imaginary evils.

Let us, do the fighting here; we are willing, do not throw stumbling blocks along the way, the path is rough at the best; let not every patriotic feeling of the soldier be banished from existence, and crushed out by party contentions at home. The tie which most solemnly binds alike the officer and the private, to the sacred performance of his duty, is his love for the Union and the freedom under its laws; not for this, or that man; he has no hobby, every burst of radical spleen, every roll of abortion progress, every right of the old democracy under which and for which, he has to live, touches in some manner, and in some degree the heart strings which bind him to his object, and links it together with life – to live or to die.

Could you ask today the thousands of New England boys, who have forever gone from among us, in the service of their country, and their duties here, for what they died, they would tell you for the Union, as it was and as it must be.

Go to the firesides of a thousand New England homes – see the mourners; need you ask them why they mourn? Nearly a year and half of anxiety and sorrow, privation and suffering, and faithful performance of duty, and with the loss of friends, they at last find reward, and consolation; they behold the rays of a brighter future, discernible through the clouds of despondence and despair. They congratulate themselves upon the prospect of again enjoying the peace and happiness of an undivided country, when lo! Today's "*Tribune*," after dredging the scurvy waters of disaffection, till its very tissue is rotten by the disease, announces another discovery, annihilates our hopes, and with lambs in its arms, and bear in its bosom, is kicked into the wilderness of thought of an anxious, and excited people; and the soldier curses the man who would have him fight, and fight on for his incendiary motives.

The "*N. Y. Herald*" cries lustily against the sins of its neighbor, and strangling over the lies of its contemporaries, dresses up foreign intervention to suit its own end and purpose, and crams the dose in the ear of the multitude, while they still choke in trying to swallow the mournful tales of the "*Times*."

Mr. Editor we don't care just now for the origin or the cause, of this rebellion. We have it to deal with, crush out, cost what it may, it must be done. Give us more combined actin, less newspaper opinion. Let us profit by the past, and not quarrel over sectionalities until we are lost in the mire of derision, of the whole world.

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A year has passed, and facts that were at the first made known, by the men who knew, have passed with it, almost heedlessly, and today we find them being complied with. Troops that were wanted a year ago, and who would now have been at home, are just being hurried to the field; because we had not confidence in our managers, that confidence lacking, from continual dissention, to the advantage of personal gratification.

Let us be united at home, be assured we are in the "Army of the Potomac."

Watson

An Incident of the Fight, Article on Capt. Collingwood and Lieut. Mayo²⁹⁶ July 12, 1862

One of the singular coincidences which occasionally happen in life, occurred to some of soldiers during the second battle before Richmond. Capt. Joseph H. Collingwood of Co. H, 18th Regiment, was ordered to stay behind in command of the camp, when his regiment went under Gen. Stoneman to protect the White House Landing. When Porter fell back, Capt. Collingwood with the rest; burnt his camp and began the retreat with eight men. As he was marching along, Gen. Meagher's Brigade came up to reinforce Porter, in which was another Plymouth company, Co. E, 29th. Instead of going to the rear, Capt. Collingwood, bound to have a finger in the pie, placed his eight men and himself under Capt. Doten, and "sailed in" with the Brigade in their celebrated charge. Lieut. Mayo was killed by his side.

Letter from Watson, Harrison's Landing, James River²⁹⁷ July 14, 1862

Mr. Editor:

We still occupy the same camp, as when I last wrote you, and very little since then has transpired to disturb us in our rest, which we so much needed. The men are now rested and are in excellent spirits, ready again for action.

The health of our regiment is improving; the high land and cool breezes of this camp have the invigorating effect so much desired, and no one is heard in any fault finding, although we are a little farther (in miles only) from that last ditch. No deaths in our regiment have occurred since our arrival here, and with few exceptions the sick are gaining rapidly.

Our mail arrives regularly, and thanks to our friends, just as a soldier likes to see it – full.

The rebels upon the opposite bank and four miles down the river, have lately run down batteries of light artillery, and fired upon our mail boats and unarmed transports; they seem bent on annoying us in every conceivable way, but in most instances our gunboats have put a stop to this fun. I have heard of but one casualty from their firing; one man lost an arm on the 10th inst.; the *Webster* was fired upon today, our gunboats serve as escort to the vessels passing up and down the river, but the enemy uses light batteries, and by taking advantage of the cover of the wood, fire, and in true rebel style, run away before a range can be got on them. No serious damage can be done, however, from any force on that side, as the 10 inch shell of the gunboats carry a dread with them to all within hearing distance.

The weather has been fine for the greater part of the time and favorable for the performance of duties in the "fatigue line," to make this the shortest point on the Peninsula.

We see by extracts from Richmond papers that our position here is not liked by the enemy, but they are too late; they can't help themselves now.

The rebel gunboat "*Teazer*," venturing too far this way has been captured and sent to Fort Monroe. She is not a very formidable looking craft; the *Galena* put a shot into her boiler, but I understand she since has been repaired.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The President has made us a visit, and has examined our lines. It is talked in camp that he was very much pleased with the present arrangement of affairs here, regarding defence, and as a "starting-off place." We were drawn up in line of battle, and it was nine o'clock at night before he passed our corps. It was a beautiful night, and a review by moonlight was a novelty. The lusty cheers that went up on that evening, could not fail to tell him, that some of the army was left, and that they were ready to renew the struggle.

The enemy attacked the left wing on the evening of the 4th inst., and were routed, the cavalry driving them through White Oak Swamp, and capturing three of their guns; since then they have remained remarkably quiet.

We live in expectation of seeing some of our friends here, let them be prompt, they should need no urging at this time, the facts now stare them in the face. No excuse can now be found for inactivity, the time for prompt action has not passed with the hinderers of it.

Truly yours, Watson

Lieut. Charles H. Drew to be Promoted to Captain²⁹⁸ July 27, 1862

We are reliably informed that Lieut. Charles H. Drew, of Co. H, 18th Regiment, will receive the appointment of Captain of the new company forming in this town and vicinity. The selection is a deserving compliment to a most promising young officer, and will prove most acceptable to the young men desirous of enlisting in this section who know and appreciate Lieut. Drew's soldierly qualities. Come forward young men and give Capt. Drew a noble company.

Letter from Watson, Harrison's Landing, VA²⁹⁹ August 4, 1862

Mr. Editor:

But little of interest has come under my notice, since I last wrote you. We are waiting, for what, I do not know, but suppose for our portion of those 300,000 men; we are now in quite a safe place.

The weather has been very warm, with but few showers, to lay the dust, which fills the air, and gives a like coloring to everybody, and everything.

The men of the army have much improved in health, and are in good spirits, are rested, and are ready for orders, and will go to work with a will, when our leaders shall deem it prudent to give them. We have moved our camp, to within one third of a mile of the river, on an open, flat field; the river, at this point is about one mile in width, the ground opposite higher than our camp. We have pickets upon the opposite side; houses which afforded protection to the rebels, were burned this week, previous to a vigorous push, no doubt, in the direction. Our corps were shelled an hour, by three batteries of the enemy, from this point Thursday night; our siege guns finally got to work upon them, and stopped their fun. Many queer freaks were made by the shells; many tents were hit, but to the large number fired, the damage was comparatively small; five or six killed, about a dozen wounded, several horses killed, and many wounded, and a few schooners were struck at the landing. I have no doubt, but that this midnight raid of the rebels was intended to raise a Skedaddle on this side of the river, but it failed; the boys have got use to this kind of music. Wednesday afternoon, it is reported, the "Ram" *Virginia* came down and drove in our gunboats, doing picket duty up the river. The *Monitor* and *Galena* have an eye that way, and we, to here next appearance.

On Thursday a reconnaissance was made to the Chickahominy, striking it eight miles above James River. Our regiment was detailed to support the Flying Artillery, and follow the cavalry. We left camp at about two o'clock, A. M., and arrived back again at half past ten, P. M., having made a march of 36 miles. In camp we found we were in pretty good sleeping condition, and had made up our minds to enjoy one thing, only due to a

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

soldier life, in this night's sleep, (i.e., when your snoring don't disturb your neighbor,) but the aforesaid shelling put a stopper on these pleasant anticipations.

In our march on Thursday, we passed through Charles City; it is above par for cities (?) thus far seen by me in Virginia, and I will give you a description of it as seen on the march. It contains about five houses, and old dilapidated tavern, and the County buildings, looking as we passed, the ideal of the "deserted village." The old tavern reminded me of the pictures of the "ravages of rum" we used to see in the Almanacs of our youth. The county buildings were one story in height, one of brick with iron blinds, probably for the safety of records. A little beyond this were the jail, slave pen, whipping post, auction block, and gallows. The doors of the jail were open, the pickets upon the walls of the slave pen were matted with rust, and the grass grows high around the whipping post and gallows. Indeed, the sacred institutions of the soil are fast going to ruin in the land of the F. F. V. [*First Families of Virginia.*] You may find food for poets, in some of these Virginia towns; there is none for soldiers.

The wounded, and the prisoners, from Richmond, pass frequently on their way North; most of them have gone, and our friends can find out who is "missing." It is the worst word I can hear in the army.

Some of the boats touched here, on their way, and the wounded were visited by Gen. McClellan.

Several hundred negroes have been camped here, for police purposes. Quite a number have died in the 32 Mass.; they will grow tougher, as they get more used to the climate. They got their initiation, in the shelling of Thursday night.

I see by your paper, that you intend to take our 1st Lieut. His military ability is so generally known, that what I might say would be to no purpose, but I can speak of him, in his relation to the rank and file having served under him during his different grades of office nearly 16 months; he is every inch an officer and a gentleman; the men of our company think much of him, and will feel bad at his departure; he knows the wants of a soldier, and sees that his wants are properly attended to. I think young men of our County should promptly enlist under so able a commander.

The soldiers here think the volunteering system "played out," draft, and make an even thing of it, send us some men and we will soon write to you from Richmond.

Watson

Letter from Watson, Harrison's Landing, VA³⁰⁰ August 7, 1862

We have been under arms all the afternoon. I do not know what for, we have now stacked in line for supper, and not knowing where we may next turn up, I take this opportunity of writing.

Nothing of importance has transpired here. A man, Mitchell of Boston, died suddenly this morning. 3000 (odd) prisoners from Belle Island opposite Richmond landed last night, among them about a dozen for our Regiment. Graves of Co. E, died on the Island of putrid sore throat, and was buried Saturday by his companions, he leaves (I believe in Bridgewater) a wife and child. Our men took steamers at City Point having marched first 20 miles. They report that one dollar of gold would purchase three in our 'green backs' for which most every confederate soldier had a plenty; robbed of course from our wounded. These prisoners state they were in the Tobacco Ware House or Factory a fortnight and then conveyed to the Island aforesaid; that from the Island they could look into many of the streets of Richmond. They say that troops could be constantly seen coming in from various directions; many without arms. All well, very warm weather. Drew and Collingwood all well. Hope I may hear from you soon.

Watson

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Article about Lieut. E. W. Everson³⁰¹ September 20, 1862

Lieut. E. W. Everson

We have received a letter from Lieut. Everson [Watson] in which he says that in the charge of the 18th, he received three buck-shot in his leg, three or four buck-shot and a round ball through his blouse, several “bungs” on the head and received a pretty serious contusion in the lower part of the abdomen and in his left thigh. A pretty narrow escape, but he hopes to be able soon to regain his regiment. Our readers are no strangers to the gallant Lieutenant, and they will be glad with us that he has come off so well.

Letter from TS, Bull Run³⁰² September 26, 1862

The Charge of the Gallant 18th

On Saturday, August 30th, we arrived at Bull Run. Our division was brought in front of the enemy, and the different brigades disposed in proper order, forming line of battle on suitable positions. Remaining in this position for a few hours, our brigade commanded by Col. Roberts of the 2d Maine, was ordered to the front to feel the enemy, and discover his strength. Two companies were deployed as skirmishers, H and D, commanded respectively by Capt. Collingwood and Lieut. Drew. Slowly and cautiously we advanced, until reaching a thick wood, we discovered the enemy's batteries on a hill, directly opposite us. Seeing us advance, they opened upon us with grape and canister. We were ordered to lie down while Berdan's Sharpshooters advanced as skirmishers. The enemy's pickets were soon driven in, and the musketry began in real earnest. A continuous fire was also kept up from the rebel artillery on us as we were in the woods. However, we did not yet sustain much injury. At length the order to charge on the rebel batteries was received, and with an enthusiastic cheer we bounded forth from the woods, over a large plain, and up the hill, where the batteries were posted. Grape and canister fell thick and fast around us, and many a brave and manly fellow bit the dust on that terrific occasion. In advance of the rebel batteries we encountered the masses of rebel infantry drawn up in line of battle. Still nobly did the 18th push its way until, finding that several cross fires were opened upon us, we were obliged to fall back gradually. Perceiving two regiments coming to our assistance, we cheered and resumed our wonted courage. But we were again disappointed. These regiments finding the cross fires too thick and hot, lay down, and after a while concluded to retire, thus leaving the 18th to bear the brunt of the terrific onslaught. We were ordered to retreat, which we did in good order. We brought our colors with us, although four standard bearers were shot. The colors were completely riddled. Company B brought into the engagement 41 men, with three commissioned officers. The first whom I observed to fall, was our 1st Lieut. Warren D. Russell, as brave an officer as ever entered a battle field. He was in the act of loading a musket, when he fell, never to rise, shot through the neck by a rifle ball. The number of killed, wounded and missing, it is unnecessary for me to give you, as you shall probably have the names before this reaches you. The 18th suffered severely in its first general engagement. Of the 44 officers and men who entered the field, 26 are killed, wounded and missing. We are at present at Centreville, the enemy is in force before us, and we are momentarily expecting orders to meet him again with increased numbers, and if possible with redoubled energy.

Au revoir T.S.

P.S. Major Hayes rejoined this morning, and took command. He met a warm reception. During, and previous to the battle, the regiment was ably commanded by Capt. Thomas.

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

Promotions: Drew, Winsor, Leach³⁰³ October 9, 1862

Lieut. Chas. H. Drew, of Co. H, 18th Mass. Reg., has been commissioned Captain of Co. D, in the same Reg., also Lieut. Wm. H. Winsor. Both of these are excellent officers and well deserve their honors.

Sergt. Melvin Leach, of Co. H, 18th Mass. Reg., has arrived home to recruit for the regiment.

Letter from John M Maxim, Ebenezer Hospital³⁰⁴ October 10, 1862

We publish by request the following letter from a member of the 18th Mass. Reg., Co. C, who was severely wounded in the battle near Bull Run, Aug. 30th, and now the Ebenezer Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Dear F ---,

I received your kind letter today and was glad to hear you are well. I am gaining in strength very fast, having (?) so that I can get out and in to bed alone. I guess it will surprise you some when I tell you that this letter was written with my wounded limb. It is the second time I have tried my hand at writing.

I see you have got a few questions for me to answer, so I will begin. First, I had about fifty rounds of cartridges in my cartridge box, and I fired just about half of them. I was loading my gun when I was shot in my right shoulder. My gun dropped on the ground, and my arm was swinging around as if tied by a string. I was in advance of the company when I was shot. I took the wounded arm up with the other and turned around and met the Orderly, and he told me to go back to the rear of the regiment. I had a field to go across, and the shot and shell were falling like hail. I got about half way across the field and came to a ditch which was full of wounded soldiers. I laid there a few moments when the regiment came running over me like time, and the rebels after them. I received the shot in the calf of my leg just after I started back to the rear, and was running then as fast as I could. It took off a small portion of the bone, three or four pieces of which I have now in my wallet.

This was on Saturday, Aug. 30th. After being wounded I walked about a mile, when I came to a log barn. I laid there until the next Tuesday before I had my wounds dressed! Then the doctors carried me out into an orchard where all the rest were. I laid there until Friday, when they brought me here to the Ebenezer Hospital.

The rebels used me first rate. They brought me all the water I wanted, and one of them gave me some tobacco. I get along quite well. I must close.

John M. Maxim

Letter from H, Near Sharpsburg, MD³⁰⁵ October 15, 1862

Extract from a private letter

You say you think that I missed it in leaving a good trade and joining the army. I, do not think so. I think it to be the duty of every young man to fight for his country and his flag; to leave family and friends, and go forth to help sustain, by his work, the government in its present struggle. I love my family, wife and little ones. I am ready to sacrifice everything for their happiness; but while my country is in danger, I must strive with what strength I have to save it. If my country is lost, farewell to peace and prosperity at home. I cannot see so many of my countrymen giving up their lives for the country's good without doing something for the cause.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

I know you will miss me, but when this dreadful war is at a close, and if my life is spared me, I shall return home with the consciousness of believing that I have done my duty to my country, and that my children will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that their father, if he falls, will fall in the glorious cause of Liberty.

I do not think there will be much more fighting this winter. The probability is that rainy season will set in before our army is ready to make and advance. We shall probably remain here till spring, and then -

H.

Article, Lieut. EW Everson Wounded at Bull Run³⁰⁶ November 8, 1862

Personal.

We had the pleasure this week of taking by the hand our friend Lieut. E. W. [Watson] Everson, of the 18th Mass. Vols. Lieut. Everson is just out of the hospital, where he has been since the fight of the second Bull Run battle. When the 18th made their gallant charge at that place, Lieut. Everson was in his place and had gone about half way across the field, in the progress of the charge, when a shell burst about 18 inches directly above his head, rendering him immediately insensible. He laid upon the field two days and came to consciousness in the hospital. He had two buck shot through the calf of the leg and one through the thigh, was ruptured in two places and a very severe contusion of the hip caused, he thinks, by something going over him as he lay upon the field. He is nearly recovered from all but one of the ruptures. We trust he may be assigned to some service in the Camps of Instructions near home until he has entirely recovered.

Article, War History of the 18th³⁰⁷ November 27, 1862

The 18th Mass. regiment is encamped in a grove of oak wood, with a southeastern slope, and on high and dry ground, and in a healthy location. The field and staff officers are as follows:

Colonel – James Barnes, of Springfield.

Lieutenant Colonel – Joseph Hayes, of Boston.

Major – Stephen Thomas, of Middleboro’.

Adjutant – Fisher A. Baker of Dedham.

Quartermaster – Sanford Almy, of New Bedford.

Surgeon – Wm. Holbrook, of Palmer.

Assistant Surgeons – Joseph W. Merriam, of Boston; Edwin F. Tilcox, of Springfield.

Sergeant Major – Stephen C. Drew, of Plymouth.

Quartermaster Sergeant – Edward F. Richmond, of Dedham.

COMPANY OFFICERS

Co. A – Capt. Lewis N. Tucker, of Boston; 1st Lieut., Joseph C. Ayer, of Boston; 2d Lieut., James B. Hancock, of Cambridge.

Co. B – Capt. Geo. C. Ruby, of Taunton; 1st Lieut., Wm. G. Hewins, of Boston; 2nd Lieut., Erastus W. Everson, of Dedham.

Co. C – No Capt. (Wm. J. McFarlin, of Carver, resigned); 1st Lieut. Geo. M. Barnard, Jr., of Boston; 2d Lieut., Luther S. Bent, of Boston.

Co. D – Capt. Chas. H. Drew, of Plymouth; 1st Lieut., John E. Bird, of Boston; 2d Lieut. none.

Co. E – Capt. Thomas Weston, of Middleboro’; 1st Lieut. J. Dwight Orne, of Springfield; 2d Lieut., Chas. E. Pray, of Quincy, paroled prisoner, absent, wounded.

Co. F – Capt. Wm. H. Winsor, of Plymouth; 1st Lieut., none; 2d Lieut., none.

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

Co. G – Capt. Wm. B. White, of Abington; 1st Lieut., Chas. E. Edson, of Middleboro'; 2d Lieut., Wm. M. Ingraham, of New Bedford.

Co. H – Capt. Joseph W. Collingwood, of Plymouth; 1st Lieut., Edward M. Onion, of Dedham; 2d Lieut., Wm. S. Walker, of Boston.

Co. I – Capt., none; 1st Lieut., Horatio N. Dallas, of Boston; 2d Lieut., Wm. H. Hemmenway, of Wrentham.

Co. K – Capt., Benj. F. Merservey, Quincy; 1st Lieut., Stephen M. Weld, of Roxbury; 2d Lieut., Albert W. Sturdy, of Wrentham.

The 18th musters for active duty 468 officers and men. The health of the regiment is good there being now only 6 sick out of 468. The regiment has been in Porter's brigade, division and corps, and are all attached to Gen. Fitz John Porter, whom they regard as both a fighting man and a brave soldier, who never shrinks from duty. They regret that he is relieved from command, even though it may be temporary.

The regiment was ordered on its first duty in August last year to Fort Corcoran, from thence to Halls Hill, where they made their winter quarters, from thence to Fairfax, and then to Alexandria, to embark for the Peninsula. The 18th was in the 1st brigade that reached the fortifications at Yorktown, and was the first regiment at the fortifications. From there, they went to West Point, from thence to Gaines' Mill. From thence to Hanover Court House, where they engaged in their first battle, but suffered no loss. In the seven days fight, the 18th was detailed from their brigade and were sent out on the right flank to oppose Jackson. There they were cut off from the army, and went to White House and assisted in destroying the commissary and quartermaster's stores, and then embarked for Harrison's Landing.

[illegible] marched down to Newport News, and embarked for Aquia Creek, from there they marched to Bull Run by the way of Falmouth and Rappahannock station. Were in the Bull Run battle August 30th, opposed to Jackson's corps. Went in with 325 men, officers and privates, and lost 168 in killed, wounded and missing.

After then they went to Hall's Hill, where they arrived Sept. 4th, not having been two nights in the same place from the 14th of August to Sept. 4th. From there to Alexandria and Fort Corcoran. On the 12th of September they started on the Maryland campaign, marched to Sharpsburg, and supported a battery of heavy artillery at Antietam, but lost no men. On the 19th of September they advanced to the Potomac, where they were saluted by the enemy with shells. Forded the Potomac on the 20th, the regiment being in the advance, threw out skirmishers, formed line of battle and engaged the enemy, and lost 2 killed, 11 wounded and 1 missing. On the 30th of October left Sharpsburg, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and marching via Snicker's Gap and Middlebury, arrived at Warrenton, Monday 10th inst.

Cor. Boston Herald

Promotions in the 18th and 38th³⁰⁸ December 18, 1862

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT.

...

Sergt. Maj. Stephen C. Drew, to be Second Lieut. Dec. 1, vice Almy, killed in action.

Lieut. Edson, of Middleboro, and Sergt. Maj. Stephen C. Drew, of Plymouth, have gained the true soldier's reward in this gallant and veteran corps. We remember well when the 3 mos. men left for Fort Monroe, young Drew came tearing out of the "Rock Office" besmeared with ink, sleeves rolled up, shirt collar unbuttoned, seized a musket, knapsack, and coat under his arms and struck a "double quick" through the middle of Court

RETURN OF THE DEAD

street after the Guards, already half-way to the depot, behind time for the cars. That's the stuff to make veterans of. God bless them all now in the midst of the terrible carnage.

...

[see Chapter 7 - 38th Regiment, Companies D and G for promotions in the 38th]

Article on the Wounded of the 18th³⁰⁹ December 20, 1862

[OCM]

Plymouth Men Wounded.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, Capts. Jos. B. Collingwood, Wm. Winsor, and C. H. Drew all of the 18th Regt., belonging to this town, were wounded. By a dispatch from Hon. W. T. Davis to Collector Loring, we learn that Capt. Collingwood was shot in the hip; Capt. Winsor, a slight fracture of the skull, and Capt. Drew, a flesh wound in the hip. Mr. Davis says that these, so far as he can learn, are all of the casualties to the Plymouthans in the army.

[PR]

A dispatch has been received by Thomas Loring, Esq., from Hon. W. T. Davis, now in Washington, saying that Capts. Joseph W. Collingwood, Charles H. Drew, and William H. Winsor, of the 18th Reg., are wounded, Capt. Drew in the leg. This would indicate that the Reg. was in the severest part of the action, but no particulars are received.

Article, WH Winsor Wounded³¹⁰ December 25, 1862

Charge of the 18th Reg.

Capt. Wm. H. Winsor, of Col. F (Dedham) 18th Mass. Reg., has arrived home to his family on a leave of absence, being severely wounded by a bullet ploughing the side of his head, a favorable "wince" of which just prevented it going plum through. He has also a hole in his cap made by a rifle ball, and another perforating his sword scabbard. We listened an hour to his graphic recital of the events of that day and give to our readers his own account of the glorious record of the 18th.

Gen. Griffin's division crossed the river at noon and took a position back of the town. The three brigades were in line about an hour awaiting orders to charge the enemy's works, whose front and enfilading batteries were in full view belching their storm of fire and leaden rain at Meagher's brigade, or rather over them, for they had "laid down" behind a ridge above which no man could raise his head without his death warrant. During this silent hour we had time to reflect, to think of everything we ever thought of before, and such a rushing intensity of thought, of home, of friends, of the sudden leap across the mystic stream of death, with all the unknown life beyond. Every man could see his work before him; what was expected of the 1st Brigade? Col. Barnes, acting Brigadier, sat in his saddle like a statue, inspired for the occasion, refusing to lead his brigade on foot as advised, but determined to maintain the honor of his position, and set a soul stirring example to his men by towering up to his full height on his horse and riding into the face of those rifle pits and batteries, so conspicuous as if almost to challenge death. At last the order came; every man obeyed with a will and a cheer that spoke not of faltering. ON, ON; we went over an even plain of gentle ascent, that offered not the slightest cover except a brick house, about half way up behind which were crowded the wounded and dying from the other attacking columns. The house split my company in twain, one half marching on the left with the Reg., while the remainder was ordered to oblique to the right, pass the house, then close up the line again. The left oblique brought my men directly across the enemy's fire, which now opened upon us with redoubled fury, and the men went down in every direction. Your Keyes, of Dedham, was by my side running on the double quick,

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

and as I just turned to cheer on the men, up went his arms with a sudden "Oh!" then with his last and only breath — "Captain! I'm killed! I'm killed!" he sank to rest, his last look staring into my very soul with a volume of unspoken words. He was a brave and noble spirit, but it was gone before a single comrade's foot touched his body as on we went through the thickening storm of shot and shell that seemed to fill every inch of space except that occupied by our moving bodies. Along the line of the Irish Brigade a cheer broke as we charged pell-mell over fallen ranks of dead and living bodies, stretched behind the only ridge of ground (capable of protecting a man's body) near the crest. The smoke lifted and revealed the whole position. Directly before us was a line of rifle pits filled with men, entirely covered, loading and firing steadily and coolly. A second similar line extended in rear of this and these supported by a line of batteries on a narrow space between them and the breast works, behind which were batteries and infantry almost innumerable. A glance told the story. Fifty brigades could not cross that quadruple line of fire with men enough left to storm the works. And the rebels knew it well. So did every private in our line. But no man flinched or run. Strangely enough we got no order to lie down, without which not a man offered to take advantage of even this protection which would have saved half our number. Besides we supposed the 2d and 3d Brigades were to follow us and charge immediately in our support, but far down the slope through smoke and flying dirt we could see them in position still. Without the barest prospect of success, without cover and without support, to stand there looking death in the face with the men falling fast, was neither courage nor humanity. The line began to waver.

Three minutes more brought us 60 yards in advance, where we saw too well what had stopped the chivalrous Meagher's stubborn brigade. The officers cheered and their swords flashed, they begged and threatened, but it was of no use. No veterans could stand that fire without an object of purpose, and the retreat commenced. Co. H was the last to move, and even then I saw 2d Lieut. Walker flourishing his sword as he yelled "By Heaven's Co. H, if you do give way I'll give you fits!" The 9th (Cass,) Reg., in the 2d Brigade jeered us as we came back to our old position and rallied in good order. Now came their turn, and they went in boldly, but it was no disgrace if they didn't reach the advance line of the 18th, nor did we "jeer" them on their return. Before daybreak we advanced the third time to their cover to check any advance of the enemy by which they might discover the secret movement of our troops preparatory to recrossing. Here we lay 10 hours Sunday during which no orders or supports could reach us, as the whole field was swept by the enemy's fire, across which no living could move.

[Capt. Wm. H. Winsor, Co. F (Dedham)]

Article, Our Captains Windsor, Collingwood, Drew³¹¹ December 27, 1862

Capt. Winsor has arrived home from the hospital and Capts. Collingwood and Drew are expected as soon as their wounds will permit of their moving. Capt. Winsor describes the charge upon the enemy's batteries at Fredericksburg as being awful. He says that it seemed as if every square inch of air had a bullet, ball or shell in it. It was "Ping - Phst - Ping" continually. Capt. W. had a narrow escape. He was in conversation with the Adjutant of the Regiment, and at some remark turned his head suddenly half way round, when the bullet, which evidently was meant for the point between the eyes, grazed his skull from the temple to the back of his head. Captain Drew was wounded while, with drawn sword at the head of his company, he was cheering them on. Capt. Collingwood also was shot while charging with his company and was brought off by his men. Capts. Doten [29th Regt.] and Fuller [32d Regt.] were not in the charge. Capt. Doten's company were across the river, but did not participate in the attack. Capt. Fuller being detailed as Commander of the Ammunition Train Guard, was not across the river.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Collingwood, Drew, Winsor³¹² January 1, 1863

Plymouth Captains.

Capt. Collingwood, Drew and Winsor were well known to Col. Barnes, who more than once spoke of them to Plymouth civilians as his chief reliance in the regiment, from their unlimited ambition and zeal for the honor of the Reg. and reputation of their respective companies. As company commanders they had few superiors in the army. During the present week an officer in Boston, in no way personally interested, informed one of our Selectmen that Capt. Winsor was one of the coolest men in action he ever saw, and when the regimental line was "giving way" under the terrific fire from the rifle pits and batteries, his voice could be heard above the roar of musketry and din of battle, steady and clear, challenging the men to stand to their arms and charge again for the batteries, apparently forgetful of everything but duty even amid that direful scene which frenzied many a man of trial nerve and courage in previous battles.

Death of Capt. Collingwood³¹³ January 1, 1863

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Capt. Joseph W. Collingwood, of Co. H, 18th Reg., Mass. Vols., from wounds received at the battle of Fredericksburg. The intelligence of this sad result was received by his family on Monday, A. M., and very soon became generally known, filling the minds of the whole community with sadness and sincere sorrow. The event was not wholly unexpected, as the nature of the wound; the delay in extracting the ball, and inability to remove him to Washington, afforded too well grounded cause for gloomy fears in the minds of his friends. Capt. Collingwood is the third son of Wm. Collingwood, Esq., and would have been 41 years of age on the 5th of January next, and has always been a resident of Plymouth, where few men were more generally known and respected. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss, who deserve the especial care of his country and fellow citizens, for whom he sacrificed a life, almost indispensable to their welfare and support.

For upwards of fifteen years he has been connected with the Standish Guards as private, Lieutenant, and for several years as Commander. He evinced the greatest interest in the welfare and discipline of the Company, and in military affairs was probably one of the best drilled and posted officers in our town. Almost every squad of men who have gone to the war, were under his instruction, and are indebted to him for the first lessons in the military art. All connected with the Home Guard will remember with what precision, his tall form paced up and down their lines, and his earnestness to infuse some of his own exactness in drill, and soldierly discipline into the crude material he had before him. He recruited a company for the 18th Regiment, which left Readville in Sept. 1861 for the army of the Potomac, and has been in every campaign and battle of this brave and gallant Regiment, (which has gained a national reputation for discipline and valour,) never having been absent a day from his post of duty.

Wm. T. Davis was once in Col. Barnes' tent after Capt. C. passed out, when the Colonel remarked, there goes one of the most hard working and reliable officers in the Regiment. But the tender aid, and sympathetic letters of his Commanding officer, will convey to the community his noble record, the circumstances of his death, and the disposition of his remains. Would that all officers might realize the value of such letters as the only connecting links between the dying soldier and his bereaved friends, after long separations thus made final for the present life.

HEADQUARTERS 18TH MASS. VOLS.,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,
19th Dec., 1862
"Madam:

Cos. C, E, G, and H, 18th Regiment

* * * * *

Capt. Collingwood was wounded by a rifle ball entering his thigh, while gallantly leading his company in a charge, made by the regiment upon the enemy's batteries. He walked off the field and is now at the Hospital near this camp, where he is receiving every attention and comfort that can be afforded him.

* * * * *

I do not think his wound is considered dangerous by the surgeons, although it is certainly severe, and the ball has not yet been extracted. * * * I earnestly hope the Captain will soon be restored to you and his country, with nothing but his honorable scars to remind him of his present affliction.

Very respectfully, your ob't Serv't,
JOSEPH HAYS, Lt. Col. Comd'g.

HEADQUARTERS 18TH MASS. VOLS.,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,

24th Dec., 1862,

"Madam:

It becomes my sad duty to inform you that your husband is no more. He died at the Hospital to-day from the effects of his wounds. He was not conscious at the time of his death. The surgeon attempted to remove the ball which had lodged near the spine, and soon after the operation he expired. Day before yesterday he seemed quite bright and improving. Our surgeon, Dr. Holbrook, who saw him then had strong hopes of his recovery, but since then he declined. I think he had received every medical attention. I shall forward his remains, and shall also send you his effects. I am surprised and shocked at this event, as I thought he was going to recover. Be assured that I deeply sympathize with you in the dreaded affliction. Your husband's memory will be dear to me, and all his late companions. His virtues will afford a bright example to us all. His life was honorable as was his death. He fell at the post of duty as became a patriot and a soldier, and while I mourn his loss I know no one fitter to die, with the assurance of my sincere sympathy in the affliction."

I remain very truly your friend,
JOSEPH HAYS, Lt. Col. Comd'g.

The funeral ceremonies will take place at the Unitarian Church, with appropriate military honors, of which due notice will be given.

Arrival of Collingwood's Body³¹⁴ January 1, 1863

The body of Capt. Collingwood arrived Tuesday, and was taken charge of by Col. Raymond. The well known features retain their natural appearance, save the darker shade, the effect of embalming. The funeral ceremonies will take place to-day unless the weather is unfavorable.

Drew Arrived Home³¹⁵ January 1, 1863

Capt. Charles H. Drew, of Co. D, 18th Reg., arrived in town on Saturday last, somewhat weakened by the fatigue of the journey and the pressure of friends to see one who has so nobly upheld the honor of the "Home of the Pilgrims." His wound was made by a rifle ball just above the knee and will prevent his walking for a month or more, as his leg has become somewhat stiffened from its effects. Capt. D. is a thorough tactician and well versed in all that pertains to the soldier's profession. From Company Sergt. he has gone up through all the

RETURN OF THE DEAD

grades till his own bravery and efficiency procured him a Captain's' commission in the best disciplined regiment in the army, and as a teacher of the bayonet exercise has no superior.

Funeral of Capt. Collingwood³¹⁶ January 8, 1863

The funeral ceremonies of Capt. Jos. W. Collingwood, were solemnized on Thursday last. After a prayer at the residence of the deceased, the body was placed in a hearse draped with the national colors, and proceeded to the Unitarian Church, followed by his family and a large concourse of friends. Minute guns were fired during the progress of the procession, and the flags floated at half-mast. The Church was filled with a solemn and sympathizing audience, who listened attentively to the various services of the occasion, which consisted of a chant from the choir, prayer by Rev. Mr. Gavet, sermon by Rev. Mr. Buck, remarks by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, hymn and benediction. The body was placed on the altar under the pulpit, while a large number of the friends of the deceased passed by to take a farewell look at the departed hero.

Cpts. Drew and Winsor³¹⁷ February 26, 1863

We are happy to see Cpts. Drew and Winsor on the street again. They are looking well and have nearly recovered from their wounds.

Wm Winsor Discharged³¹⁸ March 19, 1863

Capt. Wm. H. Winsor of Co. H, 18th Reg., has received his discharge from the service on account of wounds received at Fredericksburg. Capt. Winsor has been brave and indefatigable in the discharge of his duty.

Charles Drew Appointed Recruiting Officer³¹⁹ May 1, 1863

We are pleased to learn that Capt. Chas. H. Drew, of our town, has been appointed recruiting officer of the veteran 18th, in this section. Capt. Drew has not recovered the use of his leg, wounded at Fredericksburg, and we are glad that so gallant an officer will be retained in the service and given a chance to recover from the effects of his wound before ordered to active service. Capt. Drew's headquarters are on Union St., Boston, where all who wish to escape the conscription and join an honored and veteran regiment can have the chance.

Article on Charles Drew Injured³²⁰ January 15, 1864

Accident

We are sorry to hear that Capt. Chas. Drew of the 18th Regiment, accidentally fell from his horse and fractured his hip, and is now in the hospital at Washington. He had just received a staff appointment.

Stephen Drew and Alonzo Perry Wounded³²¹ June 17, 1864

Lieut. Stephen C. Drew was severely wounded in the hip, June 8th. Lt. Drew has been through all the heroic service of the 18th Mass. Reg't. Commencing his military career with a run from our printing office in his shirt sleeves to join the Standish Guards at the first call of three months men.

Alonzo Perry [58th Regiment], another of our Typos, did gallant service in the thickest of the fray at the Wilderness, was shot through the shoulder, but would not leave the front till carried off. Young Perry is but a schoolboy in years, probably no seventeen, but plucky as a veteran.

A son of Eber Hall was reported killed, but there are rumors that this is incorrect.

Co. E, 23d Regiment

Chapter 5

Co. E, 23d Regiment

Introduction

On September 7, 1861, the OCM announced that Lieut. W. B. Alexander, had been authorized to recruit a company of Volunteers. This company was to be designated Company E of the 23d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. The company mustered into service at Lynnfield, MA.

The 23d spent from November 1861 into January 1862 at Annapolis, MD. On March 14, 1862, Company E had its first casualties at the Battle of Newbern, NC. The final casualties of the company were announced in the *OCM&PR* on July 1, 1864. The 23d Regiment mustered out of service June 25 and returned to Readville, MA on July 5, 1865.

Roll of Co E 23d Regt.³²², November 2, 1861

Plymouth Davis Guards

[Men are from Plymouth unless otherwise noted]

Officers

Alexander	William B. (Capt.)		Carpenter
Rogers	Otis (1st Lieut.)		Saloon keeper
Atwood	Thomas B. (2d Lt.)	Abington	Boot maker
Drew	Josiah R. (1st Serg't.)		Printer
French	Charles L. (2d Sergt.)	Abington	Merchant
Dollard	Robert (3d Sergt.)	Easton	Moulder
Terry	John D. (4 th Sergt.)	Boston	Clerk
Burbank	David W. (5 th Sergt.)		Heel cutter
Davis	Francis E. (Corp.)		Nailor
Lucas	John (Corp.)	Roxbury	Seaman
Burbank	William (Corp.)		Printer
Sewall	John (Corp.)	Abington	Mechanic
Standish	James C. (Corp.)		Blacksmith
Soule	William (Corp.)	Kingston	Seaman
Sanborn	John D. (Corp.)	Carver	Shoemaker
Lanman	Hiram J. (Corp.)		Cordwainer
PRIVATES			
Atwell	George	Marshfield	Seaman
Atwood	Charles H.		Stone cutter
Atwood	Thomas C.		Seaman
Atwood	William T.		Shoemaker
Bagnall	Ichabod P.		Seaman
Bailey	George		Seaman
Baker	Henry		Carpenter

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Bartlett	Henry C.		Seaman
Bartlett	Winslow		Mechanic
Bassett	Edward		Seaman
Benson	Albert		Teamster
Benson	George		Nailor
Bonney	Leroy S.	South Marshfield	Farmer
Bowen	James A.	Duxbury	Shoemaker
Brailey	Edward D.		Farmer
Brailey	John R.		Farmer
Bryant	Homer		Farmer
Burbank	Asaph S.		Nailor
Burgess	James K.		Seaman
Burns	John		Laborer
Burt	John E.		Mason
Carnes	Edward L.	Carver	Shoemaker
Caswell	Augustus T.		Truckman
Chandler	Thomas		Seaman
Chubbuck	Warren	Middleboro	Teamster
Churchill	Joseph L.		Truckman
Churchill	William E.		Carpenter
Dunham	George H.		Mason
Eldred	Lorenzo W.	Lynn	Farmer
Feid	George		Seaman
Finney	Walter H.		Seaman
French	Charles L.	Abington	Mechanic
Fuller	Benj. F.	No. Carver	Shoemaker
Fuller	Theodore S.		Printer
Gibbs	Warren		Seaman
Gould	Henry		Seaman
Hall	Edward C.		Musician
Holmes	Samuel W.		Shoemaker
Howe	Henry	Newton Centre	Stocking weaver
Hunt	Robert S.	Duxbury	Seaman
Karan	Patrick	Boston	Laborer
Kennally	Michael	South Bridgewater	Laborer
Lapham	Otis W.	Duxbury	Moulder
Lee	Nathan	Moultonboro, NH	Farmer
Long	Charles H.		Seaman
M'Huron [Mehuren]	Seth		Laborer
Marshall	Henry		Seaman
Maxim	Charles M.	Rochester	Farmer
Maxim	Elbridge A.	Middleboro	Shoemaker
Maxim	Marcus F.	Middleboro	Shoemaker
May	James B.	Boston	Clerk
McMahon	Perez		Shoemaker
Page	James W.	Boston	Nailor
Paulding	Daniel H.		Shoemaker
Paulding	George O.	Duxbury	Shoemaker
Pearson	Benj. F.	Abington	Shoemaker
Perkins	Isaac H.		Seaman
Perry	Nathan B.		Teamster

Co. E, 23d Regiment

Pierce	Henry B.	Abington	Clerk
Pinkham	Charles F.	Lynn	Shoemaker
Pratt	Edward A.	Kingston	Shoemaker
Pratt	Henry	Abington	Laborer
Pratt	Joseph	Kingston	Shoemaker
Pratt	Nathaniel	Plympton	Farmer
Quinlan	John		Laborer
Ryder	John B.		Seaman
Saunders	Thomas S.		Trader
Searles	William H.	Abington	Shoemaker
Sears	Andrew T.		Farmer
Sewall	Dummer	Abington	Farmer
Smith	Edward		Marble worker
Southworth	Jacob W.		Carpenter
Southworth	Thos.	Kingston	Shoemaker
Stetson	Edward L.	Hanson	Shoemaker
Stetson	Jeremiah	Hanson	Carpenter
Stevens	Charles C.		Seaman
Stevens	Edward		Seaman
Stillman	James H.		Seaman
Swift	George W.	South Hanson	Seaman
Swift	William R.		Seaman
Taylor	John		Iron worker
Thayer	Benj. F	South Hanson	Shoemaker
Towle	James S.	Abington	Mechanic
Westgate	Benjamin		Seaman

Men Who Enlisted in the Company at a Later Date³²³

Atwood	Morrison	Middleton	Carriage maker
Atwood	Timothy S.	Abington	Bootmaker
Blaisdell	George E.	York, Maine	Farmer
Bowen	Nelson	Seekonk	Farmer
Bradford	Albion	Kingston	Trader
Bradford	Albion	Kingston	Trader
Briggs	George	Boston	Wool sorter
Burnham	Simeon A.	Gloucester	Carpenter
Coarser	William H.	Boston	Mason
Cole	Edwin L.	Mendon	Shoemaker
Cole	William D.	Mendon	Shoemaker
Cook	Joshua	Abington	Butcher
Cook	Lyman		Carpenter
Cox	John H.	New Sharon, ME	Farmer
Falcke	Samuel	Boston	Gilder
Farnham	George H.	Haverhill	Apothecary
Hadley	Henry H.	Worcester	Sailor
Hart	Edward C.	Dorchester	Musician
Millard	Francis	Seekonk	Farmer
Nichols	Stephen D.		Farmer

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Parsons	William D.	Salem	Mason
Perkins	Henry F.	Kingston	Tobacconist
Pierce	William T.	Plymouth	Seaman
Raymond	Harvey A.	Abington	Bootmaker
Richardson	E. Lyman	Kingston	Baggage master
Sears	Horatio N.	Plymouth	Farmer
Smith	Benjamin H.	Mendon	Bootmaker
Sullivan	Cornelius	Boston	Tailor
Terry	John D.	Boston	Clerk
Wells	Dennis	Middleton	Shoemaker

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in Company E and K³²⁴

The Plymouth men from who were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner while serving in the 23d Regiment:

Co. E			
Alexander, William T.	Wounded	Newbern, NC	Mar. 14, 1862
Atwood, William T.	Died of disease	Newbern, NC	Jul. 20, 1862
Brailey, Edward B.	Killed on picket	Batchelder's Creek, NC	Apr. 29, 1862
Brailey, John R.	Wounded in shoulder	Whitehall, NC	Dec. 16, 1862
Burbank, Asaph S.	Injured in battle	Newbern, NC	Mar., 14, 1862
Churchill, Joseph L.	Killed	Newbern, NC	Mar. 14, 1862
Dunham, George H.	Wounded	Cold Harbor, VA	Jun. 3, 1864
Fuller, Theodore S.	Died a Prisoner of War	Andersonville, GA	Aug. 13, 1864
Lanman, Hiram J.	Prisoner of War	Batchelder's Creek, NC	Apr. 29, 1862
Perkins, Isaac H.	Wounded	Cold Harbor, VA	Jun. 3, 1864
	Died of wounds	Washington DC	Jun. 26, 1864
Raymond, Harvey	Killed	Whitehall, NC	Dec. 16, 1862
Quinlan, John	Prisoner of War	Drury's Bluff, VA	May 16, 1864
Saunders, Thomas S.	Died of disease	Roanoke Island, NC	Mar. 14, 1862
Sears, Horatio N.	Wounded	Petersburg, VA	Jul. 26, 1864
Smith, Edward	Prisoner of War	Batchelder's Creek, NC	Apr. 29, 1862
	Died of disease	Annapolis, MD	Nov. 17, 1862
Stevens, Edward	Wounded (lost arm)	Whitehall, NC	Dec. 16, 1862
	Died of wounds	Newbern, NC	Jan. 19, 1863
Swift, William R.	Wounded (lost arm)	Whitehall, NC	Dec. 16, 1862
Taylor, John	Prisoner of War	Batchelder's Creek, NC	Apr. 29, 1862
Westgate, Benjamin	Killed	Whitehall, NC	Dec. 16, 1862
Co. K			
Carline (Calland), John	Died of injuries received on board the Gun Boat <i>Hussar</i>	Roanoke Island, NC	Mar. 22, 1862

Co. E, 23d Regiment

Images of Members of the Company

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to this company. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.



Figure 33. William B. Alexander³²⁵



Figure 34. Otis Rogers³²⁶



Figure 35. Josiah R. Drew³²⁷

Letters and Articles from the Field

New Company³²⁸ August 31, 1861

ANOTHER COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS FROM PLYMOUTH. We are informed that Lieut. W. B. Alexander, has been authorized to recruit a company of Volunteers, to be joined to the [2]3d Regiment at Fortress Monroe. He has already enlisted 30 from this town and vicinity.

Lieut. Wm. B. Alexander Raising New Company³²⁹ September 7, 1861

Lieut. Wm. B. Alexander of this town has received permission from Col. Wilson to raise a company to be joined to Wilson's new regiment now being formed. Lieut. Alexander is a good officer, and during his connection with the 3d regiment at Fort Monroe, gained the esteem and respect of every one. Those desirous of enlisting can leave their names with Lieut. Otis Rogers, No. 12 Middle street. Now is the time for volunteers to connect themselves with a crack regiment and a crack company.

Company Goes to Lynnfield³³⁰ September 21, 1861

Lieut. Alexander's Company goes into camp at Lynnfield to-day. The company we hear is nearly full, most of which are from Plymouth; the remainder from the towns adjoining. This will be a crack company. The officers are efficient, well drilled, and have had ample experience to qualify them for their responsible posts.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Recruiting papers for this company will be left at the Old Colony House, in charge of Mr. Ellis Bramhall. Those wishing to join will have to apply soon.

Departure of Lieut. Alexander's Company³³¹ September 28, 1861

DEPARTURE OF LIEUT. ALEXANDER'S COMPANY. The Company that has been recruiting under Lieut. Alexander, left Plymouth in the 9:20 train on Saturday last for the camp at Lynnfield. They were escorted to the depot by the Robbins Band and large throng of citizens. The company is composed of about thirty Plymouth men, the rest belonging to the neighboring towns. Lieut. Alexander is a true military man, and his experience at Fortress Monroe and faithful discharge of duty while there, is a recommendation for the future. First Lieut. Otis Rogers, is also experienced and capable, and this, the gallant Fourth company which old Plymouth has sent to the conflict, will see to it that the old Pilgrim town is well represented when the blow is struck for Union, Liberty and Law.

Letter from J.R.D. [Drew], Camp Schouler, Lynnfield, MA³³² October 29, 1861

Mr. Editor:

Thinking that a few lines from this locality might prove acceptable to some of your readers, I have taken the liberty to address you, and give you a few items in regard to this, the regiment of the State.

Seven weeks ago, the nucleus of the 23d Regiment was formed, and since that time, slowly but surely, have its ranks been filling up with the finest set of officers and men to be found. Col. Kutz, formerly Capt. of Co. C, 12th Regiment, is one of the most efficient and legal officers in the service, and by his gentlemanly and soldierly conduct during the short period which has elapsed since the regiment has been in camp, has endeared himself to all under his command. The same may be said of Lieut. Col. Merritt, Major Elwell, and in fact all the officers of the regiment which is destined to be one of importance.

We have one of the finest grounds for an encampment in the State. It is nearly level, and the parade ground is worn smooth by the thousands of visitors and soldiers who have trodden its soil since it was appropriated to its present use. On one side is a belt of woods, just beyond which is a large pond, which serves the regiment as an enormous "wash basin," and it truly amusing to witness the various forms of "eye opening," as the men rush from their quarters down the bank, to indulge in a "good wholesome wash," immediately after "reveille." Some appear with pants on; some without; others hatters, with a piece of soap in one hand and towel in the other. Some bring neither soap nor towel, trusting to good luck to find some obliging friend of whom to borrow the articles. But all succeed in some in getting washed, and the next thing in order, of course, is breakfast.

Everything is carried on systematically, and even in eating, the men have the advantage of good discipline. As soon as breakfast is ready, the men "fall in" and are marched to the "kitchen," where each takes his plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon, and whatever eatables may be dealt out, and each seeks the best place he can find for a table upon which to spread his dainties. The greater part, however, find Nature's great table, the ground, the most firm foundation, and one not likely to get turned over before the meal is over. Thanks to our generous hearted Quartermaster, we are served with the best rations to be found, and many a visitor leaves the ground with the satisfaction of having eaten a good hearty meal from the kitchen of Co. E.

One of the "sights" to be seen during a visit this camp may be found in the quarters of Co. E. It consists of a warming apparatus, made by digging a hole two feet deep near the center of the tent, and forming a sort of oven, square in form, resembling about two feet taken from the top of a chimney. An air flue runs from the mouth of tent to the bottom of the "furnace," as we call it, and another flue runs out the other side, to conduct the smoke off, both being beneath the ground, and entirely out of sight. At the end of the smoke flue we have

Co. E, 23d Regiment

two planks, one upon the other, to take the place of a chimney, and the whole thing works admirably. The result is, we are kept warm and comfortable during the cold nights, and if there is any such thing as stones or bricks in "Old Virginny," we intend to have had the honor of a visit from many "distinguished persons," and the idea of a furnace to be used in camp, is pronounced good. Ye sons of Secessia, look out for your rail fences, when the 23d gets among you.

We were reviewed by His Excellency Gov. Andrew, on Monday, and rumor says that the Governor was favorably impressed with the appearance of the Regiment. Certain it is, that considering the short time the regiment has been in camp, it is remarkably proficient in drill and soldierly appearance.

At a meeting held on Tuesday night last, the company unanimously adopted the name of "Plymouth Davis Guards," in honor of our esteemed townsmen, Hon. Wm. T. Davis, and Chas. G. Davis, Esq., who have done so much for our interest, both individually and collectively. Many of our townsmen have contributed their share to make us comfortable; and I must not forget our noble women, too, who have done, and are still doing so much for our comfort. The company wish me to say to one and all who have contributed for their happiness, that they return their heartfelt thanks and will remember them when far away in the land of Secessia.

But I must draw to a close. I only intended a few lines, but you will excuse the length of rather crude letter. Perhaps I may give you a few items more in the future.

Yours truly, J.R.D.

Letter from B, New York³³³ November 12, 1861

My Dear Rock:

Having been detained in this city for a day, by the politeness of Col. F. E. Howe, who, through Marshal Richard Warren, tendered me a complimentary ticket to attend the breakfast in honor of the reception of the Massachusetts 23d regiment, I might do your readers a more unacceptable service, than by a brief allusion to the events of the day.

The regiment arrived at 11 o'clock this morning by the Bay State line of steamers, and at precisely 12 o'clock were deployed into Broadway Park, preceded by a deputation of the "Sons of Massachusetts" who had organized for their reception. After the privates were duly quartered in the Park Barracks, the commissioned officers were escorted by the regimental band to the Astor House, where a sumptuous entertainment had been provided, and it a sufficient recommendation to say that it did full justice to the gentlemanly host of this magnificent hotel. After the viands had been most effectually discussed, Col. Howe called the company to order, and during the three or four hours following speeches of a patriotic character, complimentary to the bravery of Massachusetts troops, were made by Hon. Henry Wilson, Gen. Burnside, Lieut. Bramhall (who was in the battle at Ball's Bluff) and a large number of other gentlemen, when the company retired, the band playing "Sweet Home."

After the entertainment at the Astor had been adjourned, Col. Kurtz again formed his regiment, marching them down Broadway past the Astor House, countermarching and proceeding up Broadway as far as the Metropolitan Hotel, after which they were conducted to quarters for the night, the plan of proceeding by the Camden and Amboy Railroad by this afternoon train having been abandoned, it being understood that Gov. Andrew will arrive at 8 o'clock this evening.

Among the citizens of Massachusetts who have participated in the events of the day, was Hon. Wm. T. Davis of Plymouth, whose labors in behalf of the Plymouth company in this regiment, has induced the corps to compliment him by naming their company the "Davis Guards."

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The regiment presented a remarkably fine appearance, and the company commanded by Capt. Alexander, maintained its position as worthy of the regiment to which our fellow citizens are attached.

It is indeed gratifying to a son of Massachusetts to see with what enthusiasm the patriotism and bravery of her sons is appreciated wherever the name of the State is pronounced, and the compliments bestowed upon those who have so nobly defended our reputation on the battle field, by the speakers from other States today inspired our fellow soldiers with new courage, and they will go into battle – in Gen. Burnside's brigade – appreciation the importance which attaches to Massachusetts in this war for the perpetuity of our government.

The business of New York has resumed much of its former activity, and though the commercial interests are still suffering from the unhappy war, there is vastly more to encourage business men than there was but a few months ago.

The visit of Gov. Andrew to this city has no special reference to the reception of Col. Kurtz's regiment, but he is on his way to Washington to deal a little with the "red tape" which has so much to do with every department of this war.

Yours truly, B

Letter from Fullerton, New York³³⁴ November 13, 1861

Editor O. C. *Memorial*:

Yesterday the Mass. 23d Regiment arrived via Fall River line. Although the boats were some three hours or more behind time, a goodly number of the "Sons of Massachusetts" were in waiting to escort it to the Park Barracks. The number of Sons would have been much larger had the boats been on time, many waiting till their patience was exhausted and then left. The sidewalks were crowded the entire distance for the Battery to the Astor House. At about one o'clock the Regimental Band and Officers proceeded to the Astor House, where the long waiting breakfast was spread. After the dinner breakfast was over then came the speeches and sentiments. Col. Howe, the New York Mass. Agent, called upon the following gentlemen, who responded and frequently were enthusiastically cheered. Rev. Mr. Osgood, who gave the word of welcome, during which Gen. Burnside, of Rhode Island entered, and was received with flattering applause. To Dr. Osgood, Col. Kurtz made a brief but neat reply, and in conclusion offered this "Woman — the morning star of our youth, the day star of our manhood, and the evening star of our age, God bless our stars." Then followed Col. Browne, (Gov. Andrew's Military Secretary,) Lieut. Bramhall, who was wounded at Ball's Bluff and obliged to use crutches, Gen. Burnside, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, and the Chaplain of the Regiment. It was near five o'clock before the company left the dining room. At five the entire Regiment paraded in front of the Astor, going through the most difficult evolutions with ease and eliciting round after round of applause.

In the evening, Gov. Andrew, who arrived at a late hour, was serenaded at the residence of Col. Howe, where a bountiful collation was provided.

I have just come from escorting the 23d up Broadway, around Union Park, down Fourteenth St., (a distance of three miles,) to North River, where they embarked amid cheers and farewells of an immense crowd of the "sons of Massachusetts." The reception of the 23d will long be remembered by those participating.

Yours, Fullerton

Departure of the Twenty-Third Mass. Regiment³³⁵ November 14, 1861

The regiment, under command of Col. Kurtz, which has been for several weeks encamped at Lynnfield, came into Boston on Monday, and after partaking of a lunch on the common, proceeded to New York, via the Old Colony and Fall River route. Their immediate destination is Annapolis, Md., where they expect to join a naval expedition now fitting out to be commanded by Brig. Gen. Burnside of R. I. The regiment was

Co. E, 23d Regiment

pronounced by good judges who have seen all that have passed through Boston, to be the finest looking body of men yet sent into the service from this state. The regiment is recruited to its maximum number, is well uniformed and equipped, and armed with Enfield Rifles. It is well supplied with horses and baggage wagons, ambulances, &c., and is thoroughly organized in every respect, and could do as good service if called into action to-morrow, as at any future time. Col. Kurtz is a graduate of West Point, a thorough disciplinarian, and his regiment bears evidence of his care and foresight, in all its details. A fine band and drum corps accompanies the regiment. Co. E, or the Plymouth company, Capt. W. B. Alexander, belongs to this regiment, and quite a number of Plymouth people went to the city Monday to see them off. They were all in fine health and spirits. May honor and success attend them, and a safe return to their homes be one of the rewards in store for every one of them.

Rifles Condemned³³⁶ November 16, 1861

At the inspection of arms, (the regiment is supplied with Enfield Rifles) 19 of the complement of Company E., Capt. Alexander, were condemned, after being submitted to a rigorous examination. One of the rifles was found to be plugged with wood near the muzzle, a flaw being neatly filled up in this manner; and as the weapon is coated with bronze, the imperfection had not been previously noticed. A ramrod was bent double in the inspection, and on examination it proved to be a worthless compound of the consistency of lead. Some of the rifles flew into fragments under the wrenching process, performed with ramming inside of the barrel, and the rascality of contractors was revealed in various other evidences of fraud. The equipments of the troops were found to be, in part, of such miserable construction, that they were sent back, and new ones prepared. From seven to eight cases of shoes, which the men had worn for a few days, were packed up again to be returned to the contractor, the yawning fissures in the uppers suggesting the idea that the workmen who prepared them must have been very sleepy and the shoes became infected with yawning propensities. - *Abington Standard*.

Letter from J.R.D. [Drew], Camp J. A. Andrew, Annapolis, MD³³⁷ November 19, 1861

Mr. Editor:

As you are aware, we left Lynnfield on the 11th inst., and proceeded to Boston, and from thence by the Fall River route to New York. We proceeded on our way without anything of note occurring, until we reached the town of Perrysville, a military depot used by the Government for the accumulation of horses, mules, hay, grain, &c., in large quantities.

An amusing scene, which may be witnessed any day at this place, was the "breaking in" of the mules owned by the government, and trained at this place to work in pairs. Some 14,000 were penned up in two or three large fields, and a large number of men were employed in bringing their stubborn spirits to a proper level. One negro seemed to be perfectly at home in the business. He would catch a mule, and in a moment, by some mysterious process, he would put a saddle upon his back, and then would come the tug of war. Muley seemed determined not to be conquered, but by the steady application of a raw hide, in the hands of Cuffy, he would be brought to a realizing sense of the power of man over the brute creation.

Sometimes the mule comes out of the contest with wounds enough to entitle him to a stall in the hospital, which is in one corner of the field. Some do not survive their injuries. It is really an interesting scene to witness the "breaking in" of the mules, and if you pass that way, don't fail to call in to the mule-pen.

There are also large numbers of horses at this place, which are being trained in the U. S. baggage wagons.

We were detained at Perrysville overnight, and were obliged to sleep in the depot right upon the floor. We left soft beds in Massachusetts, and do not grumble at a board now, when we want a nap. By some

RETURN OF THE DEAD

mismanagement, no boats were at this place, to take us to Annapolis, and after waiting a reasonable time, our Colonel took the liberty of appropriating to his use the small steamers that were lying around loose. Some half a dozen were ordered alongside the wharf, and although some of the captains were rather reluctant, they were obliged to "come to time."

We arrived at Annapolis early Saturday morning, and marched up to the So. Johns College, a building appropriated for military purposes. After dinner, we were ordered in camp about two miles from the city, in an open field. It was almost dark, and our tents went up in a hurry, I assure you. The next day our Colonel not liking the location, received permission from head-quarters to pitch his camp where he could be the most comfortable, and yesterday, we moved about half a mile into a large grove, and here we are, in the finest place that could be selected for an encampment. Plenty of shelter from the winds, and with good tents, we are already quite at home in our new quarters. Everyone is in fine spirits, and we shall soon be ready for the rebels.

Yesterday I sent a squad of men in search of brick, and in a short time they returned with a wagon load, which they got out of an old well. I told you in a former letter, if there was brick in these parts, we would have a "furnace," and we've got one, which will keep us warm all winter, if we stay here.

The 25th and 27th Mass. regiments are in camp within sight of us, and also the 8th and 10th Conn. Regiments, so you see we are not alone. The 21st Mass. Regiment is stationed at Annapolis, three companies of which are on picket duty on the Railroad between this place and Baltimore.

We were reviewed on Sunday by the Secretary of War, and His Excellency, Gov. Andrew. The three Mass. regiments made a fine appearance, and if all the regiments are made up of such materials, woe be to the men who stand before them.

I heard it hinted, today, that we were to join some naval expedition, but nothing definite is known, however. I, for one, would like it.

If any of our friends want to do us a favor, send along some daily papers. We are longing for news. Nothing could be more acceptable.

All of our company are well, and pretty well contented. Give us plenty to eat, and a little excitement in the shape of a brush with the rebels, and we will content ourselves out here a long time.

The best way to direct anything to any of us, is to give the name, letter of the Co., and number of the regiment, and instead of directing to Annapolis, direct "via Washington, D.C.," and wherever we are, it will be sent to us.

More anon. J.R.D.

Letter from J.R.D. [Drew], Camp J. A. Andrew, Annapolis, MD³³⁸ December 9, 1861

Mr. Editor:

You are doubtless thinking that I am never going to resume my pen for the benefit of your readers, but my apology must be the lack of anything to write about. I hardly know what to write, now that I have seated myself, but will try to interest you a moment.

Our Regiment is still in the same quarters and for aught I know at present, we may stay here until spring. We have improved the condition of our camping ground, and it is quite as neat and pretty as one could wish. Every Sunday morning we have an inspection by the company officers and the quarters are also inspected by the Colonel; and each Company does its best to outshine the other in the appearance of its respective tents and grounds. Last Sunday was one of the loveliest days I ever saw, and I think I never saw an encampment that looked so neat and clean throughout as did ours. Co. E was highly complimented, and it was well merited, I

Co. E, 23d Regiment

assure you. The company is divided into squads, each under the charge of a non-commissioned officer; and Tent No. 1 is under the charge of your humble servant, who has made it quite a little home to its inmates.

In the centre we have a table, upon which may be found the miniatures of many of our friends, mostly of the fair sex; and the sight which greets the eye as we enter the tent, serves to gladden our hearts and lighten the duties which we are called upon to perform. We have also a snug little stove, and with plenty of wood, we defy the cold. For a carpet we have pine boughs, cut up in sprigs, and if you want a cleaner or prettier carpet, you must look farther. Talk about hard times, if you will in the North. We of the South, know nothing about them. Only two on the sick list, and with such good living that every man in the company is complaining that his pantaloons are not large enough round, with clean, comfortable quarters, and not any hard work to do, who wouldn't be a "sojer?"

The regiment has been at shooting at a target this afternoon, and some very good shots were made. Each company had a target of its own, and the variety of objects painted upon them shows that an artist dwells within our midst. One company have a very faithful likeness of Jeff Davis; another Beauregard; and the way they were peppered would be a caution to the originals, if they saw them, never to wander within rifle-shot of our boys. We are to shoot every day this week, and it will be a welcome trial to us.

Last Friday, an event occurred which I hope will never take place again. A member was "drummed out" for being a disorderly man, a deserter, and one wholly unfit to associate with honorable men. He was not one of our boys, and Co. E never will furnish those kind of men. It was a sight never saw before, and made its impression upon the minds of the men; for the expression could be frequently heard, "I'd rather be shot, than be in his place."

Since my last, our regiment has been brigaded; and together with the 25th, 27th, Mass., and the 10th Conn., for a Brigade under the command of Brig. Gen'l. Foster, of Conn. Today, we had our first brigade drill, and made a fine appearance.

I wish you could be here tonight, and see the fun there is going on. We have a fine moonlight evening, and the boys are having "heaps of fun." One company has a violin, and are "tripping the light fantastic toe" in good style. Some are singing, others smoking, some telling stories, some writing to their friends, and everybody appears to be happy, as I trust they are. We have had a warm, summer day, and such a beautiful night as this will make anybody happy.

I told you in my last to direct everything "via Washington." I hardly think you need follow my advice, for I have had ample proof that letters, although going safe that way, are much longer in reaching us. Our Postmaster told us to tell our friends that was the best way, but I should prefer directing to Annapolis, as long as we stay here. If any one wishes to send boxes, they will come perfectly safe, per Adams' Express, at half price. Already the boys have received a number of those welcome articles, and the anxious faces that crowd around the recipients, as they open them, seem to say, "I wish I had a box."

In regard to enlisting, let me inform the young men of our town that if they expect their pay to commence immediately upon enlistment, they had better keep their eyes wide open tight. We all expected the same thing, but have learned that our pay only dates from the time of the acceptance of the Regiment by the Government. There is hardly a man in our Regiment but loses from a week to a month's pay in consequence of this sharp dodge by somebody.

All the men are in good spirits, and feel contented, as far as I know. I will write you again next week, and will endeavor to be more interesting.

Yours, J.R.D.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Article 23d Manning Burnside's Gunboats³³⁹ January 4, 1861

One hundred and sixty men and three commissioned and fifteen non-commissioned officers, were detailed on the 23d inst., from the 23d. Mass. Regiment, now at Annapolis, to man the gunboats attached to the Burnside expedition. A detail of 400 was made from the brigade. Capt. Alexander and his first Lieutenant, and Lieut. Russell of the Marblehead company, were the officers detailed for this duty.

Article 23d Sends Money Home³⁴⁰ January 11, 1862

Co. E., of Plymouth, attached to the 23d Regiment, and commanded by Capt. Wm. B. Alexander, which left Boston Nov. 11th, and has since been encamped at Annapolis, has sent home to be distributed among the families of its members a few dollars over \$3000. If any company can beat this, let them do it.

Letter from JP On Board Steamer *Hussar*³⁴¹ February 9, 1862

We have been kindly permitted to make the following extracts from a letter received from one of the men belonging to Company E, Capt. Alexander, of this town.

From the Burnside Expedition

Well, here we are, on board the *Hussar* yet, but I think more of her than I did.

We have had a battle with the rebels [Feb. 8, Roanoke Island], and a hard one it was, too. But, thank God, not one of Co. E was injured. You may think by this, perhaps, that they were not much exposed to danger; but Commodore Goldsborough and others of the head officers have expressed their more than satisfaction at the part performed by our Company.

I will give you the particulars of the battle as well as I can, and as far as I am able. We started from Hatteras the 7th instant, and run slowly all day and anchored that night. The next morning we all hove up at a given signal, and ran along very carefully all day until we came in sight of the Island, and anchored. The Commander, Gen. Burnside, and some of the other officers went and took a survey of the Island, and came back and said that the *Hussar* must be prepared for action, and all the men would be taken off but one Company, which would be detailed to stay on board to fight with the big guns. Soon after, Lieut. Atwood came down and said that Co. E had been detailed to stay on board. All the others wanted to be in our shoes then, because they knew they would have a chance to pepper the rascals. But orders had to be obeyed, and so we cleared away for action. We steamed up the sound, and at about 10 o'clock the first shot was fired. We and some of the largest boats kept back until about half past 11 o'clock, when we opened fire upon them and kept it up until dark on the effort, and at some rebel steamers, when we silenced all but one of their guns. We had music from the shot and shell from both sides of us whizzing over our heads and about us, but not a man was hurt.

At four or five o'clock in the afternoon, about 5000 men were landed below the Fort, two or three miles, and among them were the 21st, 23^d and 25th Massachusetts Regiments, and the next morning (the 8th), they came upon a battery, and they had a pretty warm time of it. More troops were landed on that morning, amounting to nearly 10,000. They fought their way up to the Fort, which they took possession of at about four o'clock yesterday afternoon (8th), and Colonel Kurtz planted the Stars and Stripes on Roanoke Island, and today our Chaplain has come from the Island, and says that the 23^d has lost only one man killed, and seven missing, so far as they know now. The one killed was Lieut. Goodwin of Co. B. I have not learned the number wounded. After we got through fighting on board, Capt. Alexander asked permission of the Commodore to take his men on shore to fight, but the Commodore wanted him to stay aboard the *Hussar*, "and wherever we

Co. E, 23d Regiment

go, I want you should follow me," said he, "for the *Hussar* has done nobly." Every one of our shot told, and Col. Kurtz complimented us highly.

We are all well, with the exception of colds, which are quite prevalent, and are in good spirits.

J. P.

Trophies of War³⁴² March 1, 1862

Three Rifles have been received in this town by the friends of Capt. Alexander and Lieuts. Rogers and Atwood of the 23d, sent by those officers, and which were taken at the battle of Roanoke Island. Two of the rifles are of those called the Windsor, being the U. S. Arms made at Windsor, Vt. One the these has a name scratched upon the brass plate at the butt, probably the name of the representative of the F. F. who had the piece. The other rifle is of another make and has a sabre bayonet.

Letter from J.R.D. [Drew], Newbern, N.C.³⁴³ March 15, 1862

We have been permitted to publish the following letter from a member of Co. E to Mr. John H. Crandon, of this place.

Friend C.

I herewith send you a copy of the Newbern paper which I struck off this morning. I found the form on the press and took the liberty of striking of a few sheets. You will probably know by the time this reaches you of our victory here and as I have not much time I won't go into particulars. It was a hard fight I assure you. Our company behaved well. We landed 18 miles below here on the 13th, and marched 12 miles through the toughest kind of mud, and at night encamped in a swamp half a mile from the enemy, but they did not know it then. We were so tired that we dropped on the ground anywhere, and were soon asleep. In the morning we started, and had got a little distance and turned into a wood, when all at once the enemy opened upon us with a most murderous fire. Our Lieut. Col. was the first man killed in our Regiment. As soon as we could recover from our surprise we crept up pretty near and Capt. Alexander gave the word to "pitch in" and you had better believe we did go in. I got behind two trees, and was firing between them, when all at once something told me to move, and I got behind a tree about four yards to the rear and I had hardly got there, when crash came a 12 pound shot right into the ground where I had been lying. A Providential escape I call it. I had been in my new place but a minute when a grape shot went into the ground within six inches of me. You never can imagine the scene during the fight. It must be seen to be realized. And oh! the awful, horrid sight of the dead and wounded. I learnt one thing, and that is that the nearer a person gets to the enemy behind breastworks, the safer he is, for the shot fly higher the nearer you get. I only intend this as a note, for I have not time to write. The returns of the dead and wounded are not complete, so it is impossible to find out anything about it. Capt. A. was wounded in the little finger, and one of our sergeants was wounded in the ankle. Joseph L. Churchill was killed, and a Kingston boy by the name of Thayer wounded. There are about a dozen missing, but they are probably straggling behind.

We drove the rebels back through Newbern. They fired the bridge and the town in several places. We are in the town, (or city.)

I would write more but have not time. I hear that we are to move soon. Our boys will follow Burnside anywhere. He always leads to victory. I am well and uninjured but pretty well used up. Shall be all right in a few days.

J.R.D.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Death of Thomas Saunders³⁴⁴ March 15, 1862

News has been received that Mr. Thomas S. Saunders, who enlisted in Capt. Alexander's Company, which was joined to the Burnside expedition died in the hospital at Roanoke Island a few days since. His disease was lung fever.

Capt. Alexander Wounded³⁴⁵ March 22, 1862

By private letter received here, we learn that Captain Wm. B. Alexander, of this town who was reported wounded at the battle of Newbern, was shot in the little finger. We are glad it is no worse. By the same letter we learn that a Kingston man by the name of Thayer was wounded in the same battle, how seriously was not stated.

Death of John Carline³⁴⁶ March 22, 1862

Letters have been received in town giving the information that John Carline, a private in Co. K, 23d Reg., died in the Hospital at Roanoke island from injuries received on board the Gun Boat *Hussar*. Mr. Carline was a native of Ireland, but has long been a resident of this town.

Death of Joseph L Churchill³⁴⁷ March 22, 1862

Our First Loss

We have the painful duty to record the first loss from the volunteers of this town who so nobly responded to the call of their country in her hour of need. In the action at Newberne, N. C., among the list of killed is the name of JOS. L. CHURCHILL, son of Capt. Jos. Churchill, of this town. Mr. Churchill was a young man of good character and esteemed by a large circle of relatives and friends. He is our first victim to the arms of the rebels.

We sent one company of three months men, nearly all of whom were from this town, and they all survived to return to their homes. We have furnished the larger part of three companies for the three years' service, and until within a few days none of their numbers have been missed. Now the bolt has fallen at our own doors. But there is no cause to mourn for our young brother who has given the most that men can give, to his country. He died the death of a hero. Face to face with the traitors of our beloved land, fighting in the best cause in which man ever fought. Doing his duty manfully. And while affection must cause tears to flow for his loss, yet the heart must throb with pride, and grief be robbed of its sharpest sting in his noble death. Lay the laurel wreath upon his grave, and when passers by shall stop to look thereon, it will be said, there is a patriot's resting place.

List of Killed and Wounded³⁴⁸ March 22, 1862

Detailed List of Killed and Wounded in the 23d Regiment

Killed - Lieut. Col. Henry Merritt, shot through the abdomen.

Co. A - Corporal Chas. W. Gray.

Co. D - Private Walter A. Potter.

Co. E - Joseph L Churchill.

Co. C - William Morey.

Wounded - Captain Wesley C Sawyer, Co. H, left leg amputated.

Co E - Captain Wm B Alexander, in hand.

Co A - Corporal Andrews. Privates J A Payne, slight; J Kelly.

Co B - Privates Patrick Fenton, in thigh; H Cuthbertson, mortally, in head; T J Channel; H C Mears.

Co. E, 23d Regiment

Co C - Sergeant A C Millet, right arm amputated; Corporal Frank Butler, badly, in head; Corporal Blachford. Privates, M Vasconcellos, right arm amputated, Charles Day; H S Buffington, in foot; O Chapdellan; F W Atwood; Samuel Flint.

Co D - Corporal J B Bowman, flesh wound left arm. Private Chas. Kavanaugh, mortally in breast; A Morse; in back, slightly; N J Lake, flesh, in right arm; Charles Sears, slightly; E F Jennings, in shoulder, slightly; A H Milman, right arm broken; Samuel Johnson.

Co E - Sergeant J D Terry, in ankle. Private B F Thayer.

Co. F - Corporal L L Robbins, in hand. Privates, S H Brooks, in the arm; W A Pinkha; E L Brown.

Co G - Privates Wm. Wallace, in head and abdomen, mortally; J E Williams, seriously, in knee; John Glidden, in calf of leg; James Dodge, Patrick Berry, Jr.

Co. H Privates Wilson Pillsbury, mortally, through lungs; Walter Thayer; J M Willard.

Co K - Private Charles Curtis.

Battle at Newberne³⁴⁹ March 27, 1862

Company E, 23d Regiment.

Letters received from members of this company, (Capt. Wm. B. Alexander's) since the battle of Newbern, furnish some particulars of their own participation in the battle with their regiment, instead of aboard the Gunboat *Hussar*, as we supposed them to have been at the date of our last paper. From what we can gather from these letters, the regiment were surprised by a volley of musketry from the rebels before they saw them, and while they believed them to be some miles in advance. Capt. Alexander was slightly wounded at this time, and Sergeant Terry and Private B. F. Thayer, of Kingston, which had the effect to break up the line, and the company became confused and scattered for a moment, while the wounded were being carried to the rear, but was soon rallied and went gallantly into action with the rest of the Regiment. Private Joseph L. Churchill, of this town, was killed by the bursting of a shell, a fragment of which passed completely through his body, killing him instantly. This is the first death in battle among the volunteers from Plymouth since the war broke out. We understand his remains will be brought home for interment. He was a fine young man, son of Capt. Joseph Churchill, and his death has cast a deep gloom over a large circle of relatives and friends. His death was a noble one, bravely and gallantly charging up to the cannon's mouth, in defence of his country's flag, what death could be more desirable. His native town cannot too much honor his funeral obsequies, should they be observed here, and his last resting place will be sacred to future generations as the grave of a patriot and martyr. A friend pays a well deserved tribute to his memory, under the obituary head.

Internment of Joseph Churchill³⁵⁰ March 29, 1862

We understand that measures have been taken to have the body of Jos. L. Churchill brought to this town for internment. We hope that the remains of this young soldier will be received with the respect and observance which are their due, as our first offering to the [illegible] of rebellion.

Letter from William B. Alexander³⁵¹ April 1862

Co. E, 23d Mass. Regiment

A letter in the *Memorial* from Capt. Alexander, puts to ignominious flight all the base rumors in regard to the conduct of the company under his command, at the capture of Newbern. After giving an account of the landing, and of the wearisome march through the rain and mud of the day before the battle, he gives an account of the fight which we quote:

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At about 7 o'clock next morning we formed in line and started up the road. Just before starting, and during the time we were marching up to the Battery, we could hear sharp firing of musketry ahead of us, which were the 24th, 25th and 27th Regiments driving in their skirmishers. We were then marching in single ranks on both sides of the road on account of the mud, and when the head of the regiment was up to the left of the 27th, (on whom they were ordered to form) they were opened upon with a tremendous of fire grape, canister and shell. The order was given "By Battalion into line," which brought my Co. a long distance to the left and directly up to the edge of the woods which had been cut down by the rebels and right in front of the Battery before their direct fire, and also a cross fire from their right. *But to their honor and credit not a man flinched but stood their ground and done their duty nobly and well.* It was a wonder to me that the regiment done as well as they did, considering the state their muskets were in after being loaded and stacked all night with no tompions in the muzzles. But we were not allowed to discharge them before starting in the morning. The consequence was that not one in ten would go off except by some half dozen trials. The stocks were so swollen that it was with the greatest difficulty that the rammers could be drawn. So before starting I made every man draw the rammer and wipe dry and insert them again as far as to allow them to be easily drawn, and we went into action with many of them sticking half way out of the pipes. I also made every one blow the water out of the tubes and put on a fresh cap.

It was extremely mortifying to me to see many of them in the face of that awful fire, snap a half dozen caps before they could discharge their pieces; but this was no fault of mine. Before taking my place, I saw every man in his place and doing their best, and kept them until all their ammunition was gone (which was forty rounds to a man) and even some of them searched around amongst the dead and wounded for their cartridges, and then the whole regiment was ordered by Gen. Foster to fall back a short distance, to allow the 11th Connecticut to relieve us. The regiment halted and formed line a short distance beyond the trenches, and "the roll" was ordered to be called, and but eleven men of my company was missing, and they only stopped a few minutes at the barracks to pick up a few trophies. I had but 75 men in the fight, the others being detailed for duty on board the fleet, which was the largest number of any company in our regiment, and had the least number missing of any company in the regiment, some of them having from 20 to 30 missing. This is a true and correct statement of the behaviour of Co. E, during the fight at this place. I could mention feats of daring and bravery of some of the members, which would put to everlasting shame the individuals who would endeavor to harm by scandalous stories the honor of men who have done their duty to their country so nobly and so well, as the officers and members of Co. E., in whom I place every confidence, and esteem it as honor to command.

The death of Joseph L. Churchill is deeply and sincerely felt by every member, as he was a universal favorite in the company; of unblemished character, and a model soldier, ever ready and willing to perform any duty assigned him. His memory will ever remain fresh in the hearts of all of us.

Yours respectfully, William B Alexander

Battle of Newbern, NC³⁵² April 5, 1862

Co. E, 23d Regiment

From a private letter received here from a gentleman belonging to this town, who is now a Master's Mate on board one of the gun boats in the expedition of Gen. Burnside, we learn that the Company behaved well and bravely in the battle of Newbern, N. C. The writer says he was sent on shore with a howitzer to aid in the battle, and was where he could see the company and praises their behavior. This of itself is a sufficient refutation of the stories and rumors, starting, nobody knows where, and originating, nobody knows by whom, that have been in circulation since the news of the battle reached us. We think it a shame for those who stay at

Co. E, 23d Regiment

home to vilify and traduce thus the reputation of the brave men who have gone to peril their lives in fighting for us. The least we can do is by every method in our power to encourage them and show them that we are with them in heart, instead of catching up every flying story that malice or envy may invent in their absence, to their discredit. We hope to be able before long to give some authoritative denial of these street rumors. We have forborne until this time to notice them for this purpose, put the letter to which we referred to, coming and situated so that he could see them, is good evidence upon the subject. Before long we may be able to give other and stronger proof that the men of Plymouth were not behind their brothers in arms in fearlessness and good behavior under fire.

Death of Thomas Saunders³⁵³ April 5, 1862

The friends of Mr. Saunders here have received definite intelligence of his death. The first reports were premature. He had been transferred from Capt. Alexander's company to Co. K, Capt. Hart, where he did service as drummer. He was sick from the time of the troops landing upon Roanoke Island, until the 11th ult. - the date of his illness. Capt. Alexander writes that he received every possible care and attention during his illness, and that he is buried in the burial lot of the hospital, and his grave marked with a slab of wood, giving his name, and No. of Reg. and Co.

[Rock

Wounded Soldiers Returning Home³⁵⁴ April 26, 1862

Privates F. E. Davis and John B. Ryder of Co. E, 23d Regiment, will arrive this (Friday) evening, having been wounded at the battle of Elizabeth City. They are sent home in order that they may receive better care than could be given them with their regiment.

Frank E. Davis Arrives Home³⁵⁵ May 1, 1862

PERSONAL.

Mr. Frank E. Davis, a member of Capt. Alexander's company, at Newbern, N. C., arrived home Saturday on a sick furlough. He reports most of the company in good health and spirits, and none dangerously sick. The company is detailed to work upon a bridge destroyed by the rebels some eight miles from Newbern. Capt. Alexander has not entirely recovered from his injuries, received in the battle, which consist of a species paralysis of the side and arm grazed by the shot. The report that one finger is shot off is incorrect but his hand and arm, were badly scraped and bruised. Mr. Davis speaks in the highest terms of Gen. Burnside, and says the soldiers have the most unbounded confidence in him. He pronounces the scandalous reports about the conduct of Capt. Alexander's company without a particle of foundation, and says no company could do better in the situation. The report of Col. Kurtz is severely criticized by both staff and company officers, and much disaffection has sprung up in the regiment in consequence.

Letter from William B. Alexander, Newbern, N.C.³⁵⁶ May 2, 1862

We have been permitted to publish the following letter from Capt. Alexander to Hon. W. T. Davis, giving an account of a skirmish, in which another Plymouth man has lost his life and three others been taken prisoners.

Dear Sir:

I will write you a few lines to inform you of the death of Edward Brailey, and the taking of Corp. H. J. Lanman, Edward Smith and John Taylor as prisoners. The circumstances are these: Our Regiment had been

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camped at Batchelder's Creek, 8 miles from here, building a bridge, which the rebels destroyed, and doing picket duty; one Co. going out each day about three fourths of a mile up the railroad on picket. April 29th, my Co. under command of Lieut. Woodbury, (myself and officers being unable to do duty,) went out and deployed each side of the road. Corp. Lanman, Smith, Taylor, and Brailey being on out post, and on the right of the line of pickets. The first three started for a house a short distance from them to get their dinners, when they were suddenly surrounded by a body of rebel cavalry and taken off as prisoners. Edward Brailey being by himself, seeing them fired at them, which they instantly returned, wounding him in three places, which caused his death within an hour. He fired twice after being wounded twice! The third shot, which caused his death, struck him directly in the chest. The other wounds were, one on the left side of the neck and one through his left arm; the whole transaction occupying but three or four minutes, and only three fourths of a mile from camp. Co. A was immediately sent out after them but could get no traces of them. His effects I have placed in his brother's charge, and they will be sent to his family. He has been buried in the cemetery here, and I shall send his body home with the others as soon as possible. There were but 30 men of the Company out at the time, half under Lieutenant Woodbury, on the right side of the road, where this happened, and the other under Serg't. French on the left side; before they could reach the spot the rebels were gone. Today I went to see Gen. Foster about their release. He told me that a rebel captain, who had been taken at Fort Macon and released, went to Goldsboro two days ago and said he would get them released, and I am expecting to see or hear from them every day. The Gen. promise me the chance to send them money, clothing or anything they want, which I shall do on behalf of myself and company as soon as the opportunity offers if they are not released. The Reg't. is in a very poor state, twenty two having died within a month. Quite a number of my Company are unable to do duty, but all are improving.

Yours very truly, W.B.A.

News from WS Burbank, Newbern, NC³⁵⁷ May 17, 1862

We have received a copy of the *Newbern Progress* from W. S. Burbank, Jr., a private in Co. E, 23d Regiment, now working in that office. The printers in the army turn up in all directions and prove very useful. Mr. B. Is a graduate from this office. By the *Progress* we learn that the health of the troops at that place is improving.

Josiah R. Drew Promoted, Thomas Atwood Discharged³⁵⁸ May 17, 1862

We are pleased to learn that our friend J. R. Drew, formerly Orderly Sergeant in Co. E, 23d Regiment, has been commissioned as second Lieutenant vice Lieutenant Thomas Atwood, discharged, on account of sickness. Lieut. Drew went out with the Guards to Fortress Monroe, and after his return enlisted with Capt. Alexander. He can handle more than one kind of a "shooting stick," and we doubt not a sword as well.

Sick Soldiers Return Home³⁵⁹ May 24, 1862

Seven of the soldiers of Capt. Alexander's company belonging in this town, have arrived home, having been sent upon furloughs. Their names are Asaph S. Burbank, Homer Bryant, Warren Gibbs, Geo. H. Dunham, Wm. T. Pierce, and John E. Burt, with one from Chiltonville whose name we are unable to learn. They report Capt. Alexander again in command of the company, his arm having become healed so far that he can use it. The sickness in the regiment they think, caused largely by camping with the enemy's sick, at Newbern, where they had been left by the rebels. Our forces were very tired when they arrived there, and that night finding these sick rebels in possession of the quarters, they "turned in" with them, which our boys think,

Co. E, 23d Regiment

caused a great increase of sickness. They think a great injustice was done the company in the neglect of the Col. to mention it in his report. They represent the attachment of the troops to Gen. Burnside as devoted, but they are "down on" the medical gentlemen attached to the expedition, and make no attempt to conceal their detest of them, caused, they say, by their bad treatment of the men while the officers has every attention lavished upon them. Hardly any of those belonging here will be able to return. One of them is unable to leave his bed, and all are in very feeble health.

Letter from D, Newberne, N.C.³⁶⁰ June 1, 1862

MR. EDITOR:

You are doubtless wondering why I have been so dilatory in writing, and think that my letters, like angels visits, are few and far between, but the fact is there are so many letters going from this place to Plymouth, that I don't think I could send you any news that had not already been received. However, if you wish, I will occasionally jot down a few items and send them along. You must [illegible].

As you probably are aware, the 23d has been in this city about four weeks, acting as provost guard. Previous to that time, we had been out 9 miles, doing picket duty, and I can assure you that the change of duty were by no means disagreeable for our men, and in fact, a large part of the officers, were pretty well used up. It requires a pretty good state of health to do picket duty out here, for it is nothing but tramp, tramp. One day here, another day there. Sometimes going five or six miles, for the purpose of "bagging" a lot of rebels, and not getting them after all. Cause why, they skedaddle. You have no idea how they can run. Just as soon as they get sight of us, they fire one volley, and then you can't see their heels for gravel. They are as cowardly a set of thieves as ever bred.

The different companies of our regiment are quartered in different parts of this city. We have excellent houses, and are about as comfortable as if at home. Co. E. has a large white house on the corner of Craven and Johnston streets, and we would be very happy to welcome any of the sons and daughters of Plymouth at our quarters.

I wish you could see Newbern at the present time, for it would give you a chance to get up a leader on the advantage having shade trees in abundance throughout the streets of Plymouth. Nearly every street here is lined with trees and during the hottest parts of the day, a person can always walk in the shade. I think this city has more shade trees than any city I ever saw. In fact, it is known as the "Elm city of the South." And then, there are flowers in abundance. One can hardly walk through some of the streets here, without lingering at some of the flower gardens to enjoy the rich perfume of the roses and honey suckles that are here in such profusion.

The health of our men is slowly improving, and I think in a month we shall have little or no sickness, except those who are now coming down with the fever. Nearly all have the same disease, a kind of typhoid fever, and the number of cases that have proved fatal in our hospitals has been quite large. In the month of April the mortality was largest, and probably it will never come up to that number again, some 20 or 30 having died. Our men were in a bad state then, but have improved much. Some of those who are convalescent are being sent down to Beaufort, where the change of air will prove beneficial.

There does not seem to be any prospect of our having another "muss" with J. Davis & Co. out in this section. The old North State is about to say good bye to that firm, and join the ranks of Uncle Samuel. The signs of the times are such, surely. Already, they are forming companies, and enrolling themselves under the stars and stripes. At Washington, in this State, one of Gen. Foster's aides is enlisting men, and already has good number, and more are coming. True grit there.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

I see by the Boston *Herald* that Burnside is building a little “*Monitor*” in this place for railroad use, and that it is so built as to be put over a locomotive. Allow me to correct that statement. The said “*Monitor*” is simply a platform car, about 25 feet long. It has a wall on its four sides of 12 inch timber, which I understand is to be iron-plated. Inside will be placed two rifled six pounders, with three embrasures for each, one on each end, and two on each side. There are also loopholes for 30 rifles. It is designed to go ahead of the locomotive, and will be pretty likely to “clear the track.” The bridge which the rebels burned the day of the fight is about finished, and as soon as it is done, I understand that rolling stock will be placed upon the road, and then we can take a ride to Beaufort, about twenty miles. The boys are pretty confident that we shall come home by railroad when we do start for home. I hope so, for transport life is far from agreeable.

About 400 released prisoners arrived here from Salisbury a few days ago. It is the intention of the rebels to release all they have in the place, about 1500, except officers and sailors. I have talked with some of them, and find that they tell the same stories about hard usage that we have read in the papers. They have lived on bread and fresh beer so long, without any salt, that the scurvy made its appearance among them. I was talking with a young man from Rhode Island who was taken at Bull Run. He has been all over the Southern Confederacy, almost. He was four months in Richmond. When he was taken, he had a good set of teeth, but he got the scurvy, and said at one time he could have pulled all his teeth out. His front teeth are all gone. Some of the men had to be buried in the ground up to their arms in order to save their lives. Sickness was much more extensive among the rebels than among our troops. I shall expect the three members of our company before many weeks, and then will give you the particulars about their capture.

The evening school for the negroes in this city is progressing finely. About 700 or 800 pupils attend and decided interest is manifested by them. A great deal of good is being done by Dr. Colyer, the official Superintendent of the Poor, and many families, both white and black, have had occasion to be thankful for the relief given them by the military authorities.

Gov. Stanley has arrived in this city, and will, I understand, immediately assume his position as Governor of this State, until the people see fit to have a legal election. He is very popular among the people here.

Your, D.

Returned Prisoners Lanman, Taylor, Smith³⁶¹ June 28, 1862

Corp. H. J. Lanman and privates John Taylor and Edward Smith have arrived from North Carolina, being released upon parole.

FEDERAL PRISONERS RELEASED.³⁶² Hiram Lanman, John Taylor, and Edward Smith, of this town, members of Capt. Alexander's Company, Mass. 23d Reg., who were recently taken by the rebels, have been released on parole.

News from Dismal Swamp³⁶³ July 5, 1862

By a letter received we learn that they were under marching orders last week. They had at the time of writing, their things all packed and expected to leave for Richmond last Monday. They could join McClellan in one or two days by way of the canal through the Dismal Swamp and up the James River, and it is highly probable that by this time they are before Richmond.

Co. E, 23d Regiment

Letter from D, Newbern, NC³⁶⁴ August 9, 1862

Ed. Memorial:

Ill health must be my excuse for keeping silent so long, but not much news can be found in these parts, and I might as well be silent. Our regiment still garrisons this town, and everything moves along quietly. Burnside, as you know, is on the James river, with two of his Brigadiers, Reno and Parke, leaving our gallant Foster in command. We thought we were to go, too, when we learned that Burnside was going to move; but his order is law, and stay we must, whether we wish or not, and be like those at home, mere lookers on in the great struggle at Richmond. Our troops are anxious that little Mac. should win, for they are of the opinion that when he whips them there, our chances for seeing home are greater.

The weather is decidedly warm here, and as a consequence, many are suffering from summer complaints. Occasionally a fatal case occurs, but as a general thing, most of the men will recover. Co. E, is at present in a better state of health than it has been for some time past; and I hope the time will not be far distant when not a sick man can be found in our ranks.

I have never seen recorded in your columns the death of Wm. T. Atwood, who died in the hospital on the 20th of July, after patiently lingering along with a fever, which reduced him to a mere skeleton. He was buried with military honors with the rest of the heroes who had departed this life since our stay here.

Quite an exciting event occurred here a week or two ago. Two or three nights in succession one of our guards who was posted on a certain corner was fired upon from a house, and finally a shot took effect in the leg of the guard. The next morning, our regiment was ordered out, and proceeded to the place, where they stacked arms, and then by order of Gen. Foster we laid the whole square flat to the ground. There were some half a dozen houses, and gardens attached, filled with garden produce and fruit trees. Subsequently I understand the man who fired the pistol has been arrested, and he is now in jail. If it is proved that he fired the shot, he deserves to be made an example of. That section of the city has since been searched, and 135 guns of different kinds found concealed. That looks like Unionism.

If Plymouth is to send 63 men to the war, and old regiments have got to be filled up first, it will be a chance for some of that number to join the 23d, which has already won a name. We need recruits, and would be happy to receive as many of the old Plymouth stock as see fit to come. They will find themselves in a good regiment, and Plymouth boys to greet them when they arrive. We shall probably stay here sometime, and those who hold back from a fear of going into action immediately, need not have that to keep them from joining us.

Mr. Editor, did you ever see a mosquito? If not, I wish you were here, and you would see any kind that you wished. They are the most blood thirsty insects that I ever saw, and it is almost impossible to avoid them. They follow you around, both night and day, watching for a chance to present their bills, and they never quibble about it either. And then the flies, too, are about as bad, for they bite like devils, and they are as thick as "three pigs under a gate." The mosquitoes are of a different breed from those in the North, a great many of them weighing about a pound. If the tax-gatherers under the new law are as assiduous in presenting their bills and demanding payment, the money will be forthcoming.

Some of our men think it a little unfair that men who volunteer now in Plymouth would receive as much money as they have received during the whole time they have been in the service, besides getting three months' soldier's' fare out of them. Perhaps it helps the recruiting of our army, and perhaps not. One thing is sure, they don't come in very fast. Waiting for higher pay, I suppose. Patriotism is out of the question. "Who will pay us the most bounty money," is the question, and men will hold back if they think there is a prospect of more pay. It is perfectly natural. In the meantime our army is waiting for those very men who are holding back. Better fill up the army first, and talk about bounty afterwards.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Within the past few weeks our forces in this vicinity have captured about fifty “secesh,” and they are confined in the jail. They are taken in squads, sometimes two or three, and sometimes a dozen. They are hard looking fellows. They are allowed to go out into the jail yard an hour each day for exercise. I don’t believe any of them will get shot if they happen to look out of the windows.

A provost court is held in this place daily, for the disposal of those cases which come under the jurisdiction of the Provost Marshal. They meet with little fear or favor from Col. Kurtz, who exercises his power discreetly.

A general court-martial is being held at this time in town, and some of the old offenders will get justice meted out to them. The sentences are generally pretty severe, as it is necessary to preserve discipline in the army.

D

Letter from J.H.S. [Stillman], Newbern, NC³⁶⁵ October 20, 1862

Extract for a private letter.

You say that you think our government has been too slow in trying to disable the enemy and I think so too, but I hope we shall give the enemy their death blow now since Lincoln’s Proclamation came out. I long for the first of January to come, and then we shall see what Emancipation will do towards ending the war. I hope it will be the means of ending it by spring, for I do not care how soon it ends, but I am bound to see the end of it if I live long enough; but if I am killed, my friends will have the consolation of knowing I died an honorable death. General Foster has given orders to have every man in this place take the oath of allegiance, or he cannot stay within our lines. There were considerable many left this city today, and their property is to be confiscated; that is the kind of Union men we have in N. Carolina. They are good Union men as long as they can stay around here and live on our government, but you ask them to take the oath and they will leave and go over into the rebel’s lines.

J.H.S.

Burbank, Paulding, Finney Return Home³⁶⁶ December 20, 1862

Corp. Wm. S. Burbank, Daniel H. Paulding and Walter H. Finney have returned home to this town, having been discharged from Co. E, 23d Mass. Vols. on account of illness.

Killed and Wounded at Whitehall, NC³⁶⁷ December 27, 1862

Plymouth men killed and wounded in the recent battles in North Carolina.

By the *Boston Herald* of Friday morning, we have the list of killed and wounded in the recent battles in [Whitehall] North Carolina, taken from the *New York Herald*. Among them are several of Co. E, 23d Regt. As follows:

Killed, Harvey A. Raymond, Geo. Briggs, Benjamin Westgate, T. Southworth.

Wounded. Wm. R. Swift, arm amputated; N. Lee, wrist; Edward Stevens, right arm amputated; J. H. Brailey shoulder slightly; Benj. Smith, leg slightly.

Geo. Briggs’ name does not appear in the list of the company when they left; it is possible that he has either joined the company after their arrival at Newbern or belonged to some other company. The only person that we know by the name of Southworth, in Co. F[E], was J. W. Southworth. Whether this T. Southworth is a mistake in the name or of the company, we have of course no means of knowing.

Messrs. Raymond and Westgate were young men and they have laid down their lives in our defence. Messrs. Swift, Stephens and Brailey are from this town. Mr. Lee we do not think belongs here.

Co. E, 23d Regiment

The 23d suffered heavy loss, as did the 17th and 45th.

The 44th had 9 killed and 13 wounded, none from Plymouth. In the 23d two privates were wounded; none killed, the names of these are not given.

We have not time or space for particulars of the engagement, as we received the paper just as were going to press.

News from Kinston NC³⁶⁸ December 27, 1862

The 23d Regt. We are in the engagement at Kinston N. C. We have not heard of any casualties in the Regiment yet.

Westgate and Raymond Killed at Battle of Kinston, NC³⁶⁹ January 1, 1863

Plymouth's Dead.

Plymouth has lost two industrious and enterprising young men in the persons of Benj. Westgate and Harvey A. Raymond, of the Mass. 23d Reg., at the battle of Kinston, N. C., whose loss is deeply mourned by their friends. Young Westgate was a dutiful son and affectionate brother, and both nobly performed the soldier's duty and gave their lives for their country. Green be the grass that waves over the young heroes' graves, and long may their memories be cherished by those for whom they fought and died. Plymouth will not forget to immortalize her noble sons when this civil strife is over.

Wm Alexander Returns Home³⁷⁰ January 15, 1863

ARRIVED HOME. Capt. W. B. Alexander, of Co. E, 23d Reg., has arrived home from Newbern, N. C., having been discharged on account of sickness. Also John F. Hall, of Co. E, 29th Reg.

Edward Pratt Home on Furlough³⁷¹ November 20, 1863

Mr. Edward Pratt of Co. E, 23d regiment, is at home on a furlough. He is not very well but returns on Monday to the regiment at Newport News. He reports Capt. Rogers, Lieut. Drew, and the Plymouth boys all well, and bound to visit Richmond before they return to Plymouth Rock.

Article Returning Veterans³⁷² January 22, 1864

Boston was in a ferment on Sunday last, over the return of the gallant veterans of the 32d, 23d, and 25th regiments. Three quarters of the rank and file having re-enlisted for three years, the regiments are allowed to return with their arms and equipments for a thirty days furlough and recruiting.

Fifteen or twenty volunteers from Plymouth and vicinity came down in the train on Monday. The boys 'broke ranks' and skedaddled among friends and relatives as soon as they could get out of the cars. Three years' absence, with the perils and vicissitudes through which they have passed, made their arrival no light event in their experience, and no one can blame them for declining any ceremonies that could stand in the way of their full realization of their unexpected happiness. The following is a list of names of those belonging to Plymouth and the neighboring towns. -

COMPANY E, 23d REGIMENT

Otis Rogers, Captain, I. [Isaac] H. Perkins, Ichabod Bagnall, C[harles] H. Long, James W. Page, Charles H. Atwood, John Burns, Seth Mahuren, Andrew C. Sears, George H. Dunham, Henry Gould.

COMPANY E, 32d REGIMENT

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Plymouth - George W. Bartlett, Jr., George H. Blanchard, Adoniram Holmes, Corp. Anthony L. Pierce, Abner Lucas, Eleazer Shaw, David A. Taylor, Weston C. W. Vaughn, Seth Washburn, George F. Green, Gustavus Green, William Shaw.

...

Deaths of Isaac Perkins and Benj. Finney³⁷³ July 1, 1864

Mr. Isaac Perkins, son of Stephen Perkins, and a son of Benj. Finney, have recently died at the hospitals in Washington, of their wounds.

23d Returning Home³⁷⁴ September 30, 1864

We hear the Plymouth Volunteers in the 23d Regiment, under Capt. Rogers, whose term of service expired on Wednesday last, are now on their way home. The 23d, 25th, and 27th Regiments, or what remains of them are to be consolidated.

23d Mustering Out³⁷⁵ June 30, 1865

The garrisons of Forts Standish and Andrew were taken to Boston on Tuesday by steamer to be mustered out of service. The 23d regiment is soon to be mustered out, which will bring home Co. E, of Plymouth. All regiments whose term of service expires before Oct. 1st, are to be mustered out of service as soon as arrangements can be made.

The 23d Mass. Reg. Arrived at New York on Wednesday from Newbern, and were immediately forwarded to Readville, preparatory to being mustered out.

Chapter 6

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment

Introduction

On November 7, 1861, the PR notified readers that Lieut. J.C. Fuller was authorized to recruit a new company of men which was to become Company E of the 32d Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. Twenty-one men from Plymouth enlisted in Fuller's company. Another twenty-four Plymouth men enlisted in Company F., nineteen others enlisted in other Companies of the 32d. From November 1861 until leaving for Washington on May 26, 1862, the Regiment was garrisoned at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. By the end of 1862, three men from Plymouth had died from disease and three more had been wounded.

Two correspondents were responsible for many letters to the newspapers containing political and controversial opinions. Ichabod [possibly Ichabod Chandler of Hingham] wrote sixteen letters to the *Plymouth Rock*. Ichabod chided the editor of the *Rock*, Charles Perkins, for criticizing Massachusetts Republican Governor John Andrew in a June 14, 1862 letter; Perkins replied that the republicans basically ignored the Constitutional rights of the southern states. Thus began a running debate between correspondent Ichabod and Editor Perkins. Ichabod's last letter to the *Rock* was dated August 8, 1862. Shortly after Ichabod's letters come to a stop, A.T.G. [possibly Albert Greene] becomes a new correspondent to the *Old Colony Memorial*. ATG wrote twenty letters to the *OCM*. On Jan. 15, 1863, ATG wrote about the equality of the colored man:

"I noticed a plan proposed by "Stevens" of --- to raise 250,000 blacks as soldiers, and to pay the privates (how extravagant) \$5.00 per month, and the Sergeants \$10.00. Now have not we done half-way work enough? What is the use to tamper with evil? There is no between. The colored man is either a man, a human being, or he isn't..."

The story of the 32d Regiment ends with an article on death of William H. Shaw. The article reminds us of the toll of a soldier's death on his family. William "came home last fall [1864] to live, and suffer, and waste away, until death came to his relief last Sunday [8/6/865]. William's wife Mary died suddenly "only a few days previous to his death." They had five young children left orphans. The *OCM&PR* asks its readers "if there is still gratitude to the true soldier, or sympathy for the helpless and bereaved soldier's orphans, let it show itself in protecting and guarding these nation's orphans from the cold public or private charities of strangers... let the noble and true soldier ... be honored in the way most valuable and precious to him, the care and friendly protection of his children."

The Call For Troops

For Fortress Monroe³⁷⁶ November 7, 1861

The Massachusetts battalion at Newport News is to be raised to a full regiment, and it is very probable that Lieut. Col. Raymond will be appointed to the command. He is to be Lieut. Col. at the lowest, and the regiment is to be filled up within ten days. Lieut. J. C. Fuller, of this town, has been authorized to recruit one of the companies, and is now engaged in enlisting his men. This is one of the best opportunities yet offered for the re-enlistment of the three months men, as there is every assurance the regiment will remain in its present quarters, and many who were there with Col. Raymond have been waiting for a chance to go with him again. Lieut. Fuller has had long experience in the State militia, and is a well qualified and efficient officer.

The Plymouth Rock Calls for enlistment³⁷⁷ November 21, 1861

We understand it is the intention of Lieut. J.C. Fuller to go into camp at Camp Cameron, Cambridgeport, tomorrow. As yet he has but 50 men, but few of which are from this town. While we would not urge a man to go to war who does not want to, it does seem strange to us that more do not feel it in their interest not to say duty, considering all the facts and probabilities, to enlist. What are the prospects for a laboring man the coming winter and spring — we write thus because we believe everything today indicates a termination of this rebellion in that time and what is the amount of pay a common soldier will receive. The prospects of a man earning a support for a family can be seen with half an eye by any one, the money a private soldier who has a wife and two or more children, will receive from the State and Government is first \$450.00 a year, or \$37.50 a month, and a Bounty of \$100.00 at the close of the war. And farther and better, it is not store pay or long extended credit, but cash down with board and clothes every one or two months. *These are the facts* the probabilities are, that there will be no business of any account till the war is over; that the war will be over and done ere the summer months come. And as we were led in this train of thought by the tardiness in raising this company which is to be attached to the Battalion at Newport News, other probabilities amounting to facts, are, that those who enlist in this company will go into good comfortable winter quarters at that place, and with a small chance of being exposed to the accidents of war, which occur upon a battle field. Now you who have wants to meet, with no certain prospects ahead, consider well these things. Looking at in in the meanest point of view, considering only the pecuniary and mercenary motives, thinking nothing of the good you may do, or the service render your country, is it not your best interest, nay duty, to enlist, and make one of the grand army which will live as long as history, or the memory of man shall last. Report yourself then at once to Mr. E.B. Bramhall, the recruiting officer, and take advantage of this chance to provide for your families and help free our beloved country from this mad cap traitor rebellion.

Recruiting for Fortress Monroe³⁷⁸ November 28, 1861

A squad of men left yesterday from this town for camp, and more are soon to follow. Arrangements for filling the company of Lieut. J. C. Fuller are complete, and the opportunity for enlistment in that company is rapidly passing. Pay and rations commence immediately upon enlistment, and all the comforts of camp are secured to the men at once. This company is one of two only authorized to be raised for the Battalion at Newport News, and men who have a choice of place of destination will do well to enlist in this company at once, as all the considerations of pleasant and comfortable location for the winter are insured; in the fact that the regiment is to be stationed at or near Fortress Monroe.

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment

List of Men in Company E^{379.380}

Fuller	Josiah C.	1 st Lieut., Capt.	Daguerreotypist
Heath	George M.	Corp.	Nailor
Holmes	Adoniram	Corp.	Brickmaker
Allen	James H.	Pvt.	Clerk
Bancroft	Arvin M.	Pvt.	Mariner
Barnes	Levonzo D.	Pvt.	Bootmaker
Bartlett	George W.	Pvt.	Shoemaker
Blanchard	George H.	Pvt., Corp.	Shoemaker
Brewster	George B.	Pvt.	Teamster
Lapham	William M.	Pvt.	Nailer
Morton	Henry Jr.	Pvt.	Seaman
Pierce	Anthony L.	Pvt., Corp.	Laborer (Wareham)
Pierce (Peirce)	Weldon S.	Pvt.	Laborer (Plympton)
Raymond	Henry L.	Pvt.	Seaman
Sampson	Samuel	Pvt.	Rope maker
Shaw	Eleazer	Pvt., Sergt.	Mason
Shaw	William H.	Pvt.	Boatman
Taylor	David A.	Pvt.	Seaman
Vaughn	Perez C.W.	Pvt.	Seaman
Vaughn	Weston C.	Pvt.	Seaman
Washburn	Seth	Pvt.	Laborer

List of Men in Company F^{381.382}

Barnes	Robert H.	Pvt.	Farmer
Beytes	George B.	Pvt.	Fisherman (Kington)
Davis	John R. Jr.	Pvt.	Shoemaker
Eldridge	William P.	Pvt.	Shoemaker (Plympton)
Green	Albert F.	Pvt.	Laborer (not listed <i>Mass. Soldiers ...</i>)
Green	George F.	Pvt.	Carpenter
Green	Richard F.	Pvt.	Laborer (not listed <i>Mass. Soldiers ...</i>)
Green	William H.	Pvt.	Fisherman
Harlow	John Q. A.	Pvt.	Seaman
Hogan	John F.	Pvt.	Laborer
Holmes	Charles H.	Pvt.	Farmer
Holmes	Joseph Jr.	Pvt.	Seaman
Hoyt	John F.	Pvt.	Shoemaker
Hoyt	Moses	Pvt.	Shoemaker
Jones	Augustine T.	Pvt.	Shoemaker
Phinney	Berrl F.	Pvt.	Teamster
Phinney	Edward F.	Pvt.	Clerk
Pierce	Charles W.	Pvt.	Wood chopper
Ripley	Alexander	Pvt.	Farmer (Kingston)
Robbins	William S.	Pvt.	Clerk
Savery	Nehemiah L.	Pvt.	Shoemaker
Savery	Winsor T.	Pvt.	Farmer
Snow	Edward S.	Pvt.	(not listed <i>Mass. Soldiers ...</i>)

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Washburn	Charles F.	Pvt.	Mason (Kingston)
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List of Men in Other Companies in the 32d^{383,384}

Barnes	George W.	Sergt. (Co. A)	Clerk
Burgess	Winslow T.	Pvt. (Co. A)	Farmer
Cunningham	John J.	Pvt. (Co. G)	Bootmaker
Downey	Patrick	Pvt.	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
Duffy	John Jr.	Pvt. (Co. C)	Seaman
Faught	Melvin C.	Pvt. (Co. A)	Seaman
Felton	Thomas	Pvt. (Co. K)	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
Foster	Charles E.	Sergt. (Co. C)	
Joyce	Taylor	Pvt.	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
Keller	John	Unattached	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
Kriem	Paul	Pvt. (Co. D)	
Lucas	Abner	Pvt. (Co. A)	Seaman
Manehan	Patrick	Pvt.	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
McDonald	John E.	Pvt.	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
McSweeney	Patrick	Pvt.	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
Reed	Edmund	Pvt. (Co. I)	Gunsmith (Kingston)
Rider	James	Pvt.	(not listed Mass. Soldiers ...)
Roberts	Henry W.	Pvt. (Co. C)	
Zeigler	David	Pvt. (Co. A)	

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in the 32d Regiment³⁸⁵

The Plymouth men who were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner while serving in the 32d Regiment:

Barnes, George W.	Died of disease	Harrison's Landing	Aug. 5, 1862
Duffy, John Jr.	Prisoner of war		Oct. 31, 1864
Eldridge, William P. ³⁸⁶	Killed	Gettysburg, PA	July 2, 1863
Faught, Melvin C.	Died of disease	Windmill Point, VA	Feb. 8, 1863
Greene, George F.	Wounded	Wilderness, VA	May 5, 1864
Heath, George M.	Died of disease	Harrison's Landing	July 31, 1862
Holmes, Adoniram	Wounded	Wilderness, VA	May 3, 1864
Holmes, Charles H.	Wounded	Gettysburg, PA	July 2, 1863
Robbins, William S.	Wounded	Fredericksburg, VA	Dec. 13, 1862
Shaw, William H.	Wounded	Fredericksburg, VA	Dec. 13, 1862
	Died of disease	Plymouth, MA	Aug. 5, 1865
Taylor, David A.	Killed	Petersburg, VA	June 22, 1864
Vaughan, Perez C. W.	Wounded	Petersburg, VA	Dec. 13, 1862

Images of Members of the Company

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to this company. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment



Figure 36. Capt. Josiah C. Fuller³⁸⁷



Figure 37. George W. Barnes³⁸⁸

Letters and Articles from the Field

Letter from Fort Warren, MA³⁸⁹ January 1, 1862

ED. MEMORIAL

A week has passed since we came from Camp Cameron to this Post, and as part of our Company are from your good old town, and nearly all from your County, I venture to drop you a few lines. Co. Dimick, the Commander of the Post, is the same courteous, gallant officer and soldier known by the three months men at Fortress Monroe. Maj. Parker is a gentleman, and will soon be a thorough officer; he is kind, social, and watchful to promote the welfare as well as discipline of his men. The Company Officers are generally first rate men, courteous, social, and kind. The men are as fine a set as can be found in the whole army. The accommodations are very good for both officers and men. It takes about a quarter part of the entire garrison to furnish the daily detail for guard duty, which you will notice is per force the duty of the Post. Our other daily duties are morning Dress Parade, guard mounting, and Battalion exercise, or squad drills, A.M., and company drills in Battalion movements, P. M., which with the cleaning of the muskets, and police duty - cleaning up the inside of the Fort - keeps us pretty busy during the day. The principal events of the week thus far is the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell.

This morning, after dress parade, the Battalion was kept in line and slightly maneuvered, and the inside guard was increased to prevent any one from going upon the ramparts, and the Rebel Commissioners quietly took their leave, without the least notice, the good Col. Kindly allowing the guard to neglect the usual [illegible] to him as he accompanied them down to the wharf as to take the steam tug to convey them to the ship that is to carry them on their way. The arrangements of the Col. in keeping the Battalion in line, and preventing any one from going upon the walls, preventing any demonstrations of respect or disrespect, and they departed as quietly as a dog would have left the Fort. Mr. Mason was much affected as he took leave of Col. Dimick and shook his hand and said, "God bless you, God bless you, Colonel." Mr. Mason said, "In whatever situation I

RETURN OF THE DEAD

may again meet you, Colonel, I shall consider you as a friend." Many of the Rebels visited them this morning and got their autographs. Some of the political prisoners said to Mr. Mason, "We want you to represent our case when you get to England - confined here upon no charge save differing from the Northerner in political opinion." He assured them if ever he arrived in Europe he should represent their case and do what he could for them.

The rebels generally are below the average of the men of the Battalion, but have an exalted opinion of themselves, and look with disdain upon us. They are very orderly and quiet generally, and quite freely pass the time of day with us. They are allowed the freedom of certain limits during daylight, but at retreat they go into their quarters, and are allowed out after sunset only by the order of the Colonel. But I am making this lengthy, and assuring you of the health and comfort of the entire garrison, I close.

Fort Warren

Letter from Fort Warren, MA³⁹⁰ January 20, 1862

ED. MEMORIAL

Situated as we are, there is not much to chronicle from week to week in the way of news, but as much that we should not regard as news, or interesting, may be of interest to those who have friends here, I am induced to write you concerning our life here, our duties and the pleasures we enjoy, and to keep you posted in regard to the health and comfort of the garrison. And though we are stationed so near home, and within the walls of this strong Fort, our duties are as sacred and more laborious - if our danger is not so imminent - than they would be in the active service of the Field. Daily 84 privates, 8 corporals, 2 sergeants and 1 lieutenant, are detailed for Guard duty, which brings the duty upon each private about once in four days; and when upon guard the soldier gets but little sleep thro' the night; and where there are larger bodies of soldiers, as would most always occur in the Field, the guard duty would be proportionately less. Our force consists of five full companies and there are five hundred prisoners, four hundred of which are prisoners of war, and the rest political prisoners. We are all, prisoners as well as soldiers, comfortably quartered in Casemates, and are sufficiently, and well fed, the prisoners drawing the same rations as soldiers. The Hospital arrangements are all that could be desired, and there is nothing to ask for in this department save baring that there is no preference in the kind of practice with which one shall be treated. To those who prefer the old school practice better care could not be secured in any Hospital. I hope the time is not far distant when we may have our choice in the method of treatment. Last Saturday one of the prisoners died of fever. As yet only one of Co. E has gone into the Hospital, and he is to come out to-day. Quite a number of our own and other companies who were so busy with play in their childhood that they neglected to have the mumps, have enjoyed it since they came here; but as a general thing they have had it very light; and but few have made application to the Surgeon for relief. The most of the sickness is caused by a neglect of a slight cold, till they are so clogged up as to cause fever. Those who have tried the skill of our Surgeons are much pleased with them and speak warmly in their praise.

We have a Band which has been here about a fortnight; but as yet they have given us no outdoor music, but from hearing them rehearse should judge we shall have excellent music when the Colonel shall conclude to let us hear them. They came from Fort Hamilton, N. J., here, and have among them all that is left of the Band which was at Fort Sumter during its bombardment. Many, most, of the prisoners here were unused to snow, and they seem to enjoy it very much. I passed one of the political prisoners the last snow storm, who was taking his usual walk, with his beard and hair fairly bedded in snow, and asked him how he enjoyed it. "Glorious, glorious, I have not seen any snow for more than 31 years. I enjoy it finely, much," and I really thought he did. During the day the prisoners from Hatteras and the Baltimore roughs - as they are called -

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have the liberty of the parade ground - when not occupied by the Battalion - and they seem to enjoy themselves as merrily as school boys in snow-balling one another and sliding upon the ice; and their shouts ring out loud and clear as one makes a misstep and comes down. In a manner to make him think of home. We have here a rare specimen of pig-headed stubbornness in the prisoner who attempted to blow up the *Roanoke* when he found he had no chance to desert and join the rebels. He prefers to endure close, very-close, confinement rather than have outdoor liberty and give his word not to try to escape. He sticks to his one idea like a "poppy to a root," and with a spirit worthy better [illegible].

I read a statement in a Boston paper a short time ago, to the effect that the men were suffering much from the cold, and even came out on Dress Parade with stockings upon their hands to keep them from freezing. It was done by one or two just for fun, as I knew that mittens are lying in Officers' quarters, not being needed by the men. If friends of those here wish to serve the soldiers they cannot better do it than by sending them home-made stockings and under-clothes. It will be much cheaper in the end, and a great deal more comfortable than those which the Government furnish, and if a soldier does not draw his clothing he gets the money. The shoes which Government furnishes are miserable things, not worth two-thirds of what they cost.

As an evidence of the moral standing of the soldiers, I think it is conclusive to say that there is a Bible class Sunday afternoon, and conferences and prayer meeting in the evening and on Thursday evening, and they are very well attended, especially the Sunday evening meeting. Last night there were upwards of a hundred and fifty, and for earnest utterance, fervency of spirit and religious devotedness it could hardly be excelled. Every Sunday forenoon the Rebels and as many of the Officers as please to attend hold a service after the Episcopal form and one is sure to find our good Col Dimick among them. But I will close lest you should weary of a member of

Co. E

Letter from Fort Warren, MA³⁹¹ January 28, 1862

DEAR EDITOR

I have frequently heard it said of some that they did not know when they were hungry, unless they heard the bell ring. And I think the reason why the citizens of Plymouth do not get up earlier Sunday mornings, is because they wait for the same signal. Here we are wonderfully cared for in all such particulars. The "Reveille" is beat at sunrise, and all are expected to turn out. At 8 A. M., the breakfast call; half an hour afterwards the Surgeon call is sounded, and all those who have sickened since the day before, and need the doctor's help, are to report themselves or be reported at the Hospital, and if not done then, unless dangerously sick, are to wait till next day. Quarter before 9, signal to prepare for "Dress Parade," when all the companies form in front of their quarters ready for that ceremony; 9 "Dress Parade." Immediately after "Dress Parade" the signal to prepare for "Guard Mounting;" in quarter of an hour that comes off; quarter of 9, first call for Company drills and at 10 those come off and continue till the re-call is sounded at half past 11; at 12, dinner call; half past 2 P. M., first call for Company drill, and at quarter of 3 the drums are again beat, which calls them out, and in an hour the re-call sounds and they go to their quarters at sunset, "Retreat," 9 o'clock "Tattoo," 20 minutes past, "Taps," when all lights are to be put out in the quarters, excepting the Guard quarters, and as we are now situated the officers do, and if any battalion drill is to come off the same kind of signals give us notice. Doubtless when we get home, many of us will suffer, waiting to hear the usual "drum beats."

It is a sure thing that our prisoners of war are to be sent off, as soon as transports can be provided, and it seems to me it should have been done long ago, and an equal number of our own men who have been worse quartered and still worse fed, in hot Southern prisons, restored to liberty and the companionship of men. Why

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should Government quibble about a little point of law so fine that those without peculiar powers of vision fail to see it, and cause so great an amount of suffering, sickness, age and death, for I heard the Surgeon say that many of the rebels who had died here, were so utterly prostrated by their loneliness and home sickness, as to cause their death when attacked by disease, which otherwise would not have proven fatal. Glad therefore shall I be to see them go, not only for humanity's sake, but because we should make a good trade. Why, it is like trading off a \$10 note, Confederate money, for an Old Colony Bank bill with an X on the corner, to swap one of these rebel prisoners for Union soldier. That's so.

Tell me, Mr. Editor, can one say they know what they have never realized, or seen, for our officers tell us they know we shall be paid off, and as almost a month has passed, since our pay was due, we are led to question the truth of their assertion. I have heard of one who lived in Plymouth, that used to settle things in dispute, by asking his opponent, "what does St. Paul say?" if we should settle this in that way, doubtless the answer would be "now we know in part." We shall all be glad when that "in part" shall be done away, and those green back plasters or yellow metal lozenges, which now, are matters of faith, are safe in our pockets, and faith swallowed up in sight.

Ladies Relief Associations cannot send a more acceptable and comfortable thing to the soldiers then knit woolen wristers of cuffs, protecting the pulse in the wrist it keeps the hand warm, and prevents taking cold. Last week quite a row was created in one of the companies by rum, and one of the men struck his Capt. and he in defending himself cut the man's scalp, causing a wound that looked much worse than it turned out to be. The result was an order from Head Quarters, that all boxes and bundles for soldiers should first be examined at the officers' quarters, and no liquors allowed in the barracks. In any such scrape as that you will catch

Co. E

P.S. It is quite sure that another company is to be raised and added to this battalion. Let Plymouth boys look out and get a chance, if they want to be under as good command as there is in the Army.

Letter from Fort Warren, MA³⁹² February 3, 1862

ED. MEMORIAL

We had what was for us "a big thing on ice" last Friday. Being the last day of the month we had a general inspection and review, under the sharp eyes of Col. Dimick. The band was out for the first time. They played while the line was forming, the air of "Maxwelton's Banks are Bonnie." I don't know the location of those Banks, but guess they are down South, and it was meant as a gentle hint, expressive of their feelings, could they have the choice of location. At any rate, I am quite sure most of the Battalion would not object to seeing that part of our country, (down South, I mean). But I have wandered from the subject. The parade ground was a field of ice about 8 inches thick, and in many places very smooth, so that in marching by company in review, some of our wheelings seemed to be a combination of left turn, by the left double files, break into platoons, and by company into line. Notwithstanding, the Col. said he was pleased with the exhibition, and did not think even Regulars would have done better on such marching ground, (ice). You need not tell anybody, but I think they would, though I do not believe any body of troops with no more practice than we have had, can excel us in drill and manoeuvre. But it was a grand time for us. The weather was very beautiful, the sun shining brightly, and with the music and the full dress uniform of the Col. and his staff gave an inspiration to the occasion which thrilled every heart and made us very desirous to do it again.

Last week we had a new invoice of Rebel stock, in the shape of 15 or 16 prisoners who were left behind in the hospital, when the rest were brought here. This week we expect to get clear of our prisoners of war, and that will leave only about one hundred political prisoners. I have understood that the prisoners who came last week complain of the insufficiency of rations given them where they were, but they had heard that the

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prisoners fared well at this place. And when I tell you that they do not begin to eat their rations here, and had saved a barrel of bacon which they intended to send to Boston and sell, you will readily believe that at this post they cannot complain of the treatment they receive. Unfortunately, those in authority here did not understand it to be Uncle Samuel's intention for them to make money in that way, and that barrel of bacon went back to the Commissary department. The Rebels have picked up no little amount of money by making rings out of gutta percha buttons and selling to the soldiers. And some of them would grace any lady's finger, and would be a credit to a jeweler's assortment.

One of our Lieutenants is visiting your town on a furlough, and if you do not use him well we shall not let him come again, as we are very fond of our officers. But the mail closes, and must stop, and will try and give you more another time.

Co. E.

Letter from Fort Warren, MA³⁹³ February 12, 1862

DEAR EDITOR:

There is a marked difference here since the prisoners of war left. They used to swarm like bees around their doors, in cold mornings, and as the day grew warmer, they would spread out till they covered the whole ground allotted to them; now nothing but the steady tramp of the sentinels disturbs the quiet of those parts. They were a lazy, ignorant set of men, as evidenced by the filthiness of themselves, and especially their quarters. Had it been warm weather, disease would surely have bred there. It was a very disagreeable, dirty and tedious job cleaning out the rooms, and most everything from old clothing to old bones, were brought to light. Their regard for Uncle Sam was shown by the quantities of bread they had drawn over what they could eat, and had lain away to moulder and spoil. Large sheets of loaves were found, nearly a wagon full, which, according to accounts, would have gladdened the hearts, and strengthened the stomachs of our own men, lying half fed in Southern prisons. This morning the General Order of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, concerning the battle of Mill Springs, was read to the battalion, and I tell you it thrilled every heart, and made us long for a chance to win such approval.

There is to be another company raised for this Garrison, and before your readers see this, the notice will be in the Boston papers. Capt. Bumpus is to recruit it, and will have an office in Boston. I have in former letters, said enough to the officers of this battalion. I am anxious to have more of my Plymouth friends here, as well for their best good as my pleasure. None must give their age as under 18 or over 35 years if they want to come down here to tea. They will be examined here by the Surgeon. None need apply who are not sound. Recruits will be transported from Boston here, free. Those wishing to join, will have to apply soon I think, as a few days will settle the matter. Corp. Pratt of our Co. is to recruit in our County. He hails from Halifax, and doubtless will give you a call in Plymouth. But do not wait too long, or you will lose your chance, and another such is not likely to occur.

The officers, I understand are to be taken from the battalion. If so, you may be assured the company will have the cause to complain, and will never be ashamed of them. Now to you men, who have nothing to do, (and the scene unchanged, as far as the vision extends,) don't wait and fret about your abilities to hold worth and proficiency to place you in the situation you seek. Many a man who enlisted as privates, six months ago, is commissioned now. Don't lose your chance in this company, for if you do, you will regret it when too late, as many have done who had chance and would not accept it, in

Co. E.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from Fort Warren, MA³⁹⁴ February 19, 1862

DEAR MEMO:

Upon the reception of the news from Fort Donelson, the garrison were formed of their own will in battalion line, three rousing cheers and a "tiger" were given by each company from right to left successively, and by the whole battalion together, and hats, caps and clothing mounted upwards in the wild enthusiasm of the men. Drill was not to be thought of, and I doubt not, had the Major attempted it, the first order would have been three rousing cheers for our gallant army. As soon as the carriages of the Barbette guns could be cleared from the snow, they were loaded and spoke their glad response to the general rejoicing, and the band added to the enthusiasm by playing the national airs. In the evening every window, of the casemates occupied, save those of poor Secesh, were brilliantly illuminated and joy ran wild. The men marched around in squads, singing "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree," "We'll tar old Beauregard and ride him on a rail," and every song they could think of containing patriotism or melody. After they had sang themselves hoarse, they indulged in grotesque masquerades and every way their exuberant hearts could devise to make fun and frolic. I forgot to mention a transparency that was improvised for the occasion with the motto, "Bull Run Outdone," which they were careful to parade back and forth in front of the prisoners quarters. At eight o'clock they all retired to their quarters and the discipline and quiet of the garrison was as though nothing had happened. In the midst of my wildest joy the thought would come of "the gallant and the gay, who now in death are sleeping, from their loved homes far away," for the hundreds who are writhing in pain consequent upon wounds, of widows, orphans, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, whose hearts are big with grief, the number reaching thousands. O, it is a sad thing, War; but dishonor is sadder, and sooner war with all its horrors and bereavements, than the sacrifice of principle and the surrender of dearly bought rights.

One of our prisoners it is said, will lose upwards of \$2,000,000 when Savannah is taken. You can judge somewhat with what anxiety his mind is filled.

Late in the evening a serenade by the band to our Commander, Major Parker, was finely done, and the festivities closed with an oyster supper, partaken of by the Officers of the Battalion and all those present of the Post.

Co. E.

Letter from J.C.F. [Fuller]³⁹⁵ March 24, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

As you are not only legally bound but willing to share the responsibilities of the folly or evil effects of your correspondents, I venture to pen you a few lines from this fashionable military watering place. Have you thought how rapidly this Hotel has become popular, and how wide spread is its notoriety? It not only is a place where visitors are cared for in food, clothing and physical comforts, but all who visit it as boarders, are cared for mentally, morally and politically, so that they invariably leave much improved in these respects. The situation is peculiarly fine for sailing and fishing excursions, though the patrons for a good reason never avail themselves of them, save in coming and going, and then, they rarely, if ever, stop to fish. No one will fail to admit the conveniences for riding, when they know that we have a large number now, and intend to soon have three hundred and three gun carriages suitable for accommodating from 4 to 10 or more persons each. There are fine walks on level and elevated situations which command a fine view of the harbor, bay, city of Boston, and villages and beautiful islands in abundance, not to speak of the large and soon to be beautiful green carpeted fields which surround the main dwelling.

Even now the last two places are freely visited by all those whose conditions allow them such healthy and vigorous exercise. Perhaps another reason why the pedestrian enjoyment is more participated in than riding

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment

and fishing, is that most of the visitors are in such haste to get here they do not tarry to provide themselves with means to meet the expense of the last two named pleasures. Yesterday the whole household was thrilled by the report that the notorious and arch rebel Yancey — who has been expected for some little time was coming, but it turned out to be the officers and crew of the Pirate *Beauregard*, friends of Yancey not as notorious but as meritorious most of a halter as himself. There were 27 in all, but our gallant and patriotic host, Col. Dimick at once had them shown to their rooms, and lest they should complain of a lack of courtesy, an armed guard marched from the boat with them, and a sheath knife was taken away from one of them, lest he should hurt himself with it, so careful is the Colonel of the comforts of his visitors. These like the others showed that they must have been in great haste to get here for some of them had nothing but shirt, hat and pants for clothing, and looked as though they had not even stopped to perform the simplest toilet operations. None have arrived here that seemed to need so much the mental and moral culture, and sanitary influences of this place as these, not excepting the large company from Hatteras. We now have upwards of a hundred and ten guests, but yet there are plenty of good rooms that can be secured, besides those which are reserved for the one we thought had arrived yesterday, and some dozen or more despised — pardon me — distinguished scoundrels and thieves — associates of his.

The assistant host Major Parker, is away now on quite a long leave of absence, and is missed very much. He is a fine man, and rarely will you meet one to grace so well the position he occupies when at his post in this establishment. The other assistants and help of the establishment number more than 600, and are as well selected as at any place in the country. Should you feel like speaking a word in favor of the proprietors or house, it would be but an act of justice.

Yours simultaneously, Josiah

[We are only too happy to “blow” for this famous watering place, for we know not how soon the *Memorial* may introduce us to its hospitalities. — Ed]

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren³⁹⁶ March 31, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

It is barely possible I shall write anything of interest this week, but as I am a novice in the business, I will write for my own benefit in the way of practice.

REVIEW AND INSPECTION

This being the regular day for general inspection it stormed as usual, notwithstanding the affair came off, and a very creditable appearance the Battalion made. Our Major had been absent a fortnight but returned Saturday last, and commanded today. We had anticipated having the Post Band with us and listening to its music, but for some reason they were not out, and the colonel did not honor us with his presence. Company E, as usual had the largest company and made the best appearance, as they always do. It is an inspiring sight on a pleasant sunshiny day to witness an inspection preceded as it generally is by a review. The officers and men are dressed in full uniform and in their best, and the firm, steady, cadenced tread of the men, the bright bayonets and barrels of the muskets reflecting the sun's rays, together with the quickening, martial music of the Band, is apt to fill the soul of the most ultra peace man with some appreciation if not love of the glory and pomp of military life.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

THE OFFICERS OF THE POST AND BATTALION, BAND, &c.

Of Col. Dimick it is almost useless to write, so well is he known and appreciated generally, save to say that many here think he is not the Col. Dimick of Fortress Monroe. Lieut. Casy of the 5th Reg. Inf. U. S. A., who has charge of the prisoners here is a favorite of all. The Surgeons are kind and efficient in their situation. The Major is idolized by the whole command, and is every way a worthy and efficient officer, a gentleman and a man. The Adjutant and Quarter Master are competent officers in their positions especially the latter who can't be beat. The company officers of the Battalion are capable and worthy, and the men if not the best among the volunteers, are far, very far above the average. The Band as far as concerns the garrison might as well be in Fort Sumter from whence they came. Though fine musicians, we should not know it, only as we hear them practicing in their rooms – they never appearing on occasions of guard mounting or retreat parade. They are very willing, and the trouble is elsewhere.

THE STEAMBOAT

One of the principal – if not the chief – events of each day is the arrival of the Boat. It always brings us the staff of life. Letters, papers, bundles and boxes of luxuries, &c., &c., and not infrequently our friends, or objects of as much interest and curiosity the persons of some eminent rebels and traitors, or despicable pirates. It is rumored that she is to make two trips a day. Good, let her come as often as she will, she will be joyfully welcomed.

THE ALARM AND LONG ROLL, ALL BUT THE LONG ROLL

Last Saturday night, 8:45 P. M., the Major thought he would see how quick the Battalion could assemble on the parade, armed, equipped and uniformed. The Captains started from the Major's room to notify the men and though they were engaged in various amusements, and some of them in their bunks, Co. E., who was the farthest off, and the last on the line, turned out 84 men in their overcoats and thoroughly equipped in six minutes. Tolerable quick for the first time. Some of the companies who were nearer and had a great many less men, were on the line in three minutes.

HEALTH OF THE BATTALION, COMPANY F., AND THE PRISONERS

The health of the men is very good, some few being in the Hospital, and sick in quarters with colds and humors, but hardly a case of anything more serious. Co. F, should be and I think it may be, the best drilled company here, but they will find hard work in excelling Co. E., and it will be only in drill and by Co. F, that the E company can be beat. The reason F Co. should excel is that the Co. is made up of mostly young men for 18 to 24, and none over 35 years of age, while other companies enlisted those who were 45 and many crowded in who were much older, and it is hard work to learn an old dog new tricks. The prisoners improve rapidly in physical and outward appearance, after arriving here. Even the pirates appear like decent sailors, and the batch of rebel officers from Fort Donelson who were dirty and ragged, if not lousy when they came here, make a very respectable appearance, and are a very good looking set of men, and generally affable and courteous. They will talk very freely with those who are allowed to speak with them, and many of them are yet hopeful of their army's success. Certainly their heads must be very prominent in a certain spot.

Yours &c., Ichabod

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Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA³⁹⁷ April 7, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

The past week has turned up but little to chronicle, and I hardly know what will fill even this side of the sheet upon which I write, for though the days nor weeks are long in passing here, as one might suppose, and as I thought they would be before I came, yet the sameness of our daily duties and retirement of the place prevents a supply of incidents and material to make a letter, which are in great abundance in an encampment upon the main land. Although some days the waters are thickly covered with every sort of "craft," from the majestic, full rigged ship with every sail set, to the insignificant, puffing, snorting, dirty looking tub, of a tug-boat, yet unless it happens to be our guard day, and we are lucky enough to be on the outside, we know nothing of it save as we see the tops of the masts – of the largest ships – as they loom above the walls of the Fort, in their passage by. Now, guard day, to say the least, is not sought for by the most of us, yet in the warm days and nights of summer we shall consider ourselves lucky to be detailed for that duty.

SWORD PRESENTATION

Last Friday night after "Dress Parade," Capt. Bumpus of E Company was invited to go up to their quarters to see the Orderly put the company through a fancy movement. He found them drawn up in front of their quarters, and as he arrived at the right of the line, Orderly Sergt. Steele, in behalf of the non-commissioned officers and privates, stepped forward, and with a pretty and telling speech – which he knows so well how to make – presented him with a splendid and costly "regulation sword." Capt. B. was taken all aback, not knowing a breath about it, but soon rallied, and responded in a grateful and patriotic speech. Capt. B. is a worthy and efficient commander, and this mark of appreciation and respect must have been very gratifying and pleasing. 'Tis not the first time he has been served the same "sauce," yet he bears it manfully, and I venture to assert will merit a continuance of such pleasant surprises.

PIOUS PIEUS, PROHIBITIONS

Our men have lately varied their bill of fare from the regular rations of our good old Uncle, by purchasing of some one in the various companies – who had the public spirit to invest his means – such dainties to us soldiers as pies, butter, milk, &c., but now as we have a sutler appointed for the garrison, the Col. has forbidden the practice, and the men must buy of the sutler at an enormous profit, or go without. It may answer for a while, yet it will not be long before Yankee ingenuity will devise a way to gratify the wants of the men without violating the law. If we should grant the necessity of a sutler, it might be fair and honest to enforce such restrictions, as a tax is levied upon him of 10 cents per month, per man in the garrison. But we don't see the need of the humbug and extortioner here, and I believe it would be infinitely better for our army if they should be done away with entirely.

SUNDAY MORNING

There is no time that calls so vividly to my mind home and its associations as Sabbath morning; partly because we are obliged to clean up, not only our own persons, but our bunks, quarters, arms and equipments, if not done the afternoon before – ready for inspections; partly because we have no duty -- but inspection in the morning and dress parade at night – and principally because each Sunday morning as it comes furnishes us with the good old New England dish of "baked beans," and in addition, now, thanks to Corp. Allen of Co. E., and another professional baker, we are weekly served with "brown bread" just as he used to give us at home, nice, rich, hearty and wholesome. Why, friend Perkins, the crossiest man in the Fort becomes amiable and clever after eating a good round slice of that flanked with a generous supply of pork and beans. Just

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remember, friends, as you sit down to your breakfast at home on that day, that we are thinking and speaking of you, and if at no other time, give a thought to us absent ones.

PERSONAL

Col. Coggsell of the Tammany regiment of New York, was here yesterday on his parole, to effect an exchange with a rebel Col. He wished to join his regiment, and give the traitors a chance to take him again – if they can. He was taken prisoner you will remember, at the battle of Ball's Bluff – is a good looking man, and one who would not turn his back on a foe, judging from appearances.

Lieut. Fuller among his acquaintances here is quite notorious in dental surgery, I mean “tooth pulling.” Though I have not enjoyed the luxury personally, I have seen others in the enjoyment of it, and they all rejoice with joy unspeakable, on account of their mouth being filled with blood I suppose. Lest I get myself and you in a scrape with my rambling pen, I will stop here.

P.S. Col. Drake of a Mississippi Reg. is to leave today, in exchange for Col. Coggsell. As the boat leaves Boston twice a day now, at 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., it is necessary for letters to leave Plymouth in the P. M. mail, for us to get them the next morning in season to get home – in case of necessity — that day.

Truly yours, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA³⁹⁸ April 13, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

Many, perhaps, when they read that our troops in the advance upon Yorktown, in their haste to join in the fight they thought was going on, threw away overcoats and many of the things which encumbered them, to make “better time” and ensure a position in the van; and a share in the victory, thought, what folly; but if they had been like the army of the Potomac held in check almost in sight of the enemy, more than eight long months they doubtless would have been just as eager. Cooped up as we have been for only four months we appreciate their feelings, and chafe, and fret, that we cannot enjoy a participation in the danger and glory. We are thrilled through our entire being as we read the glowing accounts and knowing that we are doing a necessary work in garrisoning this Post, knowing also that by many we are sneeringly spoken of, yet I assure you should the order come this hour to take the field in active service, there would be a general jubilee, and extravagant joy. So vexed are some of the men that they are to stay here, they grumble and complain like ill-treated men. Particularly is this true of Company D, who expected to stop here not over ten days, and to go South when enlisted. Should they ever get into battle you will hear a good account of the Gloucester Fishermen.

ANOTHER INVOICE OF DAMAGED GOODS

Last Wednesday night, the “Tug” brought down about a score of Rebel officers and they were no improvement in quality – judging from appearances – on the last supply received, but like any damaged goods, they make much better appearance when cleaned up and best side put out. But contrary to the usual result, I think these goods improve in quality and usefulness the longer they are kept, and no doubt ultimately they will bring an advance on cost. They are past enough to learn Yankee ways; the other day I saw one of them ask an officer for a “chaw” of tobacco.

SPRING FLOWERS

It made me think of pleasant days – “departed never to return” and many pleasant places I should quickly visit were I in old Plymouth, as passing by the window of Gen. Tilghman, I saw a dish, filled with the sweetest and freshest of Spring's gifts, the May Flower. It is to me a favorable evidence of the General's character that

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he appreciates such gifts, for he seems to care for and keep them even after they are dry and withered. I noticed the bright yellow bloom of the dandelion, in a sheltered place outside the Fort, the other day, and suppose by and by we may see a butter-cup and later the daisy and honeysuckle, or clover bloom – which will complete the list of which the bouquet will be made that is gathered on Fort Warren Island the coming summer.

DEPLOY AS SKIRMISHERS

For a few days back companies A and E, have been practicing the “Skirmish Drill,” and as the weather grows warmer we shall all be into it no doubt, for it is a very pretty, pleasing and fanciful, much more like fun and amusement, than heavy infantry drill and maneuvers, and yet one of the most useful and successful methods of modern warfare. And when men are thoroughly learned they drill by the sound of the bugle, not a command being spoken, and to witness it would be an exciting and very pleasing entertainment. – The clear ringing tones of the Bugle, the rapid changes of the men, the combination of maneuvers, so complex and yet so clear, is thrilling and stirring in the extreme. A company of an hundred men are standing in two ranks shoulder to shoulder, and in a few minutes they are separated in groups of four men twenty paces apart, then in an instant at the sound of the bugle, are in a continuous line five paces apart, and anon are formed in four of more solid circles, surrounded and protected from a charge of cavalry by their bristling bayonets; the next minute deployed in a single line with five paces between, and then transformed to groups of fours, back to back, or, closed in sections or platoons. Then in a few minutes in a continuous line with intervals of ten feet or more; and in an instant, having turned your head to speak to some one by your side, you look, and think they have vanished but the sharp report and sudden flash of their rifles cause you to see them flat upon the ground, in which position they load and fire their pieces, and then as suddenly springing to their feet, they advance or retreat, loading and firing as they move, or rallying in the positions before described. It would, to witness it, make you wish, friend Perkins, you were a veteran instead of a novice in military.

Truly yours, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA³⁹⁹ April 20, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

Are you aware what a modest man you have in your firm? I did but write a sentence which is patent to every one – concerning him, the first two letters of whose name is Lieut. Perkins, and it was left out, in publishing my last letter. It was not, surely contraband, or libelous. O modesty; thou art a jewel; but in war time it is at a discount.

Spring comes on apace, and already the lands and main land around, are putting on their mantles of green. It is intended to finish this Fort this season, and already the workmen are gathering, and hopes and cares are increasing, and material of various kinds. It is said, so perfect was the designing and laying out of this fortification, that were it to be done anew today, no alteration would be made. It seems to me it reflects great credit on the skill of the engineer, for 30 or more years with all their progressive knowledge have passed away since its commencement. At another time I may endeavor to give you some idea of its history and means of defence.

PERSONAL

Among the prisoners who arrived last week was Gen. McKall. He is a man of less than medium size, with no outward evidence of military or other ability, his countenance not prepossessing, nor pleasingly expressive.

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In fact he does not average in appearance with the rest of the rebel officers, to whom we are very attentive. The two other Generals are celebrities in comparison with him. But you remember the old saying about a cat that had been unfortunately exposed to fire. It may apply in this case. But judging by looks, I would rather have half a dozen of Gen. McKalls loose than one Buckner or Tilghman. I guess some of our goods have been injured by being packed away too closely, as Messrs. B. and T. are daily allowed an hour's airing each at different hours -- daily on the ramparts within prescribed limits. Don't think they were mouldy, but many think they have wasted and faded a little. The Col. is careful of what is entrusted to his care, and you must not believe any thing derogatory of him as an officer or gentleman.

HEALTH OF THE GARRISON AND PRISONERS

The garrison enjoy excellent health, and scarce a man is detained in Hospital more than a week; but the prisoners suffer considerably from Typhoidal affections, and other camp complaints, perhaps owing in a great measure to the sudden change from a "salt bay diet" to "cut feed." We should not know they were sick did not their surgeon, Dr. McGill, (who is a political prisoner) speak of it, and occasionally after "Retreat," call for the Corp. of the Guard to get him something from the dispensary. He doctors them almost wholly, and I overheard him telling an officer that he had tended over 30 cases of typhoid, besides jaundice and cases of pneumonia a half a score. His success is good as evidenced by there not having been a case of mortality among them since the Hatteras prisoners left. These prisoners are sick in their quarters, and do but seldom visit.

THE HOSPITAL

Imagine to yourselves a room about 50 feet by 35, with slate floor, walls and ceiling brick, both neatly whitewashed. The ceiling is arched and the highest part is about 18 feet high. On either side, ranged in rows, are low iron bedsteads, with neatly made up beds, very accurately represented in the pictures of similar places I have seen in the Pictorials. Extending the whole length of the room, in the middle is a piece of grass matting, which serves to deaden the noise of walking, and clean the shoes. In the centre is a large extension table, around which the convalescent sit, and eat their food, which consists largely of soup with ten waters to one meat, though, custards, eggs and other dainties to tempt the appetite are freely furnished when needed, and I think when craved. I was not fortunate enough to have the disease that needed those remedies, though while I was in there I saw one enjoying as fine a custard as could be had at home, and within his reach were oranges, and occasionally a small dose of wine to cheer and make glad the heart. It was amusing to me to sit up just before I got out, and see the men after eating their meals, fill and light their pipes and have a good social chat and smoke. It would be a knock down argument against Homeopathy the way they conduct in the Fort Warren Hospital; but the room is so high and large it does not taint the atmosphere to such a degree as to be very disagreeable. So you see that sick or well, we are kindly cared for here, and that is an advantage we have over those who are in the field. Attached to the Hospital is a small library, containing rather a large proportion of dry reading for a sick soldier. If any of our Plymouth friends have some good light reading, it would be well received and cared for if sent to the Hospital library here. The tales of "Cooper" or W. G. Symes would be just the things. Pass them along and oblige all hands, and particularly

Truly yours, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA⁴⁰⁰ April 28, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

All is quiet at this post, and we are patiently waiting for something to turn up. Nothing has turned up the past week worth noticing, save the earth in different spots on the parade ground, which some of us could not

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help noticing very closely as, tripping a foot against it, we buried our “rooter” among the sand and stones. This turn-up was consequent of grading and leveling the said Parade, and it is no “Training Green” affair, I assure you, but is thoroughly done, and when finished will be as level as a house floor. A nice and commodious walk is commenced, which is to extend around the whole interior, and is being built in a durable and workmanlike manner. The earth is excavated to a considerable depth and the trench filled with coarse gravel and small cobble stones, taken from the shore, upon which are laid in cement, large square slabs of heavy slate, and the curb is of hammered stone.

The reform of the week was in the hospital, where a notice is posted by order of the surgeon, that no smoking is allowed by the patients or others. Expect some of the men will hesitate longer now before rallying at the “Surgeon’s Call.” Funny Surgeon, ain’t he? Not to let a fellow smoke in the hospital; by and by a sick soldier won’t have any privileges.

HO FOR DIXIE – RESIGNATION – BATTALION DISCOMFORT

Last Wednesday we heard we were to start South this week, and the story coming pretty straight, considerable confidence was placed in it, and anticipation ran high; but, alas instead of going to Yorktown or Corinth, we are going to pot, perhaps, for the origin of the rumor was that our Major has resigned, and is to leave us the first of May. Nothing could make us feel more uncomfortable than this intelligence, for there is not an officer or private in the command but deems him par excellence, and believes that, take him all in all, we shall not see his like again. But he acts according to his convictions, and can retire with honor, for, although not experienced in military when he came here, in a short time he has mastered, in theory and in practice, the School of the Battalion, and performed in an unexceptionable manner, all the duties that could have devolved upon a Colonel. God bless him, wherever he goes. He will ever be pleasantly remembered by the 1st Batt. Inf. M. V.

DETACHMENTS TO YOUR POSTS – MARCH!

Every day, all that is left of a company after detailing the Guard and Police, are practiced in heavy artillery on guns mounted in barbette carriages in fair weather, and on casemate carriages in stormy weather. The former are on the ramparts, and the latter within the walls. This gives us about 60 men a day who are getting ready for “Johnny of the ugly mug,” who lives across the water, and is all the time a stepping his hoof in where he hadn’t oughter; and a man must be non-compos who cannot learn to load and run a gun in and from battery in one day’s drill.

DO YOU SEE

Gen’ls. Buckner and Tilghman, as they take their daily promenade on the parapet of the west curtain, or side of the Fort, between the hours of 9 and 12 in the forenoon. If you don’t you can if you happen to pass the Fort by the main channel, going into Boston Harbor. Should any of your readers pass between the hours named, and see a single person pacing backwards and forwards, with an easy pleasant carriage of person, and wearing a light-colored sort of Kossuth hat, they have seen Gen. Tilghman. If, on the contrary, it should be a man with a kind of Scotch cap upon his head, and in cool winds, a plaid scarf around his neck, large enough for a lady’s shawl, with the energetic regular step of a cadet, and looking like a Highlander of good proportions, with a dignified, erect, military bearing, that man is Gen. Buckner. Invariably they are alone, as there are but two or three allowed to speak to or be with them under any circumstances.

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REVIEW – VISIT OF GOV. ANDREW AND STAFF

This morning, which we have been for a few days anticipating was the time set for the Governor of Massachusetts to review the Battalion, and we were not doomed to disappointment. On the arrival of the boat, being on guard, I was amused, and called quickly into the ranks by the call of the Sentinel at the wharf. “Turn out the Guard! Governor of Massachusetts!” which was repeated by each intervening Sentinel to the Guard House. We instantly took our places, and at the command, resumed our muskets which had been stacked in front of the Guard House, and as the Gov. and his staff, who met them on the wharf, passed by, we presented arms, and our drum beat a march. The Battalion was drawn up in line of battle on the parade, and as the Governor took his position, the Battalion presented arms, and music played according to “book.” Afterwards marched twice in review, and at the conclusion of the Battalion honors, the guns of the Fort sounded a Governor's salute of fifteen guns; and they spoke just as though they were glad he had come. The Major maneuvered the Battalion for about half an hour, under the inspection of the Gov. and his Staff, and if satisfactorily to them, it was not to the officers and men. It is provoking when one wants to appear well, and make a good inspection, to have a blunder introduce itself, for though “one swallow does not make a summer, or one bull make a man an Englishman, one blunder is pretty sure to make a fuss and mar an otherwise pleasant occasion; for generally, like Job's comforters they bring a half a dozen – more or less -- of the same kind with them. So it was with the Battalion Drill today, and I only hope that the conversation of the Col. and others was interesting enough to prevent their giving such close attention to the drill, as to notice the “bulls.”

Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA⁴⁰¹ May 4, 1862

Publishers of the *Rock*:

Last Wednesday was general muster and inspection. The weather was bright and clear, the air soft and mild, and it seemed more like a June morning than mid-spring weather. This time the Band was out with us and played some of their sweetest music, and after the affair was over they remained upon the Parade and continued playing for some time. Never did the Battalion make a better appearance, and all passed off pleasantly and harmoniously, with nothing to mar its perfection. While the Band and Co. C remained upon the ground, the others having been inspected and retired, an ambrotype artist made a very good picture of them, and doubtless pictures will be all the rage for a while.

In the evening the Band serenaded Maj. Parker, and we all gathered around and enjoyed the music without sharing the honor. It was a very nice performance, and such an one as the Band is best fitted for. They are all amateurs in music, but the arrangement of pieces is not what is wanted for martial music. But while we listened, charmed and thrilled, to the music, thoughts of the occasion of the serenade, came into our mind, and regret and sadness had well nigh destroyed all the pleasure of the occasion. I venture the assertion, there is not an officer in the whole army that is better beloved and respected by his command than Maj. Parker, and bad luck, I say, to the thought of his, that made him resign. The night before he left, while at Dress Parade, he gave us his farewell; its earnest sincerity and kind expression was just what we might expect of the man, and ere he was through the tears were freely coursing down many a cheek. That evening the officers of the Battalion gave him a complimentary supper, and of course it was a good time. The next morning, Friday, came the “trial,” and but few failed to evidence the “weakness” consequent upon attachment, friendship, and separation. All the officers went to the boat with him, and the heads of the men were thick above the parapets to get a parting survey. The Band were at the wharf and played “Viva La Company,” “Lang Syne,” and as the boat left the landing, “Home, Sweet Home.” One would suppose that pleasant memories awakened by that tune, would have chased away sadness, but as a kind word of sympathy will sometimes cause tears to freely flow in times of

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bereavement, so the sweet plaintive melody, unlocked fountains of tears that had long been closed, and shook many a strong frame with emotion which otherwise would have stood outwardly unmoved. And this feeling was not wholly on our side. The Major stood it bravely till the boat had got a little distance from the wharf, and then as he waved his last "salute," his handkerchief was called into requisition in spite of all his efforts. Few men would so attach themselves to perfect strangers in so short a time. Straight forward in all his dealings, kind and impartial, exacting only what was right, he will long be remembered with gratitude by the men of the Battalion.

Tuesday morning Col. Davidson, a rebel officer, died, which is the first case of mortality here, for more than two months.

The health of the battalion is extremely good, and very few beds in the hospital are occupied. If any one has sent those books, the bundle has been miscarried, and if I can be certified of the fact, will try and look them up.

Doubtless there will be considerable "log rolling" and "wire pulling" ere a new Major shall be commissioned, and in this connection, during the war has been often realized the adage "Many a slip &c.," and 'tis not well for any one to say they are sure of a commission till it is in their pocket, and signed by some one else, too, than "General Butler." They may else be as disappointed as an old gentleman who used to keep store not a thousand miles from the bake house. The boys used to jump on his cellar door and continue it till he would leave his store and give chase to them, and getting so close as to feel sure, (though he had not his hand upon them) he would say "now I got you, boy," and just as he put forth his hand to secure the victim, he, the supposed victim, would dart off at a right angle, with a "no you don't," and for that night was safe. You can ask the man who upon a certain morning was "supposed gone a eeling" if the quotations are not right. I only hope in regard to this command that a Major may be soon appointed, as a body without a head is a poor institution; and I am inclined to the opinion that a poor Major would be better than none at all, and certainly it would stay contention and cliques, and bad feeling which always result from them. If an officer is not what he ought to be, it will not be long before he will find his level. Notice the many who have been dismissed, are under arrest, or resigned to escape either. So if Gov. Andrew will give us a Major immediately and promote one of the Captains, (and if he will ask me I will tell him which) he will much oblige.

Your friend, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA⁴⁰² May 11, 1862

Friend Perkins:

I remember reading a most excellent work of Chas. Reade's I think called "Never too late to mind," in which the truth of the title was fully demonstrated; and never having apologized for these letters, we wish to do it now, or rather you do it for us as you got us into the scrape. You need not do it as friend Bates used to apologize, making the matter twice as bad, but fix it so people will understand that though the matter and manner are very poor the intention is all right.

Last Wednesday the "Prisoner" Commissioners arrived to investigate the charges against some here. The result was that seven altogether, were discharged. Maj. Gen. Dix of the committee, was received with the honors due his rank. During the firing of the "salute" a perfect "echo" effect was heard by those who were "outside." Each report was followed by a rushing, whizzing noise like that a "shell" makes in its passage through the air, lasting more than half a minute, when it would merge into a sound like the surging of the waves as they break in the "cove" after a heavy storm, and ending in a succession of reports like the mutterings and crashing of distant thunder. At times – according to the pointing of the gun – the sound would instantly

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be echoed back from some near island, and in succession as it reached different islands or points on the main land, as many as 5 or 6 distinct reports would be heard, and all the time the "shell music" continuing. It was grand, and the heavy clouds hanging around added to the effect, giving almost the inspiration of a thunder storm, without the terror of the lightning's flash, or the inconvenience of drenching rain. Had I been rich, and could money have bought the continuance of the firing, it would have lasted till I was satiated or the change in the atmosphere had prevented the effect. It was sublime, and I think memory of it will last as long as life. One company which were out drilling seemed to have ceased drilling, to listen, judging from their actions.

PERSONAL, &C.

Among those discharged by the committee last week was Capt. Berry of New York, a real jolly, "happy go lucky" fellow. I shall miss his huge "corporation" and cheerful countenance. His offence was displaying a rebel flag in New York, but he always insisted that he was as good a Union man as there was in the fort, and that the flag was a private signal; and the fact that he used to command a steamer running to Charleston, and his being released, gives probability to his assertions. No doubt many innocent persons will have to suffer, during this war and a reasonable man can see that it is unavoidable, and he who cannot "see it," and is not willing to suffer for the general good, but goes "rampaging" round because he chances to be a victim, will not be hurt by a few weeks or months free board at "Seward's Hotel" or any similar place. Capt. Berry wasn't that style, but always cheerful and at time humorous; no doubt he will remember with pleasure (hardly with pride) his compulsory visit to this Island.

J.R. Davis, Jr. is getting corpulent in the face, being quite as fleshy as the "senior." It seems there was not "mumps" enough to round when it was in his family, and he has had the "whole kind" here, but is getting along nicely.

Marshal Kane is not most esteemed here. You can judge of his amiability by the following language, which closed a conversation he had with Mr. Webster of the "Commission." Says Kane – "By God sir, this war can't always last, and I'll have my revenge if I have to wade up to my arm pits in blood." Mr. Editor, wouldn't it spoil his clothes if he should do that? If his courage is equal to his will, I should think he might be a dangerous foe. We may judge him harshly, but the most of us think, he hadn't "rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord," &c.

A canard, made out of whole cloth, was that story floating around lately, and originating in the "*Express*," about Gen. Buckner being knocked over by the discharge of a gun – at the time of the visit of Gov. Andrew. As I wrote you, only one is allowed out at a time, the story said, as B. and Tilghman were walking &c., and had he "rolled down the embankment" there would have been use for a "litter" and surgeon, as he would not have brought up short of 20 feet, and on ground soft as dry clay and stones. Had he been out last Wednesday, at noon, he would have been blown on to the rampart by a sudden "squall" which struck the fort, whirling the sand and stones with fury, and slamming the doors, like a passionate child. Many rushed upon the ramparts to see how the vessels were faring. Not a great number were in sight, and no accidents were noticed, save on small boat adrift, and another ashore on this Island.

ONCE A MAN; TWICE A CHILD

Wouldn't the little fellows about town, have laughed and whispered mysteriously to each other, had they come suddenly upon 6 Colonels in one squad and 4 in another, playing marbles, as I did the other day. You may think it is small work for men, but as they conducted it there seemed almost as much chance for skill and "science" as in billiards. At any rate the amusement was innocent and far better business than kicking up a row in Uncle Sam' family. I wonder they do not engage in more athletic games, and put some muscle on their

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"shanks," of which most of them stand much in need. Don't believe they can stand still so slender is their understanding.

ENCAMPMENT

It is rumored we are to encamp outside the Fort, the summer months. Certain it is that tents have come, and as it is considered a sanitary measure, and some of the quarters now occupied are not finished, no doubt it will be done. It will be much pleasanter, and can but be healthy in comparison with the close air of our quarters in a hot summer night. The Sibley tents are the kind which have come, and if long Easterly storms don't prevail, I go in for camping out.

Last night as the "boat" hove in sight, expectation was on tiptoe, as she had "Old Glory" flying, and we noticed the flag was flying at Hull, that combination, being proof positive of good news. And the garrison were not the only ones interested. Secesh gathered around in large squads near the landing, they having learned the sign of the Flag. I overheard the officers guessing what the news would be, and approved of one, who said that Norfolk was taken and the *Merrimac* sunk. Some Yankee is we. The news seemed to effect the rebels different from what it did us. It did.

Yours, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Fort Warren, MA⁴⁰³ May 25, 1862

Dear *Rock*:

For the last fortnight we have had beautiful summer weather and the month is so far advanced it is an impossibility to have the usual long cold storm this month. Do you think it will affect the price of wool? Our "nature's" orchestra does not have such a variety of performers as would be heard in many places on the main land, but whoever takes a walk around the outside in early morning, is sure to be treated to a concert of glad thanksgiving which can but have an inspiring influence, though the birds are few in kinds. I did not think to trouble you again, but at a late day, noticing a paragraph in the correspondence of "Observer" which calls for an answer, and because of one or two things that have lately taken place, this letter is undertaken. To reply to "Observer's" query of "how many doses of wine occasionally" it takes to "cheer a man," he is referred to Psalms CIV, verse XV, for its enlivening influence, and the number must be determined by the condition of the patient. Observer observes that some of the "blue coats" are at home sometimes and seem to be "influenced by patriotism or some other ism," and by his words I infer that they are over stimulated by wine or other strong drink. You remember an Irishman when 3 witnesses swore to having seen him steal, brought forward a larger number who swore they did not see him steal, and he was discharged. So here, if observer can show one or more that come home "happy" from rum, I will show him ten who don't; and those who on furloughs, sometimes, get merry, are perfectly sober and properly behaved on duty. This battalion, Mr. or Mrs. (I'm inclined to think) Observer, are a well-behaved, respectable set of men, and can't be beat by any 600 in the whole 1000 times 600 of the army, and in proof of their good behavior and habits, there is not over 2 per cent of the number in the hospital at any time, and wont average that.

VISIT OF GOV. ANDREWS AND STAFF, AND PARSON BROWNLOW WITH HIS SUITE

Yesterday at 10 A. M. we received notice that at 11 o'clock the Post would be visited by Gov. Andrew and Parson Brownlow. On their arrival the party were saluted with the honors due the governor. The battalion was drawn up in line and received the Governor, and were reviewed by him and Gen. Schouler; and never did the companies appear, wheel, and march better. The governor and those with him expressed themselves agreeably

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surprised and pleased, and said they had not witnessed so acceptable a review. Query, was it owing to the acting Major?

The Parson showed his sufferings, but one would never suppose from his appearance there was so much daring and bitterness of spirit as his speech in "Music Hall" evidenced to have been and still is in him. Mrs. Sawyer, his daughter, who with a loaded revolver defied a rebel horde, is a very pleasant, pretty and amiable appearing lady, yet evidencing a determination of spirit that might be crushed out, but never cowed. I longed to take the old martyr and his heroic daughter by the hand, but none but the officers enjoyed that. More than a score composed the party, but the short time of their visit prevented a close view of all. The party were showed around by the Colonel, but the Parson was not able to accompany them, and rested himself in the Colonel's quarters. A very pleasant interruption it was to our regular routine. In the morning of the same day a Swedish vessel of war passed and saluted the Fort, which was returned, gun for gun.

SUNDAY SERVICES

For a few weeks our Sabbaths have passed without any meetings being held save a small gathering of Episcopal secesh; until last Sunday the secesh held in addition, Methodist services. Today in going from my quarters, I tarried and listened, and found that the speaker talked the same as the Methodist ministers do at home, little more liberal than some, and to use his own expression, he "pitched in" to a class that are numerous everywhere, who excuse themselves in their condition of sin by criticizing some particular church member who does not prove himself infallible. He was followed by another, and both could have been listened to with profit by the whole battalion. It seemed a little queer to see him squirt tobacco juice, but he done it so rapidly and slightly as not to interrupt his talk in the least. The reason we have not had meetings is that the room is now occupied by the laborers. Yesterday 2 tents were pitched near the Sally Port outside and probably we shall now resume the usual services.

MUSIC, SWORD PRESENTATION, &C.

The band are in the habit lately of playing on the parade two or three times a week. A great addition to them is the drumming of 1st Sergt. Steele of Co. E, who is an excellent musician and kindly volunteers his services. Why can't that drummer (I don't mean the town of Carver) lately returned from service, enlist down here? Last Wednesday evening Corp. J. H. Allen of your town, in behalf of Co. E, presented Lieut. Fuller with a very beautiful sword. I did not witness this as I did the presentation to Capt. Bumpus, but understand it came off with considerable fun and the usual speeches. Co. E evidence much regard for their officers, and I think their officers are devoted to them.

Last Friday afternoon 40 or more boarders (prisoners) arrived and booked their names and were duly cared for. They were taken on the Mississippi below New Orleans. Generally they made a better appearance than those who had preceded them, and seemed to have more baggage than the army officers had. One of the rebel army officers said the other day in the hearing of more than one guard, that he would "give \$2000 in gold to be got off from this Island by tomorrow morning." Bid up gentlemen, there is not a man here, I don't believe, who would help him off for ten times that. If your correspondent M should ever get in Fort Warren we will find a use for him (if in no other place), in the medical department. Tomorrow evening at dress parade the battalion is to appear in the "Regulation hat" and "scales" or brass epaulettes. We shall astonish even ourselves I think.

Yours, Ichabod

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment

P.S. Monday morning, 3 A. M. The garrison has just been aroused by the arrival of the boat bringing Colonel (formerly Major) Parker, with the news that Gen. Banks' command is all cut up, Washington threatened, and the battalion ordered to start for that city this 3 P. M. All seem anxious to be away, and would we were there now. "God moves in a mysterious way." May it be accepted as a part of his plan (this reverse) to bring the North to its senses and point out to them the course to be pursued in finishing this rebellion. Only yesterday I was talking with some of my comrades, and saying I hoped when we moved we should go by way of Washington. God keep the right and save our country.

JC Fuller Promoted⁴⁰⁴ May 31, 1862

PERSONAL

We are happy to see that our townsmen Lieut. J. C. Fuller, of the 32d, lately the First Battalion [sic], has been promoted to captain.

PROMOTION⁴⁰⁵.

Lieut. J. C. Fuller, of this town, has received a Captain's commission in the Mass. 32d Regiment, now in Washington. We have not heard what disposition has been made of Capt. Bumpus, though it is supposed he will be major of the same regiment. Lyman B. Whiton of Hingham, has been appointed 1st Lieut.

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Alexander, Washington, D.C.⁴⁰⁶ June 14, 1862

Friend Perkins:

At last the battalion has moved from Fort Warren, and here we are in the once desperately threatened and now critically situated city of Washington. Our camp is on the Eastern branch of the Potomac and Anacostia river, near the navy yard, and in a position of historical interest. Our hospital and part of the camp get their water from a spring from which Washington drank, and last year when the N. Y. 50th were encamped here, an old revolutionary veteran rode down, and assisted by two men alighted from his carriage and was assisted to the spring to drink once more, as he said, from the spring where Washington drank.

About a hundred rods up the river are the remains of the old bridge which the British burnt. About ten minutes' walk from the camp is the congressional burial ground, in which lie the bodies of those senators &c, who have died here while in their labors. The springs are of the purest and softest water, and the river affords very good facilities for bathing, while the in shore winds are cooled by blowing down the river. I had thought I knew what sudden changes in weather were at home, but since our arrival here, conclude we don't know anything about it in old Plymouth. This morning it was as hot and sultry as our worst "dog days" and at noon cold enough for a great coat. As a general thing (they tell us) though the day is hot, the night is sure to be cool and comfortable, and so far, thus we have found it.

In our journey here we were unfortunate in having stormy and dark weather till after we got to Baltimore. Before we took the cars for Baltimore, we loaded our rifles, and some expected trouble in that city, but all was quiet, and no evidence of anything but glad rejoicing met us in all the route. In every city we passed through we won admiration by our regular marching and soldierly bearing. In Baltimore and all the way to this city it seemed as though the colored population could not find expression for their gratification. Old people, male and female, carried away by their feelings, would swing their hats or clothing, and cheer us on, or lift their hands in benediction and shout "God bless you."

Yesterday the authorities seized six churches in the city for hospitals, and today 450 wounded arrived from that rash engagement in Virginia. Some of the regiment happened to be in the city when the cars arrived, and

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they represent the sight as awful. One couple, father and son, lie dead, died by side, having died in transit. One young man about 17 had his leg amputated, and they said to him, "you won't want to go again." "Let me get well and see if I don't," said he. "All I want is for them to keep the flies away from me."

Concerning our own destination we are entirely ignorant, but many think, as we are not full by 4 companies, we shall be retained in or about the city. The neighbors around are much pleased with the regiment, so orderly and quiet, contrasting strongly with the last encamped here, who regarded nothing but their own passions and appetites. All the Plymouth men in the regiment are well, and but 3 or 4 are in the hospital of the whole command, and but one seriously sick, he with the typhoid fever, and I fear fatally. Our accommodations are very good in that department.

Washington appears best on paper. Under the care of Yankees it would be a beautiful place, but as it is, a dirtier, rougher, more neglected and dilapidated city, one will not often see. The soil is rich and strong, evidenced by the healthy, beautiful and rapid growth of trees. It would make the "tree association" of Plymouth laugh for joy, or cry for sorrow, to look upon them; they are as beautiful as a flower garden, and "borers" and such like nuisances are unknown here, we should judge. If you pluck a flower or rose, its beauty is divided with the green, fresh, beautiful leaves which surround it, and it seems to me the roses are not only fairer and larger, but more fragrant than at home.

Thanks to a dear one, I have received the *Rock* regularly, but should be better pleased if you would let Gov. Andrew alone, and I think it would be for your own good as well, for I fear you may have yet to eat your own words, and that you will find to be an awful diet if you never have tried it. It is no use talking, it is the political fear of injuring the sympathies of the slave power, or the institution itself among so many of those in authority, both civil and military, which has made this awful rebellion so protracted, and today hinders that ready volunteering which characterized the onset; and I believe God will chastise our duties, and boldly declare the oppressed shall go free. You have read of that man in authority in olden times, who resisted the plain teachings of God's judgments, refusing to let His people go free, and endeavored to compromise, till the first born throughout the land were stricken in death. May this nation not resist till an equally fearful judgment comes upon it.*

The secesh are thick and plenty within a stone's throw of our camp, though fear keeps them quiet at present.

Fortifications are all around us, and daily we hear the booming of cannon as they try the range or power of different guns, shell and shot. Almost daily newly invented cannon are brought to the city, and it is confidently asserted that ere the end of the year guns will be made to throw shot through 12 inches of iron, and I believe it, judging from what I have seen.

Our surgeon is from the 7th Mass. regiment, and is acquainted with our friend Raymond, Lieut. Col. of that regiment. He says he is in good health, a good officer, and sustains himself well. Expected he would, didn't you? The regiment had been in several engagements before he left it, ending with the battle of Fair Oaks. In that they came within 10 minutes of being surrounded and totally cut to pieces or taken prisoners. The opportune arrival of two other divisions only saved them. Capt. Fuller of your town, seems to bear his promotion very well, and according to a letter in the *Essex Banner*, is getting along favorably with, and gaining the good will of his company.

In haste, yours, Ichabod

P.S. Monday morning, 16th. Ice cream would be at a discount here this morning. We shivered and shook all night, and this morning with great coats on, and in the lea, with the sun shining on us, we are barely warm. Talk about your "sunny South," ugh.

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment

I.

* If our correspondent doesn't change his mind after a six months residence in Dixie, we will give his advice all due consideration. At present we think he will agree with us, that he has had hardly time to see the other side of the question, except through northern spectacles, and therefore his advice is worth no more now than when at home, or that of any other ardent and intelligent partisan of Gov. Andrew. We have not the slightest doubt of the truth of our correspondent's conviction, that the adoption of his advice would be for our pecuniary good, if that is what he means, but among our "good resolution," is one in effect that we will not allow our conduct as an editor to be influenced by pecuniary or selfish motives when they conflict with the allegiance which every man owes to the Constitution and Laws of the nation; and the present condition of the country is the most powerful argument in support of the soundness of this resolution, and that a faithful observance of it is the only safeguard a Republican form of government has against anarchy and overthrow. For more than thirty years have the traitors of the North kept up their assaults upon the Constitution, stigmatizing it as "a covenant with Death, and an agreement with Hell," and so utterly impracticable and anti democratic were they that they would not acknowledge its authority so far even as to act under its provisions for amendment, and thus do away with its objectionable features, but have utterly repudiated, spurned and spit upon it, and trampled it under foot, in a manner that only tyrants and traitors are capable of. And the people of this section, though at first rebuking, and threatening them with the consequences of their crime, soon began to tolerate, then to look upon them with complacency, and to allow their traitor our counsels to be heard in every free state, until at last a President of the nation is elected, standing upon a platform that denies to congress, to a territorial legislature, and to the legal voters of a territory, the power to legalize an institution which the constitution certainly does not prohibit, and which all our ablest statesmen have conceded was sanctioned by that instrument. Indeed it was this very feature of the constitution (the legality of slavery) that rendered it so obnoxious to the originators of this northern treason, which has at last been so triumphantly endorsed at the ballot box.

It is acknowledged that the seeds of the present rebellion were sown in the South at about the same time that anti-slavery agitation commenced thus unlawfully at the North, but whether the one or the other is of prior origin has no bearing upon the main point under discussion, to wit: an honest, loyal, faithful, unselfish observance of the Constitution, as expounded by those having authority so to do.

It is no excuse for either section that the other is disloyal, and the terrible consequences that are now upon us, are such as men always bring upon themselves when they allow their passions, their sympathies, their natural propensity for revenge, or a too intimate intermeddling with other people's concerns, to override their discretion. In a word both sections have disregarded their constitutional obligations, and the good old ship of State is now among the breakers, as a natural consequence.

Our correspondent's reference to Scripture, as an argument in favor of emancipation, is very fairly met by the President's recent reply to the Quakers, when he told them that he could not enforce the constitution in the Southern States with all the power at his command, much less a proclamation to "let the oppressed go free."

The question, for which particular sin is the Almighty now punishing the people, is one that we shall not attempt to decide, but are inclined to the opinion that more than one included in the sentence. May we each and all, North and South, have wisdom to see and acknowledge the justice of our proportion of the punishment, and humbly bow to His behests, and profit by his chastisements.

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Letter from Ichabod, Camp Alexander, Washington, D.C.⁴⁰⁷ June 24, 1862

Friend Perkins:

I am not sure it pays to attempt a communication with such accommodations as we have in a hot tent about 15 feet in diameter, and 19 comrades with one's knees for a table, and the thermometer up towards the top of the instrument – not quite up to Fort Warren in comfort. If one can get in the air and shade at the same time, he is comfortable enough, and no matter how hot the day, the nights are sure to be cool. If we find no worse camping ground I shall be satisfied.

I should judge it to be against the law in the city to keep a pig in a pen, or to keep any but those of the feminine gender, and capable of rearing a large family, and instead of choosing field drivers, as we call them, it is evidently a violation of the law not to let the cows, horses and sheep goats and hogs, run loose. I notice that the cows crossing our lines have to pay “black (?) mail” before they leave our dominions. Don't think it is just right, but it is allowed, and if it is the means of keeping them out of the camp it will be well. Perhaps the free association of swine with the citizens in their out-door walks, accounts for the chivalry, good breeding and gentlemanly deportment, which it is said is characteristic of Southern blood.

The great attraction (for flies) is two slaughter houses which adjoin our camp. They are positive nuisances, and the proprietors don't know enough, or are too lazy to keep them decently neat, and at the same time make tons of that which is always as good as the cash. It only wants about 10,000 Yankees dropped down here, to make this city a paragon of perfection, and the country round about to be clothed in valuable and abundant beauty, and yield a fabulous increase. Last Friday the regiment were ordered to do escort duty to the remains of Gen. Palmer, and won much praise by their deportment and soldierly bearing. Certainly the regiment is far ahead of anything we have seen here.

A large proportion of the population of the city seem to be wounded and sick soldiers. The only death in the regiment, save one who died at home, occurred the 16th ult, a private in Co. C, who died of typhoid fever. He was just out of the hospital when he left the Fort, and doubtless had he staid behind he might have lived. Due respect was paid to his memory, and the last sad rites performed as well as we were able without a chaplain. His body was embalmed and sent to his friends, the company bearing the expense. He was one of the most amiable of the command, and gave his life for his country as much as though he died upon the battle field. “Peace to his memory and comfort to his friends.”

It is rumored that we are to cross the river and tread the “sacred soil” to be brigaded with a force of 18,000 men, somewhere near and beyond Alexandria. It may be the 32d Mass. will be in at the death of the rebellion, and you may reckon on hearing a good account of them, should that be so. Mr. Geo. W. Barnes of your town, is acting Quartermaster's sergeant, and is very efficient in that department, having had a year's experience and under those who were proficient in the “Regular” duties of that department. It is the wish of the officers of the regiment that he should be the quartermaster, and I think he deserves a commission. Near our encampment is the Congressional Cemetery. It seems to be a fashionable resort on pleasant Sabbaths. There are many costly and beautiful monuments, and evidences of affection abound, in vases filled with flowers, flower beds, and plaster or sculptured figures and ornaments. The monumental structures, in memory of the Senators and Representatives, over 200 of them, thickly cluster, are all alike, and very homely and clumsy. It seems too bad to have the same in appearance and size, commemorate Preston Brooks and Robert Rantoul, Jr. and so with others that might be mentioned. The two monuments in memory of Vice Presidents, are massive and somewhat beautiful, especially that of Elbridge Gerry; the other, that of Clinton, has an iron torch upon the top, in which a mocking bird built its nest five consecutive years. Especially worthy of notice were those reared in memory of military and naval heroes. But throughout the cemetery were unmistakable evidences of the

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indolent, careless neglect peculiar to the South. Monuments tottering, and grave stones upset by the action of frost, trees suffering for the want of care, and the pruning knife.

Last Sunday evening Rev. Chas. Spear and wife came to the camp, and by permission of the Colonel, addressed us a short time, but the services were very abruptly terminated by the Colonel ordering us to fall in for dress parade. We need a chaplain very much, and one would find a rich field for labor, as there are many upright Christian men to encourage and keep him along, who, if wanting the encouragement and lead of a true minister, will be apt to wander from the paths they have in duty trod. Let some earnest, working, true man be sent to us, is the wish of a large majority of the command. A man like the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson would be invaluable in such a position. There are too many chaplains in the army who care only for the pay of a Captain of cavalry, and are anything but good examples for the men. Those who within the influence of home and friends, are strong to resist temptation, and are good members of society, when away from restraint of that kind, without any prompting save their own feelings and appetites, are led astray, guided by the counsels and examples of one whose whole duty it would, be to care for and instruct morally and religiously, would be kept in the paths of rectitude. Monday Mr. Spear and wife were in the camp again and distributed a large supply of books, papers, &c. He has been promised a chaplaincy in the insane asylum.

Monday a city law went into effect requiring hogs, geese and goats to be kept from the streets.

Tomorrow we are to march for Cloud's Mills, a distance of 10 miles, and to be brigaded under Gen. Sturgis. We have just got comfortably situated here; our fruit trees were in fine condition, apples as large as a small fist, cherries turning red, and our bees busily at work making a dainty for winter use. The first day after we arrived here a swarm were noticed in the air, and a calithumpian band induced them to alight upon one of the trees; a hive was hastily made of a flour barrel, and they were induced to go to housekeeping in it, and have been contentedly at work ever since. Before you get this we shall probably be encamped on the sacred soil, from which place you may hear from me again.

Yours for Freedom's Cause, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Sturgis, Fairfax Seminary, VA⁴⁰⁸ June 29, 1861

Friend Perkins:

Last Wednesday morning was the time decided upon to take up our march from Camp Alexander into the enemy's country. Reveille was beat at 4 o'clock, breakfast at 4:20 and then tents were struck, camp equipage packed, and about 7 we started. Had we selected a day, we could hardly have done better. The morning dawned with a partially clouded sky and a fresh cool breeze from the northeast. Just before we were ready to start, the sun broke forth in full glory, a bright omen perhaps of the fortunes of the regiment. We will so consider it, and help it along by our own endeavors. Our route was over the Long Bridge and along the road on which about a year ago there was such "good time" made by those of "Bull Run" notoriety. The wind continued fresh and cool, and the sun the greater part of the day was veiled by clouds helping us very much in the 6 miles extra travel caused by taking the wrong road, making the distance 16 miles, which should have been but 10. We wore our knapsacks all the way, and have a lively idea of their comfort. The kind we use would be fine things to introduce into prisons as a torture for the hardest cases of stubborn, refractory rascals. As we entered upon the "sacred soil" we were convinced if it was sacred, it had lost its sweetness if it ever had any since the Revolution for a most intolerable stench greeted our nostrils nearly a mile on the way.

We are now encamped about one-half a mile in the rear of Fairfax Seminary, (which judging from the steeple towering above the trees, is quite a building) and about 10 miles from Washington. It is an elevated

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situation, with very good water, good air, and plenty of dust and hot weather, (though the day we arrived was so cool that many wrapped themselves in their blankets or great coats to be comfortable).

We have one or more batteries of artillery, one or more cavalry companies, and one or more regiments of infantry encamped with us. Near us is the railroad from Manassas through Alexandria to Washington, and by the business which within the last 36 hours it has been engaged in, I shall be disappointed if before your readers see this there is not another bloody battle to record and another Union victory to celebrate.

Since we left the Smithsonian Institute, on our way here, we have not seen a decent appearing building (comparative) until we entered Alexandria – nothing but old tumbledown, “lap-streak” sheds of houses appeared, and passing through that city no evidence of taste, refinement, or improvement appeared.

Just to the rear of our camp is the seminary and 6 or 8 houses. Immediately opposite, in the rear, are a hundred or more tents containing sick and wounded soldiers, and in Alexandria are hundred more, making thousands who are within 3 miles of us. The most of them are convalescent. The authorities are moving those the best able to be moved from Washington, which added to other facts before mentioned confirms my suspicions that there will be a terrible fight soon.

Last Friday night one of the sentinels accidentally discharged his rifle, and by his neglect of a proper performance of his duties, lost two joints of his right fore finger. It is against “regulation” for a sentinel to stand leaning on his musket, but many of us in the darkness of the night rest ourselves in that way.

I did not think of furnishing you with material for an editorial article. My opinion or advice was not based upon my own sight or knowledge, but upon the opinions repeatedly expressed of Southern statesmen and officers, and well as those among the ablest and best informed of our own statesmen and officers. The speech of Gen. Rosseau of Kentucky, is rich in support of the opinions I advanced, and Gen. Hunter was not a Northern man. Your remarks concerning the origin and cause of the rebellion on the part of the South, are denied by the South itself; surely they always had conceded to them all they asked in support of their peculiar institution, and because they had pushed the North so far that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue and a natural reaction took place, and in a manner decidedly expressed by the Constitution and laws, is that to be urged as a palliation for them or a condemnation for the North? Can't see it. In regard to the legality of slavery under the Constitution, if it is granted to states in loyalty to the Union, it does not apply when those states are in the situation of rebels and traitors, as has been clearly and repeatedly shown by decisions and opinions given, and laws passed long ago in these very disloyal states. It is not claimed that the President and congress could enforce the proclamation to let the oppressed go free, but we do ask that the proclamation should be made and no obstructions put in the way of the officers and men of our army enforcing it. As sure as you are born had the President left Gen. Fremont alone in his Christian (and legal) proclamation, (as far as the spirit of the act of congress was concerned) our cause would not have struggled as it does today. I would liked to have been more explicit and lengthy in this part of my letter, but all is hurry and confusion (somewhat), as we have received marching orders and to furnish ourselves with two days cooked rations.

Our destination is doubtless Richmond. We are to be accompanied with the 39th and 91st Pennsylvania infantry, and the 59th New York do. Trusting in the justice of our cause we go cheerfully to help put down traitors and rebels, and sincerely pray, God prosper the right.

Yours, Ichabod

Plymouth Rock Editor Replies to Ichabod⁴⁰⁹

We mean no disrespect towards our correspondent, but we must say that to call Fremont, Hunter, Phelps, with Charles Sumner and his set of one-idea worshippers, the “ablest and best informed of our own officers and statesmen,” is, according to the popular judgment outside of Massachusetts, bordering on the ridiculous;

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while to pin one's faith upon the sleeve of so wretched a minority seems to us like "leaning of a broken reed" with a vengeance. Were these men ever so able and honest, it would be next to impossible for them to form an unbiased and impartial opinion situated as they are, and we would give more for the opinion of our correspondent after he has had a chance to see the elephant, than for that of all the politicians and Generals in the Union, for we think we know him well enough to assert that it will correspond with the unanimous expressions and experiences of those of our fellow citizens who have "been through the wars" and who, to a man, so far as we have had occasion to converse with them, condemn the whole tribe of abolition fanatics and politicians and pronounce the agitation of the negro question an unmitigated humbug, and the principal cause of the rebellion.

With regard to our correspondent's assertion that our statesmen of the "origin and cause of this rebellion," is "denied by the South itself," we refer our readers to what we did say, in the *Rock*, of the 26th ult., and quote from a Document put forth by the people of S.C. entitled the "declaration of the immediate causes which induce and justify the secession of South Carolina from the Federal Union," in support of our statement. The quotation is as follows:

"The people of the State of South Carolina in convention assembled, on the 2d day of April, A. D., 1852 declared that the frequent violation of the Constitution of the United States by the Federal Government and its encroachments upon the reserved rights of the States, fully justified this State in their withdrawal from the Federal Union; but in deference to the opinions and wishes of the other slaveholding States, she forbore at that time to exercise this right. Since that time these encroachments have continued to increase, and further forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

And now the State of South Carolina having resumed her separate and equal place among nations, deems it due to herself, to the remaining United States of America, and to the nations of the world, that she should declare the immediate causes which have led to this act.

We assert that fourteen of the States have deliberately refused for years past to fulfill their constitutional obligations, and we refer to their own statutes for the proof.

Those States have assumed the right of deciding upon the propriety of our domestic institutions; and have denied the rights of property established in fifteen of the States and recognized by the Constitution; they have denounced as sinful the institution of slavery; they have permitted the open establishment among them of societies, whose avowed object is to disturb the peace and to eloin the property of the citizens of other States. They have encouraged and assisted thousands of our slaves to leave their homes; and those who remain, have been incited by emissaries, books and pictures, to servile insurrection.

For twenty-five years this agitation has been steadily increasing, until it has now secured to its aid the power of the Common Government. Observing the forms of the Constitution, a sectional party has found within that article establishing the Executive Department the means of subverting the Constitution itself. A geographical line has been drawn across the Union, and all the States north of that line have united in the election of a man to the high office of President of the United States whose opinions and purposes are hostile to slavery. He is to be entrusted with the administration of the Common Government because he has declared that that "government can not endure permanently half slave, half free," and that the public mind must rest in the belief that slavery is in the course of ultimate extinction.

This sectional combination for the subversion of the Constitution has been aided in some of the States by elevating to citizenship persons who, by the supreme law of the land, are incapable of becoming citizens; and their voters have been used to inaugurate a new policy, hostile to the South, and destructive of its peace and safety.

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On the 4th of March next this party will take possession of the Government. It has announced that the South shall be excluded from the common territory; that the Judicial Tribunal shall be made sectional, and that war must be waged against slavery until it shall cease throughout the United States.

The guarantees of the Constitution will then no longer exist; the equal rights of the States will be lost. The slaveholding States will no longer have the power of self-government, or self-protection, and the federal government will have become their enemy.

Sectional interest and animosity will deepen the irritation, and all hope of remedy is rendered vain, by the fact that public opinion at the North has invested a great political error with the sanctions of a more erroneous religious belief.

We, therefore, the people of South Carolina, by our delegates in convention assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, have solemnly declared that the Union heretofore existing between this State and the other States of North America is dissolved, and that the State of South Carolina has resumed her position among the nations of the world, as a separate and independent State, with full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to all other acts and things which independent States may of right do."

Whether the above quoted "causes" are sufficient to justify rebellion or not, is immaterial to the support of our statement, and we think Ichabod will admit that they do support it very essentially. But perhaps he has other authority of the "South itself," that contradicts the above; if so we hope he will quote in his next. We think our quotation is sufficiently "official," genuine, and unmistakable to back up our remarks and what is more we believe it to be a true statement of the prime cause of the Rebellion.

Our principal objection to the Fremont-Hunter proclamations, is their impracticability, and consequent uselessness. The advantage of declaring free the slaves of rebels before you can get at the rebels themselves, who hold and control the slaves, is too much like "counting chickens before they are hatched," for us to "see it." And Ichabod himself does not seem to have much faith in it except as an inducement for the abolitionists to try their hands at putting down rebellion. If we thought it would have effect that way we would go in for it tooth and nail. The very few radical abolitionists who have thus far gone into the army have been completely cured of their heresy, and we believe it would be one of the most potent measures for a restoration of the Union if they could all be induced to enlist.

We agree with Ichabod's view of slavery under the Constitution where states are in rebellion, but that was not the condition of any state, or class of people previous to the election of Mr. Lincoln, if we except the abolitionists. It will be noticed that in the quotation we make, the rebels admit the constitutionality of that election, but it is the unconstitutional measures that have been enacted and employed to bring the popular sentiment in the North to a pitch that would vote for a presidential candidate upon such a platform as that laid down at Chicago, of which they complain.

Extract from Letter from J.C. Fuller, Camp Near Harrison's Landing⁴¹⁰ July 4, 1862

We have been kindly permitted to make the following extracts from a letter from Capt. J. C. Fuller, of this town, to a friend.

James River

Yesterday when we landed, the rebels were shelling the troops already in line, and we expected to go right into fight. The mud was up to our knees in some places and averaged eight inches. It was a horrid introduction for us. The ground so muddy was a wheat field the day before.

July 5. Last night I was awakened by the Major about 10.30, and told to be in readiness to turn out the company in a minutes warning, but the night passed without anything occurring. The first man I noticed on

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landing was Frederick Robbins, and after we had formed and was expecting to pitch in every minute, some one seized my hand, and on looking around there stood Ich. [Ichabod Fuller, Josiah's brother, in the 29th Regiment, Company E. Not the same Ichabod as the letter writer Ichabod from the 32^d] hearty, black and thin. I was so glad I could not speak. He had been in the rear guard the last five days. They had fought each day and retreated at night, or fell back rather, as they whipped them each day. Afterwards I saw all Doten's company as they passed, and soon Capt. Collingwood and Lieut. Charles H. Drew, and soon after Col. Raymond passed. Since, I have seen other Plymouth men, and if we come across Burnside's expedition all the Plymouth boys will be together, and then the rebels better cave in. All agree the rebels are in a fix now if Pope, Halleck and Burnside come up as expected, and all say they (the rebels) have been whipped. It is rather tough living, but we get along first rate and are in good spirits. General McClellan was round the day we landed and said he had got them just where he wanted them. Thousands of sick and wounded are being sent down the river, and this army is pretty well beat out fighting and marching. We shall probably stay here a while to refit and rest, and the next time we move something will be done. Thomas Collingwood, Geo. Bradford, William Swift, and one other* of Doten's company are probably prisoners. Lieut. Mayo is dead, killed by shot or shell last Friday week. Ich. was standing side of him; both dodged their heads, his coming where Ich's was, and he was struck in the neck.

It was worth a good deal to see all the Plymouth men I tell you. The rebels fight like demons mad, for they are filled with whiskey and gunpowder, their canteens having been taken and that mixture being found in them. They charge right up to the cannon's mouth and are mown down in winrows. Massachusetts can well be proud of her troops. McClellan compliments them highly. Our regiment is in the same Division with the 18th, Col. Barnes.

*By a letter received in town we learn that the other one is David Williams.

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Near Harrison's Landing⁴¹¹ July 8, 1862

James River, VA

At last the Home Guard of Fort Warren are in the field, sure, as pickets are killed on one side within 3 or 4 miles, and the boom of cannon fired in earnest, is heard often. As a regiment we have had to bear hard or rather soft but reproachful names, yet the day we landed, though a skirmish with batteries was going on, and we were ordered to leave the boat with nothing but guns, equipments and sixty rounds of cartridges per man, and as rapidly as possible form for action, the whole command were as steady and self-possessed as on the Parade ground of Fort Warren. I did not think anything about it at the time, though I verily thought we were to be targets for rebel artillery or rifle practice, and should not thought of mentioning it, had not Gen. Griffin spoken of it as very creditable to the regiment. It was a severe christening for us, and a day of general rejoicing also.

We landed from the boat and as rapidly as possible passed up the long narrow wharf, (the sick and wounded on each side waiting to be taken on board and carried down the river), and stepped from the wharf, into soft brick, about 10 or 12 inches deep. (Sure I am the mud we passed through only needs moulding and burning to make most excellent brick.) Without hesitation officers and men pressed hurriedly along, many leaving first one boot, then the other, to be followed by the stockings, until those were barefooted who were shod for 3 months if at home. Men lost their own shoes and picked up others singly or in pairs, and the only thing that interfered with our keeping properly closed up in marching, (after the chances for battle that day had passed) was shaking hands with friends or laughing and gazing at those who stopping as the regiment often would, were not careful to detach their feet before trying to step, and were thrown slip in the mud.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

During the day the 29th, 7th, 18th and other Mass. regiments passed us, giving a chance to recognize and speak with friends whom we until that day, knew not to be in the land of the living. We shook hands with Capt. Doten and many of his company, (Plymouth men,) Capt. Collingwood and 1st Lieut. C. H. Drew, and later in the afternoon Lt. Col. Raymond, of the 7th came along, looking hearty and cheerful.

Of all the officers hailing from Plymouth, Lieut. Mayo of the 29th is the only one who has lost his life in the services. You will have published the account ere this reaches you, and all agree that a faithful, kind and generous friend, and an energetic, brave and able officer has fallen. May his family and friends find consolation in the thought that he died for his country and humanity, with his face to the foe, and remember that their loss is his gain.

Five of Co. E, 29th Mass. are missing yet, doubtless prisoners or on their way to Plymouth, where they all belong. Many of our officers and men since the last terrible and lengthy battle, turn-up in safety and on their way home, from accident or their own choice, on account of sickness, fear, or from being completely worn out.

All I see agree that ours was not a retreat so much as a change of position, from choice, as our troops maintained their position where they pleased, and slaughtered the rebels like as an able farmer cuts down ripened grain. The rebels made breastworks of their dead, so numerous were they, and one ravine that our men waded was breast deep. The rebels that crossed walked over dry shod, their dead comrades filling the ditch. Somebody is terribly to blame for all this, and for our not occupying Richmond today. Rebels and whiskey and gunpowder are no match for our troops and the Generals who lead them, and did the Departments do as well, this war would have ended long ago. Our loss is without doubt over stated, as those regiments which a day or two ago were reported as being all cut up and numbering less than 200, in one instance, had swelled its numbers by stragglers and sick coming in, to more than 600; others are quite sizable from the same cause.

Today a member of Co. C, of our regiment, while visiting the 20th Mass., was accidentally shot, the pistol ball going through the flesh of his arm on the outer side, above the elbow, making a very pretty wound.

Last evening we were ordered to fall in and marched about half a mile to Brigade headquarters, to be reviewed by the President and Gen. McClellan. After standing from 6 till after 9 we had a glimpse of the President by moon light. I recognized him readily from his pictures. He visited all the troops about here and was lustily cheered as he rode through the ranks, and welcomed with music and salute of guns.

Some of the 7th Mass. have been in camp, and speak very flatteringly of our friend Lt. Col. Raymond, of his courage and self-possession in battle, and his social kindness in camp, and I am sure he is a faithful and efficient officer, doing his duty conscientiously and thoroughly, without fear and regardless of favor, and that can't be said of every officer. Did each General in the service regard only the welfare of his country, her best interests and the good of his men, rather than to gratify his political or military ambition, and win popular applause at the expense of the blood and treasure of his men and the nation, Richmond would have fallen long ago, and today, have seen this awful war at an end.

It is very hard to understand why the army has been moved back from the position it occupied but two weeks ago, within shelling distance of Richmond, to the banks of this river, more than 20 miles away. Our troops fought with cool, determined courage, that no rum frenzy could withstand, and according to evidence no one could fail to credit, we occupied positions which two, just such armies could not have moved us from; and had it been the wish, it is hard to believe that our army could not have entered the rebel capital, and had things their own way. I mention this to show you how things look to us here, and the effect of testimony of those who were actors in all the movements since the army left the Potomac. Perhaps it was the only thing to be done in the position and under the circumstances, and again perhaps there was no need of that position being occupied, or those circumstances surrounding the army.

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There is great neglect in the medical department, and any amount of swindling and rascality in the quartermaster and commissary departments, and the soldiers, the men who are paid \$13 per month to sacrifice their lives for the preferment or advancement of this that politician or General, have to suffer and die, or at best drag out a miserable existence, half fed, and worse sheltered. As far as Uncle Sam is concerned with supplying these departments, enough is provided, but care is not taken that it is properly apportioned, and that reaches the end intended. The nation knows it is costing enough, and it will know one day that this fawning regard for the property and comfort and lives of the rebels, is a grand mistake. In this last affair our men were very short of provisions, not because there was not enough of it, but because it could not be got at. Of that the men would not complain. Willingly and cheerfully they fought days and marched nights, and lived upon 24 hard bread for 7 days, (some faring worse than that,) not for a day or two, but for more than a week. What would be your feeling and thoughts, if on a march and followed up by the enemy you should pass a large mansion owned if not occupied by a man who a short month ago was a Colonel in the enemy's command, well provided, the grounds stocked with poultry, swine, sheep, &c., you tired and half starved, and the General in command should put a guard around that place lest you should get a chicken, or piece of mutton, and oblige you to pass it, knowing that in a few hours the enemy, thirsting for your blood, will be along, and enjoy it with savage barbarity or if you should be obliged to pay for a gip you had fed yourself with which happened to belong to an active enemy? Such has been the experience of Mass. men. Our sick and wounded laid in the rain and mud by the wayside, or with the hot sun blistering them, and rebels occupied houses. The steamboat this regiment came in, returned with rebel prisoners, while twice the number sick and wounded of our men were suffering awaiting transportation, that their wounds might be dressed, or their diseases medically treated.

God forbid that any should be left to suffer, friend or foe, but if one must choose between two suffering families which to help first, is he not worse than an infidel if he neglects those of his own household?

As I said before, Uncle Sam provides amply, and no doubt there are "heaps of trouble on the old man's mind," but is it not infinitely better to put forth all one's energy and remedy a difficulty, than to sit and nurse your *[illegible]* complicated sin? In Washington city there is a man who furnishes wood to the regiments at \$9 per cord, (I think) and who never sends 5 feet for a cord, and obliging the quartermaster to receipt for a cord before it is unloaded. He gets credit for nearly one-half more than he delivers, and that goes into his pocket, and comes out of the "Old Man's." It would be a good chance for Mr. Dawes to pitch into.

The regiment is in very good health, considering, and perfect health is enjoyed if we can believe the Surgeon. Among those who do not believe him, (in very good health) is your friend

Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Near Harrison's Landing⁴¹² July 17, 1862

James River, VA

Friend Perkins:

Tomorrow we are to move a short distance and encamp anew. Old campaigners tell us it is generally the way as soon as you go to work and make every thing comfortable, it is pull up stakes and leave. Certainly such has been our luck. We had just made ourselves comparatively comfortable, had dug wells (and got good water), arranged our ovens for providing the New England delicacy, graded our ground (in company streets and inside the tents), and were "keeping (dogs instead of) a pig, and doing nicely," and now we must leave all and root elsewhere. Well our wells will do very well for others if they were not quite so well made as a well made well.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The weather the past week has been pretty hot, but interspersed with several tempests that were tempests, real "Old Virginny thunder showers." The men are as well as could be expected, though many are weakened by continued diarrhea. We are not drilled at all hard, but change of climate, irregularity of food, and hot weather tells a little on the most of us. There are none severely sick, and could we have different medical treatment, not one-fourth as many would be sick. I would give more for "Dr. Brown" (the poet genius, and Yankee all the way from Russell Mills, to the Northern bounds of Kingston), than 10 of the army surgeons, take them as they average, for the diseases incident to camp life.

Last Monday I went with a fatigue party, numbering a hundred, under the charge of a Captain, to one of the hospitals at Harrison's Landing, for the purpose of pitching tents (according to the detail), but never a tent did we pitch, but spent the day in cleaning up the grounds, trenching or ditching around tents, setting iron ovens for bread baking, cleaning out wells, &c., &c., and ended in assisting upwards of 250 sick and wounded soldiers on board the boat to start for their homes. It did not seem possible for some of them to ever reach there. The sick were in much worse condition than the wounded, and I am inclined to the opinion that our sick soldiers are very, very much neglected. Many regiments around us are without proper medical assistance, (some with none), and quite a scarcity of "medical stores" exists throughout the army. But that will soon be remedied. But to get good surgeons, "aye! there's the rub." Our men need different food. It is to be expected in situations such as the army has lately been in that irregularities in the commissary department will happen, but with the facilities the river now affords for transportation, they should be properly fed to assist in warding off the effects of the climate. As yet it does not come. Too much "red tape." This week a thousand or more bushels of potatoes were "dumped" into the river, having spoilt on board the vessel, because they could not be landed till just so many names were affixed to just so many papers. But I was writing of the doings of a fatigue party.

The house and grounds of the hospital constitute the old Harrison Homestead, and according to the record, is 136 years old. A slab in the wall of the house outside, was marked B. H. A. 1726. The building is of brick, and old style enough to put the dentist on Main street in ecstasies, could he spend a few hours in looking in and around it. When our troops first arrived the house was unoccupied, but finely furnished, and splendidly so for Virginia (those say who know).

The "boys" were left behind and engaged in harvesting wheat. According to evidences unmistakable, the last occupant was named Orgain; had it been Organ he could not have been "played on" worse for his furniture had to go out doors to give chance to put mattresses upon the floor for the sick, and is now scattered far and near, doing service in different camps. The commandant of the Post has his tent well furnished with tapestry carpet, wardrobes, bedsteads two-story high, easy chairs, wash-stands, &c., &c., and other tents on the grounds are almost as well provided. One, the parlor chamber (I guess), is as left, and evidences considerable taste as well as wealth, in the paintings, engravings and ornaments with which it is supplied. Many engravings &c. are still left in other rooms, while numerous rich, gilt, and massive empty frames show that some one is a "painting in," and that Mr. Orgain was none of your "parlor worshippers," but loved to see beauty every where. The grounds were evidently laid out with some regard to effect and beauty, but now as far as the eye can reach, is nothing to be seen but tents, trees and desolation; fences are demolished, gate posts cut down, vegetation trampled out of sight, and only here and there a lone rose bud, as if to remind us that beauty, fragrance and peace were once here.

The place was cheered by the presence of ladies, who are here as nurses, or connected with the sanitary commission, whose head quarters seem to be at this place. They were opening one box while I stood by, and it showed how "haste makes waste"; it was so carelessly and ignorantly packed, that what the soldiers would have paid \$75 for, (could they have bought it,) was of no use. There was "apple jack" and straw, broken earthen and

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glass ware and lint, jellies, butter, dried apples, rolls of bandages, rotten lemons, sugar, dried fruit, &c., &c., thoroughly mixed with hay and straw making an offering well men could not relish, much less sick and wounded soldiers.

But every box is not received in that condition, though too many are. Mrs. Harris and her assistants were and are very busy in caring to the different hospitals, and to the sick with their regiments, the comforts, delicacies, books, &c. which by the kindness of friends at home, they are provided with, and though some little may be smuggled to benefit officers who are in health, and abundantly able to supply themselves or go without lemons and sugar and jellies, the most of it is used for the purpose intended, and the thoughtful charity and generosity of those who forwarded it, is gratefully appreciated. A soldier who suffers amputation done with a common knife and hand saw, is likely to remember with gratitude those who by practical thinking of him, palliate in any way his condition. In the last battles that resort was necessary on account of loss of surgical instruments.

In the room used for a Dispensary in the house, were two portraits in which the Harrison look was plainly to be seen, if one had not heard who had once occupied the house.

Capt. Leach is on board the flag ship right off the place, and was ashore the other day making diligent enquiry for Plymouth men, but had to leave before seeing them. He seemed to be in fine health and spirits.

The same day I came across Messrs. Maybury and Bumpus of Plymouth, who are connected with the Post, assisting in the care of the sick and wounded.

Some correspondents write of the fine condition of our army, and the wholesome and ample supply of good food furnished. No doubt it furnished, but not to the soldiers. Hardly any fare better than our regiment, and yet dogs would not (and I don't know as well kept hogs would) have eaten at home; and at the hospital at the Landing, I saw them issue one ration to three who are convalescent or hanging around away from their regiments, and it consisted of a little soup, or beef tea, and one thin slice of soft bread about 5 inches square, and the loaves before they were cut, were dark and hairy with mould, others had rice and sugar which was nice and clean. One would come with a piece of board and six or seven tin cups of his comrades who were unable to come themselves, and another would bring a tin pail or some other vessel he had picked up, and get the rations for himself and comrades in bulk. They formed in single file and were waited on in turn, and took their slice of mouldy bread with evident satisfaction. But woe to those who brought up the rear, for they often came considerably in the rear of the victuals they wanted, it having been on the march long before the rear of the column was up with the supply station, and they must content themselves with dry bread till next meal. Notwithstanding all this, and the miserable shelter accommodation, today the army would move with alacrity and a will, did they but receive the order "on to Richmond."

Yours in haste, Ichabod

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Near Harrison's Landing, VA⁴¹³ July 27, 1862

James River, VA

We are now encamped in what was a huge wheat field of some two hundred acres, on the estate lately occupied by a Mr. Seldon, according to the story of a slave who once belonged to him, and was carried with him to Richmond with the rest of his cattle, 2 and 4 footed, and has been just fool enough to come back and cast his lot with those his master told him would mutilate, kill, or sell him. The river is within 100 rods and vessels are in sight on our left, and in front, indicating that we are on a point of land, which makes a hand in the river. It is a very pleasant location, considering. We are so far from the road that we escape the dense clouds of dust raised by the constant rush of horses and wagons. In our immediate rear is a large meadow and in close

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proximity on either flank is a grove of trees, (but in a gully or ravine) and not available as you might suppose, still of great value to us. We have our wells of cool, but not exactly clear water, as they are in such constant use, they don't have time to settle. When we first moved here there were but a regiment of cavalry on our left, and the tents of a signal corps on our right rear, but in two days the ground was covered with tents, and now probably within a quarter of a mile on three sides, there are six to eight thousand men, and half as many horses. At present the ground in front of us is all clear excepting the horses and wagons about 50 rods off. Thus though our position is far from being as pleasant as "Little Pond Grove," it is preferable to most encampments we see. Our duties, though not arduous, are full enough so for the climate. One hour in morning, same at night for drill, guard duty, and "twice in a while" a review, with now and then a special detail for fatigue or guard duty outside the camp, makes the total.

The 18th is encamped near on the same field, while other Plymouth men are in the same relative positions as before.

Last Thursday afternoon we were reviewed by our division commander, and next forenoon the whole army corps (5th) were reviewed by Gen. McClellan. It was considered quite successful as only about 5 hours was occupied in the whole affair. It would seem to a novice that there were enough troops, (infantry and artillery,) together that morning to take Richmond, yet it was less than a quarter of those under the immediate command of McClellan.

Thursday night Co. G of this regiment arrived. They are a fine appearing set of men, and evidence a good degree of drill and discipline. If all Mass. sends are equal, she will have no cause to fear for their record.

Our commander does not think enough of religion or morality, (else he thinks too much of it to risk the disgrace which might attach to the two in getting a chaplain only in name) to have a chaplain appointed.

[O! heavens; two ladies have just passed and writing is out of the question till we have indulged in a short dream of home and loved ones. There, we have been home, looked into Sunday school, wandered about town, enjoyed the cool East wind, greeted our loved ones and friends, and are back in this fair but slave cursed country; and I feel no better for the visit, yet would not be deprived of the memory for worlds.]

I was about to write of a colored man who has come out as servant to Capt. Bowers, Co. G, and for the express purpose of preaching to his colored brothers whom he may meet and help to lead them out of the dark road of ignorance in which they are wandering. He preached down by the river this A. M., and has now gone in another direction to hold forth again. All honor to him I say. But if there are God-forgetting, humanity-despising souls in this army, they dwell in the chaplains and surgeons, who are content to live easy, and eat freely the dainties and healthy food that is through the sanitary commission forwarded for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.

The house on this place is a large brick structure, and by the out buildings, barns &c., the brick walls surrounding the grounds, and judging by the ornaments on gate and fence posts, it has been the habitation of wealth, luxury and ease. It is now the head quarters of Gen. Porter, and the scene of activity never before even dreamed of. Near by the house is an ancient burial ground, with an inscription upon a slate stone, which is lying in the middle of three, flat upon the ground, like this: "Here lyeth interred the body of lieutenant Collonell Walter Aston Who died the 6th of April 1656. He was aged 49 years And He lived in this Country 28 years. Also here lyeth the Body of Walter Aston the son of lieutenant Collonell Walter Aston who departed this life ye 29th of Januari 1666 Being Aged 27 and 7 Months." And I would like you to tell me who he was and give something of his history if it is comeatable. There did not appear to be more than a dozen stones and monuments in the enclosure, which was a fine grove, and is now used as a "caral" (or "pound" you would call it at home), and is full of horses, it being a nice cool place for them to recruit in. But I would sooner have put a guard around a place like this and kept it sacred, than to so carefully guard and keep from our famishing,

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weary soldiers, food and necessities belonging to rebels, which has been so often done. Really, it needs just such an order as Gen. Pope has issued, to be promulgated throughout the entire army.

Monday, 28th

The water, weather, or climate is telling a little on many of us, but there are no very serious cases of illness now. A few are sick with fever, but none dangerously. A member of Co. A died last night of typhoid fever. He has not been strong since he enlisted. Friends (in my opinion) can't do better than forward through the mail some known remedy, if not cure, for the complaints incident to a change of climate, water &c. Let them be securely wrapt in paper and no writing save the direction, and they will come safe, and the postage will not be beyond the reach of any.

Of the intentions of those in authority and controlling the army, you at home know more about than we do. One thing I am convinced of that if there are possibly men enough, the army is anxious to move upon Richmond; quarter them there, and they would contentedly rest and recruit; till that is accomplished contentment or satisfaction is this posting of the federal army will be unknown.

Ichabod

P.S. This Tuesday morning Mr. Geo. Brewster, of your town, shot himself through his wrist, and the surgeon fails to remove the ball. He is badly wounded and will be sent home, where he can have proper, and I trust, effectual treatment. Had I my way, not a revolver should be allowed among foot soldiers. They have caused 10 hurts to one good. The sick are getting along comfortably and none are considered dangerous now.

Sergt. Hammond of my company died at 4 A. M., this 30th of July, very unexpectedly.

Don't believe all you hear about the unhealthiness &c. of the situation. With care and individual cleanliness I doubt not we shall weather the summer.

I.

[Will give your politics an airing next week, Ichabod – Ed.]

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Near Harrison's Landing, VA⁴¹⁴ July 27, 1862

James River, VA

Lest you think I am converted to your perverted side of where the responsibility of this war lies, allow me to say, I do not remember just what I wrote, the called for the lengthy rejoinder from you in the *Rock* of July 10th, but I do know that I have always and do now differ in toto from the opinions expressed in the three last issues of your very excellent paper (excepting the politics, and lately it would almost seem the humanity of its editors or writers, for I can hardly believe you are so bad as the editorial column has lately made out its author to be). (1)

In regard to Sumner, though he is but one, and was a broken reed in a literal sense, broken too by the infuriated tool of this same humanity-crushing, reason-destroying, God-defying slave power, I still affirm that any unprejudiced man, must acknowledge his supremacy, mentally, (2) and I would pit him against a host in a contest for anything that was not, against right and reason; and I trust that the broken reed, by careful culture, and a world's kind sympathy, is again perfect and strong – able to resist the storms and assaults which may be made upon it. It is proof enough of the correct judgment and far sightedness of Fremont, Hunter and Phelps, to read the confiscation and emancipation act so lately passed by Congress; and it is an evidence to me of the correctness of judgment and labored efforts of Sumner, Wade, and the few faithful assistants they have in the senate, that so much has been gained. And is the difference so great, between the spirit of the three

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proclamations in question, and the act referred to as to prevent your seeing that the latter embraces the former, aye, and more too (3) and now occurs the thought of how your paper and others of so called democratic proclivities, with weak-spined Republican sheets, which attempted to write down Gov. Andrew's true and noble letter, (true because of its statements, and noble because of its daring. (4) Can you see nothing of the views set forth, in that letter exhibiting in the act referred to? Said two officers who were in our camp yesterday "It is no use talking, Go. Andrew was right, and this rebellion will never be put down till the cause, slavery, is left to take care of itself and our attention given to distressing and troubling the rebels, rather than so carefully protecting their property, and sparing their persons and feelings. And as yet I see no thoughtful, intelligent man but has the same opinion.

In the 10th and 17th issues you say that the agitation of the slavery question and objectionable laws passed by the free states are the causes of the present rebellion, and reprint a declaration put forth by the state of So. Carolina to prove the thing. (5) Now if you believe and accept that string of falsehood and buncombe, it hardly seems a difficult thing to prove any thing, to you, that is wicked and unreasonable. Just carefully read that So. Carolina document, again, and as you read it think of the treatment Mr. Hoar and his family, Lovejoy, our imprisoned sailors, &c., &c., have received at the hands of that same So. Carolina, and then remember, the enormous number of slaves she lost by escaping into free states, and not reclaimed by the unchristian if not unconstitutional (I believe it to be) "fugitive slave law." Verily if you were to sit as a jurymen upon a case of murder where the victim was shot, you, according to your present reasoning must bring the gun in guilty, instead of him who used it. I should be pleased to know that the reply to Percy in last *Rock* was not the work of your pen, and if you are, and are not picked up and roughly handled, it will be on account of your amiability and proverbial cleverness, which deters from merited castigation. Was Franklin and his contemporaries only citizens of this or that state? Were they not children of God, and brothers of the human race? Did the laws of God as set forth by Christ have no binding force upon them outside the boundary lines of their native states? You acknowledge your responsibility for sins of your own state, but the same thing occurring outside, ceases to be sin, so far as your expressed opinion is concerned. (6). You should be careful in giving advice after this to state in a P.S. that this advice is to apply only to Mass. You remember the selfish old man's prayer, "God bless me and my wife," &c. You put a very foolish question to Percy, when he is asked if he can not see the difference between the abolitionism of Franklin &c. and Garrison (taking your definition of their – Franklin & Co.'s – expressed anti-slavery sentiments). A blind bat, in broad sun light could see it. One (according to you) was narrow, contracted, selfish, the other broad, universal and liberally benevolent; and there is no friend of humanity and emancipation, but is willing to abide by the working of your adduced motto, "By their fruits ye shall know them." But there is no man living who can justly estimate the fruit of Garrison's labors, as the end in not yet. The last result is the recent act of Congress, and, bless God, more and better are to follow till our loved country is redeemed from that sin which so easily besets it, and the cause of rebellion like that which we are now engaged to put down shall forever pass away. (7).

You say "the abolitionism of those patriots worked peacefully and successfully (successfully peacefully you mean) while the abolitionism of this traitor, brings death and destruction in its train." Wishing to detract nothing from the honored patriots named, and sympathizing with but a small part of Garrison's views, it seems to me worse than robbery to attempt to detract from his indisputable humanity, and successful labors in its behalf. Should your friend be sick and you call Mr. B, and he, calmly, and with great judgment describe the cause, and symptoms, and expressing fears of the result, leave the patient to recover by his native strength, I am not sure but if A volunteered his services, and by the repeated application of remedies prescribed, raise to health and strength your suffering friend, you would be grateful to him and acknowledge his assistance, even though temporary torture and suffering was attendant. And it seems to me B represents the practical workings

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of so called abolitionism previous to the advent of Garrison and his colaborers. That kind worked, "successfully, peacefully" till the institution grew from an inconsiderable affair, a domestic evil, to a gigantic sin, controlling the country and dragging it down to the lowest hell. While A is typical of the active, perhaps painful, but successful result of Garrison Anti-Slavery. Understand me now, but am willing to honor him for the good he has done and is doing. Slavery is the cause of the war. It is to me perfect folly to talk of Anti-Slavery agitation as being the "goad" that has pricked on, and infuriated the South, till the present culmination of affairs. You might as well say the reproving of sin is the cause to be blamed for the exasperation and desperation of a thief, a liar, or a murderer. No sir! The "goad" is the guilty conscience; the debased condition of the "sin fettered" soul. By your reasoning you would find fault with every parent, and teacher (mental, moral, or spiritual) in the land, who should faithfully do their duty, and "reprove the world of sin and unrighteous." (8) Can you name a false accusation or charge even the Garrison school of humanity advocates have brought against slavery? If so please note it and I will apologize, and I doubt not the next "Liberator" will make honorable amends and the "Rock" will attain a notoriety equal to the wildest ambition, of its most ambitious friend. I have lots to say but already have gone beyond intention in amount written, and will close by adding that in my opinion, those who say, "damn the niggers" and curse all who would not fasten more securely the bonds of the poor slave, and charge upon the emancipationists the continuance of the war and the reverses experienced, are either "Old Hunkers," men disappointed in getting their "grist ground," or who would rather "reign in Heaven" or are thoughtless, prejudiced, or ignorant. (9).

Ichabod

Response of the *Plymouth Rock* to Ichabod's Letter⁴¹⁵

1. We do not wish our correspondent's blame to rest upon a doubtful basis, or the responsibility of the *Rock's* editorials, however bad, upon any body's shoulders but those of the senior publisher, and can assure Ichabod or any one else interested in the matter, that said publisher is the only writer of editorials in this paper.
2. Superior mental power, allowing every one is "unprejudiced" enough to see it in Chas. Sumner, is no proof of an honest man, and in our ideal of an able statesman honesty is the first and most important ingredient.
3. The wisdom of this act of Congress is yet to be proved; if it works well, we shall be as glad as any one, and as willing to give Fremont, Hunter and Phelps all due credit.
4. We would tell you if we could decide what you were thinking of when you wrote that sentence. It needs one or more words to complete it, but what they are we cannot guess.
5. Not exactly so, Ichabod. We printed the extract to show you that your statement that our statement of the cause of the rebellion was "denied by the South itself," was not backed up by all Southern testimony.
6. The opposite argument is too familiar to all to need any rehearsal here. We believe that a Republican form of government can only be sustained, in a nation as large and powerful as our own, but by the most rigid adherence to the Constitution and Laws, even if those laws conflict with somebody's interpretation of the Scriptures.
7. God grant that in putting down the "cause of rebellion" the best government the world ever knew is not entirely overthrown.
8. "Reprove!" So all our unconstitutional personal liberty laws, and John Brown raids, and the election of a sectional president upon an unconstitutional platform, are nothing but reproof. If that is only fatherly advice and admonition, God save us from your punishment should you find reproof ineffectual.

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9. We are no apologist for slavery, but honestly believe there are worse institutions in the world and that however good or bad, we have no more right to meddle with the local institutions of South Carolina than we have with those of Canada, and that this infernal spirit of intermeddling with what need not seriously affect us, is the prime cause of the war.

Letter from Ichabod, Camp Near Harrison's Landing, VA⁴⁶ August 8, 1862

James River, VA

No doubt you have heard about hot weather, but you must be outside of Plymouth to know what it is, and I am not sure but this is the place this side of Africa. The past ten days has been rather dark for the 32d. It seemed as though we were to be killed by inches, and without the satisfaction of effecting anything for the cause which gathered us out here. In ten days we lost by a deadly fever, which was called by different names at different times, till it was finally "malarial," and charged upon a meadow in the rear of our camp, 7 men. You need not say anything about it, but in my opinion it was chargeable to neglect of the men when suffering from colds and diarrhea, till they were so reduced they could not rally. Two each, from companies A, B, and E, and one from C. Others have gone to the General Hospitals at Harrison's Landing and Fortress Monroe, and one or two may fail to recover, but I think the sea air will have a very beneficial effect upon those who reach Fortress Monroe alive. Thirty or more are to start today and as the surgeon seems to have chosen a different method in treating the sick, I hope we shall have no more mortality from disease. Among those who have died are Sergt. Hammond of Carver, Corp. Geo. M. Heath of Plymouth, an E.A. Swift of Duxbury, three as fine men as the regiment had in its ranks, and that is saying a good deal.

We expect it is going to be pretty tough till the latter part of September, but the worst of it is that the army gets not much credit for panting in scorching suns, being bitten almost to death by flies and "skeeters" suffering and wasting by sickness, and leaving twice the number of its ranks beneath the sod, victims of disease, than are killed and twice as many wounded, thrills with anguish many breasts, and clouds with sorrow whole communities; but the sufferings and deaths caused by the Chickahominy swamps and camp fevers, will never be known in the aggregate.

But for all this, men should not hang back, and refuse to enlist, for "'tis not all of life to live," and a week's delay may cause trouble it may take months to do away. More than that, it has got to be done finally. The country has undertaken a job she is bound to do, or be the laughing stock of the world. Honor, liberty, happiness and peace are dependent upon the determination and action of the loyal states. None but a fool or bigot will deny the ability to crush this "rebellious war," and it seems as though nothing but direct interposition of Divine power would give the wisdom necessary to direct to successful action. And then many of us are again to be united to our families, and follow once more the peaceful avocations of life. Take the worst view of it, and a small proportion, comparatively, are to lose their lives, (though they will go through much tribulation and anguish) and is it not worth the risk, to feel in after years, that you did your duty, in your country's hour of need, and in some degree was instrumental in her success? For if not in your day or mine, friend Perkins, sometime the history of this war is to be written, and justice done to the rank and file. Let old Plymouth furnish her quota at once, and remember 'tis better late than never. We have always believed that drafting was the way, but as things have gone would rather you would not have to resort to it at this time.

A week ago this morning at 1 o'clock we were disturbed in our sleep by the firing of cannon, and it being rather out of the common course – so early in the morning – we turned out to know the why, but before we were dressed (shoes and cap on), the bursting of shell was heard, and it was ultimately revealed that the scoundrels were shelling us from the opposite side of the river. It was quite a novelty to the 32d, and rather difficult to determine whether it was for our amusement or injury. It was quite pretty to see the shell drag their

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tails of fire through the air, and rather exciting to hear the singing and whizzing the made in their passage, and particularly so when one would come immediately over our heads, and be distinctly heard as it plunged in the earth or crashed among the trees. Quite a number struck among our tents, and one, more curious than the rest, had to look into one of the tents, passing completely through it; and after tearing a generous piece from the bottom of another, and completely demolishing of "Uncle's" knapsacks, is itself in shame, among the men's clothing where it was found next morning. I think what we hear about short rations among the rebels is true, for this same 12 lb. solid shot made way with a loaf of soft bread and in its impetuosity to get it, bent the plate all up. Possibly making way with so much bread accounts for its lying so quiet till daylight. Luckily no one was injured in our camp by their dangerous play, though fifteen men were in the tent through which that ball passed and the knapsack torn to pieces was used as a pillow, the man had but just lifted his head to drink. But few of their shell seemed to burst, and such has been the case through the late battles, if we may believe our own men. We have some dozen or more shot and shell which have been picked up by the men, some of them scattered the mud upon our tents and men as they struck in our streets. We did not know till daylight what danger we had been in or we might not have been so unconcerned. These holes which the shot had furrowed in the ground within ten feet and even less or where clubs of men and officers were standing, and unexploded shell lying loosely around, evidenced the nearness to danger of our position. It was quite spirited firing for a short time but when our siege guns got "the range," and a word or two was put in but our gun boats they soon stopped their music and "toted" off their boxes. It is thought they had special regard for a Signal Corps, which is encamped first next to us, (and did have one man killed,) and McClellan's head quarters or Harrison House upon which are the signal stations, both being in the same range. The latter (used as a hospital) being between the fire and the head quarters, made it anything but comfortable for sick men.

Twice this week we have had our cooks turned out in the night to cook, the first time two and the second time three days rations, and the regiment ordered to pack only their blankets and be ready to march at a minute's notice. As yet we have not moved, though others have who had same orders, the 18th having been out and returned, and the "Irish Brigade" embracing the 29th Mass. are away – temporarily – now, having started yesterday morning, leaving tents and everything but blankets, canteens and haversacks.

Thos. Collingwood of Plymouth was in camp this morning – he came with the three thousand prisoners from Richmond. He does not represent the condition of the rebels in Richmond as very encouraging to pleasure seekers or poor men. Bacon at 80 cents per pound, milk \$1 per quart and everything in that proportion. The stores seemed to be about cleaned out, empty shelves predominating. He had not seen or heard of the other missing ones of Co. E, (Capt. Doten) but there is plenty of chance for them to turn up in safety.

Let no one be discouraged by what they hear or read concerning the condition of things in the army. It is not as pleasant as living at home and among friends, it is not as healthy, just now as "boarding life" at "Uncle Ed's" on the "Island" would be, neither do we earn our \$13 as easily as we could clerking it on Main street, and we did not expect it when we started, but neither did we expect ever to guard rebel property, and war upon slaves. But both are done today in this part of the federal army. But a short distance from here is a large brick building, close to the river's bank, to which is attached a fine garden (comparatively) with a large yard enclosed in front, making a most excellent and comfortable place for a hospital; and yet it is only occupied by a few "secesh," and our men are keeping our own sun scorched soldiers from even a little shady rest under the trees, while around us are sick, and toil-worn soldiers who have but a blanket between them and the ground.

You thought I should change my opinion after a six months service here. Well I shall. I think now that somebody should be blamed who – generally – isn't, for having the war last so long as it has, and if it endures to keep me six months in active service here, I shall not only blame them but conclude the North and West are

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not worthy the glory they might win, and the blessings it is now their privilege to earn for themselves and the civilized world. But we have strong hope that "oppression shall not always reign," &c., that the recent act of Congress, and the order of Gen. Halleck will eventually be promulgated, and even McClellan be obliged to act according to that "act" and in accordance with humanity and common sense. Draft, then, and send the men called for, and let us finish up this affair at once, and eat a Christmas dinner at home; which will satisfy

Ichabod

Death of George W. Barnes Death⁴¹⁷ August 9, 1862

Death in the 32d.

By the latest news from Fortress Monroe, we regret to learn the death of Geo. W. Barnes of ...

The report of the death of Sergt. G. W. Barnes, of this town, at Harrison's Landing, is believed to be false, as letters from members of the same regiment report him either at the hospital at Fortress Monroe or on his way home.

[Barnes died typhoid fever, Aug. 4, buried at Harrison's Landing⁴¹⁸]

Death of George Heath Death⁴¹⁹ August 16, 1862

Among the list of deaths in the 32d Regiment are those of Corp. George Heath of this town, Serg't Hammond of Carver, and E. A. Swift of Duxbury.

Death of George Barnes⁴²⁰ August 21, 1862

The news of the death of Mr. George W. Barnes of this town, is confirmed. He died on board the *Vanderbilt*, at Harrison's Landing on the 4th of August. He had been sick of fever and was conveyed on board the *Vanderbilt* for conveyance to the hospital at Fortress Monroe, but died before she sailed, and was buried at Harrison's Landing. His age was thirty years.

Moses and John Hoyt Sick⁴²¹ September 25, 1862

Moses Hoyt, of the 32d regiment, arrived home last week from the hospital in New York. He is much reduced by sickness, but probably will soon feel the effects of good air, kind nursing and home sympathies. His brother John is also sick at a New York hospital.

Extract of Letter from J. C. Fuller, Camp Near Sharpsburg, MD⁴²² September 26, 1862

The following is an extract of a letter received from Capt. J. C. Fuller, of the 32d.

We have been fortunate, so far, in not being actively engaged in a battle, but last Saturday I thought sure we should "pitch in," but after lying in ambush (it seemed to me) all day, we marched back to the ground we occupied the night before, and laid with the sky for a roof. It was the day the brigade of Martindale, under Col. Barnes, crossed the river; and the 118th Pennsylvania, got such a cutting up. The 18th Mass. behaved like veterans, and were just going to charge, as the order came to "retire in good order." Capt. Collingwood came to see me as we lay on the ground waiting for something to turn up. The Brigade were ordered over in the morning, not expecting any enemy within four miles, and suddenly came upon a very large force, formed in three lines. They "slid" in and would have given them cold steel, instead of wasting ammunition, had the order not come to retire. Lucky it did, as they would have been annihilated had they charged; so numerous were the rebels. It was a ruse of theirs to draw a small force of ours over and close in on them, but our batteries made them soon fall back. Our forces crossed in the morning, fought a battle, and recrossed before 11 o'clock, A. M.

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The 118th failed to understand the order to retire, or took a wrong road, and that is the reason they suffered so in killed, wounded, and missing; 50 per cent of all (800) that went into action. The gunners all left as we commenced to throw our shell, or rotten bullets as the darkies call them, thick as hail among them; as it is, we have since taken 5 or more of their guns, and parts of carriages, caissons and ambulances, &c., &c. in numbers. The Muster Roll I enclose was picked up over there where one of their batteries were. The quality of the paper is an indication of the cramped resources of the C. S., and thinking it might afford a momentary curiosity have forwarded it. The rebels, rank and file are about discouraged, and hundreds if not thousands have given themselves up who could have escaped with the army, had they chosen. They are destitute of everything. I picked up a haversack as we were going through Sharpsburg and found about a pint of sweet potatoes not larger than my finger, and a piece of pork, and they ransacked the houses there, stealing everything eatable, and emptying bureau drawers on the floor and selecting what their fancy chose, and robbing the gardens, digging every potatoe.

The people of this part of Maryland have shown themselves true and loyal, and men and women stood in their doors, and blessed the Stars and Stripes. There is scarce a building, house, church, or barn, in Sharpsburg but is injured by shot or shell, some being fairly riddled; some having had shells enter and explode, demolishing furniture, plastering, and blowing out all the windows.

*The Muster Roll is somewhat soiled, and is evidently stained by the blood of some rebel who had it in his possession. The Roll can be seen at this office.

Extract of Letter from J. C. Fuller, Near Sharpsburg, MD⁴²³ October 10, 1862

The following is an extract of a letter received from the Captain [JC Fuller] of Co. E, 32d Massachusetts.
CAMP 32 inf. Mass. Vols.,

Yesterday afternoon the 9th Massachusetts, formerly Cass' Regiment, received with the customary honors the new "Color" their friends in Boston sent them, and having some interest to hear and see, I followed the regiment at the call "to the color," as they marched to their parade. After receiving the colors, the old and new Irish flag, and the new American, the Battalion formed double columns at half distance, wheeled into square, and about face. The flag was then brought to the centre, facing the Colonel. The Band played the Star Spangled Banner and "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," and with an excellent and patriotic address read by an officer, the color became the property of the regiment, to be defended while a man of the glorious old Ninth stands on his "pegs," or can wield a weapon for its protection. Col. Guiny with much feeling responded briefly. In alluding to the reference in the address to his personal bravery and daring, as promotive of the success and glory of the 9th achieved in the "seven days' battles," he said it belonged to those noble men who fell in the front rank, and are now "honored dead." The old flag, all tattered and torn as it was, evidenced the fierce conflicts through which it had passed, and the numberless bullets and bayonet thrusts it had received. It is to be sent to Boston.

Col. Guiny is a fine man and an efficient officer, and has the confidence of his whole command. Success to the Massachusetts 9th; may she prove herself as brave and effective in the future as in the past, and continue a terror to Johnny Rebs, and in time to come to Johnny Bulls.

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Extract of a Letter from J.C. Fuller, Camp on the Antietam⁴²⁴ October 19, 1862

To Hon. E. C. Sherman, of this town dated

Last Sunday I was ordered with my command to strike Camp and report to Gen. Porter's Head Quarters, and an orderly would show me my destination. The General has moved beyond Harper's Ferry, ten miles distant, and wants his guard all with him.

We are encamped on the west bank of Antietam, and just above the stone bridge now called "Burnside's bridge," the second "Lodi:" occupying the ground he drove the rebels from, and beyond, and he falling back at night, his troops laid on their arms on this very ground. Thus we are on a part of the famous battle-field of Antietam. Near by are the graves of many of the Mass. 35th and 21st, with others from other states. Many have been removed, and yet the work continues. Today, Gen. Chandler, of Rhode Island, is disinterring the remains of a color bearer, of the 4th R. Island. The battle ground embraces many fields and extends all around our encampment. Anywhere, I can pick up the evidences of the conflict, and in front of my tent are shot and shell, whole and in pieces, battered bullets, &c., which I intend if the chance occurs, to forward to you. We are about a mile from Sharpsburg, and in going to town the near way, pass over that part of the field that witnessed the sharpest (Infantry) fighting, and all around are the evidences of the combat. Just as we rise a hill next to the one we are on, is where our troops formed in "line of battle," and gave the 'Johnnies' the contents of their cartridge boxes. The line is yet clearly traced, not only by the trodden ground, (now in some places sown with wheat,) but the paper ends of cartridges the soldiers tear off in loading lie thick upon the ground, and here and there a whole cartridge, which slipped from the hand in the hurry of loading, or perchance, because the hand that held it was powerless in death ere it could "charge cartridge."

One standing in any place on this part of the battle-field can see evidences of many kinds, of the fight. Here will be a bayonet scabbard, or cartridge box, and there a solid shot; at your feet, pieces of burst shell, and just beyond, an unexploded shell, a foot long and three inches in diameter; as you walk along, with a shudder your step aside to avoid treading on the spot where some one's life blood was shed, the evidence of which is yet gory, and not dried or washed away, and close by is the long narrow mound which finishes the picture, thought had half formed, and confirms the fate imagined. Here an enclosure signifying that a number have together been buried, and there a single board indicates a soldier's grave. But few of our own heroes are without something to indicate the rank, name and Reg't, and where we see a stake or piece of a rail at the head of a grave, it is safe to conclude a rebel is incapable of farther harm in this world, not from any desire to treat them differently, but because our folks, not their own, buried him and knew not the name. Most anywhere pieces of shell, or those which failed to explode, with solid shot from ten to twenty pounders, and musket balls, which were sent whirling from a rifle or scattered broadcast from shell, can be picked up; singly or in groups (of as many as eight in one place) decaying bodies of horses, killed and lying as they fell. To complete the picture and give additional sorrow, you will see one or more in citizen's dress, eagerly, sadly, but carefully treading among the graves and reading the names, sometimes hardly legible, from the action of the weather. Such, are fathers or sons, or brothers, come hundreds of miles, perhaps, to find and carry to their own quiet churchyard, the remains of their loyal one. It is apparent to any one, that the spot was a capital one for an engagement, and had the rank and file of the rebels had their hearts in the cause, a larger force than was pitched against them, the 17th, would have been necessary to have gained any advantage, and lucky to have hold their own, but conditioned as they were without food and clothing, a few more hours of day would have resulted in a rout. I do not know anything about the reasons for not continuing the battle. I say, had we done so, it would have completely used up Lee's and Jackson's and Longstreet's Army, and prevented the battle yet to be fought in Virginia, or the long stern chase into Richmond.

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Letter from ATG, Camp Near Warrenton, VA⁴²⁵ November 10, 1862

FRIEND MEMO:

Today is as fair and beautiful as one could expect or wish for this time of year, contrasting hugely with the weather the last three days. Last Thursday we were encamped, or rather bivouacked at or near Rectortown, and had I been in Old Plymouth I should have been sure of snow by the indications, but hardly dared prophesy it of the 'Sunny South,' yet the next morning it commenced, and in a manner that would have done credit to the "Eastern shore." All day, nearly, it continued, and made us think of the comfortable firesides at home.

Saturday, we marched at 1 P. M., having been ready since 10 A. M., and halted at 9 P. M., having made about 18 miles. Prospects gloomy that night, as it commenced snowing soon as we halted, but with a pot of hot coffee and our hard bread ration, safely stowed, we rolled in our woolen blankets, and with our (so called) rubber ones over us, laid down to – wait for morning – sleeping all we could. Next morning we started quite early and marching about a mile and a half halted at this place within a mile of Warrenton. The day was Sunday, had a cold, strong north wind pierced us through, though it cleared at noon and the sun was out bright and fair. Sunday is the day that tries my timber, and if I weather that, I can generally run the craft another week without homesickness. This is a hard looking place for much of a stop, and God forbid that we should stop anywhere but in the city of Richmond. There seems to be no wood or forage handy and we can't injure the citizens much, only in burning rails and we generally do enough of that, to make the owner of the land remember that the army honored them enough to spend a night, or longer, on the accursed soil. But though it may seem rough to burn all the man's post and rails, yet we leave him the ashes, and all the benefit of the animals, so I am not sure, reckoning the honor in, the old secesh farmers are not ahead by the operation. The Generals promulgate orders against pillaging pigs, chicken, &c. (I wish they were half as careful to promulgate those that squint towards favoring emancipations, and against pilfering the right of men away from them,) yet many a pig is stript of his skin, and fresh pork before he has given a thought to the subject. It would amaze you to see how quick a hog can lose his skin, and fade away to nothing but a blood spot, when a squad of hungry soldiers really attempt it. Speaking of orders, many an order published in the papers, as being issued by Gen. - --- or Gen. ---- never is known in the army unless it is read in one of the papers, and why not? is it published in the papers to have its effect, and not read to the army, also to have its effect, which is to gull the people by making them think the army is subject to such orders, and is therefore working to every advantage, when, as far as it is concerned or affected by it, the order might as well never have been written? I can't tell; but "keep up a devil of a thinking."

No mistake, there is a counter current in the North and in the army also, that is sustaining the South and keeping this thing along. All along the route we have come, from the Potomac at Berlin crossing, the colored man has been as scarce as honest Congressmen in New York. At Wheatland an old man told me that one neighbor had lost sixty; all go but the old folks, and that is confirmed all along thus far. At Rectortown the old man (83 years old) on whose ground we camped, said he saw four "boys" among the drivers of the teams, whom he hired to break up the very grounds he stood upon, last Spring. But slaves do not leave their masters. Oh no. They love to stay with them – a great way off. Thousands of troops are within hearing, and while I write I am favored with the music of two or more bands. One is at "Porter's" head quarters, and one at "Syke's." I think yesterday I happened to hear that Meagher's Brigade was going by, and knowing the 29th Mass., to be in that Brigade, I put for the road to see acquaintances and friends. As I arrived the head of the column was passing, and I looked anxiously for the head of our friend, Capt. Doten. Saw a hat that looked like him, but the head under it, did not come up to the description, and still looking hard at it, let the company pass, and even the Regiment, and not finding him in the next, inquired for the 29th, and found it had just passed, took up the double quick, and ranged up along side of that hat again, and found, "first impression"

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correct, it covered our friend, hale and hearty, not very like the Captain, I left at Harrison's Landing. "But the hair. Oh the fashions of the day are a sight for to see," Lieut. Collingwood, was looking finely, and George Wadsworth, Holbrook, Tommy, Nick, and half a dozen or more Plymouth men were, in "Thanksgiving order" especially "Tommy" and Nick.' No use for them to think of using clothes again, they left at home, except stockings and knit under shirts which will stretch a "feet" or more. A. Harlow was seemingly tough, as usual, but did not exhibit that difference in appearance, that "Tommy," and others did. Last time I saw Tommy was at Harrison's Landing, and he was mixing lemonade, 'neath Capt. Doten's shelter, and though not exactly resembling, one could see a "leetle" look of each in the two halves of the lemon after Tom had squeezed them. It is hard to realize that men have been so sick, as the "army of the Potomac" was at Harrison's Landing, to look upon the same men now; men who hardly cast a shadow there, are so fat here, if it was hot weather they would grease their clothes so as to spoil them. A short time ago, I met with Dr. Wood of the 35th, and he is the best doctor I have seen in this army. He knew my symptoms at once, and treated the case sufficiently, (with some nice hot "doughnuts" his office boy had just been making,) and gave me some of the medicine to take subsequently (I expect) to prevent a relapse. He was robust, and well, with glow of health on his countenance that I had not seen for years. Thus I have met with nearly all of the Plymouthans, except those in the 23d, 38th and later Regiments, even to the brother of that man who, let our friend taste of the medicine, in a certain shoe store on Main street. But I am rambling, and as it is getting chilly, I will roll in my blankets and try to dream of the rebellion ended and all safe at home.

Tuesday morning and pleasant as can be. I heard last Saturday morning that Gen. McClellan was going to New Jersey, and that Gen. Burnside was to take his command, and about Sunday evening the news had become general, and you would have indulged in anger or mirth, (I hardly know which) to have heard the remarks of old hunker officers and seen the "blue man" depicted on their countenances. They of course knew nothing of the cause of the change (and it is none of their business, they are sworn in and every enlisted man under them, to obey their Superiors, and are forbidden by "regulations," to deliberate, or discuss the merits or demerits, to praise or blame any in military service,) and could only be actuated by prejudice or politics. There seems to be a determination of the part of some to make Gen. McClellan the idol of the country "whether he will or no," and to sink with him rather than safely reach the shore under the lead of another. I am willing to follow without question, those who are placed over me so long as I am in the service; that is the sworn duty of every enlisted man and officer. Of course I have preferences and can't help thinking and often wondering why things are thus and so. For instance, I wonder why New York should elect men like Seymour, Ben, and Fernando Wood, to high and important offices; why a certain General out West, was allowed a second chance to disgrace our army, why a General Order from Gen. Halleck or McClellan, is published in the papers, instead of being promulgated through the army, why discipline is so lax throughout the whole army; why the Medical and Quarter Master Department are conducted as they are, &c. And I am wondering now, whether this vast army will lie about here this beautiful weather doing nothing, 'till mud shall be the excuse, or if we will "sail in" and so effectually whip the Johnny Rebs as to prevent any further trouble from that army. Yesterday and today we could have marched 50 miles if necessary, the excuse may be want of supplies, I am anxious to see one bold dash. What if the whole of us should not have anything to eat for 48 hours, we should out live that, and decisive victory would compensate me for abstinence from food so long as it would be safe to risk life. That intelligent contraband statement in the "*Memo*," concerning the mistake made by our side in not following up the battle of Antietam the next day, is but corroborative of the general impression and belief. A regular officer just conversing with me, said that he was at the first Bull Run battle, and at the skirmish two or three days before at Centreville, and it has ever since been a wonder to him why our forces did not follow up the skirmish, instead of letting the good weather pass by, and Johnson make a union of his forces, which alone produced the

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disunion of ours. Without censuring or blaming any one, I want to see more of the “go in” policy, and less of getting ready. But darely expecting it, and with barely time to get this in the mail which goes today for the first time, on the railroad from Warrenton; the cars venturing up yesterday, I am your for just a week.

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG. Camp Near Warrenton, VA⁴²⁶ November 13, 1862

FRIEND HOLLIS:

Were I at home to-day and had leisure, I should be very likely to rush into your sanctum, with a “come Hollis, let’s take a tramp in the fields and woods, up past the Thread Factory, ‘Cotton Factory Meadow,’ to “Bill Holmes’ stream,” from there to Billington’s Landing, thence to the “Cove,” and then to “the Grove,” and around the shores of Little Pond, cross the main road by “John Sampsons” and home by the way of the Cemetery and Murdock’s. Couldn’t I enjoy such a tramp, even if there were no beauty of scenery, or exhilaration of spirits caused by the ‘tramp;’ the memories that would be awakened by the places we should visit and the conversation that would with you be sure to flow, would be a rich treat after a weary and almost fruitless (save of evil,) campaign in the ranks of the “Army of the Potomac.” I am not sure but the name, “Army of the Potomac,” will fairly stink, unless something is done within four weeks I believe it will, and become a hissing and a bye word.

I have been led to think of what I would do if at home, by the exceeding pleasantness of the day. Perfectly delightful, and were it not for the beautifully variegated foliage of the trees, which, in the distance cover the sides and crown the tops of the mountains; so soft and balmy is the air, one could hardly believe it was the middle of November, but rather the latter part of May. Neither could one believe, to stand upon some swell of ground and seeing here a herd of cattle, grazing, there a stately mansion, and, dotting the landscape, peeping out from amid the trees, here and there a cottage, with the almost deathly silence all around, that more than four thousand men were encamped within a miles’ circumference, waiting but the word to make the ground shake with their rush, and the movements of artillery and supply trains, and with the enemy to combat, to rend it with the furrows of solid shot, scoop it with bursting shell, and dye it crimson with human gore; but so it is, and (I would hardly have believed it had I told it myself six weeks ago, that) men of gentle natures, and who naturally shrink from blood, are now anxious for a fight, not that they would love to see life sacrificed, or taken, but feeling that the objects for which they enlisted have not been accomplished, are willing to risk their lives in a brilliant effort, and dying, to die a glorious death.

All day Monday and Tuesday, the booming of cannon sounded pleasant to our ears, for we thought it indicated an advanced and ultimate general engagement, but yesterday was quiet, and to-day it is stiller than nature could be anywhere in a settled county, except the “Lousy state of Virginny.” Are you aware that but four days are wanted to make two months since the battle of Antietam, and each day as it has taken its flight into the dead past, has but increased the difficulty of doing what might easily have been done the next day after the battle. I hear of considerable dissatisfaction among officers and men, on account of the removal of Gen. McClellan. The officers are alone to blame for what of dissent there may be on that account, and such should be court-martialed on the charge of “Conduct prejudicial to discipline and good order,” and cashiered; officers nor men were enlisted and sworn into the service to steer the ship according to their own motives, and policies, but according to the course marked out, and to obey their superiors; and other procedure is insubordination, and if allowed would break down the discipline and “morals” of the best army ever mustered. I believe in “blowing” for our side, sticking up for party, voting for regular nominations, &c. But ‘tis said there comes a time when “forbearance ceases to be a virtue,” (but I don’t believe principle should ever be sacrificed, and

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between serving God and man, should instantly decide with Paul) and I fear unless the army shall do or dare something before the rains of winter shall mire him in, that the mask of glory, patriotism and effectiveness, will be torn away, and it become a monument of gas and imaginary splendor and power.

But I sat down to write of Warrenton, and will now attempt it. The grand trouble is to know where a town or village begins or ends, unless it is bounded by the Potomac. Warrenton, is, I should judge, of about 3000 inhabitants, containing five churches, two large hotels, one or two Halls, and is the terminus of the Warrenton Branch Railroad. It has one principal street running way through it, and in many respects made one think of the lesser streets of New Bedford, (not be any means to be compared with it; the best of this and the worst of that.) What most forcible made one think of New Bedford was stumbling against the edges of the flag stones, with which the side-walks - in some places - were strewn, not laid. The Green Warren Hotel is occupied by Gen. Burnside as headquarters, and shoulder straps and spurs, were thick as pretty girls in the streets of Plymouth of a pleasant twilight, and from (good, I hear the report of guns, which speak earnestly,) the cavalry man to Maj. Gen. Mingling with them, on seemingly best of terms, are Rebel Officers of different grades. Many are Surgeons in attendance upon their own sick and wounded, of which there are many in the town, several churches being occupied by them. The most I saw were fine specimens of men and in new uniforms (complete) make a splendid military appearance. They have an abundance of gold lace, and though not so neat, are more showy and a richer uniform than ours. That cannonading has ceased and hope has fled. There are some very pretty buildings in the town, and more evidences of civilization and refinement, than I have chanced to see elsewhere in Virginia. (I passed through Williamsburg in the night.) Green blinds predominate, and a large share of the chimneys have christian protection, (built inside the houses.) Many of the buildings are cottage style, with bay windows, balustrades, fancy roofs and chimney, &c., &c., and I noticed some furnished with neatly painted window curtains, clean glass, and really had a "Dorchester" look. Some considerable attempts were noticeable towards flower garden, and late shrubs and bushes were still in bloom; but in spite of all, unmistakably there was evidence of that lack of energy and industry which thus far has characterized the South. It may seem foolish to you and the reader to mention these things as worthy of notice; but it was a source of wonder to me, to witness the indolence and shiftlessness of those parts of Virginia through which I have passed; and with only the width of the river between, one blindfolded, could almost tell when he had left Maryland and walked the soil of Virginia, and from our crossing at Berlin, to this place, though we have passed through several towns, nothing but rickety, tumble down buildings, have we seen; often built of logs, (and mud between,) with rough chimneys outside. So that, come to see a perpendicular and well built house, green blinds, flower garden, &c., it is a pleasure worthy of note. Like all the villages and towns through which we have passed, the stores were all closed, and every thing denotes a deserted town, temporarily occupied by strangers. In a few instances persons inside a building were peddling tobacco, cigars, and like trash, (ain't they good though,) through an open glass in the sash, while in the tailor's shop, I noticed officers drinking, it 'mought have been sweetened water and 'moughn't. There seems to be quite a large supply of tailor shops, unless the signs are synonymous with Bar-room, but I think not. I noticed in a little settlement we passed through a week ago, a bona fide tailor's shop, where I should not suppose there would be work enough in a year, to supply a man a month. Don't let Gleason rush out here now 'pell-mell,' for though the trade may be good in peaceful times, now, it is (possibly) quieter than in Plymouth.

The other night a colored man, a teamster in one of the trains, died in his wagon, and his comrades made him a very respectable coffin, and buried him with as much tenderness and feeling as I have seen manifested on any such occasion by educated white men. I was tempted on hearing the voice of "Uncle Ben," (a colored "Brudder" of notoriety in the circuit where he lived, and now a teamster for Uncle Sam,) in his exhortation at the grave, to become a listener, and he certainly was proficient, and his ideas unexceptionable. He dwelt upon

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the life of the deceased since he had known him; told of a conversation just previous to his departure, implored the listeners to be prepared for death; spoke of the occasion as being "a spectacle for the old and a looking glass for the young," and closed by imploring forgiveness for anything that had been said amiss, and a blessing upon what had been said in truth. They then filled in the earth, neatly forming the mound, placing a stake at either end, and covered the whole carefully with green boughs. It was really an impressive affair, conducted by "Chattels." After they were through, a Mass. Officer stepped up and wrote the deceased name, age, &c. Upon the stake, which seemed to please them much.

But promising not often to write so much, I am in favor of the "Burnsides" practice till we reach the heart of this rebellion, and blister it so that it can no more pulsate in its wickedness.

Yours, A. T. G.

Hoyt and Elbridge Seavey Home⁴²⁷ November 27, 1862

Welcome Home

We extend our sympathies to our worthy citizen, Mr. John Hoyt, who has just returned from his second journey to bring home another son from the hospital, worn down by long continued chronic sickness. Less than a year they went forth from the paternal roof, young, healthy, and ambitious; now they have scarcely been able to walk for months. So to with Mr. Elbridge Seavey, who has made a wreck of his former self by his exposure and sufferings on the Peninsula.

...

Here friends, are patriots at your own doors quite as worthy of your kind attentions as are the rebel prisoners at Fort Warren.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴²⁸ December 1862

Friend Hollis:

Most of our Army are across the river, but as yet we have received no "orders." Our Brigade is across and we hear were into it last night just after dark, and suffered some in killed and wounded, before arriving in position, by stray shot and shell. Sometimes I almost wish we were with them, and yet to wish you were in yesterday's fight, is about equivalent to wishing you were in Hades. When "Abbott" comes to put that on paper, it will equal any page in his "life of Napoleon." By the way, wouldn't it be a good plan for some one who is able, to give a copy of that work complete, to each 3 years volunteer from Plymouth who may be lucky enough to get home? Can't think any one would object to receiving such a gift, for there is material enough to make the most readable of military works, when made by J. S. C. Abbott. I am not sure but the best way to write it would be, as a history of individual Generals, of Armies; just mention it to him.

Today has been reasonably quiet, early this morning the battle opened smartly, with a tremendous volley of musketry, with pedal base accompaniment by the batteries, but it was not continued, and from 10 o'clock, only now and then, a single discharge. I am inclined to think it was out of respect to the day, and for other reasons.

Yesterday was the hardest fought battle of the war I believe, and rumors of the losses confirm it. The right grand division of the army were alone in the fight all the day, and stood firm against every attempt to break their lines, and at night held the advance they had made. The enemy have the strongest position, it seems to me they have occupied since they left Centreville; and having had ample time to fortify and place their batteries, will no doubt give us serious trouble to dispossess them. But it will be done. 'Tis only a question of

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time. If they could not break our lines yesterday, with half our forces, (or one third if Sigel has come up as is reported). I don't believe the task will be any easier with Gen. Hooker's Division, in addition.

The battle commenced last Thursday morning about 5:30, and at 6, it was too noisy for any one to sleep within 5 miles of it. The situation of the batteries and formation of land is such as to increase the sound, and by the reverberations, prolong it so that the report of one gun does not cease 'til a dozen or twenty more have joined it, and they go thundering, crashing and muttering along among the hills and forests, rivaling in effect the fiercest encounter of Heavens artillery; and while you are listening, the crack and rattle of 2000 or 3000 muskets come in, increasing the effect beyond comparison. I stood and watched the engagement of yesterday nearly three hours. It was not very satisfactory, not knowing the relative situation of the batteries, or anything positive of the rebel lines, in fact they had no line in sight, but were supporting their batteries, protected by earth works or among the trees, and only exposed themselves to attempt the breaking of our lines, or prevent the capture of their batteries. I heard today from good authority that one battery was captured and retaken several times; and I think I saw it taken more than once. Right opposite from where I stood a portion of our line was to be seen, and in front of them, on a low hill, a rebel battery of three or four guns, and just in the rear, on a higher elevation, another with two or more guns. For more than three hours while I was looking on, (and they were at it when I came and when I left) the fiercest of fighting seemed to be at that point. Our troops determined to occupy that hill, and the rebels as determined they should not. Our forces had advanced steadily over a low level piece of ground for more than half a mile I should judge, right in face of this battery, the fire of the infantry supporting it, and a cross fire from batteries on adjacent hills, and when I came upon the ground where near the base of the first hill, steadily advancing, and continually pouring in a shower of bullets. We could see the cannon in front belch forth its streams of fire and know that a fearful charge of grape and canister had preceded it, and shells from other batteries were seen to burst right over their heads and in among their ranks. Still they pressed on, 'til at last, while our batteries fairly rained shell among the rebel artillery, the infantry advanced and after that, while I looked on, no more discharges were made by those guns; but our folks seemed unable to hold the position, because of the battery on the hill beyond, which seemed to be nigh enough to kill men with the wadding. About 3.30 the rebels made a desperate attempt to force our lines, and such a din of musketry I never heard, (and I heard the whole of the Antietam battle,) we could see the Johnnies come over the brow of the hill and charge upon our men, and so fierce was the encounter, the batteries on either side ceased firing, and seemed to be unmindful of their work in anxiety for the result. But there was no yield to our men and the rebels were repulsed. Later that night another similar attempt was made but in greater force, with no better result. Many think yesterday's work was against us; but it seems to be not so, for we advanced, in spite of them and held our ground, though, again at fearful odds; and I am confident that when our General says it must be done, it will. Our troops are in good spirits and have full confidence in "Burnside." Supplies are at hand and ample, the weather is very much milder and the storms only keep off 'til we get the "devils," on the double quick for Richmond, the rest is easy. It is a great source of anxiety to know where the "Napoleon of America" has gone. Were this army sure he was up the York or James, the victory would be half won before the battle was begun. There is evidently a strong force of the rebels opposite, and a demonstration on Richmond would be almost a sure thing, and a force of 30 or 40,000 to strike at Gordonsville, and thus cut off the retreat of our enemy and attack him in the rear, is a plan I should like to see tried on.

Last Thursday, Hooker's army moved to cross the river, and while they were waiting their turn to cross, I found Griffin's Division; formerly Morell's, and saw the Mass. 32d, 18th and 9th; shook hands with Capts. Collingwood, Drew and Winsor, and Sergt. Major "Steve" [Drew] of the 18th, and enquired after Fuller of the 32d and all other Plymouthans I did not see and talk with. All were well, and most of them looked as though

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instead of being short of rations any time the last month, they had eaten double, particularly Capt. ---- who used to be so efficient in the "torch drill;" he was so fat he could hardly see out of his eyes, and Drew and Winsor were so borne down by the superabundance of muscle, that during a short half of six or eight hours, they had seated themselves in the mud, preferring that to standing. Capt. Drew was engaged in studying his Christianity or his Greek. I don't know which, for the book he was reading was as difficult for me to read as to clearly understand.

The Division crossed the river late yesterday afternoon, and was not in the battle yesterday afternoon, unless they engaged just at dark. I heard musketry after dark, as though a whole Brigade had discharged their pieces, and rumor says, today, 'twas Griffin's old Brigade. They could hardly have arrived on the ground in season. Some 40 prisoners, (sharpshooters,) passed here who were captured Thursday night, and today some hundreds have been paroled; (paroling such men as those were, is like talking morality to a heathen in an unknown tongue.) They were comfortably clothed but with no uniformity; and some of them were so impudent and saucy, that some of our soldiers would like to have paroled them with a dump on the head, to give a chance for the free ventilation of the ignorance and impudence in it. They called us d---d yankee sons of a b-----, and the like, and exasperated our men by asking insulting questions and answering themselves; betraying an entire ignorance of the condition of their own States and showing they are the victims of those in authority, who lead them on and cheat by false statements, 'till they think the "shadow is the substance," and the lie the truth. Thus it is with a large proportion of the rank and file of the Southern Army, they "don't know enough to last them up two flights of stairs," and a good many must have been reared by mothers like that old woman, Rev. M. Foye came across, who thought "like as not Washington might be dead."

I would give you more news of the battle thus far, but 'tis not yet ventilated. Our loss was no doubt very heavy, but set it about half less than what you hear and you won't be far out of the way.

Monday morning. The storm is still in the future. Heavy firing is heard rather on the left. About one this morning I was awoke, though nearly 3 miles distant, by the discharge of musketry. It was seemingly the heaviest I have yet heard, and to wake me up at that distance is no slight job. We can only guess that that was a precursor of a charge and capture of a rebel battery. Today will probably settle this affair.

Yours, A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴²⁹ December 1, 1862

Friend Hollis:

A month ago, a fortnight ago, you could not have made me believe that Old Winter would have been upon us and we this side of the Rappahannock. But so it is, though every effort has been made to get us in a situation to cross. It may be asked by some, what was to prevent our crossing when we arrived here, near two weeks ago. I answer, nothing, or only the order of those in command. But though we could have crossed, what should we have gained by so doing? Evidently if we had crossed and stopt in Fredericksburg, it would only been a gain of a mile or two, and all our provisions and supplies of every kind would have to be "toted" across a river not fordable, and without bridges; and with the possible risk of being attacked by overwhelming numbers, (the rebels having a railroad to rush troops in on,) before we were quite ready. Now I am impatient of delay as any one, but to those who are fretting at home about the Army of the Potomac becoming a "stationary packet," let me say that as far as any one in the army is concerned, it could be no different; (perhaps others are to blame.) The army arrived here short of supplies of every kind; and deficient in many supply trains of means of transportation, because the wagons were used up, and because of the animals being sick; dead, or run down from working without proper and sufficient feed. The road to Aquia Creek was effectually destroyed and the

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bridges, and some mighty bad places to build or repair bridges, are between here and the Creek, and that the Belle Plain Landing on the Potomac Creek were our only source of supply. The road destroyed to the one place, and no depth of water to allow transports to float to the other, made the process rather slow, as many of the soldiers know by having to feed on imagination a day or two; but now the railroad is in running order, and since last Friday has been constantly at work, and its shrieks of defiance and the incessant rattle of baggage wagons, night and day, are evidences that there is a disposition to make up for lost time and gather supplies in abundance at this base.

When we first arrived, I believe (and it is confirmed by others) a single Division could have waded the river and taken possession of Fredericksburg; but now well it is different. Busy as our cars have been in bringing to this place, the cars for the first eight or ten days after we arrived, were as busy in bringing or carrying to or from Fredericksburg; I am inclined to think both, carrying away all they could of valuables and bringing all they could of rebels. At any rate, 'tis said their camp fires extend daily, and now are a dozen miles along the river, and four to five miles back from it. It is this increase of their army and the position occupied, which makes me doubt the good Generalship in not taking the place at once, and seizing what there was of worth in the city, and possibly obliged them to take up with a less advantageous position. There is another view; it may be better to coax a large army to meet us there, and then whipping them, have a clear way to Richmond, and not give them time to destroy the track as they fall back, and with all their trains to "tote" back they could not retreat any faster than we could advance. We are all anxious to get at them; give us a fair field and a free fight, and if we are "licked" we will own it. Doubtless, now we are now about ready to lay our bridges and "pitch in," and before this shall come out in your paper, we shall be beaten or on the other side of Jordan - or the Rappahannock. Should this not be the case you can calculate the orders have not been received.

So far we have been much favored in weather (it seems now to be getting ready for a snow storm,) it not being cold enough to cause any real suffering, but some inconvenience through the night; but we can stand it a month longer, and that ought to be time enough to be into Richmond. I understood, while near headquarters last week, that the officer having in charge the conveyance of the "Pontoons," was to be court martialed for negligence, causing a delay in getting them up here to use. All things look well for our new Commander; save the puffs in the New York *Herald*. Were the General's antecedents unknown, I should surely distrust him when papers like the "*Herald*" began to clap him.

I hear that Col. Raymond is at home, and was much surprised and disappointed in looking for him as his Regiment passed us the 3d of last month, to hear he had resigned and gone home. Not seeing him after the regiment had passed, I ranged up to one of the Privates and enquired for him. He told me he had started for Washington that morning, on his way home. Sick or wounded, I enquired.

"No, resigned," and before I could question him further he said

"It is too bad; we are all sorry to have him leave."

"That is your opinion," said I, "he might not have been liked generally."

"The whole Regiment are sorry," said he, "he was a first rate officer and man, and wasn't too good to speak to a private."

An officer of the 29th told me one of the officers or men of the 7th said he "never saw a man cooler in danger the would sit on his horse and chew his quid as indifferent to danger as if it did not exist."

I was pleased to hear this unsolicited, and even unasked for, perfectly gratuitous, evidence of the worth of an acquaintance who hailed from Old Plymouth. I am sorry he did not see this through, for having passed safely and unscratched through more than one hail storm of bullets, he might have saved his life in what is to come, and whether dignitaries believe it or not, officers like him are too good to spare. Many an officer can

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swear more and exceed him in "strut" and self-importance, while but few are more honest, efficient, faithful and devoted.

You would be surprised to go through this army and listen to, and converse with the men, and then be told they had not been paid for some 5, some 7 months, that no more would be said about it; for I am sure generally that it would not be mentioned unless you asked for a chew of tobacco of the men, or was invited to dine with an officer, and yet it causes no inconsiderable amount of inconvenience and suffering. There is no mistake, Hollis, the rank and file of this Army is good enough, better than ever was assembled before, and it only needs the proper example in officers to become terrible in its wrath, and perfect in its discipline, efficiency and general deportment. There is but little fear but what the officers will get all the credit they are entitled to, (and how often, how very often more) but the trials, hardships and suffering, the effectiveness, faithfulness, and heroism of the private is too often, if not generally overlooked or forgotten. Ye who are at home amid those you love, and who love you, bountifully fed, and comfortably and warmly clothed, and at night snugly and lovingly cared for within a New England house, can hardly realize what the soldier has to put up with, and as your voices shall be raised in prayer and your hearts in thanksgiving, forget not the tried, suffering, but willing soldier, and among them your friend,

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴³⁰ December 8, 1862

Friend Hollis:

I have read of, and know the time, when there were "wars and rumors of wars," but now, as far as this army is concerned, it is peace and rumors of peace. Very peaceful have we been in this locality the past week, and it is easy to doubt the warlike intentions of the vast number of men around here. There has also been 'guard house' or camp stories of an armistice of 80 days, then 6 months, and lastly the South had made proposals for peace; the latter rumor ought to be true if there is any sense of reason or humanity now existing in that part of the country.

It is very difficult to determine from this standpoint, what we are going to do; it is not so difficult to tell what will be done to us, if this weather continues; we shall all freeze if we don't get into warmer weather or different quarters. Since the earth interfered with the shining of the sun upon the moon, (and by the way a most excellent view was had of that affair here, the heavens being cleared for the occasion,) it has been extremely cold; freezing the earth nearly a foot and half deep, staying all the proceedings towards mud chimneys, and the plastering of log houses; for many had concluded to go into "winter quarters," if they were "warned out" the next day. I don't know how low the mercury fell, but do know that hopes of active operations went down below zero, and that you don't have ordinarily during a winter at home; 10 degrees colder than it was here yesterday, and Saturday and Sunday night.

There are indications of milder weather, and of this army's being ready for anything but retreating. The Artillery Reserve has been strengthened materially in guns and ammunition supply trains, and the rattling of cars or rumbling of wagons, has in no wise lessened.

This cold weather has hastened the death of many a soldier who has been reduced by the climate, and chronic diarrhea. Two died in the 32d, several in the 9th, and two or more in the 18th Mass. None that I have heard of belong to Plymouth.

Among the many rumors, was one which removed Burnside, (didn't say where,) and assigned "Joe Hooker" pardon me, Gen. Hooker to command the Army of the Potomac. It is wicked and mean to nickname such a sterling, able, active and glorious soldier and "fighter," General and man, as Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker.

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You should have seen him as I did one night at Warrenton. I was passing by the house in which were his headquarters, about 9 P. M., and near the window, noticed a head which looked familiar, and as the head turned, a face also familiar; and to assure myself of my suspicions, went nearer the window and then saw for the first time, Gen. Hooker. He was sitting in an [illegible] earnest, conversational position; his body leaning forward, his head, inclined one side, and chin slightly raised talking with the owner of the head [illegible] Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, stick and hang, able Henry Wilson. I don't know as acquaintance with his face will sustain the impression of the first sight, but as he looked that night, in the ruddy glow of a blazing fire, it was the face of all I have seen in this war. It was the personification of zeal, daring, courage, ability and genius, tempered by a generous humanity. I have seen faces like it on canvas, but never one of flesh and blood, and I stood looking at him 'till I was afraid the sentinel would challenge and drive me away. Writing of him, puts me in mind of an anecdote I heard the other day from an eye and ear witness which happened last August at one of the principal hotels in Alexandria, Va. It was just after the retreat from Harrison's Landing, and that city was full of officers and soldiers, sick and wounded, recruits and stragglers. It was Sunday afternoon, and the hotel was thronged with officers principally occupying the bar and verandah; and a soldier of solid appearance came up to the bar and asked for something to drink; he was somewhat under the influence of liquor, and the bar keeper refused him, and after some words, threatened to put him out if he didn't go of his own accord, and to make good his word was obliged to attempt it. After a short struggle the soldier threw the "clerk," (a larger and evidently more powerful man than himself,) fairly and flatly on the floor, shaking his fist at him, he said; "There by G-d! who won that battle? That's what I call a "Joe Hooker" victory! He picked up his cap and deliberately walked away, amid the screams of laughter of the Cols. and other officers who had listened to the affair.

We have had the President's message, and carefully read the part which illustrates the President's hobby. I don't ask anything for my opinion; but think his plan much better than his arguments, and it seems to me, the whole thing is in the language he repeats from a former message and which he confesses is his best effort. If the proposing of that "compensating emancipation" does not give rise to tiresome and unreasonably lengthy speeches in Congress, to the detriment of other business, nor delay the active operations of the Federal armies, to see how the plan is a going to affect the South, not a word should be said against it. Surely if this rebellion can be stayed and the honor and dignity of the federal government sustained, without further loss of life, and more of cruel suffering, for heaven's and humanity's sake let it be done; but if the reconstruction must allow permission to live to slavery, then in God's name let us fight 'til the last friend of humanity and liberty is slain, or the spirit which has instituted and sustained this fatal, cruel, infernal rebellion is thoroughly crushed out. I am not sure the South has had just such a whipping as she needs, to divest her of the silly notion which she has advocated so long that she actually believes it, that the South is as good as the North and a d—n sight better. Let's have it fairly understood without any quibbling, who is the best man; no more of this "mind-all" talk, and if necessary wring from them at the point of the bayonet in the eyes of the whole world, that "Southern chivalry" is no match for the sturdy yeomanry of the north, who are not ashamed to earn their bread before they eat it; or lend a helping hand to any suffering brother. I would give the south all the credit belonging to them and would force them to acknowledge what belongs to us.

This morning, before breakfast, I walked a mile in the stinging cold to get a Saturday's paper, and was obliged to take up with that modest, truthful sheet, the *N. Y. Herald*. All others were disposed of. The issue of that date had an article on Gen. Banks' expedition, which seemed as much out of place in that paper, as a child in a grog shop; for it spoke in an appreciative and fitting manner of Massachusetts's "bobbin boy." I say Hollis, without disparaging others, that is the man who should be at the wheel in this crisis. Waiting for something to turn up, and willing to do anything; but compromise or yield. I am yours for seven days.

Cos. E, F, AND OTHERS, 32d Regiment

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG⁴³¹ December 13, 1862

My Dear Friend:

"Now is the Winter of our discontent, made glorious Summer." For a "few days; few days;" we'll battle innovation, "and the Rebel army 'till we are into Richmond, and that won't be far from Christmas." It is the worst storm we have seen since last Spring. The elements seem to be on a "Rampage," and the weather since Sunday has been lowry and threatening, at times showery, 'til yesterday about 10 A. M., when it commenced in earnest, and rain has unceasingly fell, and with a prospect of more. Possibly you can't see how the above agrees. I'll tell you. It all comes from our new leader and my present quarters. From the first, because we believe he is going to drive the enemy to the "last ditch, into it, and 'til they surrender beyond it; that we are going to have no half way work; that "one of the two has got to be licked" "and it won't be us." From the latter, because, 'til now, since we've been in active service, (six months,) we have not had a Christian meal of victuals, or slept between sheets.

The train is "parked" on the farm of Mr. Walker. Roy, the "guard," is "quartered" in one of his buildings and the Lieut. and myself are most hospitably entertained and accommodated in his own house. Now don't you believe the saying? And now while I sit before his cheerful blazing fire (in none of your black, unhealthy, close communion, air drying stoves, but an open, generous and social fire place) the music from a band at some head quarters, comes wafted on the air cheerful and inspiring, and though thousands around are wet , and shivering with cold, and the "out door" so cheerless; I can't help it, and can be but grateful and gay. This is the first real "Oasis" I have enjoyed, but trust it won't be the last. The farm is on elevated land, and with an abundant well of most excellent water (equal to "Cold Spring" in its palmist days) making it a very desirable and healthy location. It has been customary for citizens of Fredericksburg and Falmouth to ride or walk here in Summer evenings (afternoons) for the sake of a drink of the Well water.

The proprietor is an old Virginian (nearly 80) and "served" in [illegible] widower and childless, and the best type of a slave holder. In fact he is to me an "anomaly." Can't understand how one so generous and kind hearted, could consent to own humanity, and justify human slavery. He repels with horror the idea of trafficking in human flesh and blood, and doubtless he could hardly be convinced of the atrocities and inhumanity of the system. He has had 12 leave him, one upwards of 60, and says he is afraid they will suffer want the coming Winter, that he was perfectly willing for them to go, he had less "keer" (care) and never was benefited scarce a dollar over their and his own living. I suggested that though he used his slaves well and they loved him, that when he should "cease to be" they might fear to fall into bad hands and hence they left while they had a chance. He replied that he had but a nephew to leave them to, and he was kinder than himself. Now if slaves under such circumstances will leave their homes and even families, don't they want their freedom, and don't they comprehend what Liberty is? Among those he has left, are two old women, one, Judy Walker, 110 and other (her niece) 75 years old. He provides for them in sickness and health, and they live in a small building by themselves, and will be cared for by him 'til death dissolves the compact. This old servant was a bouncing girl in the "Revolution" and remembered Washington and his family, and 'till recently has been communicative, answering questions concerning "the times that tried men's' souls" and describing the appearance of the "Father of his Country," but since her boy left her (the one who run away and was 60 years old) she has been taciturn and gloomy. She is blind, but her hearing is not much impaired, and at times shows considerable smartness in her conversation. As her young niece said, this old slave who left, had said he

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wouldn't run away, wouldn't go and leave his old mother, and Josephine (the house-keeper for Mr. Roy) thinks he was seduced by his wife; he had just married a young wife of "50 odd years."

Ah, there young women, if J. E. B.; W. W. P.; and S. B. was subjected to the temptations of Virginny gals, they might "run their country." I wonder if Josephines are all good; this one is a treasure. To sit down to a feast of her preparing, is death to hunger and an excuse for over eating. The coffee, bread, butter, pastry, &c., &c., is beyond criticism; perfect. She says she can cook "right smart," can make flour rise if any one can. "I has 'heaps' of ways to humor it." "Aye there's the rub" to know how to humor flour. God bless Josephine, she will long be remembered by hundreds of soldiers she has kindly accommodated with soft bread, pies and cake. Mr. Roy does not own her, but hires her of another, to keep house for him, and says he never saw her cross, fretful or unwilling to accommodate. Possible a colored person has virtues like those possessed by Josephine? I trust this war, cruel and sad as it is, may not cease til not only the virtues and worth of the colored race are recognized, but their "inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Since last Sunday forenoon we have moved by short, but, not always easy marches from Warrenton to Warrenton Junction, then to Elktown, from there to Oak Grove farm, and lastly here, where I think we are likely to remain a few days. The bridges are all destroyed over the river to Fredericksburg, and I think we shall be detained a few days to make preparations to cross, get the railroad in working order to Aquia Creek, fix up "teams" and wagons and concentrate supplies. Then "go, for Richmond." This rain is not to prevent our advance as the road is not like the Peninsula, but sandy enough not to retain water, and will not become bad 'til frozen and thawed, and is also comparatively level. When we camped at Warrenton Junction, we were on the same spot (nearly) we occupied, and passed the same road we traveled the morning of the 28th of last August.

All the country from Warrenton to here, was the most desolate and barren we have yet seen. At Warrenton Junction there is a splendid mansion, large and modern, in style reminding me of Mr. A. L. Russell's at home, but standing alone and almost in a barren waste, (though the wagon masters said the land needed but yankee culture to make it yield profitably,) it seemed as much out of place as a "silk dress in a "cathouse."

Wednesday morning I heard that the 35th Mass., were passing by, and I hastened out into the road to meet my friend George F. Wood. He was not with his regiment, but in charge of the ambulance train; a situation not often entrusted to a non-commissioned officer, and evidencing the confidence and appreciation had in his worth and ability, and certainly there is no truer man in the service. While waiting for him to come up, I was accosted, by not "death on a pale horse," but Rev. Geo. S. Ball on a white horse. I was very glad to meet our old friend (and the friend of humanity), and though hearty and rugged, he is not as well 'rounded' as when settled in old Plymouth, but shows the effects of care, anxiety; and hardships experienced. We compared notes, and I was pleased to learn that our tune was the same not differing even in the "pitch." He was suffering then from a "felon" on his thumb, (a felon is bad enough in jail, but to have one on your thumb, and that thumb in the army, ah!)

Some are of opinion that the rebels are in considerable force across the river, that they have been reinforced, I am more inclined to think they are making a show of force, to cover their retreat. They can do that to perfection, when we get across the river and fairly after them I will try to let you hear from me again.

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Camp Near Falmouth, VA⁴³² December 16, 1862

Dec. 16, 1862

Monday, 8 p. m. – Today was real spring like. No general engagement. At different times through the day some "right smart" cannonading. This morning saw a member of the Mass. 1st who was to the front Sunday,

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and learned from him of the death of Rev. A. B. Fuller, Chaplain of the 16th. He was shot in the street of the city whilst helping a wounded woman, and after he fell his pockets were rifled of a large amount of money. He was going home and had his discharge in his pocket, and had been entrusted with this money by the officers. Thus after all his perils and service, and when about to return home, he fell, assassinated, coolly and determinedly; for no soldier even in the rebel army, could fail to know that none but Southern woman could be in the city, when he sighted his rifle on him.

Already this has been the most aggravating battle of the war. Just think of going through a city and seeing the buildings shattered and riddled by cannon shot and shell, and women and children lying dead and wounded in the streets from the same cause. It is dreadful to see men lying around with head severed from the body by a solid shot, and mangled and mutilated in other ways; but to see women and children. O my God! How awful; and how great must be the sins of a people, when such calamities come upon them.

Sunday night the pickets came together and shook hands, exchanging tobacco for coffee. The 1st Mass. lost 42 killed and wounded in that sortie of the rebels just after dusk, Saturday night. But 1 was killed, the rest wounded. The rebels, true to the chivalrous humanity which characterize the South, and enables one to always distinguish the F. F. V's, display their noble qualities by leaving their dead and wounded for our surgeons to take care of. The surgeon of the 1st had 14 under his care, and I have not heard or seen of their being engaged. I am in hopes the quiet of the two days past is indicative of a flank movement, and a combination attack which will surely be successful.

I wrote you the 1st Mass. lost 42 killed and wounded, Saturday night; last thanksgiving they suffered more than that, by the receipt of near 250 boxes filled with "fodder," consistent with that day at home; and the "Pulaski Guards" of Boston, belonging to that Regiment received 47 turkeys and nearly as many plum puddings, one of each to a man. Mustn't they have suffered?

Tuesday morning. A wet, cloudy, but warm morning. All night the wind blew a gale from the southeast. Just before day it commenced raining violently, and the ground and roads which had become very passable, are again soft and rebellious. I heard not a single gun last night and after midday yesterday, but little cannonading on either side.

Have just heard at the Post Office that our troops are coming back; most are already this side, and some of the bridges have been taken up. What comes next? Who knows?

A man just in from the city confirms the account above. We can hurt them just as much with our big guns and save our men by drawing from this side.

A. T. G.

Two Letters from ATG⁴³³ December 24 and 27, 1862

Friend Hollis:

"I'll be darned" if I ain't as much amused to read the *N. Y. Herald*, as the tin dipper musician is to go on a 4th of July excursion in the harbor, as Steward for the party. (Ain't his *Lobsters* good though, ah? There are but few can "relish" them, like him.) That paper make me think of that one horse, cherry picker – of an "actor," who was Plymouth once, and while dancing in costume, the Sailor's Hornpipe, would, like a flash, turn round back too, and show us a gaudy soldier, and one could hardly believe it the same person, and anon the music would change and the Jack tar was again before you. So, with that paper; one column will tell you a fair story, the next deny it; a third, come back to the first; and "the latest," affirms there was nothing to make either story from. It never forgets to lay its dirty paws on pure principle, or spit its venom on liberty and humanity. One page will tell you the rebels are better clothed and fed than our men, and the next, publish letter of Rebel

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soldiers captured by Gen. Foster's command, which say that their soldiers are barefoot, and fed on "beef" and crackers and not "over half enough" at that.

When our troops are on the move and rations are issued, you can go over a camp after the soldiers have left and find almost 10 per cent left on the ground. It was so on our march down the Peninsula, and I saw good, nice, clean salt pork, and crackers lying on the ground front of Fredericksburg, last Saturday, (week) which our troops had left behind, unable or unwilling to take with them. Whenever our troops are short a day or two, it is not because there is not enough, but because of inefficient Quarter Masters. The rebels suffer for want of a source, we, because the channel is obstructed, now and then. Ask any, who are at home, and have been in the army if you do not believe me.

I see by the correspondence of the Chaplain of the 43d Mass. that some of a New England Regt. (with shame be it said) have been guilty of heathenism, which equals even the rebel desecrations. I allude to the breaking open of the tomb of Gen. Spraight of North Carolina. He thanked God it was not done by a Massachusetts Regiment. I cannot believe any Regiment is responsible, but rather some few ignorant, unprincipled, thoughtless, members. I cannot believe in hanging or shooting in cold blood, but I would like to know that the Commanding Officers of that regiment was "*cashiered*." I remember in contra distinctions to that, when the 5th corps, was on the march from Centreville last September, that the Mass. 32d with one or two other Regiments, halted a little while about 9 A. M. and the men thinking they would have time, began to gather wood to start fires and "bile" a dipper of coffee. A huge, rough, thoughtless fellow, in one of the flank companies, took hold of a rail, forming part of an enclosure to a few graves, to pull it off and make his fire of it, wood being scarce; but no sooner had he touched it, than a score of voices forbade, and reminded him what he was about to do, and the man quickly left, blushing for his attempt. That violation of a tomb and its mouldering treasures, will be forgotten soon by most of those who witnessed the ruin or may read the account, but if it never comes up in the future in such a way as to make any true man blush, it tells to me now, the great want of this army, and is indicative of the cause of more than one disaster to our arms, and disgrace to our army.

If I could have one wish granted to apply to the Federal armies, it would be that they might be thoroughly disciplined. Had there been discipline, the first Bull Run would not have extended to Washington, and the second would not have crowded the heights of Centreville; for Gen. Porter's corps would have numbered 10 to 15 per cent more, and would have been in the fight, and Pope would have been the Lion. On that retreat from Harrison's Landing, at the end of a day's march of 15 or twenty miles, regiments would come in with less than 30 per cent of their number, and by next morning the most would join, to repeat the same thing, and each morning showing less than the preceding. That was the effect of a want of discipline, and the men were not so much to blame as the officers. That was not the brains of the "Army of the Potomac," and do you know who 'tis said made the Army of the Potomac? Yes. Well so do I. Is that a paragon of a "boss" who lets his hands loaf and fool away their time? It was the effect of lax discipline that made prisoners of those officers of the 35th the other day, and that makes us blush almost every week for the capture of a score of our cavalry. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," and if this army is going into winter quarters – which God forbid – I hope the most rigid discipline will be enforced from Maj. Gen. down to teamsters. Then indeed we might gain by the delay.

There is an improvement now on last summer but "yet there's room." And while I am at this kind of writing, I might as well free my mind of other gross errors, which have grown with the war, and into which we stepped at the commencement. A great error was made in the beginning by offering extra inducements to men to volunteer, and an error which has resulted in injustice. The men who volunteered to "beat the bush;" clear the wilderness; were the pioneers in the war; enlisted for three years, and with the least extras, and those who tread the cleaned path, are for shorter terms, and with the largest perquisites, and regard for the right. Men

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have been enlisted for the sake of saving our town, or city did not have to draft, who were no more fit for soldiers, than the swamps of the Chickahominy are fit for a summer residence; and hundreds have pocketed the 2 and \$300 bounties of Massachusetts and been transported — in more than one sense — out to the seat of war to be discharged for “disability,” and by government transported home again. The result is that 10,000 men sent from Mass., don’t amount to more than 95 per cent, at the seat of war, and many who do arrive and attempt the duties, are not able and soon fill the hospitals, and after trouble and expense are discharged by death or the surgeon, and of those by the latter, a large proportion are fatally injured in health. And thus its direful effects are spread on every hand. Had we drafted, none but sound men would have been in the army. The men would have been raised at once, and while we were talking about a regiment of volunteers, a Division of solid, sound men would be ready to take the field. Again, this volunteer system has been the means of commissioning officers who were totally unfit. A man comes with a number of men who will enlist if he can have such a position. The men are wanted and the man gets his commission; and it opens the door for preference and outside pressure, which has produced sad results. What would I have done? I would have drafted, and have had officers pass a real examination, and if they couldn’t pass, squarely and fairly, they couldn’t be commissioned. You say it would have operated harshly, in obliging many to go who could not without great sacrifices. Which is the worst to go because you are drafted or because your family will starve if you don’t? Which is the worst, to sacrifice money, or affections, feelings and all the delights of home? All the harshness of the one over the other, would have been softened by the same generosity which has exhibited itself in bounties and State aid, and money would not exempted a man, and our army would have had more the force and effectiveness which used to pertain to the “regular army.” I say used to, because the regulars are all faded out, and the name is now synonymous with arrogance, self-conceit and stupidity. That is harsh, but ‘tis true. And it has come from newly raised recruits for five years, being differently named from newly raised recruits for three years, and from the numbers of “regular officers” having been appointed out of civil life and who in their self-conceit are veterans in a day, and swear at those who know more (in an hour than they in a week) of practical military, simply because they with a few weeks experience, are called Regulars, and the others, with the dust and scars of campaigns, are called volunteers. And then this running crazy after a “regular Captain, or Lieut.” to make him a Col. or Major, is perfectly ridiculous. If they all had the ability, it is apt to be too much for their natures and they are all overbearing and reckless. It does not follow because a man is an efficient Captain, he will be a good Col., or that Maj., without a fault, will be a Brigadier of even passable qualities. I have seen considerable of “regulars,” and where as I used to think in military matters, a man could venture to swear by them. I find by practical acquaintance, they are fallible as volunteers. They know as far as they have gone, and so does a volunteer. Those of them who had a West Point education, (and have not forgotten what they learned, are so far ahead of those who have not thus been taught. But West Point nor the military schools of France or Prussia, can teach a man the practical necessities of campaigning in “Old Virginny.” I have already exceeded my bounds, but not exhausted the proofs that it was and is bad policy to hire volunteers, or to make a “regular” pigmy, think he is a “Volunteer” giant. I do not mean there are none of the regulars who have “stood prosperity” and graced the high positions they have filled in the Volunteer array. There are many such. But I combat the idea that because a man is a “regular” Captain or Lieutenant, he is fit for a Colonel of Volunteers. If they had sought out those who from privates in the “regular” army, had become 1st or 2nd Serg’ts, and given them commissions, rarely would have there been occasions to regret it. Don’t suppose that I am a disappointed Sergt. in the U. S. A., or, that I am a neglected officer of high or low degree, but only a Plymouth County man.

Your friend, A. T. G.

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P.S. I think there are evidences that the Rebs won't be left alone with only one trial; and I am sure there are evidences of improvement in the Quartermasters department; for today I have drawn good substantial, two soled pegged, kip shoes. They are worth double to us soldiers, and don't cost Government so much as the miserable sewed things we have had to buy 'til now. Don't think that our cannon caused all the destruction to the city. The rebels done the most of it trying to drive us out after we had stopped firing upon it.

In haste, A. T. G.

Dec. 27th, 1862

Friend Hollis:

It is a quiet and pleasant Sabbath, cold enough to satisfy any one that it is winter, even if he was brought up on the "stern and rock bound coast." At one time today, I heard the tra-la-la of the bugle, indicating that a battery of artillery was drilling. It was doubtless a mistake, (Sunday had come before they had thought of it,) as I do not remember of any "drill" ever being required on the "Lord's day."

I have not yet recovered from the fit of "blues" the news of the recrossing of our army to this side of the Rappahannock occasioned. It was a terrible day last Tuesday, cold, cloudy, and rainy; our awful loss; the fact of our falling back, and the chances that it was for fear rather than choice; our fond hopes of a speedy fall of Richmond and meeting soon our dear ones at home, suddenly dashed away; all combined to produce the saddest feelings I have known since I enlisted. And why was it necessary to fall back? We had advanced our line, were reinforced, if that were needed, our batteries in position, and plenty of ammunition, and have yet to hear of any unwillingness to use it on the part of the men.

I had fondly hoped it was ordered from the Commander-in-Chief, on account of success which had been gained up the "James," and which would ensure the surrender of the rebel army without further bloodshed, but that hope has fled and the misfortune stands unmitigated. Did I not believe that God reigns, I should be dismayed.

I cannot think it was the intention of Gen. Burnside to withdraw, when he penned that telegram the morning of the 14th to the President. But I do believe had we pushed on, we should surely have routed the enemy; at a fearful loss no doubt, but less than the aggregate of battles consequent upon that neglect will result in. Did I think it was the result of our Generals consultation, I would not have a word to say.

It has been the means of developing latent feelings on the part of many officers, which are no credit either to their loyalty, discipline, or Oaths of Office.

The troops no one finds any fault with. The Mass. 32d, which some folks have disparaged and attempted to disgrace, behaved gloriously, no troops could do better. They are Brigaded with the Mass. 9th, who have won imperishable renown, and other regiments that were all through the Peninsula campaign, and there has been no fault ever found with the fighting qualities of any of the 5th Corps, much less Griffin's Brigade, and yet the Mass 32d are equal to the best of them; it is said they could not wait for the 9th Mass. and 62d Pennsylvania, but charged right past them.

Their Colonel is now all smiles; not that he feared for them, but that those who did, are men enough to come forward, and congratulate him on their behaviour. Three Generals have complimented them. The only trouble, with them, was, they did not want to stop. Their loss is unaccountably small, two killed, one Captain, (Dearborn) a young man of much merit and one of the most promising officers in the regiment, and one Sergeant, 26 wounded, and 6 missing. I am quite sure no Plymothians are among the wounded. They lost but two from the whole Regiment in the battle, but out of less than a score left sick in camp three died.

Things have settled down to the condition previous to the fight, most of the troops occupying the same old camps. There is no demonstration at Head Quarters, that this is to be our wintering place, but many are

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putting up log houses in the various regiments. Near where we are encamped, several houses (on the Fitz Hugh estate) are occupied as Hospitals for Sickles's Division, in which are the 1st, 11th and 16th Mass. A young man died today belonging to East Boston. He was wounded in the upper part of his thigh, and laid 19 hours on the ground before he could be attended to, mortification caused his death. He belonged to the Mass. 1st. They lost but 1 killed and 42 wounded, and a score or more missing.

It is these missing ones who cause a deal of mischief. As a general thing they are lazy, shirks, stragglers and too often cowards. These men are the ones who have overflowed the hospitals. Straggling from their companies in most cases on account of pure laziness, they lounge about, starved nearly at one time and surfeited at another, and laying anywhere nights until they get sick, or apparently so, are finally picked up and put into a hospital and in a few weeks discharged for disability. Hundreds if not thousands play that, and by it cause the really sick and needy ones to suffer, first from want of attention they (the stragglers) receive, and 2nd from the effects of being found in bad company.

A ray of light breaks upon us from the southward. We have just heard of Gen. Foster's success in North Carolina, notwithstanding those rebel accounts, which so many papers in the free States, seem to delight to record and enlarge upon. "Isn't it awful how those devils lie."

Did you ever think of the atrocious means used out South and in the rebel army, to stimulate their soldiers to fight like beasts or "guerillers" (which are the same thing) violating every principle of modern warfare, of humanity and justice. The rank and file of their army are taught to look upon us as usurpers, robbers, fiends; the scum of creation, "abolitionists" (fools; they don't know they honor us by that name) that we have been and are dependent upon them (the South) for necessities of comfort and life. This is proven by the honest but unnatural, and infernal expressions of the prisoners we take. Why some of those ignorant men who can't read or write, can lie equal to their ministers to Europe, and their President and his cabinet, in their speeches to the people. Then to read the extracts from their papers, how they brag, about the violation of "flags of truce;" decoying our men and brutally murdering them, &c., and to my certain knowledge the report of General Lee at the late battle contained more than one lie. The effect of all this can't fail making their men fight in a heathenish manner, (for there is a Christian way of conducting a battle) and the amount barbarity is increased, and consequent suffering. All this is so. I have not overstated it, and proof is abundant from their own papers and mouths. Not that there are none of finer metal, strange if there should not be, and were it not for the discipline of their army, awful would have been their works in their march through Maryland.

I would we had their unity, discipline and energy. 'Tis not egotism or saying too much to say, that we can fight better than they. The Army of the Potomac will give them odds and whip them in any fair fight, but we can't storm a Gibraltar and carry it in one day's fight.

All sorts of absurd rumors are circulating in the camps, of the resignation of the Cabinet, recall of McClellan &c., and 'tis no difficult matter, to trace such reports to fountain head, nor to find it in disappointed grumblers, and anti-administration officers.

Fredericksburg will never forget Saturday the 13th day of December. It is fearfully shattered; as an illustration of the general appearances, I will give you the description of the house of one of its most wealthy citizens, a Mr. Gordon, (I think) given me by an officer of U.S.A. who went through its rooms. The family had left in haste, not even taking their silver. It was a magnificently furnished house throughout, and a dozen or twenty shot and shell had crashed through it. In one room, with rich Turkey carpet on the floor and furnished to match, a costly Piano was all shattered by a shell exploding in it, which had torn its way through the building 'til it reached a place to give full effect to its sound in bursting. An extensive and valuable library was scattered all around, and costly bound books lying under foot as well as rare engravings. Those who love war should visit that city and Sharpsburg, ere the cunning and busy hand of the mechanic hides the ruin.

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I can find no substantiation of the report of women and children having been killed or wounded, and have diligently inquired. I don't believe it.

I remember at our reverse, what Rev. George S. Ball told me the day before we arrived at Falmouth. "Everything is going along with life and vigor, since Burnside took command, and I only fear, we may have to delay for supplies at Falmouth before we can push on." How different as far as we can see would have been our condition had we been able to immediately pushed on. Ah! "man proposes, but God disposes." If we would recognize and trust Him more, it would be better, is the sincere belief of Yours very truly.

A. T. G

P.S. The principal destruction of the city was caused by Rebel shot and shell. Wm. H. Robbins of Co. F, of the 32^d was wounded in the neck, coming out under his arm.

Government is getting wise, today I drew pegged shoes, first I have seen. A decided improvement. Private Churchill of Plympton died in camp while the regiment was gone. He belonged to Co. A. [Should like that "History," much -- Ed.]

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴³⁴ December 27, 1862

Friend Hollis:

In spite of fond anticipations and ardent hopes, Christmas has come and gone and we are no nearer Richmond than when we first entered Falmouth, Nov. 19th.

Well, I remember a Plymouth boy who in company with others once started (after Marryatt's style) to run away; seek their fortunes. They had not gone halfway to Boston – the goal which all runaways in my time seemed to aim for – when it occurred to one of them that he was hungry, and without money. His tell-tale face exposed his feelings, and this boy ("old Bradford,") seeing it, said by way of comfort, "What's the matter, Eph? Don't be downhearted on account of money, for I ain't got a cent. (Mr. "Riley," connected with Davis & Howland, knows the parties)

So let us not be troubled because we did not rout the rebels; for if we have not made anything, it is very sure they are no richer, and though we are no nearer Richmond, Richmond is nearer to us, and is as sure at some day to become ours, (by conquest, or peacefully by other terms.) To doubt it is to doubt that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," to doubt progression; to doubt the triumph of good over evil, and to believe that Milton's imaginary battle will again be fought, with the powers of Hell victorious. No, sir! Though we did not succeed, we tried, and are not ashamed of our Commander or the action of our army. The *N. Y. Herald* and birds of that feather, may sneer and ridicule; but it was no more a failure than another has made, and just as successful "changing of base" under difficulties, and as gallant, severe fighting as the army ever done, though there may be no rebel Prussian to "blow" for it. The testimony before the Congressional Committee, proves that only the unreasonable delay in getting the "Pontoons" here was God's method of frustrating the success anticipated. The evidence goes to show that all the bridges could not have been got here in 3 days; but a single bridge might and no more would have been needed at that time.

It is all for the best, sure; but it irritates me to give a chance for northern rebels to hold up the arm of the southern, and to encourage the rebellion by any seeming success. I wish you would carefully read the *N. Y. Herald* of Dec. 25, especially the "spicy" editorial, "copied from the *Richmond Enquirer*," and the article headed "Our great Victory at Fredericksburg," &c., and remember that from 1 to 2000 are circulated among this army, and working with and by the assistance of officers who are "ripe with mutiny," and need but courage equal to their guilt, to culminate; and tell me if you think the tendency is to promote discipline and subordination. Truly there are those who would "pull Heaven down rather than get there by any but their

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way.” The “spicy article” commenting on the tactics of Burnside, is ridiculous in the extreme, for it is the remark of every one how small the loss was compared to the force, and fire of artillery and musketry to which we were exposed, and the rebel gunners and marksman were the biggest pudding heads that ever sighted a rifle or pointed a cannon, or our troops were moved to battle in a most approved manner, under the circumstances.

I am tired of this ceaseless carping about McClellan; and the paper referred to always finds an if in the way, which if the if had not been in the way, &c. but for the late affair, according to them, there is nothing but pure ignorance and stupidity to charge it to. Happily the *Herald* is not umpire, and the Federal States are not all mentioned in naming New York and New Jersey. Their folly evinced in late elections is perhaps owing to their newness, and when they get older they will be wiser. Did these wiseheads never think but for the hesitation and delay of their idol, and his disobedience of order, there would been no chance for the late reverse; there would have been no rebel army massed together, and no need of a change in Commanders. Tis true whether the veteran Sumner said it or not, that “there is a great deal too much croaking in the army,” and “there is not sufficient confidence,” but is it forgotten that McClellan, not Burnside, organized, disciplined and instructed the Army of the Potomac, and the correspondents of that very paper testify to the change for the better, in the condition and discipline since Burnside has taken the reins. And Sumner did not mean there was not enough confidence in the *N. Y. Herald*. No. No.

Yesterday, I was over to see the 32d, and learned that young Robbins was getting along nicely, and singularly enough his wound was not very dangerous, and yet it took a most fanciful course, in his neck or cheek, and out under his arm. Kind of an “old hunker” course. W. H. Shaw, of the cliff neighborhood, (bound to have a wound) shot off the first joint of a forefinger; his gun (so eager was it,) went off itself while he was in the act of loading. Perez Vaughn of Chiltonville, was scratched on his, forefinger. All such as these are reckoned among the wounded, and we, different from the rebs, make the figures large as we can. If I remember right, not 2000 out of the whole number wounded, were seriously enough hurt to enter the hospital. The loss was enough and the wounds serious enough; but let’s make the best rather than the worse of it. Col. Parker told a friend of mine, that the 32d were unaccountably brave and gallant. That he was provoked at their cool exposure. Some of the companies were going in on their own hook, standing square up by company, and as deliberately as on Battalion drill, firing by rank, and others, who were by orders lying on the ground to load and raising up to fire, would keep up to see their man fall, ‘til he (Col.) would tell them to “lie down,” that their “ball had reached there long ago,” while those of other regiments, were lying down and bobbing up to fire as quickly as possible. The Adj. said that positively the Regt. stood square up and advanced while a whole regiment, broken and running went past and through their lines. Cheers for the 32d then; it is a fitting representative of the Old Bay State, and adds new glory to her fame, and is a worthy compeer of the 18th, 1st, 9th, 29th, 22nd, and 23d, and all who have so proudly and valiantly vindicated her patriotism and renown.

Col. Parker has sent in his resignation, and Gen. Hooker has 800 such applications on his table from the Centre Grand Division alone. Personally acquainted with Col. Parker, I believe it would be an injury to the Regt. for him to leave; for the chances are 99 to 1 to not get so good an officer as he. But rather than not have the 800 leave, I would bear the loss of him, for I am confident better men would fill the vacant places, and of a kind who would cooperate with, rather than against the plans of our Generals, and help to remodel and improve this part of the Federal army. I say give all the officers their discharge who want it, only requiring them to produce a sound man to fill the vacant places in the ranks, which would be caused by the promotions, to fill their places.

The *Herald* in an article referred to says in its modest, truthful way, “we tell the administration that the nation now demands, requires, insists upon success; that the men and the means have been most abundantly furnished; (wonder if New York has made up her quota yet?) ‘that the fate of the administration, if not of

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Government, hangs upon the events of this winter; and the only man who has shown himself able to use these means, achieve the success required, and save the nation from ruin, is Maj. Gen. Geo. B McClellan. The people know this, and are waiting and watching to see what will be done next." The last ten words are without doubt, true, and part of the rest possible; but the main idea of the "modest man," is difficult for most to see or believe. Did the General show his ability before "Manassas"? or the evacuation of Yorktown? the battle of Williamsburg; where he withdrew his army and went into camp, when the enemy were whipped and retiring, thus allowing him (the enemy) to regain guns he had abandoned, and recover his strength for future efforts? at Fair Oaks, in cooperation with General Pope? and last, but not least, in allowing the rebels to escape after the battle of Antietam? *He has tried a year and a half and did not succeed, and has experienced several failures. Burnside has been in command a month and a half, and by no fault of his, experienced one reverse. If he fails as signally as McClellan has, "off with his head" I say. And the operations before Richmond, (except the "masterly retreat") which the Prussian rebel praises for strategy and military combination and skill, you would find (were the disposition of the *Herald* in others,) to be open to condemnatory criticism, especially the extension of his front lines, 20 miles.

But enough of this. All will allow General McClellan to be a smart General, very capable and efficient; but because of that, it does not follow that no one else is. I would all could work together and in harmony, then indeed should we be irresistible even against the Powers of Europe combined, and were passion and politics ruled by reason and principle, it would be so. Had not they tried to make a too great out of a "little Mac," all would have been well. He would have received credit for what he done and thus been encouraged to do more and better. But by attempting to build up a sinking party on his military genius, they manufactured a popularity not based on acts, and in trying to get him in condition to run all others off the next Presidential track, they have prevented his success as a General, and I believe induced him to disobey orders, and thus necessitated placing him on the shelf.

There are rumors of moving, winter quarters, &c. Christmas passed with me very quietly, and soberly, if not pleasantly. The day was beautiful; warm as May, and the whole week has been unusually warm. Being camped away from the thickly settled portions of the encampments, there was no whiskey demonstrations to trouble us. If Congress would pass a law forbidding the whiskey ration, or the keeping it at Brigade Commissaries to sell to officers, and by their orders to the men it would work a wondrous change for the better, and prevent many a shot and shell intended for the enemy, bursting and falling short of their destination, and mangling and killing our own men. But while a rum-shop is tolerated in the basement of the Capitol, such a Bill would not likely pass if proposed.

A. T. G.

*He thinks he is the man to do it, on the same principle of he who made a bet he could throw another across a river. He tried it once and the man stopping short of across, crawled out of the river and demanded his money, claiming he had won. The other disputed it, telling him he had said he could do it and would if he tried all day.

WS Robbins Wounded in the Battle of Fredericksburg⁴³⁵ December 27, 1862

W. S. Robbins of this town, belonging to Co. F. 32 Regt. was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg. The Regiment was lying down and Mr. Robbins was resting his head upon his hand having it slightly raised, when a bullet struck him, passing through the neck close under the jaw, striking him in the breast, inflicting a flesh wound, and passing out from under the skirt of his cat, making four distinct holes in that garment. Quite an eccentric bullet.

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Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴³⁶ January 8, 1863

Friend Hollis:

I have been very attentive nearly all the day to "The wild Irish Girl." With no one to disturb us 'til drum beat for drill, we occupied my log and mud mansion and in spite of the chilly, cloudy out doors, time passed pleasantly and swiftly away. I would I could describe the beauty, and purity which always was and is hers by nature as well as by education and association. One is not excelled by the other and each is earthly perfect. I first made the acquaintance in a deserted house I came across, on our march from Warrington here, and since then we have not been parted. It is lucky I am not dependent on this agreeable companion for cooking, as not a bit of help could I get in that department. But if you could have taken supper with us to night, and tasted the nice "Bannock" my hands made, you would doubtless say, I needed no help. They were equal those a certain officer of the old sloop "*Hector*" used to eat so heartily of, (cook of a Packet is an officer, ain't he?)

But "the Wild Irish Girl" nor the "Bannock" had anything to do with the fire in our camp last night. One of the men lost his house, stove and stock; saving nothing but his blanket, what he stood in, and his gun (badly charred.) It was rather disagreeably if not uncomfortably mean, to be burned out in the midnight, and once own warm comfortable house burned that to the ground. He did not save even his cap or shoes, and the pecuniary loss is not small. It came near causing the destruction of the whole street. One of the men said there was an awful destruction of life. I heard a rapid and incessant cracking, but thought it to be percussion caps, or the pine boughs burning.

Jan. 9th

Misfortunes never come singly or alone ('tis said) and last night proved it with us. A worse misfortune in kind happened to us than of the night before. (I have heard of men living without houses or clothes, but never without bread.) Some one stole a box of hard bread and about sixty pounds of pork. Confound them! To steal from a soldier his 'rations' is most as bad as to refuse to trust a soldier's wife and you have such kind of patriot merchants in Plymouth. I hope not many. I am inclined to think that such men are meaner in spirit, and worse in guilt, than those who steal bread out here. Those who by inefficient or swindling Quarter Masters are kept on half rations can well offer the excuse of hunger, in palliation; but the men in Plymouth worth their thousands and in comfortable possession of all the delight of a family, and enjoyments of home, can only offer the fear of losing a few cents or dollars.

So far since the fight of the 13th ult., it has been still and quiet. By the discharge of musketry the stillness is only broken when some soldier is been to "sleep in the valley" or a relieved picket guard discharge their musket. Most beautiful has been the weather, though it has tried hard to storm several times, and the roads are as hard and fair as the most irritable wagon master could wish. Don't say anything about it, but you need not be surprised to hear startling news at any time. "If nothing splits more than a cracker," (hard bread) this army will try them again shortly. We think nothing but a severe storm will prevent it, and hardly that.

Already the grumblers and croakers are borrowing trouble on the near approach of the end of the term of service of the two years and of the nine months men, and making a mountain out of a mole heap. May be they think Uncle Sam and his advisers don't know about it, or how to provide against any mishap from that cause. Possibly there would be a quarter or half million of colored soldiers to take their places or to relieve others to do it. Perhaps we can't enforce a draft or conscript act if need be, and go through the South like a swarm of Locust, or a devouring fire. But I fear no necessity of resorting to such means, but believe the commencement

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of Spring will see the confederacy black in the face from the tight grip of Liberty's hand on its emaciated and diseased throat. As a preventative to all this unmilitary and discipline destroying talk and feeling, I would have officers (from Corps Commanders down) and men work more, kept busier in drill and maneuvers, and care of person, clothing and equipments. If one isn't in military himself, he can see when men are clean, and take care of their clothes &c., and it certainly is better for soldiers at any time and under any circumstances to look as well, rather than as bad as they can, and it needs the constant vigilance of officers to see that duty is done through the whole range of officers and men.

I remember when having seen only camp and garrison soldiering, that on landing at Harrison's Landing, and associating with the "veteran army of the Peninsula," we were struck with the careless abandon and unsoldierly appearance of the men; and when questioned in regard to their want of respect towards officers &c., we were answered. "Oh, that is played out; that does for camp, we've been where something was wanted besides 'saluting'" &c. Well we supposed there was reason for their not observing just then, the civilities, courtesies and discipline of soldiers, but if they had always observed previously, military etiquette, they forget it so effectually than, it has not to any great degree been done since, and others have been apt in learning the same. I believe the best disciplined soldiers and those most observant of neatness and civility, (other things being equal) are twice the best fighters. And were I a military man and had charge of an army, I would hold officers and men to a strict observance of the essentials to success, which the army of the Potomac were, and are so much wanting in. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so, what would have been easy in the organization and youth of army, becomes laborious, and almost impossible to learn after long life in a contrary practice.

Today I have had confirmation of the decease of Capt. Collingwood; I knew him long in life; esteemed him as a friend and regarded him as a man while living, and sacredly cherish his memory, now that he has gone the way of all of earth. God help and comfort those who knew him best and loved him most, and who a "little longer wait." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" and did he not so die in dying for his country, and humanity and freedom? Be patiently, hopefully submissive ye mourning ones, and remember "Blessed are they who mourn for they shall be comforted." Oh how many hearts bleed, how many homes are desolate by this war. How fearful the accountability of those who cause it. Daily I hear the "volley" sometimes repeated, which tells that another victim to disease or wounds is gone from our gaze, and the country is thickly dotted with newly raised mounds.

"But there is a world mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought.
So bright that all which intervenes,
Is with its radiant glory fraught."

and thus I hear the ills and woes of life, and try to discern the silver lining of even the darkest, thickest cloud. But 'tis time for mailing and promising you an introduction to, and assuring you will highly value the acquaintance and society of the Wild Irish Girl, I am as ever.

A. T. G.

Our correspondent indicates pretty plainly who the traders are in this town who refused the soldier's wife with necessary articles. Hoping in charity that there are extenuating circumstances attending it we suppress the implicative paragraph. If there is a thing in the shape of a man among us, who under ordinary circumstances would refuse the family of a soldier, serving his country, and that country owing him for six or

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eight months service, the necessary articles of living. He must have a soul that could be put into the bowl of a clay pipe and escape through the stem. [ED.]

“Log Book” of the 32d [see subsequent “Diary” Articles]⁴³⁷ January 13, 1863

We shall commence next week, upon our outside, an account of the movements of this regiment from its departure from Fort Warren to within a few weeks of the present time from the pen of an officer in the regiment. The following is his introduction.

Camp Near Fredericksburg, VA

Editor of the *O. C. Memorial*:

Should you feel that it would be “rubbing it in” to publish this “log book” of the 32d Mass. Vols. don’t you do it. I have written it hastily, (and it would been imperfectly done had I taken all pains) and do not expect it to interest any but the friends of the soldiers in the regiment, and possibly some of the soldiers themselves who, by reading it, may recall incidents (otherwise perhaps never remembered,) which happened in their individual experience, and though not public interest, yet of a private value to them and theirs. It is written from the memoranda of a diary, and in regard to stopping places and distances travelled ‘tis as nigh true as the inhabitants along the road could tell. That would not be saying much for reliability, did I not further tell you that after asking a number of questions and getting as many answers as different months spoke, we would take that which accorded best with our own judgment, and feelings. And after making the allowance for a dinner, or going without, we could tell pretty nigh. What of dates, numbers,, officers, companies, &c. it is made from authentic sources and can be relied on. Claiming nothing for the way in which we have written it, expecting no approval or commendation, we don’t care a fig for criticism, condemnatory. So if you think it will pay to occupy your columns with it ‘tis at your service, only asking you to correct some of the most glaring faults as they present themselves in your reading of the copy.

One of the Mass. 32d.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴³⁸ January 15, 1863

Friend Hollis:

One could hardly believe ‘tis said winter, to judge by the weather. Fire in our cabin is too oppressive. The wind is (and has been the past two days) blowing fresh from the South-west, and the heavens just cloudy enough to prevent the sun shining hot. Very pleasant it would be for early spring, but not quite the thing for the 15th of January. The farmers think there is “a right smart” chance for bad weather and roads, yet. Hope it won’t come ‘til we try ‘em opposite again.

‘Tis said a train came in lately, with ‘stretchers,’ mortars and siege guns, as part of its load. Rather ominous that; one thing is certain, it can’t be bad weather the half of winter which is past. Thankful for past favors, &c.

Among the Congressional news, I noticed a plan proposed by “Stevens” of --- to raise 250,000 blacks as soldiers, and to pay the privates (how extravagant) \$5.00 per month, and the Sergeants \$10.00. Now have not we done half-way work enough? What is the use to tamper with evil? There is no between. The colored man is either a man, a human being, or he isn’t. If he is as the beast of the field, don’t think of making a soldier of him. If he is human, with reasoning, thinking powers, a child of God, let us recognize him as such, and treat him in such a way, as to elevate him in his own estimation, rather than to keep up the old prejudice, and bind him down to servility as soon as freed from slavery. I would throw away forever the idea that a man is less a man because he is black or brown. Color of skin or length of hair, physical form, or language of speech, should

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not decide for or against a man. Let only the moral worth, intelligence, ability &c., be the standard. Just strike out the word white where it unfortunately occurs, and enlist the black man, as the white. If necessary, require a certain condition of drill &c., before the poor uneducated slave is called a U. S. soldier, and during his initiation, his wages might without prejudice be less, and his duties not like those of the full soldier, but yet as useful "to government, and beneficial and instructive to himself."

What I mean is, that if Wm. Brown, Giles, Pugh, Seymour and others of your town, had a chance to gratify the feeling I am sure is in them, to serve as soldiers for this war, that irrespective of color, they are to be on the same footing as any who enlist, and to have the same pay for the same work done, and that the ruder and less fortunate man who suddenly released from "living death," not being equally capable, could not expect to do or receive as much, and without crushing of spirit to themselves or those over them, might enlist as apprentices to attain subsequently to full pay, and positions. Could not Massachusetts raise more than one, two, yes, three full regiments of colored militia, who would volunteer for, or rather enlist to serve 'til the cause of such war as is now scouring our land was forever crushed out, where the stars and stripes should be the emblem of the country's rule?

But great care would be needed in officering such troops. Their military and administrative knowledge should be of the best, and their morality equal to that, and above all they should be free from prejudice against the colored race, and of a kind who don't let whiskey in to drive wits out.

The proposed plan of Senator Wilson is a fine one, to consolidate the regiments in the field. Now with the thinned ranks, we are paying least three times as many officers as are needed for the number of men. Many a company has less than one third the maximum of enlisted men, but no fear of ever so small a company being any length of time without the full number of commanding officers. And experience has exploded the idea of the "prestige" of old regiments &c., by revising any number of new regiments, while trying to fill the regiments in the field which were scant in numbers, but replete with glory and renown. (I don't remember of but one old regiment filled up by recruiting. The Mass. 9th when Griffin's Brigade were at Fort Ramsay (Upton Hill) I think over run twelve full companies, by the recruits it received. Consolidate then the troops of the different States; select the best officers, discharge the rest or make the continuance of their commissions contingent upon successful recruiting, and from new regiments. Do this and the country saves a deal of money, puts its troops in condition for better and more efficient service, and gets rid of (what I believe is a nuisance,) a surplus of officers. Suppose they don't. I go as far as the next one in respecting and honoring the "rank and file," but I assure you there has been altogether too much lax discipline; too much catering to the idea that they are "volunteers;" and too much of sacrificing the main cause of successful warfare.

The best soldiers are not those who grumble and growl continually. Unfortunately the best soldiers do not out number, sufficiently to prevent demurring and sullenness when required to do what is objectionable, and if it must be, I say, Let them only grumble at what is right and best; at the decisive, prompt, and faithful requirements of those in authority over them. The idea meant to be conveyed is already seen outside the army and across the "big pond" as evidenced by the writer of the article in your paper from the "London Spectator" where he speaks of the Northern army being a free and easy, army, &c., that after they have done about a fair day's work according to their judgment no officer can force them to do more. He comprehends the weak point of our army (this way at any rate) but overstates it hugely as the trouble has oftener been to find officers on the field to lead them rather than a necessity of forcing or even an unwillingness to be led. And isn't he far out of the way when he talks about "subjugation being a dream" and "the war a question of boundaries." John Bull may lay that flattering unction to his soul, (has he one?) but as corporal "Flea" used to say, 'twont go down with us. As sure as God reigns, now or some future time, one, or the other has got to cave, or subjugate. As "Riskit" (Skipper D.) told a man he was quarrelling with, "one of us two has got to leave this quarter deck, and 'twont be

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me.” So Liberty or Slavery, has got to be crushed, subjugated and ‘twont be Liberty. And if New York, New Jersey, &c., choose to cast their lot with the South and slavery, they have got to go with it. It can’t be covered up or put one side, you might as well undertake to recall yesterday, as to hinder humanity’s progress for whatever is for humanity is of God. And “whether it be right to serve God or mammon, judge ye.”

The attempt was made to stifle humanity, (Christianity) in its birth, but the very means used to crush it, increased the growth, and “the stone which the builders set at nought is becoming the head of the corner;” so the spirit of Liberty, born amid the colds and storms of a New England winter, has out lived every attempt to destroy it, and gathering strength at each trial, has grown into the healthy, fully developed, fair champion of the right, Emancipation, and shall yet, in spite of the “accident” at Fredericksburg, the “repulse” of Sherman at Vicksburg, and the brilliant luck of the devil’s own at Galveston, overcome every adversary; bid the captives go free; and cause this mad Rebellion to be remembered with mingled joy and woe.

A. T. G.

P.S. The roads are again hard, and “signs” are encouraging. Every day I expect to hear again the booming of cannon. And when the news of the beginning of the next battle reaches you, just set your teeth and hold your breath, for it will be make or break. The whole army has lately been and is daily in careful and continued drill, more hours being devoted to it than I ever knew before. The whole supply of “projectiles” throughout the whole army has been inspected and the poor (of which there was much, very much) has been exchanged for good, and in the next battle there will not be so many of our own men killed by premature explosions of our shells. “The Wild Irish Girl” is yet with me, and as attractive as ever. But I am gaping, good night.

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴³⁹ January 21, 1863

Friend Hollis:

We are experiencing a regular northeast “snorter” blowing “great guns” and not raining merely, but a large part of the time pouring. Don’t suppose you minded the storm much, and but few would have been disturbed by it who were safely home, or if necessitated to go out, could walk upon well laid sidewalks. But suppose you were living in a log house, the cracks between the logs filled with mud, which washes out at every rain, the roof of Royal duck all worn out, and with the chimney which draws either way; and then if instead of solid unyielding sidewalks, all outdoor exercise or labor had to be done, nearly over shoe in Virginia mud, [that is the meanest I’ve ever heard of.] Suppose still further that in such a storm as is now raging, you were obliged to give up even the kind of home described, and with 60 rounds of cartridges, three days rations, woolen blanket, and rubber blanket, and overcoat with possibly a change of underclothes, pocket Bible, daguerreotypes, etc., to carry, march off just at night. How would it agree with the usual quiet evenings spent in company with friends, books and periodicals, and the delicious, comforting “meerschaum.” Then let us add to that, the wetting of blankets and clothing dripping wet, by marching in the rain and in the darkness of such a night, after coming to a halt, having to make your bed on the wet ground if at all. Does that improve it any? No, well suppose then you are morally certain that the next day would place you in battle, with the usual chance of drawing a blank. I don’t know as I can add anything more to make it attractive, unless, that you would likely to be shod with army boots, which are warranted not to keep the feet dry and wet weather and not keep the feet from the ground more than three weeks. Just as likely as not, you would be hungry or sick, and feeling as though you could not drag yourself along, but yet unwilling to give up, and dreading to be left behind, you set your teeth, and bracing every muscle, keep your place in the ranks, painfully perhaps, and every step of torture, but you do it. Don’t

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doubt you would do it readily as anyone, if you undertook it, but it is not pleasant to anticipate, is it? And yet more than 80,000 have been thus situated since yesterday noon. No matter why, that don't alter feelings – yes it does, but it don't make a wet man dry, or make a bed in the open woods, amid a cold drenching rain a thing to be desired. Probably you wouldn't hear one complain or cry baby, of all that number, but for all that was a night that those who were spared from experiencing, should thank God for their fate, and duly honor, and appreciate the many thousands who often in their labors for the preservation of the country, called upon to undergo privatizations like this and even worse.

The storm commenced yesterday about 5 PM, and now (4 PM,) though not raining so steadily, is as fierce as ever. Tis the kind everyone who has witnessed in old Plymouth is acquainted with, but would hardly be expected "out South." Speaking after the manner of men, tis most unfortunate coming at this time, and before you received this telegraph will have told you why. Take all the bets you can on Gen. Burnside, and give heavy odds. I would he had been at the head of this army from the beginning. On reflection I'll take that back, for if he had, we should not have had the Emancipation Proclamation. That is worth all the blood, pain and treasure this war has so far cost, fearful as the amount is; in the completion of the work, is as nothing to what it has so far cost, unless the hotheaded proslavery men of New York etc., go too far. But I hardly think South Carolinaism is sufficiently strong to cause any fear of that carrying the treason to such an extent. Still his wealth to keep a sharp watch upon those who openly advocate to see more doctrine. Two is much easier to strangle Cobb than a full-grown bear.

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴⁰ January 29, 1863

Friend Hollis:

I am feeling not over joyous at the frustration of our late intended movement; but thinking you may expect a letter from me this week, will try to accommodate.

We are all back in camp again and occupying original positions. I am confident no move has been planned with so much assurance of success as this last. As far as I heard any expression – and it has no little – officers and men were sanguine of whipping the enemy and moved with an exuberance of spirits and elasticity of step, noticeable to the least careful observer. As no plan has before come so near culminating, before a knowledge of it got to the rebels, so none was ever so effectually and suddenly blocked. Orders had been received to move at the same hour the Sunday previous – of the reasons for not moving 'til Tuesday following, you can judge, by recent developments, better than I. Had we moved Sunday, there is hardly a doubt but we should have fought the battle, routed the enemy, and rested in Fredericksburg during the storm instead of lying in the mud and rain with no shelter save a piece of tent or a rubber blanket about 5 feet square. If there has been more sudden changes in weather, there never was in the feeling of the men, than the Army of the Potomac experienced that night when the cold driving rain beat upon them and chilled nearly to freezing. At first we thought it would be like previous storms of winter, of short duration; but night passed; day succeeded, and still the winds blew and the rain fell, and still, too, the troops advanced, and the determination that "the movement must go on," was plainly apparent, but when day passed, another night, and the storm continued, it was clearly evident Providence had prevented what man intended. At this time, too, the roads were blockaded with artillery; wagon trains, and pontoons stuck in the mud. In regard to the extent of mud – well, just add to the worst condition described of the roads, about $\frac{1}{4}$, and you will be pretty near it. I never saw the march of the army attended with so little straggling on the advance, and certainly there never was more when the storm came upon them; and when returning to their camps it was difficult to tell which was the Regiment or which the stragglers. Just draw your own conclusions. Some regiments had a larger force in their camps Tuesday night,

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who had straggled back then were with the colors in the column. In one instance I know of, they were so mean as to tear to pieces the log walls of a camp near them to burn, to better fit up the houses their undisciplined laziness had prevented completing before. I am glad to say 'twas a Mass. Regiment which suffered. The worst result of the affair is that the noblest Roman of them all, has felt it his duty to resign. But don't you believe 'twas from want of ability, or confidence in himself. No, no: the reason is in an entirely different direction, and history will yet do him justice. Of him who has succeeded to the command, there is but little to say except in his favor; he has fought himself into position and fairly won his laurels. The opinion of officers in the volunteer and regular service have been very favorable to him, and though I regret exceedingly the resignation of "Burnside," am glad to have so gallant a soldier and desperate fighter as Gen. Hooker to take his place. 'Twas rumored in camp, Gen. Butler was to come here; but 'tis better for him to continue the thorough and effective work he commenced and - 'til removed - carried on in New Orleans. Had Butler's policy prevailed throughout our army, we would have settled this affair long ago, and Fredericksburg would not have been taken a second or third time, nor the roads of Virginia become familiar to our army by travelling both ways and in some instances repeating that.

Since a week ago Tuesday, it has been almost a continued storm, rain and snow, thawing and freezing, and the prospect is that winter, stormy weather and mud will be our portion 'til Spring is somewhat advanced, preventing the active campaign that our Commanding General is desirous of. Daily the wagons in their journeys after forage, commissary stores, fuel, &c., are "stalled" in the mud, and the poor mules have to suffer cruelty unknown - I trust - outside the army. And then is the time to hear the most unreasonable, ridiculous, senseless swearing ever uttered by the lips of humanity. Could I have my way, I would work a reform among the teamsters of Uncle Sam, which would be for the moral health of the men, the improved condition, kinder treatment and consequent increased ability of the animals, (I mean horses and mules, though in some instances they are less animal than the drivers,) and a tremendous saving to Government. Those who let horses and carriages at home, better get insured if they hire returned soldiers; for the style of driving out here will be apt to cling to them for some time after getting home, to the benefit of carriage makers and horse jockeys.

The paymaster has at length paid us a visit, and what was better our due up to November. Most of us knew what the green slips of paper were, soon as we saw them, and those who doubted, soon found out on visiting the sutler. We are promised the remaining two months pay, now due, soon, and I hope we shall not be obliged to wait so long again. The non-payment of the troops works bad in more than one way, and is prolific of trouble in the army as well as at home. But time is up and again urging you to back up "Burnside" and "Hooker," I am as ever,

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴⁴¹ February 4, 1863

Friend Hollis:

That old stale saying "All quiet on the Potomac," applies exactly to the Rappahannock now, and comprises about all there is to write. True, we hear of skirmishes and reconnaissance, and so do you, and, probably, in advance of us. Very likely I should not have troubled you this week, had I not just thought of the cords of boxes I saw piled by the side of the railroad the other day. I don't mean boxes of army bread, bacon sides, or clothing, or of anything else belonging to U. S., but boxes from the size of a lozenge box to a boot case, and filled with some things useful and timely for the soldiers, but more with that which is not and mainly with pies, cakes, fruits, liquors, &c. Now I like these things as well as any one, and appreciate the kindness of the dear

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ones at home in sending them; oftentimes, no doubt, denying themselves to do it, but, if they are received in season, to find the victuals fit for us to eat, in 999 cases out of every 1000, it is what could have got along without, and considering the expense and trouble consequent upon sending them, it would be better unsent.

It is not much for you to send me a box of "goodies" – but don't do it – yet 10, 20, 30 or 40,000 boxes are a vast pile, and costing "fortunes" in money, not reckoning the time spent in getting it ready, and fretting and worrying, lest they fail safely to arrive. If you or I had the cost of all the victuals and fruit which has never reached its destination, or spoiled on the passage, we should be able to buy out the richest man in Plymouth, and if added to that was the money paid to the expressman, we might assume all the war debt over and above the revenues from internal tax and the tariff. It is a fact – undeniable — that Government furnishes food and clothing in ample sufficiency to the army – and I venture the assertion, that the rolls have a greater amount to the Cr. than to Dr. of each soldier at the end of his yearly clothing account – and am sure, that where they can save the rations they can't eat, each company of 100 men gain - for a company fund – from \$25 to \$60 a month. Another bad feature of the 'boxes' is, it increases the amount of luggage the soldier must 'tote' on his back when travelling, or thrown away, saying nothing about the transportation of the only road to furnish army supplies. It may be said that if Government does furnish food and clothing abundantly, the army is sometimes actually in need and suffering. True enough, but do those boxes come at such times as those! O, no. They come while we are in camp, and near the reach of expressmen; otherwise we never should get them, for the expressmen are not apt to put themselves out to forward what they are paid in advance for, and consequently when we least need them.

Now don't let any gentle, fair one 'ruffle' up, and excitedly step round about this, as some one did on what I wrote you concerning the merchants of Plymouth. But of that by and by. I have written thus far with the hope that it may be beneficial, not only to those who receive, but those who send boxes, and am now – though we have not written half the objections of 'boxes' – ready to suggest, that when the loved ones at home, send us boxes: 1st, They put in those things that will bear a journey of six months at least, without spoiling. 2nd, That they send as soon as we get settled, rather than wait 'til it is time to move. The former can be met by the great varieties of jellies, preserved fruit, meats, vegetables, &c., and the latter will much increase the chance of our receiving what is sent.

Last, but not least, never send any intoxicating liquors. God knows there is too much of that supplied by Government and the suttlers. If but one heeds these suggestions, I shall be paid for writing, if you are not for printing.

But what about this flurry of "Not one of them," and the editor of the "*Rock*." After having written last week, a friend showed me the "Plea for our Merchants" in the *Rock*, and after reading your reply in the *Memo* of the 24th ult., of course I hunted up the next number of the *Rock*, and shall anxiously await the sound of your battery in reply. The "Plea," is well enough – except it starts off hurriedly and excitedly, and thereby calls, what they knew nothing about, "a most unjustifiable attack," – and evinces good feelings in the heart of the writer. What follows underneath the words "Be careful," don't seem to me to amount to much, but like the guns with which you and I used to range "Leach's and Spooner's woods' and around the swamp into Dyke's orchard, scutters so much, he does not hit what he aimed at. You say truly in accrediting to me a high regard for the merchants of Plymouth, and you could have gone further in that direction, and applied the expression to the inhabitants generally. God bless the generous, sympathizing – but sometimes thoughtless acting – people. In regard to the next *Rock*, the issue of the 29th, it seems to belong particularly to you to care for, and if

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I know you, and 'we think we do,' you are abundantly able to do it. Am obliged to the editor of the *Rock* for publishing so much of my letter as he did, and have only to say I stick to what I said. Duty calls and I must close.

Yours truly, A. T. G.

Josiah Fuller Arrives Home⁴⁴² February 5, 1863

Returned Home.

Capt. Josiah Fuller of the 32d, has arrived in town. He is in good spirits and is looking extremely well for "one of the veterans." We have heard him spoken of as a very efficient officer, and his name mentioned in connection with promotion. So mote it be. We understand he indebted to the "stuck in the mud" condition of the army of the Potomac for a short furlough.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴⁴³ February 12, 1863

Friend Hollis:

Do you want to know how to appreciate the nice, fresh bread which at home you daily eat? then enlist in the army, and not many months of diet on "Army bread" will be needed before you will realize it. It may be our future experience is not to be like the past, for our General has ordered that flour or soft bread be issued to the troops at least four times per week. Fresh potatoes or onions if practical, twice per week, and desiccated mixed vegetables or potatoes once per week. It will be a blessed thing if this order can be carried out. Could the army have had soft bread a part of the time while at Harrison's Landing, much of the sickness would have been palliated, if not prevented. It is almost incredible the price we pay for soft bread when we get a chance to buy it. Often we travel three miles to get it, (and it is three back,) and pay 25 cents for not so much as Whiting used to sell for 4 cents. When we were on the march to Falmouth last November, we met soldiers coming down from that direction, with handkerchiefs, and sometimes armfuls, and all along the line such would be hailed with, 'Where did you get that? How far is the place?' and those whose purses were flat, would enquire the price, so as not to anticipate what they could not possess. We can go hard bread for 30 or 40 meals, but to make a steady diet of it, is more than any one that I ever saw, could like, and this applies to regulars as well as volunteers.

From what we can see and hear, it is safe to call "fighting Joe Hooker," a getting ready to fight General. It is one thing to fight and entirely another to get an army ready to fight.

Sometimes we think there is going to be a movement at once, but just as things seem all ready, a rain storm bursts upon us, and mud up to the hub, bars all proceedings.

I saw a large, stout, and (I am confident) healthy man, the other day who had his discharge papers in his pocket, and stopped at our camp on his way to the Provost General's to get his transportation papers to Washington. He boasted he had "played" it, made them think he had bled from the lungs. 'Began to improve' he said, 'soon as he got his paper.' 'Should be considerable better when he got to Washington, and about well when he reached home.' Some of the "regulars" freely enlightened us in the way to counterfeit different diseases.

If you don't believe men can imitate serious, if not incurable, complaints, just you eat a small piece of common bar soap daily, and reporting to your physician for treatment, will find that you have the "heart disease." Should that not convince you, I will on notice furnish another recipe and guarantee success.

We are having our winter, though not so cold as we had it two or three months ago. What I would write I dare not, and what I dare write is hardly worth writing; but just wait a little longer and if you don't rejoice at

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the news from the Army of the Rappahannock, it will be only because the success of our arms along the coast, and in the southwest, has left nothing for us to do. For, should the Mississippi be opened, Texas and the seaports from Charleston along, be won, what is the use of wasting lives further, the rebel cause is dead, just as sure as fire goes out without being fed fuel. If the signs of the times mean anything, then is the hand writing on the wall, which speaks the doom of this monstrous rebellion, this last effort of the slave power, plainly visible.

Yours truly, A. T. G.

Diary (1 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁴⁴ February 14, 1863

The Mass. 32d, was originally the 1st Battalion Infantry Mass. Vols. and recruited for "three years' service or during the war" and were assigned to duty at Fort Warren, Boston harbor as garrison for the Post and to guard the State, political and war prisoners confined there. Companies A, B, C, D, and E, were raised successively and in about 30 days time, and officered as follows:

Stephenson of Hingham, Capt.; Dearbon of Salem, 1st, and French of Hingham, 2d Lieut. of Co. A. Prescott of Concord, Capt.; Tay of Woburn, 1st and Hoyet of Essex, 2d Lieut. of Co. B. Pierce of Boston, Capt., Austin and Hamilton, both of Boston, as 1st and 2d Lieut's. of Co. C. Draper of Boston, Capt., Cunningham and Rich of Gloucester, 1st and 2d Lieut's. of Co. B. Bumpus of Braintree, Capt., Fuller of Plymouth, 1st and Whiton of Hingham, 2d Lieut's. of Co. E. Maj. Francis J. Parker; Adjutant, Charles K. Cobb; Quarter-Master, G. W. Piersons all of Boston.

In February Capt. Bumpus recruited Co. F, which was officered with Cunningham of D, promoted to Capt., Adj. Cobb as 1st Lieut. and Gusty of Somerville, as 2d Lieut., (Cobb being still detailed as Adj.) To fill vacancies, French of Co. A, was promoted to 1st Lieutenancy and assigned to Co. D, in place of Cunningham, and Orderly Sergt. Holden of Co. A, promoted to 2d Lieut. in his own Co. We were now entitled to a Lieut. Col., but instead of getting one, our Maj. Felt compelled to reign, leaving us without even one field officer. The Battalion had attained great proficiency in drill and maneuver, and most excellent discipline under Maj. Parker, and the separation was keenly felt and deeply regretted by the whole command. While waiting the acceptance of his resignation, and on tiptoe to know who, among the many applicants, would step into his shoes, the garrison were startled and awoke from sound sleep the night of the 25th of May, by the sudden and unannounced arrival of the "*Huron*" tug-boat bringing not Maj. but Lt. Col. Parker with orders to have his command ready to take the cars from Boston next day, at 3 P. M., for Washington. The order was wholly unexpected, which with the amount of labor to be done, the shortness of time in which to do it, and the fearfully thrilling news he brought, of Banks' being all cut to pieces, and Washington threatened by the Rebels, caused a season of excitement, hurry and confusion which will never be forgotten by the least emotional among us. To add to the labor, we had but just issued to the Battalion, dress hats, with all the brass trimmings, and feathers and scales, (enlisted man too, had a surplus of bedding, furniture, clothing, &c., which had to be packed ready to send home, as we could not take it with us, and last, but not least three days' rations to be cooked; and as we had not previously been furnished with them, 600 knapsacks, and haversacks, the latter to carry food, rations in were to be issued to the men. But vast as it was, all was ready in season, and we formed on the parade and preceded by the Post band, marched to the wharf and aboard the steamer. Our baggage which we could not take with us made a little mountain when piled upon the wharf, and some of it, consequent upon the owners forgetting to direct it, has not reached home to this day. What few things could not be packed, were left in charge of the sick ones who remained behind.

Pleasant as had been our six months of military life within the walls of Fort Warren, there did not appear a single case of unwillingness to try to the fortunes of active duty in the field, and take the chances of real war. Little, then, did we think, of the fearful havoc, disease was to make with us, attacking and overcoming easily,

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the stoutest and most rugged. But I anticipate. After shaking hands with, and lustily cheering good old Col. Dimick, we moved away from the prison walls some called it, but to the most of us, the ever to be pleasantly remembered island home. Most would rejoice to be ordered back there, in an honorable way. The band played until the sound was in the distance 1st, and while we could discern them, our lady friends waved their parting adieus. We were wild with excitement, and rejoicing, but all we left behind except the scoundrel prisoners, seemed to regret sincerely our departure. We landed at Commercial wharf, and marched in columns by platoons to the depot, instead of the Common as expected, disappointing a great number who had gathered there to see us and bid good by. Our companies were nearly full, numbering in the aggregate nearly 600. As the streets narrowed or were blocked by wagons, we broke file to the rear, and resumed platoon front as soon as there was again room. Never did 600 men march better in the streets of Boston, and all along the route, they won much applause by their steady step, and soldierly bearing.

After some hours of unfortunate delay, at 8:30 p. m. the cars started. At Fall River we embarked on board the steamer *Metropolis*, and landed next morning at Jersey City. The morning was thick, and rainy weather prevented our arriving quite as soon as otherwise. After being furnished with the Enfield elongated rifle – having stacked and left our other muskets in the O. C. Depot — we took the cars for Philadelphia, arriving about the middle of the afternoon. On board the *Metropolis*, Fuller of Co. E, having been promoted, was assigned to command of Co. C; Whiton, Co. E, promoted 1st in same company; Rich, of D, promoted to 1st Lieut., and assigned to Co. F, vice Cobb, appointed Adjutant. Hooper and Dana, of Boston, appointed from civil life as 2nd Lts., and assigned to companies E and D.

In Philadelphia we were invited into the “Union Volunteer refreshment saloon,” and bountifully feasted; and as kindly and attentively cared for as if we were brothers in reality. Accommodations were provided for washing, &c., and even beds for the accommodation of the too weary and sick. I never saw such good management and good fare, on such an occasion. And we were not favorites; but all our troops who pass through that city receive similar treatment, proving the truthfulness of the name, “city of brotherly love.” After a short march we again took the cars, first, however, loading our rifles to be ready for whatever disposition should manifest itself in Baltimore. It was dark before we started, and we were so completely tired, that this second night’s travel was not over pleasant.

We arrived in Baltimore just as approaching day had fully overcome the darkness of night. It was a pleasant morning, and the running brooks, singing birds, beautiful trees and cool morning air, thrilled us with grateful joy; causing us to step with as much vigor, and elasticity through the streets of that city, as though fresh from a good night’s rest. It is a fact, we were taken for regulars in that city. Before again taking the cars, we were served with a breakfast at the headquarters of the “Union Relief Association.” Not as bountiful or pleasant as the entertainment in Philadelphia; but when we consider it was in Dixie, my Maryland, - possibly they merited the greater praise. In this city we came in contact with the 7th N. Y.; some “regulars” from Maine, and other troops. After breakfast, which consumed some time, as only two companies could go in at once, we filed into the cars and started for Washington, where we arrived about 2 p. m. We were delayed hours on the road, waiting for other trains. In Baltimore, our officers many of them hired the “irrepressible,” and most are yet with the regiment. All along the road from Baltimore to Washington, troops were stationed, and evidences began to accumulate that we were where war was a reality. I hardly think at home that it is in the faintest degree realized.

Arriving at Washington we were marched into a large building near the depot, called “Soldier’s Retreat,” where we were fed with soldier’s fare: salt-junk, O how salt – bread and coffee, and allowed to sleep upon the floor at night. Don’t know that any one complained of hard usage, whatever was thought; but am certain months of nights since, we would rejoiced for boards to lie upon and a roof to cover. Here also were ample

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conveniences not only for washing, but for bathing, two large tanks in the building where we could even swim. Next forenoon we marched to camp Alexander, just beyond the Navy Yard, and just before dark our tents arriving we pitched our camp and experienced the first night of camp life. The night previous our beds were none the softest, but that night we had gone from bad to worse, our tents arriving so late we had not time to free the ground from stones and level the bunches. Now such little things don't trouble us. We had made the entire journey with no accident or particular trouble. It was one continued ovation all the way. While in the cars we were greeted with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, not only from those who thronged the streets and occupied the houses near the track, but from windows far distant, women would lean out and wave their salute, and laborers in the fields would swing their hats, hoes, coats, or whatever first came to hand, and heartily cheer. Even in Baltimore, where we by loading our guns anticipated being mobbed or attacked, we noticed not a word or even a look of other than glad sympathy and encouragement; and many a poor old colored man or woman, with tears and trembling voices, "bressed" us as we passed, and in their way bid us God-speed.

[To be continued.]

Diary (2 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁴⁵ February 21, 1863

(Continued)

Our camp at this place was close by the river and (excepting the yielding, muddy bottom) afforded good bathing facilities. While here, Capt. Stephenson went to Boston and the Fort to bring on those who had by sickness and other causes, been left behind. Here we commenced to discharge those unfitted for field duties, and the first death in the regiment occurred, (a private of Co. C -- a fine young man -- died of fever,) and a private of Co. C, deserted. The 20th of June the command attended the funeral of a Lt. Col., as escort. Our time was occupied by the various duties of camp and in drill. We seemed to be "left out in the cold," not belonging anywhere; an independent command for nearly four weeks, but at length we were noticed enough to be ordered away, and at 7 a. m. the 25th, we marched for Cloud's Mills, 'twas said -- going all over Washington almost, and leaving by the "long bridge," passed through Alexandria, and at 2 p. m., having passed our port, halted near Fairfax Seminary and pitched our camp. The next day one of Co. B shot off his forefinger by his carelessness while on guard. Here sick ones began to accumulate, so that when, we left many were unable to go with us, and were added to the vast number already in the hospital at the Seminary.

Had just got things in working order here, when orders were received to cook 3 day's rations and be ready to march next morning. Accordingly, June 30th, after striking camp and loading the wagons, we were "mustered," and marched -- by a good deal shorter route than we came -- for Alexandria. After waiting about 8 hours we went on board the old "*Hero*" -- steam transport -- and at 9 P. M., started for Fortress Monroe. She was an old craft, and before we went on board was loaded with ammunition stowed above decks, and with her living freight added, she was "as fickle as a wild rose," and "as independent as a hog on ice," not being of one mind five consecutive minutes, but now with a strong "list" to starboard, and then if three men moved to "port" down on that side, it kept the officers of the boat mad as secesh women. Arrived at the Fort the next night at 9, and lazed there until evening of the next day, and in the time our cooks went on shore and cooked 3 days rations. Here, too, we discharged several for disability. Our officers went on and brought off conflicting rumors of fighting going on. What proved the true report prevailed -- that we were being driven back from before Richmond. About dark of July 2d we steamed away for City Point 'twas said, and next day about noon reached Harrison's Landing. As we sailed up the river we were passed by many steamers going down with the red flag flying, indicating there were hospital boats loaded with sick and wounded. As we passed many places we were almost expecting to be fired into by sharpshooters or batteries. But we were not noticed in that way.

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Hailing every boat we could, we heard from some all was well, from others right the opposite, and still others would tell us, "we've got 'em," "you're wanted there," "give 'em – when you get there," &c., &c., making us wild with excitement.

As we neared the landing, the waters were covered with steamers and sailing vessels, and among them we saw the "cheese box on a raft" – *Monitor*. In going up the river we passed close by the ill-fated *Congress* and *Cumberland*. The thickly covered waters of the river, the rapid movements to and fro of many steamers, from the little snorting tug-boat to the quiet but swift moving war vessel, with the news we had heard all along the way that morning, the activity and hurry of the crowds who lined the shore, and the booming of cannon, added fuel to the fires of excitement already burning within us; and when we were hailed or ordered to land as rapidly as possible, and leaving behind our knapsacks, to distribute sixty rounds of ammunition to each man and hurry to the front, we were fully prepared to do and dare, and if the regiment could have gone in then, they would have won or died.

On landing, we stepped into the clinging, clayey mud nearly to our knees, and marching about a mile in it were formed in column by division, and with loaded rifles awaited further orders. We had heard of Virginia mud, but words are inadequate, one needs to put their foot in it to realize it. As we marched through it, it proved its secession sympathy by stealing the boots and shoes and even stockings from our feet. Many officers and men taking them off, carried them in their hands to save them.

On landing almost the first man I saw was Mr. Fred. Robbins of the 18th Mass. and soon came across the rest of the Plymouth men in that Regt., and shortly after, saw Doten's company in the 29th, and before the day closed, Col. Raymond of the 7th. We came no nearer fighting that day and after standing like living statues stuck in the mud 'til sunset, we filed off, going into the edge of the woods laid down, and too tired to be particular about our bed, we were soon fast asleep.

It is reported by those who heard him, that McClellan said that day he had the Rebs just where he wanted them. 'Twas a significant expression if he knew the relative condition and situation of the two armies. It was subsequently proved they had him where they wanted him, by the thousands of graves which covered the country and the thousands more of sick and dying who loaded the steamboats daily the latter part of July and to the 15 of August. Talk about it not being best to retreat from that base; if it had not been done, another month would have shown of men fit for duty, not more than a corporal's guard to each company. I would like to set a goblet of the water we had to drink that day in your sanctum, just to hear you say, "I know better, men never drank such stuff as that," but they did though, and it was thick with mud and filth as a Turk likes coffee.

Next day was the 4th of July, and it was quiet as that day in old Plymouth, and with not a tithe of the excessive patriotism the same crowd would have evinced at home. They were too tired to be demonstrative, and what of life they had, was so tinctured with the miasmas of the Chickahominy, as to prevent their doing more than they were obliged to. Our food was scant, and water but little better than the day before, and I really believe a well-kept hog at home would refuse it 'til the last extremity. I had one small lemon, and with my own ration of sugar and that of my "chum" we made nearly two quarts of – we called it – lemonade, and either the water was too hearty or there was too much lemon, for it caused me a severe attack of cholera morbus. That night we received our blankets and knapsacks, and passed a more comfortable night. Somebody got frightened that night and came round waking up the Captains and telling them to have their men already to 'fall in' in a minutes warning, but not to wake them 'til the time. Morning dawned and nobody was hurt, except the captains who waked from a sound sleep had hard work to again get their snoring machinery at work.

Sunday our tents got along and we moved out of the woods into a field adjoining and pitched our camp. This field and the one we formed in the day we landed – and which was one vast sea of mud – but ten days previous were fine fields of wheat, and tall waving corn; but save the stumps where the corn had been cut off

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for fodder, and here and there a bed made of the stalks to keep some poor soldier from the mud and wet – (it rained heavily when our army reached there in their retreat) – nothing remained to show it had that season borne its usual crop.

The night of the 7th, a glee club from the 18th Mass., serenaded Colonel Parker, making excellent music. The 9th, we marched out to be reviewed by the President, McClellan, and others. We stood as long as nature could bear it and then sat or laid on the ground – many going to sleep – waiting the arrival of the dignitaries. About 9 p. m. they got along, and we had a moonlight view of “Old Abe.” He rode somewhat in advance of the rest, doubtless humming the song, “Meet me by moonlight alone.” That was called a review, you can judge with how much truth.

Monday 14th, the Regt. furnished 100 men for fatigue duty at the Harrison house – used as a hospital. It was a large, old “Virginny” mansion, and it with the buildings around it was filled with sick, and the ground covered with tents also full. Subsequently it came our turn to furnish another fatigue party to the same place, whose duty it was to assist the sick on board the steamboat to be carried north, and make room for others in the hospitals they were taken from. At that time the doctors said they were sending away about 1000 a day, a full regiment. Do you think it was best to change our base?

July 18th we moved camp toward Westover landing and encamped on the Berkly estate. 19th a private of Co. C who had been accidentally shot through the arm, left for 30 days’ furlough. 21st saw the most beautiful and perfect rainbow ever was, I think. The whole camp came out to see it and stood long gazing at it. 22^d, Col. P. left for home with a Lieut. and two noncom. officers to recruit for the regiment – ‘twas said. Co. G joined us today with full ranks. Bowers of Concord; Capt. Shepherd of Concord 1st and Bouvee of Boston, 2^d Lieut. 24th, reviewed by Division Commander. 25th, by McClellan and our Corps Commander. July 27, furnished guard for headquarters and commissary stores at the landing. In the afternoon saw a cloud which was so different and beautiful as to draw numbers to look at it and watch its changes, as the sun sinking toward the horizon, threw its light at different angles and less in degree. It was as though mountains were piled on mountains, and the deep chasms and vallies could be seen reaching back for miles. I thought I had seen grand and magnificent cloud scenery in a voyage around Cape Horn, but nothing to compare with this. 28th, a private of Co. A died of fever. 30th, Segt. Hammond, Co. C, died same disease, and that night young Swift of Duxbury left us for the land of immortals. 31st was a rainy day. In the afternoon we buried young Swift, of Co. E, and before we returned Corporal Heath of Plymouth, belonging to the same company was freed from pain and sin. That night was inky dark.

About 1 A. M., Aug. 1st, we were startled from our sleep by the rapid discharge of cannon. Soon the whole regiment were out of their tents and interested spectators of a very pretty exhibition of fireworks got up by the rebels expressly for the Army of the Potomac. The scoundrels had run a battery down upon the opposite bank of the river, and were scattering their favors promiscuously around, and with a liberal hand. Many shot and shell fell in our camp, and every company street was furrowed by one or more of the iron uninvited visitors. A solid 12 pound shot passed clean through a Sibley tent in which were nearly 20 men, doing no other damage than to rip all to pieces a knapsack a man was using for a pillow, knocking a tin plate of “sot tack” into crumbs, and tearing, meanly tearing, the tent. No one was hurt in our camp, but some were killed in the next. Had their shell generally burst, loss of life would have been considerable, as the troops were so thickly camped within range, point whichever way they would, their shot were sure to fall among them. For a little time they had things their own way, but soon our heavy siege guns got the range of them, and then they couldn’t stop any longer, and left quicker than they came. The darkness made the streaming and bursting shell show to best advantage. Our men looked upon it ‘til the novelty wore off and then crawled into their beds to finish the nap

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from which they were so rudely awakened. Had we known more, our courage would have been less, proving the old adage: "where ignorance is bliss &c." That day we were paid off for two months.

[To be continued.]

Death of Melvin Fought [Faught]⁴⁴⁶ February 26, 1863

Melvin C. Fought [Faught] of the 32d Regiment, who died at Post Hospital, Windmill Point, was a good and faithful soldier who deserves well of his country. He leaves a family who were entirely dependent upon him for support, and who by this bereavement are left to their own resources. May they receive as they greatly need, some substantial evidence that their misfortune is remembered by the patriotic and benevolent.

Article about ATG⁴⁴⁷ February 26, 1863

"A. T. G." had better not "tread on our toes" too hard, or we shall not allow him to burrow undisturbed in his hidden "hole." We are peaceably inclined, but he will find that "A. T. G." may stand for "Altogether To Green" if he supposes his thousand miles of distance will protect him in "snubbing us with impunity."

Diary (3 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁴⁸ February 28, 1863

(Continued)

Aug. 2d a private of Co. A died; the 5th a corporal of Co. B, notwithstanding all the care his captain gave him, also died. Feb. 9, through this day heavy cannonading was heard and we were ordered to have two day's rations ready and be prepared to march at a minute's warning. Night of the 8th, Lt. French died at the Harrison house hospital. 10th orders were received to pack knapsacks and be ready to move at once, but no go. Next day at dusk, tents were struck and sent off, and the men laid out door. After waiting until 9 p. m. the 14th of Aug. the Regt. started on the famous skedaddle from Harrison's Landing. We had gone hardly a mile when we came to a halt, and after standing a long while, the whole column laid down where they stood and canopied by the heavens, refreshingly but most piggishly slept. While they are sleeping let us go back and see what of note has been omitted.

In addition to those named who died, Co. B lost a private, Co. D one, who fell on his post while on guard, dying almost instantly; and G. W. Barnes of the non. com. staff, who died on board the steamer which was to carry him North. 1st Lieut. Austin, Co. C, and Whitton, Co. E, discharged for disability, (physical.) Capt. Prescott, Adjt. Cobb and Lieut. Bouvee were sent North, sick, with near 150 enlisted men, many have since been discharged from hospital; still more are yet there sick, and but a small proportion have returned to their companies.

Our camp was close by a marshy meadow, pregnant with disease. Some nights the vapor would roll up from thence in dense clouds, and it was doubtless the cause of the malignant type of fever which so suddenly killed those attacked by it. After a while some folks began to see "what was the matter," and treat men as though they were sick, and by sending them from the locality much increased their chance of recovery.

We left Ft. Warren with 550 enlisted men, a full complement of line officers, 1 Lieut. Col., 1 Adjt., Surgeon and Asst., and Lt., formerly Capt., Pierce acting Quartermaster. Landed at Harrison's Landing with 542 enlisted men, and same number of Field and Staff and line officers – excepting Capt. Bumpus and Lieut. Pierce, absent with leave. Aug. 14, we left – though Co. G, had joined with full complement of officers and about 95 men – with less than 500 men – enlisted 2 Staff, Surgeon and Asst., and 14 line officers, and of those who marched a large proportion were really sick and unfit for duty. So much for the healthy climate of the James River.

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Up to the commencement of this retreat our companies had been furnished with camp equipage for cooking, so that each company had its own food cooked in bulk by the company cooks; but from reasons not pleasant to state, the camp kettles, &c., could not be transported, and what few were tied – by thoughtful ‘Orderlies’ – to the wagons, were soon lost, and each man had to carry on his person, not only his rations, but things to cook them in and each cook for himself. It would have caused a queer feeling in – not the breast – of our loved ones at home, were they asked to dine with their soldier lover, while on an extended march. The haversack after the issue of regular rations, would contain hard bread, raw salt pork or bacon, or salt or fresh beef, a tin box of salt, a little bottle of vinegar, small parcel, may be, of beans, or rice, (uncooked) a little bag, or oftener old stocking leg, a string tied around the middle to divide the coffee in one end, from the sugar in the other, and when the route had led by a farm, perhaps an ear or two of green corn, a few potatoes, apples, &c. The old soldier is careful to keep his larder – haversack – well stocked if not with ‘Uncle Sam’s’ rations, with something else in its place. Many have a little box of pepper, and mustard, and a bottle or box to save surplus fat in, so that when nothing better can be had, he can fry some hard bread, having previously soaked it in water. A canteen holding about 3 pints slung over his shoulder, is his water tank, which is, if possible, always to be kept full, and the last thing at night and first in the morning, is to see that the canteen is filled. A tin quart pot, tin plate, knife, fork and spoon, constitute – generally – the cooking and crockery ware.

This was all the 32d had when the march commenced, and I should not wonder if by this time they were awake and preparing their coffee for the morning meal. Yes, they are all up and engaged as we thought, each boiling his tin pot of coffee. Here is a large fire, around which several are gathered, each with his pot of water heating, while he is untying his stocking leg, with his spoon in his hand to dip and measure out the due proportion of coffee and sugar. One or two engage another to look out for their coffee, and they slinging their own canteen and those of their comrades on their necks, go to hunt a spring, and refill with water before the march commences. Another has gathered a handful of twigs and the snug little fire is cooking his pot of coffee, or with his tin plate for a fry pan, is frying some hard bread all alone.

While they are getting their breakfast, let us see who compose this long line of soldiers. It is the 5th Army Corps – Porter’s – and this part of it is Griffin’s Brigade, in Morrell’s Division. Now they move and I must take my place in the ranks, for it is very hard to catch up if one falls behind. It is the 15th day of August; the morning is cool for the season, and the sun clouded in most of the time, making it very comfortable for marching considering the climate of time of the year. After marching about three hours a mail was received. It was rejoicingly welcomed. Our march was very irregular, now just creeping along, then going like a race horse, and then as the road was blocked by wagon trains or artillery, we would have to wait a long time, and expecting every minute to start, dare not attempt much rest. Our orders were to cross the Chickahominy before camping. It was a long march, and before our Regiment crossed the Pontoon bridge, night had run into the ‘wee’ hours, and tired, footsore, and smarting from the absence of skin in sundry places, what few came in, as soon as arms were stacked, coiled themselves on the ground and forgot pain and hunger in sound sleep.

Never before did a Brigade “extend intervals” as did Griffin’s that day. When the head of the column had crossed the river, the rear was back more than 12 miles. Of the whole Brigade not 12 per cent, stacked arms when the destination was reached that morning. Many were really unable to make so long a march, or keep up on a short one. (I don’t believe 25 per cent of our regiment, who pretended to be well, were free from weakness or disease,) but many more straggled not so much from necessity as from choice, because of laziness or a desire to ‘forage,’ (steal.) Our Regt. was the only novice in the Brigade, and did but follow the “veteran’s” example. We rested here until 5 p. m., and then, (the column following us appearing in sight,) with our numbers decreased – many of the stragglers not having come in, and others too weak to go any further – we marched for Williamsburg. Part of this march was through dense woods in pitch darkness, and over a rough, hilly road.

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Arrived at the city about 10 p. m. and pleased ourselves with the idea of familiar acquaintance the coming day, with what seemed to be a good deal of a place. But instead of stopping in the city, we dragged along nearly two miles beyond, and laid upon the ground occupied by the rebels in the Williamsburg berth of the spring previous. Next morning, (Sunday) received rations, and at day, started for Yorktown. A hot, hard and dusty march. Encamped upon an old camping ground (of our army) just beyond Yorktown, about 4 p. m. While here, received a visit from Master's Mate Alex. Atwood, of your town. Next morning at 5.15, were again on our way, and passing several battle or skirmish grounds, arrived at Hampton at 4.45. It was a tough march, but made up by an invigorating wash and swim in salt water, and next morning received a ration of nice, sweet, soft bread. Tuesday morning we had a short, but hot march to Newport News, and while waiting for the transports to receive us, were allowed to enjoy another salt water bath. The men rushed in by Brigades almost, and it was an excellent place for bathing, the shore sandy and water plenty warm. Here we met that generous, impulsive, and energetic "Corn sheller" agent, and hunting up his acquaintances, he insisted upon their going to his quarters. Getting them in a back room he attempted to kill them, with good things; and "Steve" eating too much, he offered him medicine, but fearing the stuff, he compromised by another huge junk of bacon and monstrous cup of nicest tea. He treated us just as well as though we were sick, and never a fee would he take. If every man in the army could have such a course of treatment once a week, our hospitals would not be so crowded, and a graveyard started at every encampment.

After a while the 32d embarked on board the *Belvidere* (steamer) with the 4th Mich., and at 5 p. m. steamed away and tarrying at Fortress Monroe until 9, proceeded on our voyage to Aquia Creek, where we arrived at 9.30 a. m., August 20th. The tide was out and bothered us about landing, so that it was 4 p. m., ere we reached the platform cars and whizzing toward Falmouth. We bivouacked that night near the depot, and next morning marched about a mile and a half to encamp, expecting to make a few day's tarry. Busy all day in getting up shelters and tents, and just as we were all fixed and anticipating a good night's rest, orders came to pack up and be ready to fall in. I remember we had just drawn rations, and for a rarity, salt beef, and had to take it raw or half boiled, or leave behind. After waiting, all equipped, from sunset until midnight, in deep darkness and rain, we slowly dragged along about 2 miles in 3 hours, and laid down in our tracks until daylight. I was awake before the rest, and it was a most ludicrous sight. The men were lying in all shapes and pointing every way, and with their forms completely enveloped in rubber blankets, to keep off the rain, they looked not unlike 'monsters of the deep.' One would be privileged above another, in having a nice pillow of stones, while another had for a pillow what would have rejoiced a farmer had it been on his farm. This one wholly in a 'puddle,' that one, only in part. In all our marches, I have never seen so grotesque an appearance as the regiment presented that morning.

Soon after daybreak we were on the hoof, and passed through Falmouth, (where we bought bread and pies,) we arrived at Barnett's Ford (on the Rappahannock) at 7 p. m., about 16 hours, marching not much more than that number of miles. The day had been since morning, pleasant; but we had hardly got into our camping place in the woods, before a heavy tempest visited us, wetting many to the skin. This was the first thorough wetting we had. Stopping at this place 4 days, the time was improved in foraging, as we could unknown to the officers; but though 'orders' had been read to us, calling it stealing, &c., and making officers responsible, yet many a pig, chicken, and even two year old heifers, found their way into the men's 'havers' and thence the way was easy to their stomachs. 'The mill' was also thoroughly cleaned (of flour) without charge to the owner, and from the mustiness of the meal, it needed the operation amazingly. The store also yielded salt and vinegar, and the shopkeeper not being in, of course the men could not pay for it. But it was needed to save their beef.

[To be continued.]

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George W Barnes Obituary⁴⁴⁹ March 5, 1863

George W. Barnes, buried at Harrison's Landing, a native of Plymouth, Mass., connected with the Army of the Potomac - a genial, honorable young man, free hearted, and in possession of all the qualities that make a man among men." - (*New Bedford Mercury*)

"The subject of the above notice was a native of this town, and was connected with the Mass. 32^d as Commissary Sergeant at the time of his death. He enlisted in the first company raised, and immediately on arriving at Ft. Warren, was detailed for special duty as Acting Commissary, for which duty he was specially qualified, by his former business in life. Could the wish of the officers of his Regt. have been carried out, he would have been Quartermaster of the regiment, so faithful in his duties and cordial in his friendship and he proved himself, as to merit as well as to receive their commendation. After leaving the Fort and until nearly a fortnight after landing at Harrison's Landing, he was hearty and well, doing his own, and others work, and frequently have I heard him, while with his closed hands pounding his well developed muscular breast, say that he was good for the climate and the service; but alas, the insidious disease that lurks about James River was regardless of his health, and fastened upon him never to loose its hold in life. He seemed to be recovering and was taken to the General Hospital and then on board a steamer to go north, and it was on her deck, but an hour or two after being conveyed there, and before she left the wharf, he died. His body is beneath the now sacred soil of Virginia - sacred because of the many very many martyrs to liberty and humanity who rest beneath it' but that which we loved and cherished, still leaves, is enlisted in the armies of Heaven, and marching on to the fullness of the measure of the stature of Christ. I might say more. I could and do - Patient and uncomplaining in his soldiering and sickness, in the service of his country and God, he gave his life, as much as though amid the carnage of the battle field and the din of war he had fallen. Peace to his memory, and patient, submissive, Christ confidence for the loved ones below. If he had faults - and who has not - virtues we all might with benefit appropriate, were most assuredly his. - *Old Colony Memorial*

Diary (4 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁵⁰ March 7, 1863

(Continued)

While here we expected to battle every day. Cannonading welcomed us and continued while we staid. At one time wagons were sent to the rear for safety, batteries placed in position, infantry ready, and every preparation made to receive the enemy, our cavalry reported to be advancing in force. But save the distant cannonading all was quiet, and Wednesday morning, the 27th, we took up the line of march for Warrenton Junction. It was a very hot day, and a hurried, lengthy march. Men were left behind that day who gave out and straggled and have not been heard from since. A smaller proportion of the number which started in the morning, stacked arms on halting for the night, than at any previous time. Not more than one fourth of the number came in as the regiment; and we were not the worst in that respect neither. We shall all remember that march as the hottest and hardest. It was the only time I came near being "euchred."

We bivouacked that night about 8, and were routed out next morning at 1, and on the march before daylight. It was "somebody's damned blunder," as Gen. Griffin said, and after we got strung out in the open field, we halted an hour or more for those to get in advance who belonged there, which time was employed by many of us in a refreshing nap, in the cool breeze of the early morn. This day's march carried us past and over a battlefield of the day before, and the dead and wounded were yet remaining on the ground. It was the affair of Sigel, I think, at Bristow's Station. Our march led us almost under the porch of the Station house, which was occupied by wounded and prisoners, and a large squad of the rebs were guarded on a hill near by. The bridge and destroyed train were still burning, and locomotives were piled on one another and battered to pieces, which with the remains of many cars and their still smoking contents, served to add nothing to our love for the

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traitors who had done it. Halted about 3 p. m., just beyond Bristow's Station, a short march. (This was a part of "Porter's" corps which helped 'Pope' (over the left) in his severe need at that time. Mark our course about this time, the length of march, &c.) That afternoon, towards night, a brisk skirmish, (big enough to be a battle in a war of less magnitude than this,) was going on, and so nigh was it, the musketry was heard, smoke seen, and the report of cannon seemed to shake the ground.

That night we received a fresh meat ration. The next morning early, again marched for Manassas Junction. Saw many wounded on the way. Arriving there, after a short halt, were marched back a piece, and then to the right near 5 miles, towards Gainesville. Here we came upon the Gap Railroad, and after halting a few minutes, were ordered to the right about, marched back a little way, and formed in line of battle by regiments on an open hill. We had hardly got in position ere a rebel battery opposite opened on us with shot and shell. The first shot struck right in front of the battery ahead us; and the next exploded over our heads, killing and wounding several in the 4th Mich., who were about two rods behind us. The rebs had now the range of us, and for safety we moved farther in the woods and out of range. After about two hours spent in lying flat on the ground, we again took up the line of march back the road we had come and everything went smoothly for about 1 1/2 miles, when it was "Right about, March!" and hurriedly we retraced our way, (dark rapidly coming on) and formed in 'line of battle' on the same hill we had an hour before left. The orders for the night were to make ourselves comfortable as we could, lying on our arms, and not allowed to even light a match for our pipe. To add to the amiability of the men, there were no rations to issue, and hungry and tired and longing after a canteen of cold water, and thankful that it was not our turn to go on guard, we were soon fast asleep, dreaming of the battle we expected on the coming morrow. It was matter of surprise to most of us why we were not put into action that day. Soon after we arrived at the hill spoken of, we saw immense clouds of dust over in the direction of what we called the Gap, and it was told us the rebs retreating made it. I couldn't see why we didn't help that retreat. It is proven now to have been rebs advancing, to reinforce, and why didn't we attempt to stop that advance of reinforcements? Doesn't the late court-martial proceedings show that 'Pope's' defeat was owing to that very reinforcement? We thought sure the next morning would give us fighting, but it turned out marching. Before daylight we were filing off the hill, and took up the march for, what, we didn't know. But about 11 a. m., found us at Centreville. After a half of an hour or two on the height, our Brigade moved a short distance, and made as though we were going to stop for the rest of the day, if not all night. Rations were issued, cornfields hunted up and relieved, apples (hard as apples can be) were gathered in sufficiency. All this time we heard the roar of cannon and knew that a battle was going on; and about an hour before dark it was 'fall in,' and away we went, (leaving pork, coffee, bread, corn and apples on the ground,) over the very road we had come, until night overtook us and we halted right in our tracks. That was the most heart sickening hour I had yet seen. Troops by thousands were going towards the battle, and baggage wagons, cannon and caissons, stragglers and cowards, (by thousands) wounded men and dying, on foot, on horseback, in ambulances, and on litters, or leaning upon friends, were crowding the roads from the field. We, upon the sides of the road and elevated above them, had a full view. I remember about the first wounded man was on horseback and in his shirt-sleeves, with the stump of his right arm sticking straight out, hardly bound up and still bloody; and so it was until night hid them from sight.

We laid and stood around some time, and then countermarched, and taking the darkness and crowded ways would let us, until again on the heights around Centreville, we halted, and tired out laid upon our arms, to be awakened towards morning by the rain pattering on our faces. It did not rain but little, and soon ceased, but it was a dull, cloudy, gloomy Sabbath; not much like a New England Sabbath. About 9 a. m., marched a short distance and halted inside some old breastworks of the Rebs, and soon a Rhode Island battery was with us, and the muzzle of their guns within the embrasures. The condition of things was so suggestive that some

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could see the rebels but a short distance off, already to attack us. But no go. One was scared the other dare not. Two or three hours were spent there, and we moved to a vacant lot in the town and went into camp, where we were undisturbed until the next afternoon when we were ordered to take twenty rounds of cartridges (making eighty) and fall in. Stood around until late in the afternoon, when a violent tempest passed over; but our rubber blankets kept most of us from getting much wet. This forenoon one of Co. E accidentally shot off his finger. That night we laid down with equipments on and gun by our side, until one next morning, when we started in earnest, and got into the streets of the village, (most a quarter of a mile distant from the starting place,) where we were kept shivering and shaking, (it had cleared after the tempest, and the wind blowing cold, and a gale,) for two mortal long hours. At length the way was clear and we started for Fairfax Court House. About 1 halted just beyond the village for rest and to get our breakfast. On the way we saw what had delayed and kept us shivering in the street. The road was thickly strewn with dead horses and mules, broken wagons and gun carriages. Ambulances and hacks, ammunition and commissary stores. How our mouths watered as we saw flour, bread, pork, coffee, &c., wasted on the ground, which we would gladly have bought and eaten up, (saving carting it at such risks.) And this was deliberately knocked about and destroyed to save from rebel hands. After about two hours rest, again took up the line of march, and halted not, save for five or ten minutes at a time, until we reached Langley's at 11 p. m., having been 22 hours on the road, with only a tin pot of coffee and few hard bread. It was the march so far.

Next morning at 9 we started, and encamped on Miner's Hill, about eight miles from Washington. We numbered less than 400 enlisted men, two staff and 13 line officers; Capt. Draper of D Co. having given out at Aquia Creek and gone to the hospital. A loss of nearly 25 percent. Assured by Generals Porter and Griffin that we were to rest awhile, and shown by the latter our camping ground; we laid out our camp, pitched officer's tents, and our shelters, and attended to other duties, necessary in a good camp, and indulged in hopes not destined to be realized. During the day received our back mails – nearly a wagon load. We had not received a mail since we left Harrison's Landing. Next day, Sept. 4, the rebels threw shot and shell within $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile of our camp, those down at the spring narrowly escaped being hit. Their object was to interfere with the supply trains on the railroad and advertise their impudence. They did no hurt, but got us out in line of battle to stand an hour and a half, and then were dismissed. This afternoon our regiment was filled with the addition of Co. H, with Moulton of Newburyport, Capt. Whiddon of Gloucester, 1st, and Wheelright of Boston, 2d, Lieut.; Co. I, Norton, Capt. Hurd, 1st, and Warren, 2d Lt., all of Charlestown; and Co. R, Edmunds, Capt. Bancroft, 1st and Boyd 2d Lt., all of Newton.

These three companies had been recruited sometime, and encamped at Alexandria, awaiting the chance to join us. They also brought with them many who had straggled on the march down the Peninsula, and a few who had been sent away from Harrison's Landing sick. So much had the seven companies been reduced in numbers, that these brought with them another Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Bigelow — who was what he pretended, and won much favor with officers and men by his kindness and attention. Next day, the 5th, at 3 p. m., we were ordered to provide ourselves with one day's ration and be ready to fall in at a minute's warning. At 5 o'clock the order was three day's rations and to move in three hours; but not until the next day at 8 p. m., were positive orders received to pack up, and at midnight we marched a short distance to Fort Ramsey, (Upton Hill) and laid down in order of battle, with batteries in position, evidently expecting an attack. The night passed quietly, and next day we put up our shelters, and prepared for a short stay. While here Col. Parker joined us, having been absent nearly two months.

[To be continued.]

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Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴⁵¹ March 12, 1863

Friend Hollis:

Do you want to find fault with the weather, just come out here and stop awhile. Here it is the middle of March; and the Robins are singing at early morn, crocuses and tulips peeping out of the ground trying to make us think it is Spring, and we might believe it if it were not for the weather, and mud. The weather is disagreeable and stormy enough; raining, snowing, freezing, thawing, and blowing, all in an hour almost, and such blowing; we've heard folks talk about March winds, but never experienced them before, never. The mud, O gracious! Suppose you should see six mules harnessed to an empty ox-team in the street front of your office, and unable to pull it out of the mud, wouldn't it be a case of sincere attachment? Yet it has been as bad as that front of our quarters lately, that's so.

Do you know I find half a mind not to bother you any more by writing, for the last two or three letters you have clipt, and what you did publish, has been a week later than it should have been. Now these, like baker's bread are bad enough when fresh and new, but come to have either a week after they are cooked, and even one hungry, might well hesitate before attempting to digest them. Writing of bread puts me in mind that I wrote you some time ago of Gen. Hooker's order that the troops should have soft bread or flour, four days out of a week. I was a little afraid it would be a 'hum' (as 'Old Muggins' says,) but it's a go, and since then we have had as often as three days out of five, one or the other. It would have seemed silly to folks at home, to have seen the troops when soft bread came the first time, so pleased were they, and yet at home they were like other folks and cared as little what their food was. And what would you think, if, with the limited conveniences for cooking we have here, you should draw your two or three days bread in flour, (get somebody to cook it I suppose,) yet we soldiers, rejoice in the chance and taking it as dealt to us, put it into a bag made out of a piece of old flannel shirt, and soon within our huts it is converted into doughnuts, slap jacks, or short cakes. Often they are well cooked too. It is no uncommon sight to see more than a peck of doughnuts piled up in a tent where three or four live together. When we get soft bread, we have a good generous loaf, calculated to weigh 22 ounces. Never was an army fed better than ours has been since Gen. Hooker took command.

Suppose you have seen the General Order which makes the Mass. 32d notorious and cuts off the "Leaves" of the officers and Furloughs of enlisted men. But don't fret yourself about it. The 32d will come out all right. It was more luck than bad management. The affairs happened to be in a most singular condition. All the field and some of the line officers were away on court martial or business; a large proportion of the men were out making corduroy roads (not pants), and of those in camp many had just come in from a long fatigue duty in rainy weather, so you can judge how unfortunate the time, to do the fair thing. The Regt. is not as efficient as when it left Boston; but if any one is to blame for that, or for the unfortunate condition at the inspection noticed, it is not the privates. I hear an inspection very thoroughly made yesterday, by one of General Hooker's staff resulted favorably. They will come out all right, I am confident. Sure I am if they are worthy the judgment visited on them, some regiments in the same division, if not Brigade, should be sent to the Rip Raps, or some other good place.

Co. C, (Capt. Fuller of your town) you will remember, is not, nor has been, with the Regiment for about 5 months. So they do not come into condemnation in that "order," nor are they responsible for the condition of things that pertain in the Regiment. Will let you know when a movement is made, cannot tell you when it is going to be if I would, nor would not if I could. All the movements now are Brigades and Divisions moving from the camping grounds around which they have exhausted all the supply of wood, to a locality where that indispensable article is to be had. I remember an old man, on whose farm we stopped last November, wanted we should cut some wood which prevented his seeing Fredericksburg from his house. He has his wish and more too, for the wood he spoke of is log huts or ashes, and his shade trees in his front yard have not all

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escaped, and lest he should not be satisfied, the soldiers have pulled down some of his out buildings. When we first came here, this country was extra well wooded, and now there is scarce a tree standing for miles, and their short stumps and the mud chimneys and walls of the now deserted camps show what has become of them. If we hadn't made a move lately, the army is getting ready as it has not been since it started from Fortress Monroe last Spring. Gen. Hooker is proving himself as able in his present position as he has proved himself in those formerly occupied. Give him a chance at Lee's army and he that pounds longest will be the best fellow, and if Lee can stand it longer than 'fighting Joe' let him take the bet, for he will have earned it.

A. T. G.

Diary (5 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁵² March 14, 1863

(Continued)

Friday, 12 at 6 A. M., we again broke camp and marched through Georgetown, nearly into Washington; then it was found out there was a blunder, and marched back through Georgetown and other villages, halting at dark near Leesboro. This was the "killer" of all our marches. The day was excessively hot, and the march rapid. Men dropped down in the ranks, some in spasms, and others as though dead. The roadside was strewn with them, and surgeons and hospital stewards were busy after the middle of the day. Next day's march was very comfortable, moving steadily with regular intervals for rest all day. Passed through Rockville, which was considerable of a place. The difference in the style of buildings and general improvements, were noticeable as soon as we stepped into Maryland. More like home. Halted at night near Clarksville. Next day was Sunday, but no rest for us. Before marching received a mail. This day's march carried us through Clarksville, Hyattstown, and other villages, halting at night close to the Monocacy near Frederick City. Here we had very good chances for bathing and the time was improved; stirring the bottom of the river as it never was before by human feet. Very beautiful was the scene that burst upon our sight, as suddenly rising the crown of the hill we came in view of the valley, in which, like a beautiful work of art amid a garden of flowers, the city of Frederick so enchantingly lies. Involuntarily we spoke our thoughts aloud, how beautiful. Nearly all day cannonading was heard, but it had been our regular music on nearly every march, since starting from Falmouth, Aug. 27; but this was noticeable from its regularity and heaviness. From its receding we judged our forces were driving the enemy, and so it proved. It was the battle of South Mountain, costing the life of the gallant Reno.

Orders were received to move next day at 3 A. M., but from some delay in getting our rations, we did not move until 9. Passed through Frederick and were received with enthusiasm and much kindness. What of pies, cake and bread we bought, was at a reasonable price, such a thing had not been known in Virginia, and quantities of peaches and other fruit were given to us. Gratitude that the rebels had been driven from their city was freely expressed. Had they not been so thoroughly cleaned out by the traitors, we should have fared still better. It was not from want of disposition, but means. All through Maryland we were greeted with the best of feeling, and an utter detestation of secessionism manifested. Most of the stores were closed because they had now nothing to sell. The city evinced neatness and thrift, and though it had so lately been overrun with the "dirty Johnnies," was comparatively clean. Many wounded were there, and in the roads beyond many more passed us, (going to the hospitals,) and prisoners by hundreds. Halted at dark at Middleton. We marched to our camping place through fields and over hills, the streets of the town being so blocked with ambulances and wagon trains, as to bar our passage that way. We slept that night in a meadow, we judged, to prevent the enemy from seeing our camp-fires, as they would on higher ground.

We noticed the beauty of the scenery the day before; but Middletown valley – if so it is called – transcended even that. The 'bottom' was not only exceedingly picturesque, but the mountains which surrounded it, were dotted all over the sides with cultivated fields of waving grain, and with the grazing cattle,

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cottages or farm houses peeping from amid the trees, and the deep healthy green of the forest, it was very lovely. I know of no landscape paintings or engravings I ever saw, which would excel these two valleys put upon canvas. To confirm my impressions and judgment, 'Old Butler' in 'pleasant valley' said, in speaking of why the valley was so named, 'people call it in pleasantness and beauty some like Middletown valley.'

All the fore part of the day cannonading was heard, commencing very early in the morning. Next day's march carried us over the battle ground of Sunday previous. The dead rebels thickly covered the mountain's sides, and some were still above ground on the sides of the road. Buildings, trees, stonewalls and fences, all showed evidences of the combat, all shattered and furrowed as they were by shell, solid shot and musket balls. During the middle of the day, heavy firing was again heard, and part of the time we saw the shells burst in the air. Passed through Boonesboro' and Cadisville, halting just beyond the latter place, and close to the scene of battle that day. In both of those towns were rebel prisoners and wounded.

Everything indicated we had got as far as fight, and sure enough, the next morning at daylight, commenced the memorable battle of Antietam. The night had been a little wet, and the day dawned cloudy and dark, but soon cleared beautiful and bright, strangely in contrast with the din and desolation of the scene before us. All day long until the shades of a cloudy night prevented, it was one incessant roar of artillery and rattle of musketry. Our Brigade moved about 9 A. M., a very short distance and took position behind a hill on the top of which was a battery of heavy guns. We laid here all day, expecting every minute to "go in." They said we were supporting a battery. Just previous to dark we moved to the right, expecting our turn had come and that we should finish what others had so nearly completed. Like all our attempts so far, it was a short march, a short halt, and a retracing our steps, reaching the same ground we had occupied through the day. After dark I remember of feeling out a soft place free from stones – to spread my blanket upon. Next morning was cloudy, but soon cleared – and quiet. During the forenoon a stack of muskets belonging to the Mass. 9th, were carelessly knocked over, discharging one of the guns, the ball so shattering the arm of a private of Co. K, of our reg't, to make amputation necessary. Capt. Winsor of the 18th, told me as we passed his reg't, (the night of the 17th,) that one man lost a leg by a spent cannon. Total loss in killed and wounded in Porter's corps: two.

About 11 A. M., (18th,) the Brigade moved a mile to the left and laid down behind a hill, crowned with siege guns. Supporting a battery again. In the afternoon a heavy thunder shower passed over us, but those of us provided with rubber blankets or shelter tents, were but slightly wet. This day seemed a week long; waiting from morning until night for the fight to again commence, expecting every minute to hear the music of the batteries, and feeling all the time it should commence for Gen. McClellan had said the night previous that all was well and had gone to his satisfaction, we were in a fever of excitement which stretched minutes into hours. But the day passed quietly; not a gun of ours being answered, and but 3, I think, fired by us. The night was spent in the same place, a neighboring straw stack furnishing our bedding.

It would have amused our friends at home to have looked upon the place where but for one or two nights the army had slept. When straw, hay or corn stalks could be had – within a mile such was levied on to make our beds, and after marching away next morning, there it laid just as we had left it, and a close observer could almost tell the character of the occupant by examining the bed. The careful, precise and old maidish soldier has placed two rails with the proper width between, and laid his straw so as to have it all between him and the ground. Another in the generousness of his nature, gathers a huge armful and makes a bed large enough for half a dozen. Another, indifferent to such effeminacy, would be contented with merely a handful just for his pillow, and so on. Had rations been dealt out, the long lines of straw beds would be interspersed with pieces of pork, beef bones, hard bread, salt, coffee, &c., but never any sugar; and most always as soon as we leave the natives are on hand to seek and to save.

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Friday, 19th, morning foggy, but the sun soon dispersed it, and the clouds. No rebels to be seen. Our skirmishers were said to be four miles in advance, and there could be no danger of hurting the enemy now, so early in the forenoon we moved on, our march carrying us through Sharpsburgh, following in the footsteps of the enemy, towards the Shepherdstown Ford, of the Potomac. The village of Sharpsburgh was completely riddled with shot and shell, and the bullets of the infantry had left their mark on many of the buildings. Horses and pigs were lying in the streets, killed by cannon shot, while our way to the village was strewn with the graves and unburied bodies of our own slain. The inhabitants were very bitter against the rebels, for they had cleaned out not only their stables, gardens, cellars and pantries, but had emptied the drawers of their bureaus on the floor, and carried off what they fancied of the contents, and even robbed the beds of their quilts, pillows, &c. Whenever the column halted, our ears were filled with their grievances, and women in particular condemned in unmeasured language those who had so roughly treated them. Many of them were without food to eat, and their grief was so fresh as almost to choke their utterance. From the town down to the river, we saw evidences of the haste in which the enemy had left guns, cannon, caissons, ammunition, equipments, &c., were in abundance and scattered around promiscuously.

Arriving near the river, our Brigade halted between two hills, guns were put in position on the high ground, and indications were of work before us. Soon the singing of shell was heard over our heads, and thug would be the parting sound of the solid shot as they buried themselves from sight in the hill behind us. We escaped any loss; but the 4th Mich. in moving out of the valley and across the road to go on a reconnaissance, lost one man, his head being taken off by a cannon ball or shell. Saturday, 20th, was the day of the skirmish across the river near Shepherdstown, in which the Mass. 18th figured gloriously and conspicuously.

At 10 A. M., we were on the move, and by the vigorous work of our batteries, and the rapid volleys of musketry across the river, we expected this time, sure, we should have a chance to fight or run. Our Brigade marched near the Ford and forming on the hills either side of the valley, up which the enemy must come if they crossed, were ordered to lie down hidden by the woods and await the onset. It was a season of painful anxiety. Some of our regiment laid where they could see our wounded, as they attempted to wade the river to our side, shot down by the rebel sharpshooters. While on the march to where we lay, we were at one time in full view of the battle opposite. Could see our skirmishers as they were advancing, feeling out the enemy; and our line of battle as it gave and received the leaded shower, and stood up to deliver, or laid down to escape the volleys; the scattering of the troops as our shell exploded among them, or the solid shot ploughed its way through their ranks, and the clouds of dust raised, as falling short, they tore the ground, or bounded along to mangle human forms. Most of the time we laid here the shot and shell from our batteries, were singing and whirring over our heads and in the valley below us; the wounded were being constantly carried along or feebly dragging themselves, leaning upon a comrade or using their gun for a staff. They passed in this way, and at dark we returned to the camping ground occupied the night previous.

[To be continued.]

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴⁵³ March 19, 1863

Friend Hollis:

What do you think of that new gun which has lately been tested, and proved so accurate in aim, and of such long range; isn't it capital, just what is needed in this war; and especially in the locality where it is planted. You may talk of your Paixhan and Armstrong, Sawyer and Union, Rodman and Parrott, but the gun is that "Cannon" in Delaware, governing the State. It is cheering and quick'ning to hear the music of the 'report' of such ordinance. Would that each of the Federal States had such a "battery." Armies have a work to do, and Iron-clads and *Monitors*, are valuable aids, but with such sentiments as the Governor of Delaware, lately

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proclaimed permitting, influencing, controlling all of the loyal States, what could resist us, or what with the least hope of success could menace us.

Papers and people may sneer at the idea of putting down the rebellion in sixty days, but who that is honest doubts, that only, the traitors in Congress, in the Army and Navy, commenced this war, and caused it to assume its gigantic proportions, and that Copperheadism is the cause of its continuance today. Thank God for such Governors as "Cannon" and may no accident hinder or prevent their effectual working.

I am no prophet nor the son of a prophet, nor a witch (I have been called a Devil) yet I do verily believe, the days of this rebellion are numbered, and hardly a hundred is the number. An officer on his way home the other day said, Gen. Hooker told them, all could go home by May. If he said so, it is worthy of consideration.

And now a word, (only my say) about Gen. Hooker. Judging by the General Orders issued, showing a careful scrutinizing watch over, and into every department of the army; by military genius and ability displayed, in the strict discipline and observance, demanded and enforced of, and the kind care and regard evidenced for, those under his command; by the "purging" process so much needed, and so generally carried out, and still continuing; by the great change for the better in the "morale" of the army so soon effected; and by the great regard in which he is held, and the popularity which is his throughout all ranks and conditions of the army; evidently Gen. "Joe Hooker" is the man for this army. He has been with it ever since its organization and has been second to none in contributing to its success. He knows it and it knows him. He says "In equipment, intelligence and valor the enemy is our inferior, let us not hesitate to give him battle wherever we can find him," and you may be sure it will be no drawn battle when next we meet.

The enemy opposite evidently expects a sudden visit, but when, where and how, are questions now bothering him. An officer lately from Richmond says, they are afraid of "Joe Hooker." They know to their sorrow his ability in battle, and doubtless are posted of his success in his new relation. Rats deserting a vessel is regarded an ill omen of her safety, and if Rebel Cavalry men, voluntarily surrender themselves to our "pickets" as prisoners, why may we not consider it, as unfavorable to "Jeff's" fancy scheme? All around are encouraging, hopeful signs. In the ranks of the enemy, and among their friends at home, are distress and want. Every nerve is strained to maintain the force they have in the field, even to the denying of themselves in food and clothing, while we have hardly begun to put forth our strength in means or men, and save that cotton cloth is different in price from a year ago, and the like, you would badly know from things about home, that a vast war was going on in the land.

We know it does not always storm or clear when the "signs" promise, surely, and this war may last until long after my term of enlistment shall expire, but "I can't see it" and believe that bright "hope" is a valuable ally, and one that should be enthusiastically received. "Never say die."

I am happy to say that the "32nd" has redeemed itself, evidenced by the "Order" read last night, again granting "Leaves" and Furloughs. Last Tuesday was St. Patrick's Day, among the Irish Regiments, and fun was the order of exercises judging by the cannonading kept up nearly all day. The Mass. 9th laid out for huge fun, which was suddenly terminated by an accident serious and costly, killing two horses, and nigh spoiling the riders for any earthly labor. The Quartermaster of the 9th was thought to be dead, but may possibly recover, after waiting the healing of a broken arm, and jaw. The other rider, Dr. Faxon of the 32nd, suffered considerably, but escaped with whole bones. Their horses on a full run met each other, forehead to forehead, killing both instantly, while their riders by the force of the concussion, mounted more rapidly than elegantly well up in the air. Had it not been so serious it would "brought the house down" sure. A mock "dress parade," racing, greased pole' greased pig, &c. made the programme of amusement, part of which including the greased pole were carried out before the accident. The "Irish Brigade" were as far along as a sack race, when 'orders' were received to "fall in" and march in the direction of the cannonading.

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A young man of Co. F, 32nd Mass. died this morning of Typhoid fever. There does not seem to be much chance for one, who, (reduced by the diseases of the climate, and afflicted by home-sickness,) has the Typhoid fever in the army. I write from observation, and from authority, when I tell you that the 32nd has a field hospital second to none in the army, and comparatively the patients are comfortably housed. I write my own opinion that the system of practice kills more than it cures. That under different treatment 2 out of 5 of the fever cases which are lost could be saved. Congress legislates and spends "heaps" of money to protect and encourage this and that, and even to secure the best and most productive variety of squashes and onions &c., and why not take measures to ascertain if some different treatment than that now followed, would not be more successful, and profitable. At one time Uncle Sam had over 95,000 sick soldiers on his hands, and if only one out of every fifty died, the aggregate would be enough to people a "right smart" village. Statistics show that, to 9 killed in battle, 45 have died of disease; and who believes there is a necessity that it be so; and would it not been well for Congress to have looked into the matter? Weather has been cloudy but not stormy, and the traveling is not very bad. The Johnnies are no strangers to us, seeing squads of them as prisoners pass quite often. Rumor says Charleston has fallen. It ought to be true if it isn't. Yours for the downfall of the Rebellion and a medical reform,

A. T. G.

Diary (6 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁵⁴ March 21, 1863

(Continued)

Near by our camp, was where a hospital tent had been occupied by the rebels, who had left it so suddenly they carried away not much but their bodies, leaving loads of things behind. The place was visited by many of the women from Sharpsburg, who were rewarded by finding their bedclothes, pillows, bake kettles, &c., which the rebs had stolen and could carry no further. Our own men found many things useful to them, and much amusement was afforded in reading the hundreds of letters scattered around, which had been found in knapsacks of the flying rebels. They gave us a peep behind the scenes, and evidence the real condition of things in 'secessia,' and in the confederate army, and the testimony was not indicative of their ultimate success.

Sunday was a quiet, beautiful day. The chaplain of a Penn. Regiment held public service on the one side of us and the 62d Penn., a social prayer meeting on the other. The 32d has ever been dependent upon their neighbors for what religious exercises they have enjoyed in the field and while at Ft. Warren; had it not been for some earnest, prayerful souls in the rank and file, we should have had nothing of the kind.

Monday, 22d, moved a short distance to get healthier camping ground, and pitched our tents for what proved to be a lengthy stay. The time was spent here till the 29th, when the 32d and two other regiments went across the river on a foraging expedition, returning same day. Result: two loads of hay for U. S. and hundreds of handkerchiefs filled with apples, potatoes, squashes and the like, for E. M., (enlisted men). The river at the Ford was about 2 ½ feet deep, and on account of the stony bottom the walking was very treacherous and slippery. Saw many evidences of the skirmish of the 20th, in dead horses, fragments of shells and guns and equipments, mounds containing the dead in bulk, and one dead rebel yet unburied. Previous to this other regiments had been across and secured cannon, caissons, a forge, ambulance, &c.

Friday, 3d Oct., reviewed by the President. While awaiting the review, some soldiers in sticking their bayonets into the ground, run them against the body of a rebel cannon which was hidden in the hasty flight of the C. S. A., the carriage or horses having given out, preventing their taking it with them. 9th, The Major's horse kicked to death by another horse. Mass. 9th presented with a new flag, beautiful in design, and costly in material. Oct. 10th. The officers drilled as privates by the Col. It afforded us much amusement, for from the Col. down there were many blunders noticeable, which if us privates had been guilty of would have cost us a

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reprimand, but none of them seemed to know they were wrong. But not many regimental officers would have done better the first time. It illustrated the difference between preaching and practicing. They would have done better next time, but evidently the colonel got enough of it, as he did not try it again right off. Sunday, 12, a private of Co. K committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with his rifle. Same day Co. C was detached to serve as guard for ammunition supply train, and have not been with the regiment since. 15th, one of Co. E broke his leg. 16th, the Brigade and other troops forded the river on a reconnaissance in force to Leestown and beyond. There was no engagement but some skirmishing, in which several rebels were killed, and one or two of our side wounded. It was quite exciting as most of the time we expected to be attacked every minute, and on our return we had, I think, a regiment deployed on either side as flankers, fearing the enemy would flank us and cut off our retreat. Gen. Griffin was not with us, much to our regret. It was not a very creditably conducted affair. That night we bivouacked in the rain. Next evening we arrived at the Ford and our regiment was ordered to remain to protect, if necessary, the crossing of the forces. The storm had cleared and the wind blowing a gale, it was bitter cold, chilling us, through and through, such a shivering and shaking I care not to experience again. It was at times worse than the warm wet of the night previous, and then we had got to be wet to our middle before reaching camp. But we arrived safely and had forgotten our sufferings by the time our clothes were dry. Excepting these diversions our time was occupied in doing picket and guard duty, drills, review, &c.

Oct. 30th at 8 P. M. – camp having been struck early in the day – we took up the line of march towards Harper's Ferry, halting near morning. After a short rest again we started, crossing at Harper's Ferry and halting in Loudon Valley, where we were mustered for pay. Next morning marched early, reaching Snicker's Gap after dark. It was a tiresome march over mountains. Remained here till Thursday and moved toward White Plains in a snow storm and went into camp, remaining here till the Sunday following, when we marched to Stafford Court House. Stopping here just a week the next Sunday's march brought us near Falmouth, and we camped close by the railroad.

We had not been here long before many commenced building houses to keep us better from the cold winds of night. These were made by putting logs one upon another until the requisite height was gained, and then for roof, using our pieces of shelter tent. The chimneys were 'Old Virginny' style, built out door. The best of these houses were nothing to brag about, but have answered to keep us comparatively comfortable in all respects except cleanliness. That is almost impossible, as time, tools nor wood, enabled us to carry the walls high enough to insure the amount of room necessary. Too often the floor is the bed, and though all, if they will, can keep their person clean, our clothing, bedding, &c., is not apt to be as well as we would like in this direction. When we started from Harrison's Landing our stock of cooking utensils were very limited; but now the many frying pans, tin pails, &c., which are in daily use in the camp, prove that we have not been slow to adopt improvements. At first our cooking skill was fully exhausted in frying hard bread, but now many fancy 'messes' are evidences of our progress; and when we get back, those of us who prefer to live a life of single 'blessedness,' will not have to depend upon the female population to cook our food or even to wash our clothes. So much for the independence one acquires in an army in the field.

While in this camp we were expecting every day to receive orders to move, but not till the early morning of the 11th Dec., did we start. Reveille that morning at 4 o'clock, and at daybreak we marched. After going about 3 miles, we halted on a plantation right opposite from Fredericksburg. It was near the house occupied by Gen. Sumner as his headquarters. We stood or sat in the mud all day, and at night filed into some woods near by and laid down. At the commencement of our march this day we were excited and nerved on by the incessant roar of cannon. It began before it was fairly light and for hours it was continued; roaring and crashing as the reports were thrown from hill to hill, and thus passed up and down the course of the river till it faded away. So

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prolonged were the reverberations, that the sound of one discharge would not cease till several others were mingled with it. It was grand and awful in the extreme. In contrast to this as the march led by headquarters of different Generals, the bands would play the national airs, and thus between the two we gave but little thought to the tendency of all this or realized what we were so soon to experience. The day was very pleasant and warm, and the sun melting the frost in the ground, caused mud.

Friday we moved nearer the river and at night bivouacked on the same ground we occupied the night we arrived at Falmouth last August. Saturday we moved down to some low ground, awaiting orders. About 2 we started to cross, but when our regiment was part way over the bridge, the order was countermanded and we went back; but had hardly got where we could form, and the command, "rest," was barely uttered before it was 'fall in,' and this time we crossed. At a short distance from the bridge we came to a 'run' or stream, which, had it not been for our blankets and knapsacks we could have jumped; but loaded with these we had to wet our feet in crossing. We were here ordered to fill our canteens and taking our haversacks, to leave knapsack and blankets on the ground, and those least able to go into action were ordered to remain and guard them. Our march then led us up a steep hill towards the railroad, the track of which runs through it. When we came upon the gorge, the sides were so steep many sat down and gently slid in the soft mud to the bottom. When ordered to leave our blankets, I fancy some of us were fully convinced that we had hearts within us, for it would be impossible for gizzards to flutter and thump so, and when we were obliged in this gorge to hug closely the bank to escape the raking discharge of artillery which was so familiarly traversing its entire length, we realized the necessity of taking care of them if we did not want them hurt. Though many had their haversacks or equipments hit, but one man was wounded, a private of Co. A. Most of our regiment were upon the further side of the gorge nearest the enemy, and got mixed up with the 2d Maine, who were lying here having previously attempted what we were about to do. The way they comforted us was not calculated to stiffen trembling knees much. They assured us certain death awaited half our number. While we laid there an officer of high rank was carried past us mortally wounded.

(To be continued)

Diary (7 of 7) of the 32^d Mass.⁴⁵⁵ March 28, 1863

(Conclusion)

After a little time the regiment was sorted out from the 2nd Maine, with which we were mixed up, and formed in some degree of order. Just then Gen. Griffin rode along and told us it was Burnside's orders to carry the hill before us that day. He said, "The first Brigade has gone up to attempt it; if they don't you must." Soon the order was received to advance, and steadily we neared the lines of the enemy. On the way our regiment was divided by coming in contact with a high fence, and was not until after dark we were again united. All this time we were exposed to a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, and our way was strewn with the dead and wounded our loss was unaccountably small. Capt. Dearborn of Co. A, and a sergeant being the only ones killed. When within musket range, we were ordered to lie down to protect us from fancy shots, and in this way received and stood up to return the enemy's fire. It was nearly dark when we got to the front, so we did not, it seemed to me, really attempt to carry the enemy's works. During the night we remained in position in the mud, excepting when chillness made us move around a little to start circulation. It was really cold, especially towards morning, and had it not been for the exciting events of the day, and the conversation consequent upon what we had seen and heard, it would've been endlessly long.

During the night some ranged up and down the lines, seeing many sad sites. The dead, dying and wounded ones were on the right and left, in front and rear, and the cries of those who were being removed, or lying in the mud or cold night air awaiting their turn, was piteous indeed. Were it not for that part of war we could

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much better get along with it, but to see one who perhaps has marched by your side by day, and slept with you by night, four months, horribly mutilated, suffering intensely, and with no hope of recovery; that is terrible, and productive of reflections, which, to say the least, are not favorable to continuing the war for political aggrandizement.

As soon as morning dawned the firing commenced along the lines – in the advance – on either side. We laid down to load, and only stood up to deliver – and receive a discharge. This continued all day, and one had to keep pretty near the mud if he did not wish to be bled. It was a thoughtless exposure of the body to rest himself or get a better look at the enemy, which gave young Robbins of Co. F his fancy wound. At night we fell back after being 30 hours in the extreme front, and ultimately recrossed with the rest and reached our old camp on Tuesday, thankful that our loss was no more, and above all, that our regiment had behaved so gloriously, winning golden opinions from even those with previously acted as though they were enemies.

If anyone doubts the glory the 32nd on in this their first engagement, I would unhesitatingly refer them to Gen. Griffin, who at one time, shortly after leaving Harrison's Landing, thought each man should have a closed carriage to convey him on the march, and said he, 'Yes, and a wet nurse to take care of them.' He doesn't think so now, but it is as true now as to was then. The number who went into action that day was but a trifle over 300, including officers. Our loss was two killed, 27 wounded in six missing, three of whom soon came in. Companies B and C were on detached service and not with us. I had forgotten to note that Co. B was detailed to guard the first division supply train, about the first of November, and have not yet been relieved.

We remained in camp till Tuesday, 30 December, and at noon started on a reconnaissance with the rest of the Brigade, and marched about 18 miles – over the same road we traveled last August – towards and beyond Barnett's ford. Some rain in the afternoon and a little showery through the night. Next morning started early, and marching 7 miles further, turned, and retraced our steps back to camp, arriving a little after dark that night. It was an awful march; 32 miles that day, and altogether, 50 miles since the noon previous. Not one tent of the men came in as the regiment. It was a foolhardy of fear, and we learn the colonel in command at the time, and to brag about what he had done, was severely condemned by Gen. Griffin.

Christmas was pretty tight times with us being short of mommy rations. The officers had a Christmas dinner; but that did not help us. Sunday morning Col. Parker left, having resigned.

The following is the consolidated morning report of the regiment Jan. 1, 1863, in the names of the officers:
PRESENT FOR DUTY

1 Lt. Col., 1 Major, 1 Adjutant, 1 Surgeon, 2 Asst. Surgeons, 7 Captains, 4 1st Lieut., 1 Qr. Master Sergeant, 1 Commissary Sergeant, 1 Hosp. Steward, 26 Sergeants, 36 Corporals, 10 Musicians, 266 Privates.

SICK

2 com. officers, 2 non. com. officers, 42 privates.

EXTRA OR DAILY DUTY

1 com. officer, 3 non. com. officers, 24 privates. Total present, 25 com. officers, 412 enlisted men.

ABSENT – DETACHED SERVICE

3 com. officers, 19 non. com. officers, 125 privates.

WITH LEAVE

2 com. officers, 14 privates.

WITHOUT LEAVE

35 privates.

ABSENT SICK

2 com. officers, 1 non. com. officer, 218 privates. Total present and absent: 32 com. officers, 824 enlisted men. 856 aggregate.

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LIST OF OFFICERS

George L Prescott, Lt. Col., colonel commanding; Luther Stephenson, Jr., Major; Charles K Cobb, Adjutant; ZB Adams, Surgeon; W Wyman Faxon, Ass't Surgeon; William H Bigelow, do. do.; George W Pearson, Quartermaster.

CAPTAINS

Co. B, Cyrus Fay, C. Josiah C Fuller, D, Stephen Rich, E, Cephas C Bumpus, F, Edward O Shepherd, G, Charles Bowers, D, James A Cunningham, I, Hannibal Norton, K, J Cushing Edmonds.

1ST LIEUTENANTS

A, George H Dana, B, Isaiah F Hoyt, C, Robert Hamilton, E, H Northey Hooper, G, WH Gertz, H, John H Whidden, I, Charles H Hurd, K, Ambrose Bancroft.

2ND LIEUTENANTS

Number A, George R Reed, C, Joseph W Wheelwright, D, George W Bibby, E, Corman F Steele, F, Joseph P Robinson, G, George W Lauriat, H, James E March, I, Lucius H Warren.

Of the 35 absent without leave, many are in hospitals sick – having straggled till they got there – in some in the regular service, preferring to enlist their then go back to their regiment and face the music. The total of enlisted men is 824. There have been about 50 recruits added to the regiment besides the full complement of 980 men, showing a loss from various causes of 20%, in 8 months. Of the absent sick – and without leave – 256 – not more than one fourth are likely to come back, and the balance can safely be added to the loss up to this time. Thus are the most of our regiments in regard to numbers, except that many even fall below that number for duty. I think it is true that many of the 32nd with played out, (been unable to stand the fatigues of field service) would never have enlisted to service in any capacity other than as garrison duty at Ft. Warren. Not that a single man objected to go into the field, but the difference in the requirements are such that those who could not endure the field and marches a month, could most faithfully performed garrison duty for three years; and a large number honestly supposed that was the work which was to be required of them. While at the Ft. they excelled in their duties, and became perfectly familiar with all the Battalion movements of the book, and a few not found there – and since they have been in the field they have several times been tried and not found wanting. So motive be in all that yet awaits them in the part they are to play in the finishing of this most outrageous and yet righteous war.

Letter from ATG, Fredericksburg, VA⁴⁵⁶ May 10, 1863

Dear Friend:

Without any words consider me as sore, chagrined, humiliated and vexed, but not sick, or checkmated, or whipped, or mad. 'Tis very trying to one's temper to lose a prize when you have had hold of it, grasped it; and that is our case today in this army. We had a clean victory in our possession, when the 11th corps by their disgraceful conduct lost it.

Again the next day it was ours when the 6th corps carried, in the wink of a cat's eye, the heights of Fredericksburg, and lost again, by over zeal or something worse. What rapture and thrilling pride infected all heads a week ago today, when with a rush and a cheer our troops charged and carried those entrenchments so suddenly the Johnnies did not have a chance to get out of them, and before the smoke of their cannon last discharged had lost its density, planted our flag jam against the muzzle. I heard Prof. Lowe say it was the most brilliant thing he ever witnessed. It was a race for glory, and the color bearer of the leading regiment led the van some paces. I rode over the field with Prof. Lowe about two hours afterwards. Our shells had done awful work with the rebs; falling right into their earthworks, they laid horses and men stiff in death; blew up caissons, broke gun carriages, tumbled horses over a precipice, and "raised Cain" generally. I saw six pairs of

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horses (I don't know - yes they must have been,) our forces had taken with caisson and guns attached; and our friend who lives between town and Cook's Pond, never had a specimen of horse anatomy to compare with them, never.

I believe now all I have heard of dearth of forage among the rebs. The prisoners were in costume, a burlesque on Falstaff's recruits. I verily believe it was impossible to find two dressed in uniform, and their blankets were, of all sizes and colors, and many were without them, while others had only a piece of carpet or piece of shelter tent. Canteens and haversacks less in quantity and worse in quality. Their rations were bacon, and hard bread. It was seen lying beside the dead where comrades had pulled it from haversacks in looking for something else; and as fine a soldier as I saw among the prisoners, told me that was their rations, with once in a while some little sugar or molasses and rice, but said he, "that is about played out."

This man was given me in charge by a soldier who had picked him up, and during our march to the provost headquarters he chatted freely all the way, and evinced a fair understanding of matters and things. Said our men had treated him with kindness and good will, different from what he had expected. Asked him what idea he had, what they talked about around their camp fires concerning the disposition of the North toward them? Said he, "you want to subjugate us and crowd us down, crush us." We passed a drove of cattle, (rations on the hoof.) He wanted to know if we had fresh meat. Thought it was a good thing. I then told him just what we had for rations and suggested they would have to cave by and by because of want of food. He looked up saying we might conquer them that way, but couldn't whip them. Said we couldn't take Richmond unless we had troops enough to flank it, then it could be done. He had not supposed there was so much ignorance in the world as he had seen in the rebel army. I suggested if that were not so, they would not so long have been the victims of a few political aristocratic scoundrels. He thought there was something in that, and had previously said the big men on both sides ought to do the fighting. If our troops had waited an hour longer he thought we should not have driven them from their entrenchments, as they had reinforcements coming. O that Sedgewick could have known that and maintained his position on the heights. Monday noon I was down to the front again, having heard the Johnnies were back in their old position, it was so apparently to our injury, unless 'twas intended to coy them in there. I at once concluded 'twas in the plan and all right. But, alas, it plainly (before night that day) was a gross blunder and fatal mistake for us. Even Monday afternoon a small force could have crossed from this side and with the help of our batteries (on this side) a second time cleaned the Johnnies out. Had it been done, we should have had them precisely as they had Sedgewick; and Lee's C. A. A. been now in Richmond, what were not in Hades or prisoners.

But such is the fortune of war. I doubt if Gen. Hooker is to blame. He could not prevent the 11th corps from running, and could but leave the left while he was on the right, to the judgment of others. From all accounts, and I have different and various authority, the rebs suffered three to our one in killed and wounded. The 6th corps probably suffered as much as any, and in their march past our camp to theirs, they seemed as orderly and soldierly as when they moved to battle a week previous. One of their officers tells me their loss in killed, wounded and missing was about 4,500, and I judge our actual loss is less than 6000 in killed and wounded. Our troops generally are in good order and not in the least disheartened; the cold drenching rains troubled them more than the fight.

The Monday night previous to our commencing operations there was a jubilant and noisy demonstration in Fredericksburg, and music of their bands and lusty, but squeally hurrahs were heard on this side. The prisoner I have referred to, had been on duty in the city and said it was caused by the speech of a Mr. Brown, I think, from Richmond.

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In enquiring about their suttlers of a wounded reb, he said when a fight came off they took their muskets and went into the ranks, and chaplains ditto. If the army of those (possibly necessary evils) in our midst would do so they would in a measure offset their many sins.

I see by a paper the rebs have sent to Europe to beg or get trusted for ('twould be more honorable to beg them,) some bibles and testaments for their army. It reminds me that one of our officers took from a dead rebel a book of very bad reputation; but like all acquaintances of that character it failed him in his greatest need, for the bullet which killed him passed through it, and his life blood now clots and vainly has attempted to blot its foul record. Fact for the A. T. S.

As we rode past the Mayre's house in Fredericksburg, a huge, but good natured black man standing near the pump helping the soldiers to water. Prof. Lowe asked him if the family were there. "No, dey done gone long 'go," and a large battery of shining white "ivory" was suddenly disclosed in the old chap's countenance. Was you scared? Asked Prof. Lowe. "Yes, indeed, I certainly was dough, neber so scared in all my life." Where did you go? "Down dere," pointing to a spring or well-house, "no suller to de house, an' I went down dere, gorra, had to stay too, no getting' way ' peared like I shud be done killed ebery minute. Dis child neber so scared afore in all my life," and he shook his head, uncovering his solid, glistening forti (at least twenty) fications. The spring house he referred to was between two large buildings, and had, singularly enough, happened not to be hit at all, and either side, the buildings were fairly riddled. Lucky for Cuffy he escaped, for his form was huge enough to make a target a mile distant.

An officer I know, in conversation with some ladies in Fredericksburg, was told by one, "You (the North) have not begun to suffer as we have. You have not sent your curly headed boy," and she could go not further, but gushing tears and choking sobs testified to the sincerity and anguish of her grief. I tell you it is terrible, this war; and while this pleasant Monday morning our bands are discoursing sweetest melody and our men engaged in playing ball, and joyous as though they forgot that in less than a fortnight more than 2000 on both sides had been killed or wounded. Well, it is lucky soldiers can in a measure forget the sad scenes and cruel sufferings which they witness; but thousands throughout our lank, North and South, do not forget their little curly headed boys.

A. T. G.

Letter from ATG, Near Falmouth, VA⁴⁵⁷ June 13, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Do you want to know what dust is? Well just come out here and stop with me a while and you will fully realize it. Since the storm which wound up the last battle (Chancellorsville) it has not rained but once, and it was the passing shower of a tempest, so when the wind does not blow the dust penetrating even one's skin, it is hot enough to make us think of your sanctum in the afternoon and a "sea turn," not blowing, but coolly wafting its way through that open east window. 'Tis good weather for the soldiers and pretty well suited to the move this army of the Potomac is now making. Had I time and you space, I should like to free my mind about the shallow criticism of Gen. Hooker by the European papers. After all if one will reflect a minute it needs no more prejudice not existing. We have had all sorts of rumors floating around concerning what was to be, and what must be done by this army, such as evacuating, being driven away, going to save Washington &c.; but all this was talked most freely, by those who, to say the least are not like Burnside, ah! He is the hero man. I couldn't see the evacuate, or being driven; and lo! While such was the talk orders came to have three days cooked rations and to be ready to move at short notice and all superfluous baggage sent to the rear, and then, these croakers could see nothing but fear actuating. The next thing we knew the bridges were down and part of the 6th corps once again was bearding the lion in his den. This time they went to make a visit, and have entrenched

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themselves and built earth works for their batteries. Here let me say that the most reliable accounts of this army are found in the *Washington Chronicle*, a live, loyal, paper. Yesterday the troops were moving at an early hour and I think at this time all the infantry have broke camp and moved; all yesterday forenoon the baggage trains and ambulances were moving, indicating serious and general action. The most of us think Gen. Hooker is abundantly able, and I am sure he has the confidence of the army. From all accounts that cavalry fight this week was a gallant, brilliant affair and conceded to be the hardest cavalry fight of the war, a hand to hand conflict.

I was at General Headquarters last Thursday and noticed unusual activity among different branches of command, and Gen. Hooker seemed to be busy with active thoughts. I met young Ripley of Kingston, of Co. F, 32d Mass.; he is foot orderly there, and looked as tidy and healthy as if he had the care of home and mother. Many of the camps now made desolate were marvels of rustic beauty, arches, colonnades, wreaths, bowers, and names formed of the fine, deep green cedar and running evergreens, were really specimens of the neatest accurate trimming. The Mass. 11th had nearly or quite finished a large platform for dancing purposes and decorated and shaded it beautifully, designing to celebrate the second anniversary of their muster into the U. S. service. The day was near at hand and it had cost them lots of labor, but yesterday they marched and left it; ladies had come from Boston to participate. The pleasure of building it and of anticipation has been some recompense, but judging them by the past, duty before pleasure is their motto, and in a fight they are at home. The health of the army is very good, and its spirits being up. The rebs were hurt terribly last time, but I fear they will fare worse this time. There are those who delight in making our loss larger than it is, and the rebel loss less. By the way you made some great mistakes in printing my last, making 20,000 read 2000, and one or two other mistakes not quite as gross. If you have no errors of type my letters are faulty enough: spare me. Would like you to remember my figures, and don't violate the old saying, "figures don't lie." 'Tis all quiet yet, 8 A. M. but expect ere the day closes to hear a "muss." This time to vary the programme we have a "hundred pounder" Parrott that is perched (mounted) opposite Fredericksburg and will talk plainly and convincingly to even the ignorant rank and file of the rebel army, (a rebel prisoner told me of their ignorance.) With this huge bird, and eight 32 pounders, and some fifteen 20 pounders, not to mention the many saucy rifled 12 pound Parrotts I think there will be music loud enough to reach the length of that "long street" they say is now over there. 'Tis safe to count on a lively time soon. The dancing platform I mentioned above, is an evergreen hall all complete with orchestra, dressing rooms, seats for lookers on, chandeliers, &c., the time was today, and great must have been the disappointment. The floor is made of logs hewn and fitted, and was to be covered with cloth. Among the decorations all finished was an American eagle made of evergreen, whose wings stretched nearly 20 feet surmounting a shield made of evergreen and bunting. The eagle bore in his beak a scroll inscribed Hookers old Division and in other places around the hall were mottoes and various emblems, thus the soldier plays and dances today, and tomorrow fights in bloody contest.

Yours, A. T. G.

Our New Correspondent⁴⁵⁸ September 4, 1863

As will be seen in another column, we are favored with a letter from a friend, who we hope will be continue his favors. Our communication with the army of the Potomac has been meager of late. Our present correspondent has unusual opportunity to know of what is going on in the army, and we look for interesting letters from him.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Article on Returning Veterans⁴⁵⁹ January 22, 1864

Boston was in a ferment on Sunday last, over the return of the gallant veterans of the 32d, 23d, and 25th regiments. Three quarters of the rank and file having re-enlisted for three years, the regiments are allowed to return with their arms and equipments for a thirty days furlough and recruiting.

Fifteen or twenty volunteers from Plymouth and vicinity came down in the train on Monday. The boys 'broke ranks' and skedaddled among friends and relatives as soon as they could get out of the cars. Three years' absence, with the perils and vicissitudes through which they have passed, made their arrival no light event in their experience, and no one can blame them for declining any ceremonies that could stand in the way of their full realization of their unexpected happiness. The following is a list of names of those belonging to Plymouth and the neighboring towns. -

COMPANY E, 23d REGIMENT

Otis Rogers, Captain, I. [Isaac] .H. Perkins, Ichabod Bagnall, C[harles].H. Long, James W. Page, Charles H. Atwood, John Burns, Seth Mahuren, Andrew C. Sears, George H. Dunham, Henry Gould.

COMPANY E, 32d REGIMENT

Plymouth - George W. Bartlett, Jr., George H. Blanchard, Adoniram Holmes, Corp. Anthony L. Pierce, Abner Lucas, Eleazer Shaw, David A. Taylor, Weston C. W. Vaughn, Seth Washburn, George F. Green, Gustavus Green, William Shaw.

...

Letter on Death of David Taylor⁴⁶⁰ June 6, 1864

We publish the following letter from a comrade, giving the particulars of the death of [David A. Taylor - illegible]

Camp of the 32d Mass. Vols., Near

Petersburg, VA.

June 6th, 1864

Mrs. Caroline Taylor:

It becomes our very painful duty to announce to you and your friends, the death of your son David A. Taylor. He was killed June 3d, while in a line of battle with his company near the enemy's works. He was killed by a shell from the enemy's guns, which passed through his body, killing him instantly.

We deeply lament the loss of one more of our comrades, and we do deeply sympathize with you in the melancholy bereavement you have sustained in the death of your beloved son. Very painful and agonizing must be your affliction, weighing your soul down to earth by this sad intelligence. Be assured, dear madam, we deeply sympathize with you in view of your great loss.

His remains have been carefully interred near the Turnpike Road leading from Petersburg to Templeton, about three miles from Petersburg on the south-west side of the road. Head boards are placed at his grave bearing the inscription of his death, name, regiment, and company.

With much respect, I remain

Your sincere friend,

Weston C. Vaughan

Extract of Letter from E, Near Petersburg, VA⁴⁶¹ June 20, 1864

We are back again to what they call a little to the rear, but it is more dangerous than to the front where there are breastworks. We have lost heavily since we came here. We are under the cover of a steep hill, but the

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bullets drop plump into whatever comes in their way. One spent ball hit me on my arm, another went within two or three inches of my head, through my blanket, making 18 holes in its folds, and the colors were struck a number of times, for I carry them now. I picked them up while charging, as we had three color bearers wounded in one day.

Day before yesterday we made a charge. Went about half a mile and took the railroad. Where we went on the railroad the bank was 30 feet high and we went down on the slide and tumble, but could not climb the other side, but had to move to the right and left. We were all beat out and had no supper. If we had I think we could have taken the works at the time.

Our Colonel (Col. Prescott of the 32d,) was wounded while looking over the bank, about 4 feet in front of me, through the side. He died yesterday and is a great loss to the Regiment, as he looked out for his men and was no coward.

The whole line again charged about 5 or 6 o'clock. When the word was given we went in and as we climbed the hill the rebels opened and the way the bullets flew "want slow." Many fell, also both colors went down. I grabbed them as on we bore to the right up the hill, but they could not get us over it.

E.

David Taylor Death⁴⁶² July 1, 1864

Daniel [David] A. Taylor, of Co. E, 32d Reg. killed on the 22d of June. He enlisted in September, 1861, and after three years' service re-enlisted, and after the usual furlough of thirty days, returned to his regiment. He was 16 years old at the time of his enlistment and during his whole term of service had never had a sick day. His father, Wallace Taylor, was a volunteer in the 24th Mass. Reg't. and died a year or more since. Young Taylor was a grandson of Branch Pierce of this town, and a young man of excellent habits, and a thorough soldier. The widowed mother is deeply afflicted, and deserves the sympathy of the community for her real sacrifices in this war for the country.

[A Sept. 30, 1864 letter to the *OCM & PR* from Weston C. Vaughan (32d Reg't) states that Taylor was killed on June 3, 1864.]

Allen Tillson Missing⁴⁶³ July 1, 1864

Allen Tillson of the 32d Reg't is reported missing since the recent bombardment of Petersburg.

The Burial of David Taylor⁴⁶⁴ January 20, 1865

The body of David A. Taylor, of Co. E, 32d Regt, who was killed in a skirmish June 22, 1864, was brought home and buried with appropriate services from the Methodist Church in this town, on Wednesday last. The coffin was decorated with the American flag, and followed to the grave by quite a number of soldiers, who acted as escort and pall bearers. Thus one after another of our brave soldiers are laid away in the silent tomb. Having acted well their part on earth, we trust they are now good soldiers of the Cross in Heaven.

Article on Charles W Holmes⁴⁶⁵ April 28, 1865

Charles W. Holmes, 32d Reg., having been wounded, was not allowed to re-enlist, and has returned home. He has been in active service with this gallant regiment three years and eight months, and proved one of the most faithful of Plymouth soldiers.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Article on Death of William H. Shaw⁴⁶⁶ August 11, 1865

Another Sacrifice

Last Tuesday afternoon was quietly buried all that remains mortal of WILLIAM H. SHAW, formerly of Co. E, 32d Mass. Reg. The services, conducted by Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, were held in the Universalist Church, and were very sympathetic and able. One remark of the Rev. Dr. Was very forcibly confirmed that afternoon and upon that occasion. He expressed a fear that now the shock of battle was over, and the victory won; now that peace had again spread her wings over the whole land, and we were enjoying or beginning to enjoy its many blessings, that there was danger of our forgetting (collectively and individually) our indebtedness to those who had borne the burdens of the war and risked the dangers of the battle-field; a danger of neglecting to honor as we ought the memory of the dead, and to care for and regard their families left behind.

This hero, martyr, patriot, who like any ordinary citizen was buried that afternoon, it seemed to us demanded a larger and more fitting honoring of his memory. He enlisted in December, 1861, and re-enlisted in January, 1864, in the 32d Mass. Inf. He was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, losing a finger, but did not leave the regiment. He has participated in all the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac since July 3, 1862, and was through the Wilderness campaign until after the army entrenched itself before Petersburg, when, completely prostrated by sickness, he was sent to the hospital. He came home last fall to live, and suffer, and waste away, until death came to his relief last Sunday.

But he was not simply a soldier; he was a faithful and reliable one, ever ready to do his duty without murmur or complaint. Had he been less ambitious to perform the labors and duties put upon him, he might have been living, a well man, today. Very many are the faithful and true soldiers who have laid down their lives for their country, but none, not one, truer or more faithful than he of whom we write.

It may not be that all of the noble army now living shall or could receive a soldier's burial and military honors; but this soldier, dying of disease contracted in the line of his duty but a few days after receiving his discharge, should have been thus honored. It is not intentional neglect, but from forgetfulness of what the nation owes to his sacrifices and his comrades in the heroic struggle.

Only a few days previous to his death, his companion was suddenly stricken and died. Both father and mother gone in the month, how lonely and desolate are those five little orphan hearts. If there is still gratitude to the true soldier, or sympathy for the helpless and bereaved soldier's orphans, let it show itself in protecting and guarding these nation's orphans from the cold public or private charities of strangers. Let the noble and true soldier, loyal and brave, the dutiful son, kind father and husband, manly and unselfish in sacrificing his life for his country, be honored in the way most valuable and precious to him, the care and friendly protection of his children.

What Happened to William Shaw's Children?

[Not from *OCM&PR*, but from research on **ANCESTRY.COM**]

William H. Shaw married Mary Jane Saunders, January 20, 1852. Both of Plymouth.

1860 U.S. Census, Plymouth: William H. Shaw, 28, shoemaker; Mary J. 28; Alice L, 8; William H. Jr., 5; Ruth, 3.

1865-07-20 Mary Jane (Saunders) Shaw (born Nova Scotia) died of Typhoid Fever.

1865-08-06 William died of consumption, son of Harvey, born in Fairhaven.

William H. Shaw, Jr.

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1870 U.S. Census Plymouth, page 38: William H. Shaw (Jr.), 15, farm laborer; living with Alvin G. and Catherine Morton;

1883-02-19 William, mariner, married Henrietta M. Bryant, daughter of Homer and Nancy H Bryant

Ruth G. Shaw

1870 U. S. Census, South Scituate, page 11: Ruth G. Shaw, 12, at school, living with Samuel and Abigail Tolman.

1876-12-24 Ruth married Arthur W. Pool and had son Nelson A. Pool (1899-1969)

Alice L. Shaw

1880 U. S. Census, page 57: Alice Shaw, 27, chambermaid to Richard and Elen McIntire;

1881-07-16 Married Barnabas Holmes in Kingston, both of Plymouth

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Chapter 7

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Introduction

Company D, Capt. Charles Drew, and Company G, Capt. Charles Doten, mustered into service at Camp Stanton, Lynnfield, MA. The 38th left for Maryland at the end of August and stayed there until being shipped to Louisiana, landing at Ship Island December 13, 1862.

William Hathaway was the first from Plymouth in the 38th to die. He died of disease February 23, 1863. At Fort Bisland, April 12, 1863, the regiment had its first combat experience, losing 6 killed and 29 wounded. Timothy Downey, Otis Sears, and Levi Vaughan all of Plymouth were among the wounded. In the battle at Port Hudson, Frederick Holmes was killed and several Plymouth men wounded.

On July 7, the 38th mustered out of the United States service at Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor.

The Call For Troops

Capt. Charles C. Doten Recruiting New Company⁴⁶⁷ June 12, 1862

TO THE WAR

Capt. C. C. Doten of the Standish Guards, has had leave to raise a company for the Fort Warren Battalion, and as will be seen by his advertisement has commenced recruiting. It is probable that a majority of Co. B, 3d Reg. M. V. M., will enlist, and that if 30 more good men can be recruited immediately, the company will be sent to the Fort next week. This is one of the very best opportunities yet offered to young men who think of enlisting, and we hope the gallant Captain will have no trouble in filling his ranks.

Captain Charles H. Drew Recruiting New Company⁴⁶⁸ August 2, 1862

We would impress upon our citizens the desirability of coming forward, those who have any thought of enlisting and joining the company now being raised in this and neighboring towns. If you wait you lose this chance. The company is being filled up from other towns, and unless you take time by the forelock, you will lose the chance. If you join now you are sure of being under a Captain that has acquired a reputation, young as he is, of being one of the best officers of the army, you are with friends and acquaintances, who, should anything befall you, would care for you, and you will have officers who are interested in your welfare.

If you want, you go into, perhaps, a company and regiment where all are strangers, and have to form new intimacies. It seems to us that everything points to this company, as being the most advantageous that can present itself. Do not let the opportunity pass.

Albert Mason Appointed 2d Lieutenant⁴⁶⁹ August 2, 1862

Albert Mason, Esq., of this town, has been commissioned by His Excellency, the Governor, a 2d Lieutenant, for the purpose of mustering in men.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Capt. Drew's Company Filling Up⁴⁷⁰ August 7, 1862

We learn that this Company is nearly filled up, and that Capt. Drew will be commissioned this week. It is earnestly desired by those having the matter in charge that all Plymouth men intending to join this company should enlist before Saturday, as recruits from other towns are anxious to fill up the ranks. All enlisting after Saturday it is believed will be obliged to go into other companies.

GH Bates and MD Mitchell Correspondents⁴⁷¹ August 9, 1862

It will be seen by the list in another column that our esteemed correspondent from Scituate, G. Hubert Bates, has enlisted in the Plymouth County Company. Our friends on the South Shore will however, be somewhat compensated by having his letters from the 35th [OCM typo? 38th⁴⁷²], and will be kept posted as to the welfare of our friends.

Another valued correspondent, Mr. M. D. Mitchell of E. Bridgewater also goes in the ranks of the same company.

With two correspondents and two printers in the ranks, we think the *Memorial* is pretty well represented.

The Plymouth Boys in Camp [Stanton]⁴⁷³ August 25, 1862

[Full article in "Letters and Articles from the Field"]

The following is list of officers and privates according the rolls of companies D and G of the 38th regiment:

COMPANY D (Originally Company A, see Sept. 13, 1862 correspondence)

Officers

Capt. Charles H. Drew Plymouth	1st Lt. Cephas Washburn Kingston	2d Lt. Albert Mason Plymouth
Sergeants		
Francis C. Hill Kingston	Charles Mason Plymouth	M. D. Mitchell E. Bridgewater
Charles Everson Kingston	Solomon E Faunce Plymouth	
Corporals		
And. J. Stetson E. Bridgewater	Edmond W. Nutter E. Bridgewater	George S. Faxon E. Bridgewater
Albert Harden Bridgewater	James A. Bowen Plymouth	Charles A. Bryant Pembroke
Bernard T. Quinn Plymouth	Joseph Smith Hanson	
Musicians		
Frances Bates Plymouth	Thomas Gallagher Plymouth	
Privates		
Plymouth		
James E. Barrows	Benjamin A. Hathaway (Colonel's Clerk)	Frederick Raymond
Gustavus D. Bates	John H. Havistock	Thomas G. Savery
George H. Fish	William W. Lanman	Israel H. Thrasher
Albert F. Greenwood	Daniel Lovett	James T. Thrasher
Benjamin Harvey	Charles S. Paterson	Patrick Maguire
Kinston		
Henry Brown	Patrick O'Brien	William S. Sherman
George H. Morton	John F. Perkins	Patrick Smith
William O'Brien	John Scollard	Henry Soule
Duxbury		
George T. Chandler	Bradford Sampson	Frederic P. Sherman
Enoch Freeman		

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Hanson		
John C. Ames	Ichabod Bosworth	Julius W. Monroe
Stephen Bates		
Cohasset		
Daniel P. Arnold	Joseph W. Fish	William A. Lewis
Edward H. Arnold	Thomas O. Hayden	John Sudley
George Arnold	Andrew M. Hyland	Thomas Williston
Bela Bates		
Pembroke		
Alfred Barrows	Otis Foster	Joseph B. Loring
Charles W. Dunham	Samuel Gerrish	Abel O. Stetson
Joseph L. Fish	Joshua Hollis	Philip H. Tew
East Bridgewater		
Jacob D. Bonney	Seth P. Gurney	George E. Susarder
Bertrand Burgess	Nahum F. Hardin	Sylvanus Tinkham
Joseph H. Cook	Alonzo L. Holmes	George H. Trow
Joshua Cook	G. Otis Hudson	George A. Wheeler
Charles E. Dyer	James Kingman	Samuel C. White
Leonard F. Gammons	Frank G. Parker	
Myron Gould	Eugene Sanger	
Bridgewater		
Arthur S. Burns	Henry W. Price	Henry O. Chandler
James L. Keith	Elbridge Winsor	James A. Lyon
Frank E. Lee	Swansea	Lorenzo Tower
Other Towns		
<u>Hingham</u> Billings Merritt	<u>Conway</u> Silas N. Peterson	<u>Halifax</u> Wm. A. Perkins

COMPANY G

Officers		
Capt. Charles C. Doten Plymouth	1st Lt. Jos. E. Simmons Duxbury	2d Lt. Geo. B. Russell Plymouth
Sergeants		
Frederick Holmes Plymouth	G. Hubert Bates Scituate	Charles E. Barnes Plymouth
Josiah E. Atwood Carver	Nahum Sampson Duxbury	
Corporals		
Sanford Crandon Plymouth	Francis B. Dorr Duxbury	Joseph A. Brown Plymouth
Charles Young Scituate	Wm. N. Hathaway Plymouth	Henry O. Cole Scituate
Chas W. Lanman Plymouth	Eugene Glass Duxbury	
Musicians		
Albert T. Finney Plymouth	Christopher A. Prouty Plymouth	
Privates		
Plymouth		
Job C. Chandler Jr	Isaac T. Hall	Adrian D. Ruggles
Charles J. Chandler	Thomas Haley	Heman Robbins
Timothy Downey	John Edgar Josselyn	Horatio Sears
Timothy T. Eaton	Issachar Josselyn	Otis Sears
James Frothingham	Bernard F. Kelly	Joseph F. Towns
Lemuel B. Faunce Jr	Joseph McLauthlin	John M. Whiting
Israel B. Finney	William Perry	Chas. T. Wood
Edward E. Green	Levi Ransom Jr	
Carver		

RETURN OF THE DEAD

John Breach	James McShery	Benjamin H. Savery
George E. Bates	William W. Pierson	Perez T. Shurtleff
John B. Hatch	George H. Pratt	Levi C. Vaughan
Jesse F. Lucas		
Duxbury		
William Bailey	Seth Glass	Josiah D. Randall
Joseph P. Bosworth Jr	Samuel Harriman	Wilbur Simmons
Lewis M. Bailey 2d	Edgar F. Loring	Abram P. Simmons
Alonzo Chandler	Henry H. Lewis	Daniel F. Simmons
John H. Crocker	John J. Lewis	Eden Sampson 2d
James Downey	John McNaught	Isaac L. Sampson
Ezra J. Ford	Leander Pierce	William Soule
Jonathan Glass Jr	Jason H. Randall	Corendo Winsor
Scituate		
James L. Brown	George W. Lee	Benjamin E. Stetson
Seth K. Bailey	Sumner O. Litchfield	D. Otis Totman
Charles E. Bates	Warren Litchfield	Charles A. Taylor
James Berry	George W. Merritt	Davis C. Witherell
Samuel Cook	Elias O. Nichols	John M. Young
Caleb M. Jenkins		
Kingston		
Melzer A. Foster	William Savery	
Plympton		
Abiel Gibbs	Robt W. Lashores	Austin Washburn
John Horgan	Bennet Soule	Charles C. White
Other Towns		
<u>Marshfield</u> Edwin F. Damon	<u>Halifax</u> George W. Thomas	
Company F		
2d Lt. Edward G. Dike (born in Plymouth)		
Company H		
James Kimball (Private – Plymouth)		

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in the 38th Regiment⁴⁷⁴

The Plymouth men who were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner while serving in the 38th Regiment:

Barrows, James E.	Wounded	Sept. 19, 1864	Winchester, VA
Bowen, James A.	Died of disease	June 7, 1864	Morganzia, LA
Crandon, Sanford	Wounded	June 14, 1863	Port Hudson, LA
Downey, Timothy	Wounded	April 13, 1863	Bisland, LA
Faunce, Lemuel B. Jr.	Died of disease	April 23, 1865	Goldsboro, NC
Green, Edward E.	Died of disease	July 11, 1863	Baton Rouge, LA
Greenwood, Albert F.	Wounded	June 14, 1863	Port Hudson, LA
Hathaway, William N.	Died of disease	Feb. 23, 1863	Alexandria, VA
Holmes, Frederick	Wounded	April 13, 1863	Bayou Teche, LA
	Killed	June 14, 1863	Port Hudson, LA
Perry, William	Died	June 5, 1863	New Orleans, LA
Russell, George B.	Wounded	June 14, 1863	Port Hudson, LA
Savery, Thomas G.	Wounded	June 14, 1863	Port Hudson, LA
Sears, Otis	Wounded	April 13, 1863	Bisland, LA

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Thrasher, Israel H.	Died	Jan. 6, 1864	Plymouth, MA
Vaughan, Levi C.	Died of wounds	June 14, 1863	Port Hudson, LA
	Wounded	April 13, 1863	Bisland, LA

Images of Members of the Company

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to this company. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.

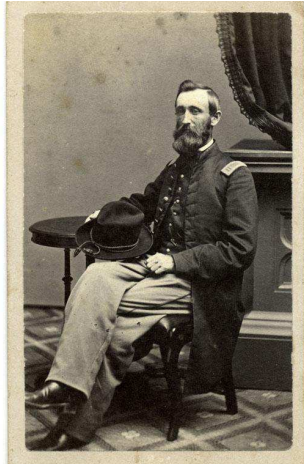


Figure 38. Doten, Charles C., Capt. (Co. G)⁴⁷⁵



Figure 39. Drew, Charles, Capt. (Co. D)⁴⁷⁶

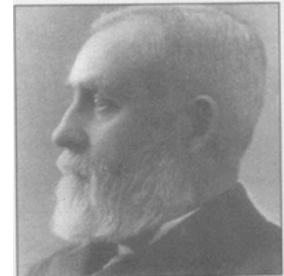


Figure 40. Mason, Albert T. 2d Lt. (Co. D)⁴⁷⁷



Figure 41. Mason, Charles, Sergt. (Co. D)⁴⁷⁸



Figure 42. Dike, Edward G 2d Lieut. (Co. F)⁴⁷⁹

Letters and Articles from the Field

Letter from B [G. H. Bates], Camp Stanton, Lynnfield, MA⁴⁸⁰ August 12, 1862

From the 35th⁴⁸¹ Regiment.

Dear Memorial:

Plymouth County will add a fair page to the history of American Freedom. The two companies from Plymouth are now in Camp Stanton, the first under command of Lieut. Washburn, and the second, at the time of writing, in charge of Sergeant Frederick Holmes. The Scituate squad, numbering some thirty men, is in the latter. With one exception the boys are well and happy. J. W. Young is now at his home in Scituate prostrate with a fever; at last accounts, however, a speedy recovery was anticipated.

Capt. C. C. Doten will report at Camp tomorrow. The squad from Scituate are are greatly pleased with both company and officers, and I believe are well pleased with camp life.

I now propose, Mr. Editor, to furnish your South Shore readers a weekly letter from camp. LET EVERY ONE WHO HAS A FRIEND IN THE PLYMOUTH COMPANY, SUBSCRIBE FOR THE *MEMORIAL*. By so doing, they will be constantly informed in regard to the health and prosperity of those in whom they feel a deep interest.

B.

Recruiting in Plymouth County⁴⁸² August 14, 1862

PLYMOUTH. Plymouth County Company No.2. The Selectmen having more applications to enlist in the company than they were authorized to raise, (Capt. Drew's) than they could accommodate, Mr. Davis obtained permission to recruit another company from this county, and it is nearly or quite filled. Capt. C. C. Doten of this town will command it, and Geo. B. Russell, son of A. L. Russell, Esq. of this town has been commissioned 2d Lieut. It is not yet decided who the 1st Lieut. will be. About 40 men for this company went into Camp on Monday, whose names we have not been able to obtain in season for this paper. We give the names of those who have been recruited here since:

Plymouth

Fred. R. Raymond,
Heman Robbins
Isaac T. Hall
Wm. N. Hathaway
John M. Whiting
Duxbury
Lewis M. Bailey, Jr.
Jos. T. Bosworth, Jr.
John J. Lewis
Wm. Simmons
Jas. Downey
Corrindo Winsor
Jona Glass, Jr.
Carver
Jesse F. Lucas
Josiah E. Atwood
John Cole

Adiran D. Ruggles
Chas. T. Wood
Horatio Sears
Otis Sears

Eugene Glass
Henry H. Lewis
Jolm H. Crocker
Leander Pierce
Alonzo Chandler
Josiah D. Randall, Jr.
Wm. Bailey,

John B. Hatch
Geo. H. Pratt
John Breach

Chas. E. Barnes, 2d
Edward E. Green
Chas. W. Lanman
Fred. Holmes

Daniel F. Simmons
Edward F. Loring
Eden Sampson, 2d
Abram P. Sampson
John McNaught

Jas. McSurry
W. W. Pearson

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Plympton
Abiel Gibbs

Robt. W. Lashare

Bennett Soule

Captain CC Doten's Company⁴⁸³ August 16, 1862

The first company (Capt. Drew's) of volunteers from this and adjoining towns having been filled up and there being many more who desired to go in the 'Plymouth Company.' Hon. W. T. Davis obtained permission to raise another company to be commanded by Capt. C. C. Doten, on condition that it should be in camp, full, by Friday, Aug. 15. This company has also been filled and went into camp yesterday. G. B. Russell, son of Andrew L. Russell, is the 2d Lieut. Of the company.

Presentation to Captain Drew's Officers⁴⁸⁴ August 16, 1862

The members of Captain Drew's company, in camp at Lynnfield, assembled before the tent of their Lieutenants, Monday afternoon, and presented those officers some appropriate and useful articles of uniform in the shape of shoulder straps, haversacks, gloves, &c. Lieut. Washburn thanked them very cordially for this manifestation of their esteem, and detailed Lieut. Mason to make a speech, which he did in a very effective manner. The best of feeling prevails between officers and men, and very satisfactory progress in discipline and drill is already apparent. [*Rock.*]

Letter from B [GH Bates], Camp Stanton, Lynnfield, MA⁴⁸⁵ August 22, 1862

A letter filled with startling events can scarcely be expected from quiet Camp Stanton, yet such as I find, I give unto you. Since my last writing the 33d Mass., has left for Washington. The 35th will leave immediately, and the 38th starts soon after. Thus you see that Camp Stanton is alive to the works. There are now in this Camp thirty-five hundred men; three hundred more are quartered near the Camp, making a total of thirty-eight hundred men in Lynnfield. The 38th has filled up in a surprisingly short time, showing the briskness of recruiting in this State. Our position as a company of the regiment has not yet been assigned; we expect, however, an honorable one. Our officers are as follows: Capt. Charles C. Doten; 1st Lieut. Joseph E. Simmons; 2d Lieut. George B. Russell; Orderly Sergeant, Frederick Holmes. The other Sergeants are from Scituate, Plymouth, Carver and Duxbury. 1st Corporal, Sanford Crandon of Plymouth. Capt. Doten is exceedingly popular with his company. He attends, amid all his cares, to the complaints and appeals to every man, and treats the private with a courtesy that commands not only respect but love. Business is disposed of with quietness and dispatch. Capt. Doten is much consulted by his brother commanders, which argues well for his experience and good judgment. G. Whitney Merritt of Scituate is clerk of the company, and Caleb. N. Jenkins of the same town cook.

It is with pleasure that I report a condition of morals almost unexampled. There is no appearance of rowdyism throughout the company. I have noticed that several tent's companies have appropriate devotional services before retirement, and I understand a Division of the Sons of Temperance is about to be formed. Among the officers of the company there are four Past Worthy Patriarchs, and many other Division officers are in the ranks and file. The uniform of the 38th, is dark blue throughout. This gives to the regiment a mark which is very convenient in many instances.

Albert T. Finney, a musician of this company has received the appointment of Chief Musician of the Regiment. We hope to see Mr. Finney at the head of a good Regimental Band ere long. We expect to move Tuesday; till then adieu.

B.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Appointments: Hathaway and Wood⁴⁸⁶ August 23, 1862

We are pleased to learn that Mr. B. A. Hathaway, who was rejected by the examining Surgeon on account of the loss of the joint of his forefinger, has been appointed Regimental Clerk. Mr. Hathaway was bound to go somehow "If he went to lead the Colonel's dog" and he has succeeded.

Mr. Charles T. Wood from this town has, since he has been in camp, been appointed Adjutant's clerk, in the same regiment. Mr. W. N. Hathaway also of this town has been appointed Captains Clerk of Capt. Dotens company.

Charles C Doten Commissioned Captain⁴⁸⁷ August 23, 1862

Capt. C. C. Doten of this town, has been commissioned Captain in the Mass. 38th Reg., and Joseph E. Simmons of Duxbury, 1st Lieut., of the same company.⁴⁸⁸

The Plymouth Boys in Camp [Stanton]⁴⁸⁹ August 25, 1862

MR. EDITOR:

In the five weeks since I sat in Justice Mason's office and silently watched the working muscles of that fine manly face, usually so impassive with the dignity of self-control, while the mental strife was going on within, deep, piercing, severe. We sympathized but could not aid. Unaided and alone must the battles of the heart be fought. Long the struggle lasted even in the prostration of physical strength, but at last the trial ended. Slowly and solemnly the unanswerable argument which placed an irrevocable injunction on every burning affection; every honorable ambition, and every endearing association, was audibly uttered, more in soliloquy than for my ear. "If my country is ruined, I don't want my son to upbraid me with the question, why didn't you put forth your hand to save!" The contest was over. The husband, the father, the lawyer, the citizen, the friend, was subdued. The patriot conquered, and the bold signature of God's noblest work, an honest man, headed the blank sheet on which were to be enrolled the names of "noble sons of noble sires" whom posterity will delight to honor.

The ice was broken, the old town aroused, and here I find two full companies of three years men, including the quotas from Duxbury and Kingston. Co. A [changed to Co. D], Captain Drew, occupies the right of the regiment, and Co. G, Captain Doten, the extreme left on "Dress Parade," though we believe the Cambridge company will take the left when in camp.

The camp ground is to our mind a miserable location, being bounded by the Salem and Reading Branch Railroad through its entire length on one side, and woods on the other, and absolutely inaccessible by foot or carriage except a dusty dirty pathway across the railroad track through an entrance of some twenty feet between an old stone building and the depot. This is constantly blockaded by omnibuses, carriages, drays, drunkards, and swaggering loafers. Yet through this avenue must every lady enter to gain access to the tent of brother, son, or friend, which is in itself an imposition on those noble hearted women who will surround these loved ones with their presence and care till the last possible moment, then following him with weeping eyes, waving hands and aching hearts. But this is to be remedied by removal to a fine plain buried in the heart of the rural town of old Boxford, bordered by open fields and a fine country road, approachable on all sides without inconvenience. But there are no accommodations for visitors, there being but a single house or two in the vicinity. The pond is separated from camp by the road, and did not strike me as being "just the thing" on account of lily pads and mud.

We spent an hour in Lieut. Mason's tent and found him busy and cheerful but somewhat care worn with the constant labor of the last few weeks. Lieut. Washburn has command of the company in the absence of Capt. Drew, who is reported the best officer in his regiment, by Col. Ingraham. We met our friend the editor of

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the *Memorial*, all about camp with a kind word of interest and ready hand to assist in all matters, desired. Mr. H's [Hollis] hearty frankness, good cheer and wit make him a welcome companion wherever he goes.

Capt. Doten's tent was graced by the kindly presence of Plymouth ladies, whom all the disagreeable inconveniences of camp could not separate from those about to go forth to meet the dangers and sacrifices of the patriot soldier. Capt. D, is an indefatigable worker and never spares himself so long as there is any thing undone of his own duties or any soldier's wants unattended. As usual wherever there are any Plymouth interests concerned or the interests of any Plymouth man to be advanced, there will be found the Hon. Wm. T. Davis bringing his sound discretion, large experience, and invaluable influence to the solution of difficulties, removing of obstacles, and inevitable "go ahead" to all matters in hand.

We were sorry to find Lieut. Russell suffering from severe indisposition, but he appeared on "Dress Parade" and went through with the drill with the precision of a French martinet. He makes an unusually fine and spirited appearance, while his well known sympathy, unrestrained intercourse, uniform flow of spirits cannot but make him a popular officer.

1st Lieut. Simmons of Capt. Doten's company is now at the "seat of war" and we believe a citizen of Duxbury. The Duxbury quota are in the company and we recognized several familiar faces in the well formed line on parade. Ye brave volunteers of Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury! May success, prosperity and safety attend you and God bless you everywhere and return you home again safe and sound.

The following is list of officers and privates according the rolls of companies A and G of the 38th regiment:
[See list of men at the beginning of the Chapter]

Letter from B [GH Bates], Camp Belger, Baltimore, MD⁴⁹⁰ August 30, 1862

Dear Memorial:

On Tuesday last, the 38th bid adieu to Camp Stanton and took cars for Washington. The parting was a tearful one. Wives parting from husbands, parents parting from sons, sisters from brothers, lover from lover, contributed sadness to the scene. The arch through Boston under knapsacks and a burning sun was rather trying to our regiment of "raw recruits from a country town." Several experienced injury. A train of twenty-two cars received us at the Worcester depot from whence we were soon on the Norwich route to New York. Through our own State and Connecticut we were greeted with continued cheers and other enthusiastic demonstrations of the most gratifying character. Leaving Jersey City Wednesday noon, reached Philadelphia at nine in the evening. Philadelphia is overflowing with patriotism. Her patriotism is not manifested by cheers from lusty clerks and the waving of distant handkerchiefs. It is more practical, more substantial; extends the hearty hand and bids you "God speed?" At Philadelphia we were treated to a warm and grateful supper. Afterwards as we passed on every inhabitant seemed to be pressing forward to shake the hand and present some token of good will. The 38th will long remember the Philadelphia ladies.

Mid-day on Thursday found us in Baltimore heated and tired. We expected but little sympathy from Baltimore, but were surprised when we ascertained that a dinner awaited us. Baltimore seems to be quiet and union-abiding, but we can testify to some appearance of suppressed rebellion. When the draft comes on here, we shall see. The 38th may expect to perform a duty then. We are ready.

Very unexpectedly we received orders at Baltimore to repair to this camp in the suburbs of the city. I will assure all our friends at home that we are happy in our new situation. It is in every way calculated for the purpose of camping; our rations are of the best quality, and our officers do everything to render our situation pleasant. The health of our company is generally good.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

I cannot refrain from mentioning an incident which occurred in Newark, N. J. It was the meeting between Capt. Charles C. Doten and Capt. Samuel H. Doten, brothers in the United States army. The cars only stopped a few moments; there was a hurried embrace, a "God bless you!" and the brothers who had been separated a year were again divided.

We are sorry to report that Lieut. Russell was kept at Camp Stanton by illness. We hope he will soon be among us.

At present letters may be directed to "Co. G., 38th Mass. Vols., Camp Belger, Baltimore, Md."

B.

Incident of War, Plymouth County, MA⁴⁹¹ August 30, 1862

A private in Capt. Drew's Plymouth Company at Camp Stanton had a furlough to go to his home in Plymouth county, and visit his sick wife and child. The latter died while he was at home. His furlough expired yesterday morning, and he started for camp, leaving his wife in a critical situation, though she was not thought to be in immediate danger. The soldier arranged that a dispatch should inform him of her condition. Before his arrival at camp the dispatch reached there, announcing that his wife was dead. Then the strong man wept as men seldom do weep, and his comrades wept in sympathy. To the soldier "nothing but a private," as careless people say - this was a severe affliction, as he had before no father, mother, brother, or sister, and now he has no wife. To him there is nothing left but his country to fight for, and of him a good report will come from the battle-field, since he who tore himself from the bedside of a dying wife, in obedience to the rigorous discipline of the camp, cannot fail to be a faithful and brave soldier. - *Boston Herald*

Roll of Companies A & G⁴⁹² August 30, 1862

The following are the rolls of the two companies in the 38th Regiment recruited under the authority of the Selectmen of Plymouth, from this and other towns, called the "Plymouth companies." The list is from the official rolls of the companies.

[See list of men at the beginning of the Chapter]

Extract of Letter from H, Camp Belger, Baltimore, MD⁴⁹³ September 6, 1862

The following is an extract from a private letter received from the 38th.

We are encamped in a most beautiful park with shade trees, about one and a half miles from the city proper. The land is high and the view grand, 46 miles from Washington. Last eve we saw a lighted balloon in that direction, floating around like "music in the air." Our boys are very well, with a few slight exceptions. Baltimoreans say that no draft shall be made here, and that they shall resist unto death. If so, we shall get some drilling soon, and it may prove warm work. I hope the 6th will be here soon. Darkies swarm thick as bees. Peaches, melons, and hoe-cakes are fair diet, and the boys are living high.

Yours, H.

Letter from M [Albert Mason], Camp Belger, Baltimore, MD⁴⁹⁴ September 7, 1862

Mr. Editor:

In fulfillment of an inconsiderate promise, I will try to give some report of the Mas. 38th while we are in a department from which newspaper correspondence is not forbidden. Of our journey hither you are well informed. It was one continued ovation from Camp Stanton to Camp Belger saving only Jersey city where we spent half a day, waiting for transportation, and saw scarcely an individual who had not something to sell us,

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not a canteen even, could we get filled without paying [*illegible*]. One of the residents stated however, ... before we left that it was not known that we were there, and we must not take that measure of Jersey city hospitality. All I have to say to that is, that those who sought an opportunity to give a cup of cold water to thirsty soldiers were less enterprising and less successful in their efforts than those who could turn a penny at our expense. I ought to mention one little incident that occurred there, about noon we noticed two women bringing down the lines, buckets of tea, the companies cheering as they left them, as one approached me and offered the tea, I declined, assuming without question, that each drink had its price and the vendors object was to make a good thing. She urged me saying, "we charge nothing," we are Massachusetts women.

I can assure you that the cheers which formed the response to that statement, were given with a will, and that the thoughtful kindness of those East Boston women will long be remembered by the regiment as the redeeming feature of the tedious half day in Jersey City. At Philadelphia we were received with a cordial hospitality, that we had not dreamed to be in store for us. We saw nothing anywhere that could be compared, to the zealous enthusiasm manifested by Philadelphians in entertaining us, both sexes and all ages vied with each other in kind attentions though we formed but a fraction of their daily compliments of similar visitors. May they have their reward.

As our train passed on through Pennsylvania and Maryland, to Baltimore, as soon as light appeared, we were honored by cheers, waving hats, &c., till we arrived in Baltimore where less demonstration was made, but when the line halted, ice water was freely furnished, and the first order received after we reached the depot of the railroad, by which we expected to go to Washington was "stack arms," unsling knapsacks, "forward by me left for breakfast," and we were conducted to the rooms of the Union Relief Association, where a substantial breakfast awaited us, of cold meats, hot tea and coffee, nice bread and other good things too numerous to mention; a style of entertainment that for one I had not expected to find in Baltimore.

The genuine Union men of Baltimore are more earnest and uncompromising than the people of the North, though there are plenty of lukewarm individuals who call themselves Union men for safety, for in the present condition of things, to be a secesh is slightly hazardous.

After our breakfast we were again agreeably surprised to know that we were to stay here for the present. Our camp is beautifully situated and is by far the most attractive encampment I have ever visited; it has been occupied for the last three months by the New York 37th, a militia regiment whose time expired the day after we arrived; they had but eight companies and those not full, so that two full companies, right and left flank, had no tents for several days and all are still short. The whole regiment bivouacked in the open air the first night and our company and the other company A, Capt. Richardson had under information received from Capt. Goodhue, without consulting the regimental roster or regimental authority, decided himself to be senior captain, and had all goods and chattels of his company marked A. The Col. decided that Capt. Drew was senior captain and must retain the right, but as the letter had nothing to do with the rank we must decide that between us, and Lieut. Washburn and Capt. Richardson tossed up for the letter, and we are company D. We don't care for the name, but dislike to be christened often, as it tends to confusion of identity.

We are expecting our Capt. daily, and are anxious for his arrival as is the Col., who says he will be of great use in the regiment. We like our Col. and Major first rate; they are gentlemen. The regiment is making fair progress in drill, if I may adopt the opinion of those competent to form one in that respect. Our officers of the line are scarcely with an exception, of the best material, and in nearly every company one or more from the field. I am surprised in making their acquaintance to find how few are of the number who sought commissions as the condition of their serving the country; almost all were enlisted unconditionally. The next company next to ours in line is officered by three young men, two of whom enlisted unconditionally, and the third was promoted from Serg't in the field. All are fine men and good officers and one of them is none the worse for

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being Plymouth born. You would hardly recognize Lieut. Dike as our old friend Ed Dike. He is very popular with his company and is a good officer.

Company G. Capt. Doten, are not so near neighbors to us in the line as we could wish, but we make ourselves neighborly and always find the Captain at home and the latch string out. The company are today mourning the loss of one of their number, Seth Bailey of Scituate, who died in the hospital yesterday from cholera morbus. He was at first a member of our company and was transferred at his own request to go with others of his townsmen in Capt. Doten's company. This is the first death in the regiment. His body is embalmed and will be sent North tomorrow. The health of the regiment as a whole is good.

How long we shall remain here no one knows, but the general sentiment of the regiment is that we are in luck, and while we are ready to take our share and go wherever needed, if the powers that be decide that we can be as useful here as elsewhere, there will be no complaint on our part. I suppose some regiment will be kept here till the war is over, and it may be that green regiments will not be trusted to occupy the place, if on, as we become fit for service we may not receive a summons to go farther. All sorts of rumors prevail, but we pay little attention to them as higher authorities take care of those things, and when the order comes, fall in for Washington or for fight here, we will fall in and ascertain in due time the reason thereof.

As it is now nearly 12 o'clock P.M. and I have one more letter to write tonight, and must attend roll call at half past 5 o'clock A.M. I will not weary myself by wearying your readers further tonight, but close by enjoining you to put the superscription of Co. D's, *Memorial* in large caps as we have not received it yet. Corporal Smith particularly desires this admonition to be given to you.

M.

Letter from MDM [Mitchell], Camp Belger, Baltimore, MD⁴⁹⁵ September 7, 1862

Co. D., 38th Regiment

This is the first opportunity I have had for writing a letter of any length. We have been encamped here ten days. We found upon our arrival a New York Regiment, which had been here about three months, ready to leave, and we took their place. Our duty here is to guard the hospitals in and about Baltimore and to protect, in conjunction with the troops at Federal Hill and Fort McHenry, the city itself.

Company K, is now at the hospital; where they will remain a week or so, and then others take their place.

There has been all manner of rumors here concerning the length of our stay here; but as far as I am able to learn from those most likely to know, the impression is that we shall remain here for a month or perhaps a year.

Within a few months the Fall campaign will be ended, and if we are then here, we shall be liable to remain until the opening of the spring campaign. Our boys are all in the very best of spirits, and generally well, their complaints being of a mild nature. The heat at present is very oppressive; how high the thermometer may be, we have no means of knowing, but should guess it was about 90. The camp here is situated on the West of Baltimore, and is a beautiful grove of oak and hemlock. It was evidently originally laid out as a Park for some private residence. The land about here, and the camp itself is owned by Judge Bond whose mansion and gardens adjoin us. He is a strong Union man, as may be judged by his offering the use of these grounds to the government free of expense. No situation could be more favorable for us, and pleasanter and healthier. Just back of the camp is a stream of water, to which we are allowed access twice a week for bathing purposes.

Two Maryland Regiments are encamped near us, in one of which a fine spring supplies us with water. Col. Ingraham has arrived and taken command of the Regiment, and we were glad to see him, and his fine figure and gentlemanly bearing impress us all with respect.

We feel that we shall grow to love a commander who is so fine a soldier, scholar, and a Christian.

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Today being Sunday and no chaplain having yet been appointed to the regiment, Col. Ingraham himself called us together this forenoon while he read to us impressingly and feelingly the Episcopal service. Who can doubt but that a regiment with such a head will do its duty and its whole duty upon the battle field! Our life at present presents nothing of interest to the reader, it being but a monotonous (to others) routine of drill and camp duty. No thrilling tale can be told, nothing of blood, nothing of death, oh! Yes! One poor fellow has died thus early from our Regiment; private Seth K. Bailey of Scituate; he died yesterday afternoon at the hospital after a complaint of but two days, though we presume his illness had existed much longer without the knowledge of the surgeons. His remains will be embalmed and sent home.

The advent of our Capt. Charles H. Drew of Plymouth, is daily looked for, as we all feel anxious that under his superior discipline our company may stand first in drill, as it now stands first in the line.

Every day we can see marked improvement in the appearance and discipline of the different companies, and each dress parade at 6 P. M., exhibits some new and progressive feature. Baltimore has not much time I suppose, to spare from their own pressing duties of the hour, for we have seen none of them as yet, except a straggling few in the distance, riding by in their carriages and on horseback, and stopping to take a passing glance at our parade. At some future time I will give your readers a more full description of the places about here, but must now close, with the best wishes for all kind friends at home.

M. D. M.

Letter from B [GH Bates], Liberty Road, Baltimore Co.⁴⁹⁶ September 10, 1862

Dear Memorial:

On the night of Monday 8th inst., we were thrown into a state of unrest by the reception of orders to "prepare to march." Accordingly the cook was routed and the *[illegible]* put over the fire. Our equipment were laid by our side in order, canteens were newly filled, even short letters written to home, advising of our movement, our knapsacks repacked; and then a few of us fell asleep. In the morning we received forty rounds of cartridges, one day's rations, and finally orders to "march!" We moved on till one o'clock and halted to smell of our mess and find it molded, and eat a little hard bread. Some of our regiment suffered considerably even here. After a rest of a half hour, the gallant command moved on two miles farther. We were then within three miles of the raging battle, when it was ascertained that our march was in vain, we having taken the wrong road. Orders soon came to retreat, and at half past four, on went the knapsacks, and "*Counter march by file Right, March!*" We thought then that we were only to return to camp Belger to spend the night, it was so near night; and accordingly we "picked up right smart" for the five and one half miles for return, but alas! Dark as it was, we discovered that we were passing Camp Belger -- shady Camp Belger, by the city of Monuments, and again advancing towards the enemy's army. To worn out men this was dreadful; but we pushed ahead all the first part of the night with an energy peculiar to the old Bay State, hungry, oh! So hungry, tired, sore, lame, thirsty, heated till our outer garments dripped water, and still on? On! We moved, slowly to be sure, the regiment halting occasionally and lying flat in the dusty road to rest; but steadily advancing, no one knows whither. At last we halted in front of a tasty residence beside a delightful grove, and near a river and bridge which we are to protect. Every man fell where he was, unrolled his rubber blanket, and we were asleep. Had I been offered food it might have roused me. Nothing else could have done it. In the morning we awoke and inquired for the enemy. Last night we did not care. They have been all about us, how near we hardly know. The Colonel complimented us as being tough as the veterans and he has been in all the war and is a judge. We marched 18 miles, the last twelve and a half being a forced march. Ordinarily, I do not take a pleasure walk of 18 miles without food; but with knapsack, gun, canteen, 40 rounds in cartridges, haversack, belts and bayonet, it makes

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a man work. I expected to be sick today, but came out all right. As we had no food I went off into the plantations, where I came across a poor hamlet where a squad of soldiers were pilfering and the man standing by in distress. He had given them all the food, his babe was crying for it, but he dare not forbid them. I rushed up, made a half dozen descend from the peaches, as many more from the grapes and cleared the coast. The result was this, the good "vrow" brought out some corn meal and my friend proceeded to fry cakes while I sent for the sergeants. On the arrival of the corps mine host, experienced some trouble in meeting the hoe cake demand, but succeeded. The story being told to Col. Ingraham he sent for the German who is to be remunerated for his losses. I have carried in quite a trade to the good man, who says "dish ish de shentleman who saved mine property." Tomatoes are exceedingly abundant and sweeter than they are North. These my German friend cooks for me with eggs and milk or molasses.

Our position is a good one to defend Baltimore. We command, with an artillery company the river crossing and road. Our pickets are all about the country. I like the climate here though it is very dry and dusty. Our General's name is Kenley, he was Colonel of the Maryland 1st at the battle of Front Royal.

At the last temperance meeting before leaving Camp Belger, Serg't Bates of Co. C, spoke first; Bates of Co. D, next, and third, Serg't. Bates of Co. G; then followed Serg't Fisher. The president said any fisher might do well with such Bates.

Direct now to Co. G, 38th Reg. Mass. Vols. Powhattan Mills, Baltimore County, Md.

B.

Article on Capt. Doten and Lieut. Russell⁴⁹⁷ September 11, 1862

PERSONAL. A letter received yesterday from Capt. Doten, reports the company all well in good spirits, and still encamped at Baltimore. The Captain was made the recipient of a fine silver mounted, breach-loading rifle, weighing seven pounds, at the cost of forty dollars, by the members of his company. Many officers wear this arm now, slung across the back, that they may have something to do while standing to be shot at by the rebels.

Lieut. Russell is convalescent, though unable to go about yet. He is anxious to rejoin his company to help the "drafting" in Baltimore.

Lieut. Joseph Simmons Killed⁴⁹⁸ September 11, 1862

Joseph E. Simmons, 1st Lieut. Co. G, 38th Reg't., of Duxbury, who was to be 1st Lieut. of Capt. Doten's company 38th Regt., is reported as killed in the late battles. He was a young man of excellent qualities and had carried the shoulder straps in hard service which he was destined never to wear.

Letter from Q [Bernard Quinn], Camp Cram, Baltimore Co., MD⁴⁹⁹ September 17, 1862

[Co. D, 38th Mass. Vols.]

Mr. Editor:

It is quite out of my line to write for a newspaper, but as I was at leisure for a short time and thinking that perhaps you would like to hear from Co. D, 38th Reg't., I thought I would attempt such a thing, hoping that you would not criticize too closely.

Doubtless you have heard ere this, of our departure from Camp Belger, and of the long, and too many, tiresome march that was performed by the 38th, to our present encampment; suffice it say, in the estimation of Col. Ingraham, we behaved like veteran soldiers on the march, the distance being about seventeen miles, and he complimented the regiment very highly while on the march.

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We left Camp Belger on the morning of the 8th, having received the order the night previous, and arrived at our pleasant place of encampment on the following night at about 11 o'clock, and we were not long in finding a place to rest our weary bodies, I can assure you.

Our Camp is beautifully situated, and commands a beautiful view of Powhattan river, and also of the bridge called by the same name. The boys appear to like their new home much, and their greatest fear is, that just as they get fairly settled, they will be obliged to move, for they always have such fears on going into new quarters, but that is all military no doubt.

It is quite an amusing sight each morning, to witness the men washing at the river's edge, for it is used by the regiment as a wash-bowl, and many of us esteemed it a privilege on the morning after our arrival to go and wash also in its waters.

We like our Colonel much, and should judge from what we have seen of him, that he felt deeply interested for the welfare of his men. He often gives us good and wholesome advice, and will not tolerate the use of intoxicating drinks in the Regiment, as he is a strictly temperance man, and woe be unto the officer or private, who is seen to have indulged in the use of the intoxicating cup. We are willing to follow wherever he may lead us, for we have no doubt but that he will do the "fair thing."

There are but few sick ones in the company, and there are none of Co. D in the guard house, and as far as the good morals of the company are concerned, we stand as high as any company in the regiment.

Six hours of each day are devoted to drilling, and the boys appear to like it, and go into the work in earnest, although our parade ground is not so good a one as the one at Belger.

The boys have been in fine spirits of late, in consequence of the good news of McClellan's victory, which was read to them by the Major.

There is a great supply of fruit on the ground, and it is of a good quality, with the exception of apples, and although the quality is poor, they find great sale for them, and I must say they have some of the finest peaches I ever saw out here. But before I weary the patience of your readers I will draw this letter to a close, as it is about time for roll-call.

Q.

Update from Timothy Eaton⁵⁰⁰ September 18, 1862

A letter from T. [Timothy] Eaton announces the departure of the 38th regiment from Baltimore, Aug. 9th, at 7 o'clock A. M. He was called up at o'clock A. M. to butcher three beeves for their breakfast and rations. They marched twenty-three miles that day to Camp Cram⁵⁰¹, Powhatan, Baltimore County, Md., within three miles of the enemy. Their pickets had exchanged shots. Some of the boys had never marched 34 miles with guns, knapsacks, rations, and forty rounds of cartridges, and were about used up at night.

Fred Holmes and Sanford Crandon Promoted⁵⁰² September 20, 1862

We are glad to learn that Sergeant Fred Holmes of this town, of Co. G, 38th Reg't, has been promoted to be Sergeant-Major of the Regiment. This is a well deserved promotion and we congratulate our old friend upon his new position.

... and Corp. Sanford Crandon to Sergeant...⁵⁰³

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Lieut. George Russell Sick⁵⁰⁴ September 25, 1862

Lieut. Geo. B. Russell left town last week for his regiment, now at the seat of war. He has been very sick, and scarcely looks able to bear the exposure, but had rather risk something than wait till the battle is over, otherwise another week of rest would be desirable.

Albert Mason Recommended for Promotion⁵⁰⁵ September 25, 1862

Lieut. Albert Mason has been recommended by the company as the 1st Lieut. of Capt. Chas. Doten's company, vice Lieut. Jos. E. Simmons, killed at Centreville.

Letter from Morton [MD Mitchell], Camp Cram⁵⁰⁶ October 6, 1862

Mr. Editor:

I feel I can scarcely describe how, I feel as if I had enjoyed a good dinner, a thing seldom encountered in Camp life. A most philanthropic and somewhat [illegible] Marylander drove into our grounds today with a butcher's cart. Yes sir! A butcher's cart! Mirabile dictum as it is! It contained beef, red, juicy, fresh beef – the beef of Old England, and the beef of the New, beef of the North and the South, the East and the West – in short, Maryland beef – and “we,” that is ego [illegible] myself, bought two pounds of it. We are only allowed a pound and a quarter by the Army regulations, but we were blind to all such regulations, not having eaten anything since we left home, and so we “went it blind.” With said beef we also bought a huge sweet potatoe as big as one's head; carried all of them to the company cook house, and under the culinary circumspection of H. C. Chandler, they all came out from his mill well done to a turn, beef-steak and fried potatoe! We guzzled it down with a gusto unknown to us individually since we left (let me see) East Bridgewater is the last place where I had a “big dinner.” So, Mr. Editor, how I feel, you must deduct from the above fact. The above fact will also not be a bad one on which to discourse for a while, since there is no “war news” to communicate from here, and my letter will be mostly composed of “Camp life.”

While writing, just as I look up from my seat on the ground, at the door of my tent, two of our company came into the street, each with a huge cake under their arm, which they have purchased of some philanthropic self-interested Baker who has come upon the ground. The Marylanders are just beginning to find out that money is to be made here, or that a regiment is here, as at first we were entirely destitute of any opportunity to obtain any food outside of Army food and the sutler.

At present the only scarcity is in milk, which is only brought in by hand in cans and jugs, and seldom gets much farther than the entrance, as the man or woman is immediately upon being seen, surrounded by a herd of eager tin dippers, waiting to be filled, and a gallon or two supplies but a small minority.

Meat, bread, oysters, hot and cold, potatoes, chickens, sausages and apple-sauce, (curdled apple-butter here,) butter and milk, are the commodities now supplied us at a fair price by country senders, and their carts are besieged by the boys until their load is entirely cleaned out, and one is obliged to “be round” to get a “look” for anything. This letter you will find to be somewhat disjointed as I shall write as the various subjects suggest themselves. At present there are a crowd of our boys, under Corporal Smith and Nutter, going out after “brouse” that is, cedar boughs for the poles of our tents, a squad of about twenty, each with a blanket over his shoulder to which to bring it. This “brouse” as a flooring we find to be quite an institution, being dry, warm, soft and sweet smelling, answering in every way the place of feathers. We find ourselves surprised at the warmth of our tents, in wet weather they can be made almost as tight and dry as a house, and the rubber blankets spread upon the ground prevent all inconvenience from moisture in that quarter, the shape of the tent (like the letter A) sheds all the run, and ditches surrounding each tent drain it off. Such minute descriptions of our surroundings may be unnecessary now, as almost everybody had been to some camp or other; but yet there

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may be a few of your readers who it would interest. It is now "high noon," and the boys are at dinner or after water and browse, or writing like ourselves. The tents present a worthy appearance, being "roofed" with blankets and overcoats, towels and handkerchiefs, hung up to air and dry. About three o'clock they will all be off at Battalion drill.

Our Company streets are all named. At first we had ours christened "Plymouth Rock street," but upon the suggestion of some of the officers, our local names were changed to those of Union residents hereabouts, and ours is called, "Jean street," from a family here which is said to contain a number of interesting females, whom we have not yet had the pleasure of seeing. We hope however the name of our street may attract them this way, and upon some Sunday evening parade we shall expect them. We say Sunday evening, because upon that day the camp is quite full with visitors, male and female, who are attracted by the leisure day we presume, principally, and the church services upon "the green," somewhat and to see the regiment at the parade, more, and to show themselves and their new clothes, particularly.

The parade upon that eve (5 1-5 P. M.,) is perhaps more picturesque and more military on account of the boys having had a holiday from Saturday noon, during which time they have "got up" their equipments to a state of polish unequalled during the week, and they feel more rested than when they parade themselves immediately after a sweating battalion or skirmish drill as upon week days, and then, too, they have the inspiration and influence of the audience of females to make them conduct themselves in a more soldierly manner. Let us try to describe it. At five o'clock the bugle sound the "Assembly," and then can be heard the orderly calling together his company in their respective streets, they are soon in line, facing toward the parade ground, waiting for the music of the band—"Marching along" announces that the Colonel and Adjutant await the formation of the line. The crowd of visitors have already found their places, and the companies move on in order to their positions in the line which extends, not as formerly parallel with the Camp, but at right angles with it, the right of line at the foot of the streets, the change was made for want of room in the other direction, the line being obliged to "turn a corner" at times. Standing at the head of the line and looking down the hill, the view is beautiful to a looker on, the Regiment facing the setting sun; their bayonets, belts and breastplates glistening; the order commences at the first Company and extends down the line "order arms" "parade rest" until all are in the latter position, stationary as statues, every motion being reported to headquarters. The music then "beats off" marching at slow time the whole length of the Regiment and then return at quick time. To one in the ranks the scene is equally fine; before him the full splendors of sunset and along the apparent horizon the crowd of spectators, while before them stands the fine figure of our Colonel with folded arms and eyes glistening, we hope, with pride at the sight of us New England boys who stand there motionless; but ready to do his bidding and follow him wherever he may lead, to victory or death.

After a few formal exercises, comes the welcome order from the young Adjutant "Parade's dismissed," and we disperse to our quarters and go to supper. Meals is another institution. Each company "falls in" in files of two, with dippers and plates, and are marched to their respective cook house on the easterly side of the camp, when the rice, or salt beef, or potatoes, or coffee and hard bread, is dealt out to each one in order, and they then squat upon the ground or go to their tents and eat. You will observe that but little, if anything, has thus far been said concerning Co. D, or any other, or about any of the officers, not but that there is somewhat to say but that there is some restrictions upon saying it, as it is "irregular" to speak in terms of approbation or disapprobation of any officer, and last week some correspondent to some paper, was shorn of his titles for so doing, and we do not desire any such public notice, or court any such honor for ourselves. Much might be said both in praise and censure, of many, but we think we may keep at a safe distance from any "reprimand" should we say that Co. D, is not far behind any company in the field in discipline or drill, and its appearance will do credit to any Town, County, of State.

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All know that we have been laboring under great disadvantages, having no Captain, and as far as we are able to learn, no prospect of any. We are therefore in a somewhat disorganized state, yet have the impudence or conceit to consider ourselves equally capable to encounter the enemy with any other company here, as far as drill is concerned.

The prospect, at present, of our being in any engagement is as far off as the prospect of being discharged from the army and going home, though both might happen tomorrow, judging from what has been previously known of future movements.

The talk now is, that we shall go into Winter quarters somewhere near Baltimore, perhaps back to our old friend "Belger." We shall need some more solid shelter soon, although we can make ourselves comfortable at present. The weather is becoming gradually cooler, and the changes not so great from noon to night, so that it seems more like New England weather, and we know better how to provide for it, than how to accommodate ourselves to the sudden change from 80 degrees to 40 degrees Fahrenheit, to which we have been for the past month accustomed. The boys all appear to be enjoying themselves and are comparatively well, the sickness being mostly of a mild nature, until lately the surgeon was sorry to remark that our percentage of the sick was larger than any other company; but Co. C, we understand has now outdone us in that particular in which they will ever outdo us. The want of rubber blankets had contributed somewhat to that fact, possibly and we hope that want will soon be supplied. Homesickness we hope does not exist among us, though there may be some cases as there always will be in an army like this. We all of us, of course, think of our home friends often, but being among so many of our home friends and companions we are "at home" here. Evenings, these moonlight ones, the boys sit round the tents, inside and out, upon their camp stool, reading, writing, talking, singing and smoking. By three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the air becomes cool enough for an overcoat, and at night heavy dews or rather miasma arises here which is rather injurious to the health, and in doors is the best place except when the moon tends to clear the atmosphere somewhat. Our Band, I almost forgot to mention it. We've got one. It was raised out of the regiment and is consequently rather green at present, though under the management of chief bugler Finney, we expect it will be of some service to us. At present, "Marching Along" "Star Spangled Banner" or "Yankee Doodle" are the favorites, i. e. are the only ones they play. I believe I told you, or some one did, in a former letter, that there was a house upon the grounds here, then occupied as Head Quarters by the Staff, at present not, the Col. and Staff having gone into the more military house tents, but the house is occupied by the families of the Colonel, the Adjutant's mother and sister, and the wife of Surgeon Hartwell, and other ladies whom we don't know, (we don't know any of them) a circumstance which makes the Camp seem more homelike; but makes us all rather envious, wishing we were all Colonels and Adj'ts and had our mother, and sisters, and wives, here. Thus far we have written with scarcely any concentration of ideas, and hope you will excuse so perambulating a letter, for a correspondent has not much news to write, and now we shall feel as if we had "written out," our subject exhausted, and nothing more to say until we move again, or something of great importance and interest turns up.

Hoping what we have written will be acceptable to your many readers, we will close with the kindest wishes for you all, and the assurance that when called upon you will find the 38th doing its duty for its country as bravely as we can, and we are Massachusetts boys.

Yours &c., Morton

Extract of a Letter from B [GH Bates], Camp Emory, Stuart's Hill, MD⁵⁰⁷ October 15, 1862

Your letter has safely arrived; but before I proceed to answer it, I will give you the events of the last few days. Our settlement had fairly become established at Cram, and our little world revolved with unusual regularity. After our severe twenty-three miles march, this comparative repose was well-timed and we

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therefore felt well satisfied, or at least you would naturally expect such a feeling. But we had already become somewhat restless, and many longed for the appearance of the message bearing Orderly. He came on Saturday night, and "two days rations and prepare to march," was the order. The night that succeeded this order reminded me of the noisy hours preceding Fourth of July morning. Sleep was wooed in vain by many.

We "feel in" at six A. M., and marched seven miles to the Bolton Station, Baltimore. It was Sunday morning, but some of our most Sabbath observing soldiers had forgotten it, such is the bustle of marching preparations. We arrived at half past nine o'clock passing old Belger, and an extensive and beautiful "Secesh" plantation. At the Bolton station we halted and munched hard bread, sitting on our knapsacks. In the afternoon the train drew up to receive us, and when fairly aboard we began to think we were leaving for the more exciting scenes of the battle field. The Rebels had made a raid into Pennsylvania, and our Brigade had been ordered to pursue the horsemen – that speaks well for our fleetness, and when the train began to move, we all bade adieu to Baltimore. But, hark! The whistle sounds break up! And our motion suddenly becomes retrograde. We had marched a dozen miles in vain once before. We were therefore prepared to return to the wilderness – Cram. Such was not our misfortune however.

Sabbath night we spent in glorious repose in the workshop of the railroad. Some of us have learned to know when we are well treated; such were thankful for the friendly covering during the rainy night. In the morning we took up our march, no one knew whither. At the Union Relief Rooms we were treated to a warm breakfast. The 38th was the fourth regiment that had breakfast there that morning. The unionists of Baltimore are live unionists. We then moved up through West Baltimore St. to camp near Stuart's Hospital. [This camp was named Emory in honor of our Brigadier General.] I cannot say too much in praise of this our new location. It commands a beautiful view of the city and the harbor; the ladies would call it "perfectly splendid."

You must now allow me to say one word about our captain. There have been several cases where enlisted men have written home, complaining of their superiors, and especially of the commissioned officers. Our words shall be those of eulogy. We love Capt. Doten. In his care we shall be trained to the strictest obedience, and yet receive the tenderest care. Lieut. Russell has not been with us long, yet we have already learned to love him also. Sergt. Major Holmes makes a most excellent officer. The 38th Army Division, Sons of Temperance, has complimented him, by placing him its highest official position. Mr. G. Whitney Merritt, of Co. G was elected scribe of the same organization.

Hon. Wm. T. Davis paid us a visit this week. The boys immediately beset him for furloughs as was their custom at Camp Stanton.

I should have said that the messenger who stopped our train followed us at his swiftest pace, and barely succeeded in communicating with the rear car.

B.

Extract of a Letter from F508 October 18, 1862

At half past 9 o'clock I packed my knapsack and went out on Sunday morning inspection. After inspection I was in my tent when acting Lieut. Hill came to me and said, I have got a pass for you, and myself signed by Col. Ingraham, for a furlough up to 4 o'clock, this afternoon. I immediately fixed myself up and we went to a meeting at the Methodist church, about one half mile from our camp, and listened to an excellent sermon from Rev. Mr. Spergen. His text was from the 3d epistle of John, 1st chapter, 3d verse. After meeting a dozen of us we were standing outside the church, when an old lady came to us and invited us to go home with her to dinner. We held back thinking it would be rather hard for her as there were so many of us, but she would not take no for an answer, so we went with her to dinner, and it was the best I have eaten since I left my own dear

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home. This lady is one that comes on to the field and sells fruit and butter to us. They have a happy family of only 16 children. We sat down with them and had a comfortable chat, it seemed so much like home, any way we felt at home. God bless the dear old folks and loving children.

F.

Extract of Letter from Fred Holmes, Camp Emory⁵⁰⁹ October 22, 1862

By the kindness of a friend, we are permitted to publish the following extract of a letter received in this town, from Sergt. Maj. Fred Holmes, of the Mass. 39th.

Friend John:

We had a Brigade drill yesterday near Camp Wellington. There were six regiments in all, about six thousand men, and the Mass. 38th had the right, which with the 110th, 116th, 128th, 135th and 150th New York volunteers, comprised the whole. The movements were forming Divisions, counter marching by Divisions, and "by the right of companies to the rear into column," and passing in review. The Gen. (Emory) complimented our Reg. Col. Ingraham acted as Brig. Gen., the Brigade being divided into two divisions. There was a cavalry Reg. then drilling, but not attached to our Brigade. The ground we drilled on was a level piece of land, just over on the other side of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a most beautiful place for a parade ground; but yesterday it was dusty, so that the wind rolled clouds of dust along, completely concealing from view other regiments, and even our own men.

The boys are now erecting a regular Massachusetts flag-staff. It will be about 90 feet high. They have got a piece of timber and fashioned it out, and have got a topmast which enters a cap, the same as our staffs in old Plymouth. Cross-trees are on the mast and pins to go up, and there is a truck on the topmast. All this has been done by the boys, the Col. granting them liberty so to do, and they are now raising it with a derrick. They have also made a flag, and by tomorrow, another flag-raising will be had, at which time the band will play patriotic airs, and the men will be gathered round; and as the old flag floats out on the breeze at the word of our good Colonel, cheers will rent the air from hundreds of patriotic soldiers, and there "Old Glory" will float day after day on as good a flag-staff as any regiment can boast of. This is what Massachusetts boys can do, and if you should take a look at our camp you would see greater evidences of Yankee skill and energy, and the influence of discipline, exacted by our firm yet kind leader. Our streets are all graded and guttered, and improvements are being made in tents, cook-houses are being built, and everything is conducted in such a manner as to make the beholder gaze with astonishment and wonder that so much could be accomplished in one short week in this camp. Every thing is beginning to savor of home, and if but those we love could be with us, it would be home indeed. But before we see our homes and loved ones, this wicked rebellion must be overthrown, and peace and Union once more secured, and then our duty done, we will turn our steps homeward.

And now it is evening again. The Dress Parade was, as usual, very good. No man is allowed to move his head or even a limb or muscle, while this is going on in our regiment. Such is discipline, and it is enforced here, not in a rough and authoritative manner, but in a kind and friendly way, at the same time with firmness and determination.

It is awful cold here nights, and I have lain almost frozen most nights. My bed on the ground covered with a little straw, and a rubber blanket on that, which keeps the dampness off, as the blanket is wet every morning on the side next to the ground, and then I lay down on that, place my overcoat and woolen blanket over me, and manage to keep warm very well until towards early morning, when the chilliness of the atmosphere makes it impossible to do so.

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Fred Holmes on Daily Routine⁵¹⁰ October 25, 1862

We are indebted for the following list of the daily routine of the 38th Regiment, to Sergt. Major Frederick Holmes. The Reveille is the call to wake up. The "sick" is for those unable to report to the Orderly. "Taps" is for the lights to be put out. The other calls will explain themselves.

"ORDER OF BUGLE CALLS."

Reveille,	6	A. M.
Breakfast,	7	"
Sick,	8	"
Guard Mounting,	8 1-2	A. M.
Orderly Call,	9	"
Squad & Comp Drills,	9 1-4 to 11 1-2	A. M.
Officers Call for Theoretical Instruction,	11 1-2	A. M.
Dinner,	12:30	P. M.
Instruction of Non. Com. Officers,	1.30	"
Orderly Call,	2.15	"
Battalion Drill,	3.00	"
Assembly for Dress Parade,	4.30	"
Adjutant's Call,	4.45	"
Dress Parade,	5.00	"
Retreat and Supper,	5.30	"
Tattoo,	8.30	"
Taps,	9.30	"

Extract of Letter from M [Albert Mason], Camp Emory, Baltimore, MD⁵¹¹ October 25, 1862

We left Camp Cram Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, and marched to Bolton station, near our first Camp, Belger. The weather was cool, the men in fine spirits and the march easy. We waited at the depot 'till about 3 P. M. when we left, on board a train of coal cars, fitted up with rough seats, for Hanover Junction, one of Gen. Wool's staff, with orders, jumped on as we started and at just about a mile from the depot, the train stopped and turned back. We encamped for the night in various buildings belonging to the railroad company, and Monday morning we marched out to this camp, which is on the whole the best for the purpose of a camp of any we have yet occupied. In itself it is not so beautiful as Belger or Cram, but the prospect from it is far superior to either, it is on a high hill, clear air, none of the fever and ague fog that hung around Camp Cram. We are about two miles from the main part of the city, which our Camp overlooks, and a horse railroad runs the whole distance.

M

Letter from T, Camp Emory, Baltimore, MD⁵¹² October 27, 1862

Mr. Editor:

You will notice by the above date, that the 38th Regiment have changed their quarters since you last heard from me, and as there has been no account in your columns, of our departure from Camp Cram, and of the march to our present encampment, I will give you a few inklings.

We left Camp Cram on the morning of the 12th, and started as we supposed, for Chambersburg, Penn., but after marching to the Central and Western Railroad, which is situated at the north part of the city of Baltimore, and waiting for a few hours, we got on board the cars, and had gone but a short distance, when we were

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ordered back, and it was not long before we were out, and in line again with our knapsacks on, waiting for the next order; finally the order came for us to march to some buildings close to the railroad, and as night was fast approaching, we were ordered to march into one of them with two or three other companies of the regiment, unsling knapsacks, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night, which we were not long in doing, and considered ourselves lucky to get such a good bed as boards to lie upon. Soon all was quiet, save the sentinels on guard in and around the buildings, who would occasionally call out for the Corporal of the guard.

Early the next morning, soon after the roll call, we were again ordered to fall in, and it was not long before we were again marching through, the city, and at 9 o'clock, A. M., were halted opposite the Soldier's Union Relief Association, and we all knew then, what was to follow, for it was not long before we were again ordered to "unsling knapsacks," and were soon after on our way across the road to the soldier's eating house, where we found plenty of good coffee, and plenty to eat; and victuals never tasted so well as on that morning. After breakfast the order was given to "fall in," which was accordingly done, and we were soon on our way to our present encampment, which was about three miles distant, where we arrived at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 P. M., the most of our tents were pitched.

Our present encampment is much better than the one at Powhattan Dam. Here we got a good view of the city, Patapsco river, and in the distance may be seen Fort McHenry, which you know is situated on the west bank of the river, and many other objects of interest too numerous to mention. Directly and in front of the Camp, and but a few minutes' walk from it, is the Baltimore and Ohio railroad over which large numbers of troops are conveyed to the seat of war; regiments are passing through daily, and the consequence is, there is a continual noise kept up both day and night.

On either side of our Camp, and within speaking distance, are New York regiments; facing the Camp is the 128th, N.Y., which left first before we got there, but returned a day or two after our arrival here; on our left is the 150th N.Y., and there are many more regiments encamped all around us, but there is no prospect of our going into action at present, and the probability is, that we shall go into quarters here soon, as the weather is getting rather cool.

Last Tuesday we came together for the first time as a Brigade, Brig. Gen. Wm. H. Emory being in command. The different regiments made a fine appearance, and especially when passing in review.

The weather most of the time since we have been here has been remarkably fine, but for a few days past the weather has been quite cool.

Yesterday (Tuesday), we had our first rain storm since we have been encamped here; it lasted through the night, and part of the day, blowing a perfect gale most of the time, and at times would seem as though it would sweep all before it.

The health of the regiment is pretty good, although I think there are rather more sick ones in Co D, here than was the case, when at Camp Cram. One man belonging to said company has been discharged on account of ill health. Today we have had hard work to get around on [illegible] mud; and the consequence is, [illegible]

T.

Letter from M [Albert Mason], Camp Emery, Baltimore, MD⁵¹³ November 8, 1862

Dear *Memo*:

Under daily expectation of leaving our comfortable Camp for unknown and uncertain comforts, we still find ourselves in quarters with three days cooked rations, ready to put in our haversacks and thirty days to be put on board steamer in bulk and the morning is one of peculiar beauty for the season, and the locality; to wit, clear and cold, with some six inches or more of snow on the ground by way of embellishment. This we hardly anticipated in Baltimore so early, and if the sun shines as clear as now till noon, there will be little of the snow

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left, but less agreeable substance of nearly or quite the same depth more common in this vicinity will be substituted. We have already seen enough of Maryland mud, and have not the slightest desire to know the full depth to which it and the sacred soil will be penetrated by the army of the Potomac, before Spring, and are quite content with the prospect before us of a Winter in a warmer latitude, under the command of the only General appointed from civil life in whom the army have entire confidence, and we should be even more so, were we sure of being in his command and our destination Texas. However in military it is not given to subordinates to know what is in store for them, and we propose to borrow no trouble in determining whether it be good or ill that awaits us.

Of daily Camp life, it would be too monotonous to write. The week past has been mainly occupied in preparations to leave; some hurried drills by regiment and brigade that we might not be without a smattering at least of all that we should be likely to be called to execute. Our Brigade is in command of Col. Ingraham of whom Gen. Emory says, "he handles a Brigade splendidly." As we are forbidden to write anything for publication, complimentary or the reverse of our superiors, I can only say, that I should for one, be sorry to have him made Brigadier General, and you may infer either, that he is unfit for the position, or that he is so good a Col. that we would not like to take the chances of a change. Last Sunday on dress parade, the following promotions were officially pronounced, and orders read for the same to take effect immediately, 1st Lieut. Timothy Reed of Co. C, (Abington,) to be Capt. of Co. D; 2d Lieut. Albert Mason of Co. D. to be 1st Lieut. of Co. C. vice Reed promoted; Sergeant Major T. Ingraham Jr., to be 2d Lieut. in Co. D, vice Mason promoted; Sergeant Morton D. Mitchell of Co. D to be 2d Lieut. of Co. I, and Orderly Sergeant Frederick Holmes of Co. G. to be Sergeant Major vice Ingraham, promoted. Lieuts. Mitchell and Ingraham have probably exchanged places by the above assignments of the Col. from what was intended by the Governor, but I believe it is mutually satisfactory. Sgt. Major Holmes has been acting in that capacity some weeks to the satisfaction of all interested; his promotion occasions the promotion of Sergt. G. Hubert Bates, to be Orderly Sergeant. Lieut. Mitchell is well known to the readers of the *Memorial* as M.D.M.⁵¹⁴, and I need not say to you or them, that he was well deserving his promotion. All but one of these promotions are caused by Capt. Drew's non-acceptance of his commission. Capt. Reed was senior 1st Lieut. and a good officer, and will make a good Captain, and Co. D is well worthy of such an one. Lieut. Washburn of Co. D is sick, and in view of our marching orders has been carried to Stuart's Hospital. He is not thought to be dangerous, but unable to go with the regiment. Some others of the company will be left behind more comfortable than they could be made to go with us.

We are to go on the steamer Baltic, and I understand Gen. Ingraham and Gen. Emory will both go on board the same steamer with us. Gen. Emory is in command of a division. One steamer loaded with a New York Regt. lies aground in the harbor awaiting us. Our steamer did not arrive from New York till last night, and commences to take in coal this morning, and it is very doubtful whether we get away before Monday, and pretty certain that we do not today. Our most serious apprehension is that the Paymaster will not visit us before we leave, our pay-rolls have all been made out and sent on, and we ought to have our pay up to the first of November, but from necessity or neglect, there is not that regularity in payment of troops that is indispensable to the comfort of the army, and I believe also to its efficiency. Most of the regiment officers as well as men, are without money enough to pay postage on letters home, and if we are not to receive our pay more promptly than other regiments have done, in some instances there will be many families at home straightened for want of their expected remittances.

The regiment will leave with perhaps eight hundred men for duty, not more I think, although we have much excellent material, still we suffer much, and shall suffer more from the breaking down of men who ought never to have been passed by the surgeons. It is no advantage to the service in the long run, to admit men of

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doubtful physical strength and particularly should men who have once been discharged for disability be closely scrutinized.

SUNDAY MORNING 9th

We are still here but expect to break Camp bright and early tomorrow morning, if not this afternoon. It is certain that the Paymaster, though here, has not money enough to pay the regiment, but there is a rumor that the officers will be paid today, and the men be paid at Fortress Monroe. I can not see the prospect of getting paid there, but there seems to be a disposition to pay us as soon as the money can be obtained, but these matters are of more importance to us than of interest to your readers, and I dismiss the subject and close this letter with a promise that shall hear from us again from Texas or elsewhere.

M.

11:30 P.M.

I just commenced to write a line an hour since, when we were routed to go to the building where the regiment was, by the report that the building was on fire, and the men all in the street. Everything is quiet, and the men are all back safe.

We broke Camp this afternoon, and went as far towards the steamer as the wharf, and then put the regiment up for the night, to go on board tomorrow, if nothing new takes place, which is always to be expected in the military.

We are not to go with Gen. Banks, but with Gen. Hunter, and I suppose that fixes our destination, also to be S--- C---; well, so be it. The officers got their green backs today which I can assure you were not unacceptable.

M.

Promotions: Reed, Mason, Ingraham, and Mitchell⁵¹⁵ November 8, 1862

We learn by letters from the 38th there has been some changes and promotions in the Regiment. 1st Lieut. Reed of Co. C. (Abington) has been promoted to Captain, and takes command of Co. D. (Plymouth), 2d Lieut. Mason is promoted to be 1st Lieut., and take the place of Lieut. Reed. Sergt. Ingraham (son of the Col.) is promoted to 2d Lieut., and is appointed to Co. D in place of Lt. Mason. Sergt. M. D. Mitchell of Co. is commissioned 2d Lieut. and ordered to Co. I. These promotions are well deserved and we congratulate our friends upon their new rank. Our Company D, is now all right as to officers. Lieut Reed is said to be a fine man and an excellent officer, we are glad that the company has so excellent a Captain.

There has been a regimental band collected from members of the regiment. Albert Finney of this town, who was chief bugler has received the appointment of leader, among the members we notice the names of Francis Bates and C. S. Peterson [Paterson?] of this town. The 38th are under marching orders, their destination not known. We understand that two pairs of shoes have given to each man. Many surmise that they are to form a part of the Bank's Texan Expedition.

Extract of Letter from Fred Holmes, Hampton Roads⁵¹⁶ November 28, 1862

We have been kindly permitted to make the following extracts from a letter received in this town from Sergt. Maj. Fred Holmes.

Transport Steamer *Baltic*, Hampton Roads

Friend John:

It is evening, and all is still on board the ship for the men are nearly all stowed away in their bunks, and the officers have repaired to their state rooms. There is discipline on board of this ship, and the same we had

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in camp, and that which made the regiments so much liked is still adhered to here, and Capt. Comstock says it is the best set of men he ever had on his vessel. We have the material here for a good regiment, and with our officers, who are excellent men, it will no doubt reflect honor and credit upon the Old Commonwealth. We love the old State, and feel proud to hail from there, and will do naught to stain or tarnish her fair fame of history. Although the men are not spoiling for a fight, as some correspondents write of other new regiments, yet if ordered to march up to the foe, although danger and death might stare them in the face, I firmly believe that the 38th would nobly do their duty and do it well.

As I said at the beginning, it is evening, and the sky is clear and bright, the moon is shining brightly and looking cold, the sea is smooth, and from the numerous craft floating upon the waters can be seen a vast number of lights, which appear very beautiful indeed.

Our regiment is carried on shore at Old Point on pleasant days in steamers, to stretch the limbs of the men, to change the scene, and to practice at target shooting about a mile up the beach. On one of these days the Reg. was marched up to Hampton, burnt and desolate Hampton, and were there dismissed, giving to all a chance to gaze, inquire and rest. This once beautiful village; beautiful when I saw it during my two weeks' residence there at the time the 3d Mass. was ordered there from Fort Monroe, verdant with its fields of waving corn, its acres of tall Southern corn, beautiful with its gardens of fig trees, vines and flowers, of which no place could furnish or produce any of rarer beauty or more exotic sweetness, is now in ruins, a complete waste; nothing left but tall chimneys and parts of brick walls, its gardens and fields trodden under foot as hard as if many armies had marched there, not a house remaining, so complete was the destruction. It made me feel sad indeed to gaze upon the ruins of that once thriving and pleasant town. But this is but one of the many places that have been laid low and in blackened ruins by the rebel incendiary.

On our march to Hampton we met with several Plymouth boys, of Capt. S. H. Doten's company, 29th Reg., viz: J. H. Pember, Henry Eddy and Cornelius Bradford, who were much pleased to meet so many of their towns men, but their pleasure could in no wise exceed ours. On a visit to the McLellan Hospital I saw two or three Plymouth boys, who, I am happy to say are improving in health. There are twenty-two wards at this Hospital, comprising twenty two separate buildings for the sick, and the inmates informed me that they had good care and attention paid them, and were furnished with good and sufficient food. The wards themselves exhibited cleanliness and neatness, and were very comfortable. I also visited Mill Creek Hospital and found it was conducted in about the same manner. At Old Point I met George S. Morey and Winslow C. Barnes, so that, wherever we go old Plymouth is represented.

We have now been here in the *Baltic* sixteen days and have found that a transport life is not a life of transport. Our men have nearly all got bunks, but as we have two companies of the 131st New York Vols. on board, there is some jam and confusion. Four sleep in a bunk, and there are three tiers of them one above the other, with very narrow passage ways so that but one can pass at once. It is bad enough now, but when we get at sea and the men are "casting up their accounts," it must be agreeable indeed, and worse will be the result.

The Thanksgiving boxes begin to come, and as the lucky individuals receive and open them, a crowd gathers round, and then all discomforts and disquietudes pass from the mind, and happy thoughts of loved ones at home who sent them occupy their thoughts, and the picture of happiness is complete. Could the friends at home witness such a scene as this they would never forget it, and would bless the time that they were the instigators of so much bliss. Thanksgiving eve? What thoughts crowd upon our minds. Tonight I have heard the word "Home" spoken by hundreds of brave and manly sons of New England, yes, nearer than that, of Massachusetts. May all at the festive board think of the poor soldier with his hard bread and coffee, and pray that another Thanksgiving may see their loved ones at home and the battle-cry ended.

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Our regiment is doing well; but little grumbling, few sick ones, and although many, in fact all are waiting anxiously to see that mud-hook fished and catted, yet there is but little discontent manifested in a boisterous manner, owing to discipline and the excellent material of the Reg. We know not when we are going, where we are going, or who we are going under; in fact we are perfect know nothings. We are waiting for something to turn up. Some say that we are to winter on board, others that we shall remain until this vessel rots as the keel is laid for another one to put us on board of afterwards. These and similar expressions are the order of the times.

Nov. 27. – It is Thanksgiving morning, and a very pleasant morning it is. The sun is shining brightly, and although it is slightly cool, yet it is decidedly refreshing. The Reg. is now on shore without arms or equipments, having a holiday, with the privilege of going where they please, to be back at 2 o'clock to the wharf.

Yours, Fred

Letter from MDM [Mitchell] on Board the *Baltic*⁵¹⁷ December 7, 1862

Mr. Editor:

The thirty-eighth Regiment left Massachusetts last August. Through the months of September, October and November they were stationed in the neighborhood of Baltimore, at Camps "Belger" "Cram" and "Emory." We left the latter Camp on the 10th of November and remained on board the steamer *Baltic* in Hampton Roads until Thursday the 4th day of Dec. (inst.) when we sailed for nobody knows where. We are now sailing. Have been out of sight of land for nearly four days, and are now sailing in a south-westerly direction.

Our passage has been a rough one. Thursday evening the moon came up brilliantly and promised a pleasant night as it was. Friday morning the weather looked equally, cloudy, windy and rainy all day and the sea running high, and at night it came on very rough and foggy. We were fifteen vessels in all, including the U. S. gun-boat "*Augusta*." Saturday morning, after having passed through a severe storm – thunder, lightning, wind and rain – we went on deck and could see but few vessels in sight. The western sky presented an aspect of clearing up, as there was blue sky to be seen there and the wind was from that direction. The Heavens soon became clear. Our ship "laid to" for the fleet to come up. The Capt. (Comstock) of the "*Baltic*" and the Gen. (Emory) of the Brigade, were to be seen anxiously promenading the deck. Slowly the "*Augustus*" rounded our stern, "silence was commanded as she passed, that the Captain might hear the report, "only five in sight." More anxious moments and the "*United States*" passed, laboring heavily with the sea. The "*Thames*" was seen last night being towed by the "*Ericson*." Both vessels were ordered to "lay to." The "*Atlantic*" and "*Arago*" soon came up, only four besides ourselves! Where were the other ten? The Captain of the "*Atlantic*" was signaled to come on board of our ship. A small boat, was seen to descend the sides of the vessel, filled with men, and pitched and tossed by the waves, reached our side, and for fear of being dragged beneath our huge wheels, was cautioned to keep off and not try to come on board but to converse from where they were.

We returned to the waiting vessels and took up our naval march. No signs have yet been seen of them – we five kept on alone, hoping that the rest may be safe together somewhere. Last night was quite rough. Today the wind is quite favorable for us and our sails are set and together with the steam we make rapid progress towards the South. That I believe, is where Banks is going! We must now be nearly past South Carolina, though where we are or where we shall be is all conjecture. The "*Baltic*," although a staunch old ocean steamer has been pitched about the last few days as roughly as she ever experienced, I guess. The officers have been considerably troubled with sea-sickness and have not enjoyed their meerschaums and dinner as usual. The men are no exception to the above, and all have felt a little 'qualmy'; for myself, I may

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confess a slight dizziness once but nothing more. I have got my "sea legs" on and am almost ready for anything. The health of the Regiment is very fine compared to those in the other ships.

This letter, thus far is written on board ship and "at sea," or how or when it will ever get anywhere is more than I know. We had religious services this morning conducted by Col. Ingraham, in the dining saloon of the vessel.

Monday morning, Dec. 8th. Last evening an exciting incident occurred in the shape of a strange sail in sight. She was running right across our path and seeing us suddenly changed her course to the south. We were at the moment "lying to" while the "*Augusta*" packed her trunnions and had evidently been taken for the blockading squadron by the stranger who perhaps hoped to run into Charleston. We immediately put on steam and after her, and signaled by rockets the rest of the fleet to do the same. The stranger soon extinguished her lights and having about ten miles the start, was lost in the surrounding darkness, the moon having not yet risen. The air this morning is very warm and mild, contrasting strangely with the cold winds we have had, reminding me that we really are in the region of the "sunny south." We presume ourselves to be somewhere off the coast of Georgia.

Ship Island

Dec. 19, 1862

Camp Comstock

Here we are! We arrived here safely last Saturday night. On coming up to the Island our vessel scraped on the sand bar and created quite an excitement on board the ship as we had an idea that we might not reach the shore in safety at all, even though we were within a stone's throw of the beach. The vessel however bumped and scraped and worked over the "bar" without further injury than "a scar" and we sailed quietly to the harbor, where we saw the "lost" vessels of the fleet riding safely at anchor. The sight of land alone, to which we were steering was a cheering sight to us, although it presented a dreary aspect considered physically, there being nothing to be seen but a flat white surface, low walls of a fort, a white light-house and a few low wooden roofs.

As we passed up and anchored, vessels of the fleet, loaded with troops passed us going out towards "South West Pass." Cheer upon cheer saluted us and was hastily returned, and we felt most decidedly relieved in mind to find that we were not destined for "Texas," but most probably for the Mississippi, and by way of Vicksburg, home.

Saturday night we were (Co's. I, A, and G,) landed by boats and were strangely affected to find our feet upon firm foundation. The sand on the Island we found to be about ankle deep, causing the whole land to appear as if there had been a recent snow storm, which contrasted severely with the weather which rather required straw hats than overcoats and fans than fires. We waded through it and reached the ground selected for Camps and pitched what tents we could find, and were tired enough to turn in early, and sleep soundly. Awakening the next morning we found our tents very promiscuously pitched, presenting anything but a military appearance. We found the 13th Reg't. Maine Volunteers stationed here, which had been here nine months, and they appeared to be not over anxious to remain here any longer. The lodgings and rations are good, and the men generally healthy.

They are glad to meet us, for although strangers personally, we were brothers in heart, and during our stay they have treated us generously and patriotically.

We are daily expecting to depart for New Orleans and only wait for transportation; the "*Baltic*" being of too deep draft to pass the "bar." Our Camp here is named in compliment to the Captain of the ship, "Comstock." One of our fleet, the "*Curlew*" with the 133d N. Y. Reg't., ran ashore here Sunday night and was "got off" last night and sailed for New Orleans this noon, having sustained little or no damage. Our Lieut. Col.

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Wardwell resigned just before we left Hampton Roads, and his position is now filled by Maj. Rodman, and Capt. Allen of Abington, (who now sits by me) is acting Major, and we trust will be commissioned. Sergeant Major Holmes of your town is acting Lieut. of Co. G, and Orderly Ballard of Co. H, acting Sergt. Major. Rumors of the taking of Richmond have reached us, but we do not dare place much reliance upon it, but hope it may be true.

We do hope the news of the taking of Vicksburg may reach you soon, upon which you may place confidence.

M. D. M.

Promotions in the 38th⁵¹⁸ December 18, 1862

...

Second Lieut. Geo. B. Russell, of Plymouth, to be First Lieut., Dec. 4, vice Gault, promoted to Captain.

Sergt. Maj. Fred. Holmes, of Plymouth, to be Second Lieut., Dec. 4, vice Russell, promoted to First Lieut.

We are happy to record the promotion of several officers in this fine Reg., and among them our townsmen, Geo. B. Russell and Fred. Holmes.

Letter from M [Albert Mason], Camp Comstock, Ship Island⁵¹⁹ December 23, 1862

Friend H:

Gen. Emory detests a newspaper correspondent in the army as he would a traitor, and if I am caught perpetrating anything of this sort, there is no knowing but my fate may be "death or such other punishment as a court-martial shall order." To escape unknown terrors in case of detection, I shall endeavor to write nothing about our numbers, position or destination, that would give aid and comfort to the enemy should it be first published in the *Richmond Enquirer*. There is one other reason for my proposed reticence on these points, that often exists with "our correspondents," but they seldom feel at liberty to urge it in palliation of their mysterious silence, viz: ignorance of the facts necessary for mischief.

Our expedition is supposed by some to be under Gen. Banks, and to consist of several regiments if not more; and it is pretty well settled that the 38th, Mass., the 116th New York, and some detached companies from other regiments, are now located on the most barren portion of the universe, the same having first been discovered by Ben Butler. Part of our expedition (the exact fractional part of the whole for both of the above reasons I decline to state,) left Fortress Monroe on the fourth inst., all on board, save one, in profound ignorance of the destination or object of the same. Up to the morning of the 13th, when we came in sight of and steered directly for the delightful region of sand in its purest state, our progress in knowledge of "whither drifting," was purely negative. Since that time, from careful weighing of all the facts before us, we fully believe we are not going further South; but are to take the Mississippi route North, at what rate of speed to travel is not yet determined. But as I said at the outset, I propose to ignore all these subjects as also the history of that month on board the *Baltic*, suffice it to say that most of us settled our accounts with Old Neptune off Cape Hatteras.

Our life on the Island for the ten days we have tried to live here, is anything but luxurious, and the idea of observing Christmas festivities seems almost preposterous; but nevertheless, the Colonel is bound to make a holiday for the Regiment, and, as if in recognition of the fact that life itself is but a burlesque here, he has ordered that on Thursday all drill exercises, and in fact the command of the camp itself will be turned over to the men; officers to be subject for the day to such restrictions and regulations as the men shall deem necessary for the proper observance of the day.

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Yesterday was Forefathers' day, and you may well imagine that a goodly number of the 38th were not unmindful of its observance. We knew that many family circles were incomplete as they gathered to the faithful keeping of Plymouth's peculiar festival, and felt that our names were kindly mentioned as the social cheer went round. The day approached and a few of us determined that in spite of the difficulties of the situation, we would celebrate in manner and form as nearly Plymouthian as circumstances would allow, scarcely hoping for the degree of success finally attained. Lieut. Russell and myself resolved ourselves into a self-constituted committee, to see if the thing could be done; of course succotash must constitute the essential element of the feast, and our first care was to find the requisite culinary skill our Post-Master [Hathaway] was equal to the emergency and took hold with a will. Next our anxiety was for the corn and chicken, our own Commissary being able to supply the other ingredients. We found some corn at the stables of the 13th Maine, and soon had the same in process of being hulled. Early in the morning, Lieut. Holmes was dispatched up the Island in quest of a man whom rumor had reputed to be possessed of a few fowl. As the result of this, our friend Hathaway found an old hen, and another which from its size was by courtesy called a chicken, at his disposal. Having thus made succotash a sure thing, we made up our party as large as our tent would accommodate, and arranged to have it come off at six o'clock in the evening, being just after dress parade. Promptly at the hour the party assembled at the Lieutenant's tent of company C. We had three camp tables placed end to end, so as just to reach from pole to pole. The cloth was imaginary, and the dishes composed of tin plates of most various patterns, knives and forks to match, (not each other but the variety of the plates,) tumblers, goblets, &c., represented by tin cups from the size of a quart down to a gill dipper; but there in fact was a large tin basin filled with smoking succotash, that would compare favorably with any Plymouth housewife's best effort, and surpassed our highest expectation, and there also upon a large tin platter lay the two deceased fowl, cooked to a charm. Another tin platter was filled with fried potatoes, cooked by a Plymouth man in company H, while Towns of Co. G was represented by a large mess pan filled with delicious doughnuts, and two enormous coffee pots full of the steaming beverage, which after our addition of a can of condensed milk, would have tempted any epicure in the country. Our party consist of three officers of G, the three of C, Lieut. Washburn, Sergt Mason, and Post-Master Hathaway of "D," Lieut. Dike, of F, Lieut. Howland of H, Lieut. Hawes, Acting Commissary of Subsistence on Gen. Emory's staff, whom many of your readers will remember as a teacher in Kingston for several successive seasons, twelve of us in all, and a social crowd I assure you. Capt. Doten being senior in rank and in his connection with Plymouth inhabitants, presided, which is sufficient guaranty that all things were in order and seemly. When the cloth was supposed to be removed, we lingered till ten o'clock, and felt the hour too early then, but military order knows not the liberties of civil life, and we were [illegible] force content with the good things we had enjoyed. The first toast of the evening was given by Capt. Doten: "The friends at home," and drank with a will. Toasts, songs of patriotic strain, informal speeches, and appropriate recitations, followed, interspersed with humor and good fellowship generally. Lieut Washburn's quaint sayings as usual kept the line in roar, and Lieut. Nash's reminiscences of life in the Pacific, brought the house down. Lt. Hawes put himself on his "Puritan antecedents," and went in for a good time, as in fact he always does, becoming the life of the company. All enjoyed the evening and when we separated, resolved to never again despair of a suitable observance of the 22nd of December, where Plymouth boys enough could be found to cook a dish of succotash, or fill a tent on a desert island.

When again we celebrate, or vary the monotony of camp life by that which it is not treason to publish, you may possibly hear from your humble servant again; till then remember the 38th and believe we will do the duties before us with the same zest that we enter upon such recreations as are open to us, and that you shall have no reason to be ashamed of the representation of Old Plymouth with this regiment.

M.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Extract of Letter from C.C. Doten, Camp Comstock, Ship Island⁵²⁰ December 24, 1862

We have been kindly permitted to copy the following extract from a private letter received from Capt. C. C. Doten, of the 38th Mass.
Dec. 24, 1862

* * * We are still on this barren isle, and when we shall get away, no one knows; probably this week though, as one of the small transports has returned here to take some detached companies of the Conn. 23d, and N. Y. 114th. That will leave here the Mass. 38th, and N. Y. 110th and 116th, and we expect to go by Sunday at farthest. Suppose we shall go immediately to Baton Rouge, as most of the troops have gone there.

* * * Forefathers' Day eve, all the Plymouth officers, with a few invited guests, assembled together and had a real good succotash supper. I presided, being a senior officer, and we had a nice time of it, as you may suppose, when I tell you that Lieut. Washburn "wished those old Pilgrims had been a week landing." Lieut. Mason, the Quarter Master, was very active in getting up the "spree" and furnished the corn from his Dept. P. M. [Post Master] Hathaway cooked it with the assistance of Sergt. Mason, and they as Plymouth boys joined with us in the festivities of the evening. Hathaway recited the poem "The Breaking Waves Dashed High," very finely, and the evening was spent in song and sentiment; the loved ones at home not being forgotten, I assure you. Lieut. Nash related his four months experience, alone among the Loo-Choo Islands, which was very entertaining, and caused roars of laughter. * * *

Tomorrow is Christmas and the Regiment is to have high carnival. From 10 o'clock A. M., 'til Tattoo at 9 in the evening the camp is to be given into the hands of the men, and they are to have their own officers, guard &c., from Col. down. The Commissioned officers are to be at their mercy, and the guard-house awaits any of them who refuses or neglects the orders of those he may find from the ranks temporarily over him. The men have chosen their officers and are making their preparations to have a grand burlesque parade, drill, guard mounting &c. and no doubt will have a merry time. The opportunity will probably be taken to pay off some old scores, with some of the officers. They seem to be particularly anxious to square up accounts with the Adjutant. We have just heard of the capture of Fredericksburg and it creates great rejoicing. * * *

C. C. D.

Note – If P. M. Hathaway acted as "chef de cuisine," we'll bet our pile the "mess" was a good one. No one who ever went with him on an "expedition," we venture to say will dispute it.

Query, Is "hulled corn" a part of the commissariat? [Ed. Mem.]

Extract of Letter from C.C. Doten on Board *Northern Light*⁵²¹ December 30, 1862

[Mrs. Doten has kindly furnished us with the following extracts of a letter received from Capt. Doten a day or two since.]

Steamship *Northern Light*, At Sea

Dec. 30, 1862

* * * Once more we are afloat on the briny deep. We left the wharf at Ship Island this morning at eight o'clock, and have now been out two hours. We are to stop at New Orleans to get orders where to proceed. Expect to be sent immediately to Baton Rouge, where it is said all the troops are to be drilled and reorganized before going into active service. * * *

The 41st Mass. has been put into barracks at Baton Rouge, and are to permanently garrison the place.

Wednesday Eve, 31st

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

* * We are almost up to the city of New Orleans; have had a fine run up the river today, seeing all the plantations, fine orange groves loaded with luscious fruit, dancing darkies, &c. We have had such a nice time, it seems as if we were only on an excursion. Passed Judah P. Benjamin's plantation, Reb. Sec'y of State, the best on the river yet.

In Camp at Carrollton, Jan. 1.

Arrived at New Orleans at 6:30 yesterday P. M., after a very pleasant sail. In the evening a tug came alongside and hailed us. Dr. Hartwell was on board and gave us the cheering information that "there was a large mail at Division Head Quarters for the 38th." You may be sure that we cheered him well for the "good news." Our P. M. was on shore with letters from the ship, and we were anxiously waiting for him to come off with our Home budget. To while away the time we had the Band and a Glee Club in the cabin, and after their performances, we initiated Lt. H ---- as a "Son of Malta." It was done up in the regular way as the "Order" has been completely exposed and broken up. Oh, dear! How we did laugh! It is a most ludicrous ceremony, and I don't wonder it spread so rapidly. We had a splendid time, and from the way we "carried on," I don't wonder the men said "we were drunk." * * *

The ground is splendid, great level and just the place to maneuver a Brigade, which we shall soon have. The 16th N. York is camped with us, so that our tents are all in the same line, and the regiment to come, the 128th N. Y., will also be in the same line. It will look as if it was all one single camp, with a monstrous great drill ground in front. Wish you could see it this beautiful moonlight night, it looks like fairy land, almost. It is scarcely ever that even two regiments can camp on the some ground in a line, and here we shall have three. We are about half a mile from the river, and have to pass through the village (indeed we are in it,) to get here. I came up here with the Col. and an "Aid" from New Orleans, before the Regiment landed, to see the ground, taking my "tape⁵²²" with me, got some men from the 116th to help me and went to work laying out the camps, and was well along when the regiment arrived on the ground.

Camp Kearney, Jan. 2, 1863

* * * I have a beautiful bouquet of red and white roses, orange leaves, and evergreens, which was just brought me by a boy, whose brother also presented Col. Rodman with a similar one. Just think of it! Roses gathered in the open air the second day of January. The boys invited us to call and see their friends at the "St Charles Institute for young ladies," which is close by us, and is a beautiful place, with its grounds in front gay with flowers, shrubs, evergreens, oranges, (which do make a splendid appearance on the tree) &c. This is indeed a most lovely spot; this morning the air was soft and balmy, and the Robbins and Blue birds singing all about us. Couldn't help contrasting it with our winter climate. Had radishes at dinner, and green peas will be plenty next week. All other "garden sauce" is abundant. Bananas are for sale in camp every day "three for a dime" such as we pay six and eight cents apiece for, at home. One queer thing here is, that they refuse to take cents but will take almost anything else; postage stamps, car and omnibus tickets, and shin plasters of every kind are readily taken, but they refuse cents till they are sure you have nothing else to give them. * * *

Saw Mr. Bates⁵²³ today, was looking nicely; also saw Capt. Edward Baker, on the gunboat *Powhattan*, while at Ship Island. * * *

C. C. D.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Extracts of Letter from C.C. Doten, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵²⁴ January 6, 1863

[We are under renewed obligations to Mrs. Doten for furnishing us with the following extracts of a letter received from Capt. Doten the present week.]

* * * Have been down to the city today and had a very pleasant time. On board the cars fell in with a lot of secesh ladies, and it was laughable to see the contemptuous sneers and expressions of ill nature with which some of them tried to attract our attention, but as we took no notice of them they finally subsided into a quiet disgust much more becoming to them. One old lady growled something about "d---d Yankees," much to our amusement. Had a good tramp about the city and accidentally came upon Capt. Carruth of the 6th Mass. Battery, an old acquaintance of mine. He has been here a year or so and taken part in most of the fights which have taken place about here. He says we shall have a hard fight at Port Hudson. * * *

Jan. 8th. We have been ready to leave at an hour's notice for several days past to assist in the attack on Port Hudson, but last evening the order was countermanded, and we shall stay here for the present. We are under very strict discipline now and it is almost impossible for an officer even to get a pass over the lines for more than two hours. Port Hudson we look so longingly at, is said to be as strong, or even stronger, than Vicksburg, so you see we have got something to do to take it. It will be no "child's play."

Jan. 9th. Looks now as if we were likely to remain here for some time, as today boards have been obtained to floor all the tents in the regiments, and the men have been busy laying them this P. M. It is rather warm work drilling on the "double quick" in this climate, and this P. M., the squad drill I exercised the men in "resting" a great deal, as they did very finely on Battalion drill this A. M., and got quite heated and fatigued. Am glad we are not to leave here at present, for we need drilling sadly, and we are doing the best we can to get up to our former standard.

Charley Wood is to be discharged, as he has the heart disease, and is unfit for further service. I made out his papers and passed them over to the surgeon today.

Poor Haley is very low with a complication of diseases, measles, fever &c., which have finally settled into consumption, and he cannot live long. Wood will probably go home in two or three weeks.

This evening there was a presentation to Maj. Richardson, by his former company, of a saddle and complete set of horse equipments. They are very nice and will be useful in his new position.

C. C. D.

Letter from C.C. Doten, Carrollton, LA⁵²⁵ January 13, 1863

Orders have been received to be ready for a move, and I think in a day or two we shall be on our way to Baton Rouge to join the rest of our Brigade. Lieut. Hawes has been there for some time in charge of stores, and is highly delighted with the place. M. Bates, Esq. is also there, having opened a branch of his business at that "city." I am told it is about as large a place as Plymouth.

Jan. 15. – Went on as officer of the day at 3 1/2 yesterday P.M., and continued until same time this P.M. Had a very dark windy night. While I was going the "Grand Rounds," one of my escorts fell into a deep hole full of water, gun, overcoat and all, way up to his ears! 'Twas a comical sight, and we could but laugh at his misfortune. He clung fast to his gun though, and I venture to say that man will make a brave soldier, one that will drop his knapsack before he does his gun when he comes to be put into a fight. We are hurrying up our quarterly accounts and getting things straightened as much as possible, as we expect to leave for Baton Rouge each day now.

After I got back to my quarters last night, the wind blew fearfully, and my tent flapped and rocked so I could hardly sleep. It finally began to rain, and has been at it ever since. When it rains here it comes down "like fun," and the mud — I can't tell you what *puttysh dinging* stuff it is. It is worse than Virginia or

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Maryland mud by far. It is awful dreary in camp here when rainy, as the water stands all over the ground, and the mud is deep and clogs up everything. Such weather makes one long for the comforts of home.

Lieut. H – (queer fellow) has just put his head in my tent to notify me that “there will be a battalion drill in beats this morning.”

Jan. 18. – We have been having some “awful cold” weather for this latitude. It commenced Thursday, and that night when I went to bed, having just been relieved as officer of the day, I had had a good fire made, and getting an extra blanket, made a good warm bed and crept into it, promising myself that I would have a nice rest, and wouldn’t show my head very early in the morning. Alas for human hopes! At one o’clock I was roused by the Sergt. Major with orders to prepare to march at a moment’s notice, without knapsacks, leaving tents and baggage behind, the men to have two day’s rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition. That looked like work. I jumped up just as the bugle gave the “Officers call,” at which we all repaired to headquarters, where the orders were repeated. Wish you could have seen us. You would have thought we were half frightened to death. Such a chattering of teeth and trembling of limbs, hasn’t been heard or seen in these parts before for some time. The night was very cold and blustering. Ice was making fast, and it was cheerless enough. I stepped into the company street, and in response to my “Fall in Company G!” the men came trembling out, shivering and shaking, in a great hurry. The time until morning was busily spent serving out rations and ammunition and packing up things to be brought along after us. Our destination was Berwick’s Bay to reinforce Gen. Weitzel, who was having a “scrimmage” there with a large force of Rebs. You will see the account in the papers where Lieut. Commanding Buchanan was killed. By the way, E. S. Goodwin⁵²⁶ commanded one of the three Federal gunboats engaged there. He is considered by Admiral Farragut one of his smartest officers, and is a great favorite with him. Hurrah for old Plymouth! Their object was to destroy the rebel iron-clad “*Cotton*,” which has been a source of trouble for two or three months past. They were successful, but the cost was great. Buchanan cannot be replaced. The expedition has returned in safety, and we have again settled down, after being kept “ready” for a day.

The Rebs are bringing a tremendous force this way from Virginia. They now have 40,000 men at Port Hudson, and yesterday “Jeff” was there himself. Guess it wasn’t so foolish as it looked, after all, sending Banks here with his men. People at the North have no idea of the state of matters here and how strong a band is necessary to keep things quiet, let alone trying to do anything else.

The cold continued through the day Friday, and that night the ice made over one-fourth inch in thickness.

Mail arrived yesterday P.M., bringing over 1300 letters.

C. C. D.

Extract of Letter from Fred Holmes, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵²⁷ January 14, 1863

We have been kindly permitted to make the following extracts from a letter written to a friend, from Lieut. F. Holmes.

Friend John:

We are very pleasantly situated in the beautiful and picturesque town of Carrollton. It is a well laid out town, what I have seen of it, and contains many beautiful dwellings and gardens, several churches, a large depot built of freestone, a hotel, and many other public buildings. Our camp is located on a level plain, with the Mississippi river in front, the 116th N. Y. Reg. on our right, and a part of the 175th on our left. In our rear runs the Carrollton and New Orleans Railroad. It seems good to see this evidence of civilization, although it has not arrived to such a state of perfection as in the North. It is about five miles into the city, and many of us have opportunities of visiting Butler’s conquered city. On this road they have the old style engine, and older

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style cars, the rear car being expressly for negroes, and it is a ludicrous sight as they pass our camp, to see these "contrabands" stowed in as thick as slaves in a slave mart, grinning, chattering, and showing their white ebony, which forms a striking contrast to the inky blackness of the car within. These trains have two conductors, one selling tickets as he passes through, the other immediately following to collect them. This is Southern energy and skill, and is quite a contrast to the quick dispatch of business by conductors Kimball, Fuller and Richardson.

We had a very beautiful trip from Ship Island, that desert isle, to this place, and all enjoyed it much. We entered the muddy waters of the Father of Rivers about the 31st of Dec., and proceeded through the S. W. Pass into the river, and as we sailed up its beautiful waters, we who had never seen these parts before, were much pleased at the diversified scenery spread out on either side of the river. We passed forts St. Philip and Jackson. The steamship *Mississippi* was ahead of us coming up the river as far as here, and a boat coming off quarantine to us we ascertained what Reg. she had on board. It was the 47th Mass. We knew they didn't know us and therefore pressed on steam, and soon was opposite her, although not within hailing distance. The bands in each vessel enlivened the occasion with inspiring music, and we brought forth our State flag and waved it to and fro. Discovering it, cheers long and loud rent the air, and soon they brought forth their State flag and the cheers were answered on board of the *Northern Light* with the same power and will. Our Major then placed the figures 38, and wrote Mass. underneath, on the smoke stack, and soon the figures 47 were visible on theirs; and then such enthusiasm, such joy, one seldom sees. As we sailed along we saw the large and splendid plantation of Hon. J. P. Benjamin, the rebel Sec'y of War, and it was a model of neatness and excellent taste.

We arrived at New Orleans the night of Dec. 31st. "New Year's Eve," and on that evening officers and men enjoyed themselves to the best of their ability. Just as the old year was making its exit the Col. arrived from on shore with the mail, much to the gratification of all. It was soon assorted, and G Co., (Capt. Doten's) received 136 letters. Other companies received in like proportion. Happy commencement of the new year. The next forenoon many of us went on shore and looked about the city seeing the "sights." Going into the Express Office, I saw Moses Bates, Esq., and the gentlemanly and obliging agent, Horace W. Bates, of Plymouth. We were pleased to meet them, and they appeared as well pleased to meet us. Here I received the intelligence that I had been commissioned. I saw it in the "*Rock*." That "*Rock*" was carried on board, and was in the hands of most every one there. The most of them consider it the best paper on board.

Jan. 18. We have had some very cold weather here the past two or three days, and tent life has lost its charms, and no wonder, when at the "sunny South" ice forms 1-4 of an inch thickness and does not thaw out at noon. It is the coldest weather experienced for ten years. Some snow has fallen. Night before last, about midnight, orders came to prepare for a march, where of course we could only conjecture. Each man was to take 100 rounds of cartridges, two days rations, and everything in the shape of baggage and knapsacks was to be left behind, and we expected to march at a moment's notice. Everything was ready, but the command "March!" came not, and we were thus doomed to disappointment, when we learned that the orders were for another Reg.

Our camp has, or did have, the appearance of a muster field, from the many peddlers on the ground with all sorts of commodities for sale, and they became such a nuisance that but a very few are now admitted. Fish, pork, vegetables of all kinds, pastry, meats, fruit, with all that is generally found in a storekeeper's case, could be bought, but nothing sold less than five cents or a "Picayune," even to a single pin. Our coppers they would not take at first, but now they begin to, as they know that we will take them again. Everything is high in New Orleans, and it is cheaper to send North to get many articles, especially military goods.

We received a mail by the *Columbia* yesterday, and this makes the fourth large mail that has been received by our Reg. Happy is he who receives one of those messages of love from home.

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The death of Capt. Collingwood has cast a gloom over those of us that are sons of Plymouth and those who knew him. Col. Ingraham felt very bad on learning the news. We deeply sympathize with the afflicted family. We were also pained to hear that Capts. Drew and Winsor were severely wounded, and hope they may soon recover. We were not surprised to hear of their bravery before the enemy, and trust that should we be placed before the foe, we should emulate their noble example.

Lieut. Mason is acting Quartermaster of the Reg., and is well fitted for the station. We hope he may receive a permanent appointment.

* * * *

Yours truly, Fred.

Communication from George Russell⁵²⁸ January 15, 1863

Letters from Lieut. Russell, of the Thirty-Eighth, give an account of their camp at Ship Island. Weather rather cool but only adds to the brilliancy and cheerfulness of the glowing camp fires as the flames ascend from the pitch and tar barrels that furnished the fuel. He also writes of a later date that their Reg. had arrived at New Orleans after a fine sail up the river, of meeting Lieut. M. Bates in good health and spirits, and that the Reg. was now encamped at Carrollton, with tents pitched, looking as if they had wintered there instead of a day's sojourn. He speaks of the situation as delightful, surrounded by green fields, rolling plains scattered thick with flowers, beautiful groves and orange tree fragrance, forming a rural paradise compared with "New England's stern and rock bound coast" at this inclement season.

Extract of Letter from C. C. Doten, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵²⁹ January 19, 1863

* * * It rained and blew furiously last night and this morning. I found only one peg holding up my tent. The ground when dry is very hard so it is difficult to get a stake into it, but as soon as it rains it softens into a kind of putty, and the tent lines tightening up draw the stakes right out. Our camp is now covered with great sheets of water in every direction, and plenty more coming down from the sky. Luckily the tents are all nicely floored, or the inmates of some of them have to lie in several inches of water. The weather moderated fast last night, and it is so warm today that I have no fire. The flies are very troublesome. Was quite shocked to hear that Capt. Collingwood died of his wounds. He was a fine man, and one of the best of officers. I liked him much. God pity his poor wife and family.

There are rumors of a move once more, but I suppose it is only to Baton Rouge. We hear that three batteries of artillery have been assigned to us. That looks a little more like work than anything I have seen before.

C. C. D.

Extract of Letter from C. C. Doten, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵³⁰ January 31, 1863

* * * Corporal Melzar J. Foster [Kingston] of my Company died to day. Has been sick over two months with jaundice, chronic diarrhea, debility, &c. He was one of my very best men and I liked him much. He is the second one I have lost, and was as good a boy as I ever knew. Very quick, gentle and soldierly, he attracted my attention in the ranks, and I made him a Corporal. We shall miss him much.

Sunday, P. M.

* * * Have been up to the Hospital to see the rest of my sick boys and find them likely to "weather it," though two or three of them are very sick indeed. * * *

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Feb. 5th.

* * * Last Monday we had a Review and Division Drill, under Gen. Emory. Six Battalions were present, including the Mass. 31st, which has been here a year or more. The Colonel, O. P. Gooding, is Acting Brigadier of our Brigade, Col. Ingraham having been transferred to the other one. We were complimented by the General before the Division; after the execution of one movement, he said "Very well done by that Mass. Regiments on the left." Just as we were marching off the field, Gen. Banks came up and seemed much pleased at the appearance of the troops. Our men marched splendidly and did well in every respect. We had to march nearly two miles and a half to the ground, and, as it was a warm day, we perspired freely. * * *

My Company is the only one which has their officers, and it is a matter of remark in the Regiment how well the Officers of Co. G hold out. * * *

Feb. 6th.

* * * I think from appearances, if we do move from here, it will be only to "Parapet," two or three miles up the river from here. It hardly looks now as if we were going to Baton Rouge, but of course we don't know. The 116th New York went there this week.

C. C. D.

Letter from G, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵³¹ February 7, 1863

Mr. Editor:

It is impossible for me at this time to write any items of interest to your readers, but as a mail is to leave tomorrow in the "Creole," anything pertaining to the 38th I presume will be interesting to all who have friends here. We have, for the past two or three days, had our usual quantity of mud and water, as another one of those terrific tempests common to these parts visited us the other night, and drilling had to be dispensed with until it became dryer. Yesterday we had a Brigade Drill and Review, and it was very satisfactory to the General commanding. The brigade was composed of the 31st Mass., 156th N. Y., 175th N. Y., and 38th Mass. The ground was muddy and the field we drilled in intersected by ditches filled with water, so that in going through our evolutions, we became somewhat accustomed to leaping.

Night before last was the coldest night we have experienced here, and but few passed it very comfortably. The ground froze solid, and the water on the parade ground and in the streams was frozen to a thickness of nearly half an inch. Many of the soldiers borrowed the mess pans of the cook and filled them with coals and placed them in their tents, but coals could not last forever, and when they went out it seemed colder than before. Last night was warmer, but ground and water were frozen this morning. Quite an amount of sickness prevails in the Reg. at present, and a number of deaths have occurred. Orderly Sergt. Gove, of Co. "E," died at the General Hospital at Carrollton, and was buried with military honors. He was a fine soldier and good man. Our sick, those that we cannot take with us should we move, have been carried to the Marine Hospital, about 1-2 mile from Jefferson City. Sergt Bates of Co. "G" is among the number, and Sergt. Charles E. Barnes has been acting Orderly for some months. He is an indefatigable and earnest worker.

It is now Saturday afternoon, and the boys have no duties to harass them except to prepare their equipments, guns, and clothing for "Inspection" on the morrow. Gen. Banks has called for volunteers to enter the Cavalry Reg. now forming, and asked for 12 men from each Reg. Nearly 80 volunteered from our camp, and 12 of the number that were used to horses were selected by the Lt. Col., and they have left us.

It is a beautiful day, and is much warmer than it has been of late. We received a mail day before yesterday, and such a rush for letters I never beheld. It is really amusing to witness the actions of the men on the

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distribution of the mails. As I have said many times in previous letters, could the friends at home witness the happiness and joy occasioned by the reception of a letter, they would continue to write more frequently than they do. The 53d Mass. Vols. have been added to our Brig., making three Mass. Regts. now in it. But I have already added more than I intended, perhaps more than will be interesting.

Yours, "G."

Solomon Faunce and Charles Wood Discharged⁵³² February 5, 1863

Plymouth Soldiers.

...
Corp. S. E. Faunce has been discharged from the hospital, and arrived home last week. "Young Sol" is an "old soldier," having volunteered twice without condition or proviso. We are glad to hear he is getting better.

...
Charles T. Wood, of the 38th, has received his discharge at New Orleans, being disabled by some affection of the heart.

Letter from G, Plaquemine, LA on Board River Steamer *Morning Light*⁵³³ February 17, 1863

Mr. Editor:

It will be but a short correspondence that I shall send this time, a sickness will compel me to make it brief. Bilious fever has had a hold upon me, but I am now convalescent, and although weak, yet I have faith to believe I shall get along.

Wednesday, the 11th inst., we received orders to prepare for a move, to be gone about 10 days, and to take three days cooked rations in our haversacks, the Quartermaster to take 10 days uncooked rations along. Formed in line of battle on "parade ground," at about 9 o'clock A. M., but for some reason were dismissed till further orders, like all military business you know. At 3 1/2 P. M., line again formed, and as acting Brig. Gen. Ingraham rode up in front, hearty cheers were given and he addressed the regiment in a few cheering words. He is much liked by all. Marched off to the music of the band highly elated at the prospect of "doing something." Arriving at the levy, we waited the putting on board the stores and then marched on the boat, and where the first ones that started, as "always ready" seems to be the motto of the 38th.

We left the levy about 6 o'clock P.M., and during the night, heavy fog arising, the boat was tied up to the bank opposite "Oxnard's plantation," where we remained till 8 1-2 AM the next day, when, the fog lifting, we proceeded along slowly and made our next stop at Donaldsonville, where there is a Fort garrisoned by the first Louisiana and a light battery. This fort mounts seven or eight guns. The gunboat "*Kineo*" lies here. Stopped 15 minutes and steamed along, next stopping at a wood yard to "wood up," and at about 11 o'clock Thursday, the 12th, arrived at this place (Plaquemine.) Went ashore the next morning to look around, and was not over pleased with its appearance. It is an old dilapidated place, but one of two buildings of any beauty or architecture. The Negroes here are at work on the levees, but many of them have left and gone to "parts unknown." The people here are actually suffering for the necessities of life. I saw tobacco here at \$2.50 per pound, and coffee and salt there sadly deficient in. There is a large Roman Catholic Church built of brick, where services were held last Sabbath, which many of the officers attended. The cemetery is fast going to decay. The people that die are buried above ground, as the ground is so much lower than the river as to make it impossible to take a grave. Brick tombs are erected into which the dead are put, in the doors scaled up. In the Catholic yard is a model of the Crucifixion of our Savior. You will perceive by looking at the map, what is called

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the Bayou Plaquemine. This leads out from the river here, and vessels at this high stage of water can sail into the "cult" or up into the Red River; in fact one can go to almost any town in the State or States hear about by water in these Bayous. The town is now guarded by a brigade of infantry, and some artillery. On our boat with us is a section of the 18th N. Y. battery, under command of first Lieut. Mumford, a graduate of Harvard. These guns are 20 pound Parrott. Gen. Emery is in command of this secret expedition. Col. Ingraham is now commanding the Post.

We had a good time coming up the river, and had a fine view of both banks, and saw many beautiful plantations, miles in extent, witnessed, much to our gratification, the grotesque appearance in singular actions of the Negroes, who seeing us, danced and capered and shouted like black devils, as they are. Plaquemine is 110 miles above New Orleans, and about 17 below Baton Rouge. Yesterday we rejoiced to see on board, Sergt. Tough Cuss, of the 4th Wisconsin, alias Ivory Lucas. He walked from Indian Village, a distance of 9 miles, on purpose to see us. He is as jolly and looks as natural as ever. Mutual gladness prevailed at seeing him and us. The gunboat "*Albatross*" lies in the river. But I must close hoping that you may hear that what the 38th have done has been done thoroughly and well.

Yours, "G."

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Kearney⁵³⁴ February 26, 1863

Mr. Editor:

"All quiet on the Mississippi;" no important events, no movement of troops of any consequence, no news of any kind to chronicle in this letter. Gen. Emory does not intend to give up his expedition, it is said, but will try some other way of getting into the Red River country. Col. Paines' brigade has come down the river from Indian village and vicinity, and his troops have landed at Algiers, opposite New Orleans, evidently to take the cars as the mode of conveyance this time. We shall probably follow them soon.

We have been following up drills pretty closely, Regimental and brigade, and to-morrow we hear that there is a Division drill at camp Parapet. Today has been given us as a day of rest, and men are to remain in camp, as they need rest and quiet, there being a great deal of sickness in the Regiment.

2 Lieut. Edward G. Dike of Cambridge, a native of Plymouth, has been appointed Adjutant, and Lieut. Russell is detailed to take temporary command of Co. "D."

Lieut. Washburn of Kingston, will soon receive an honorable discharge, on account of physical disability, and return home. We shall be very sorry to lose him for he makes us "laugh and grow fat."

It is a warm day, and the wind is blowing fresh, shaking our light habitations fearfully, to the danger of breaking guy-ropes and drawing pins, thereby relieving us of our light coverings.

We have been busy this week making our pay rolls, and in two days more if we remain here, we shall be mustered for payment, and all are anxious to get a fast hold of the greenbacks, as they are short, having sent a great proportion of their money home on the last pay day.

I have seen it reported in the papers that there is great disaffection among Banks' followers. There are a few thousand troops in and about Carrollton, and so far from being any disaffection, it is quite the reverse, the men being jubilant, hopeful, and ready to be led anywhere Gen. Banks should order. If there is any murmurings it is among the nine months troops, many of whom are already tired of military life, and even say that they should like to be discharged. I have heard more grumbling among these troops since they have been here than among all the three years men I have been in contact with, since we have been absent from the State of Massachusetts.

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If there is any fault to be found it is in not paying troops promptly, many of the regiments not having been paid off for a number of months.. We have been fortunate thus far, but the wheel of fortune may not revolve to our advantage at the present time, but we anticipate good luck us usual.

...

William Hathaway Sick and Joseph Brown Discharged⁵³⁵ February 19, 1863

Plymouth Soldiers.

We are sorry to learn that Wm. N. Hathaway, of the 38th Reg., son of Benj. Hathaway, Esq., of this town, is lying dangerously ill at the hospital near Alexandria. His father has gone to him in answer to a telegram with the above information. Young Hathaway and his brother have dared hardships and privations to which they were not used in nobly serving their country's cause.

Corp. Joseph A. Brown, of the 38th, has received his discharge. He was taken sick after the "long march" to camp Emory, and entered Stewart's Mansion Hospital, Oct. 13, where he remained until Jan. 15th. He was then removed to convalescent camp near Washington. Corp. B. does not endorse all the management in the Surgeon's department, although he speaks in the highest terms of the nurses and their efforts for the sick soldier.

Death of W. N. Hathaway⁵³⁶ February 26, 1863

A telegraph dispatch on Tuesday brought the sad intelligence of the death of this gallant young soldier, who, with an older brother, sons of Benj. Hathaway, Esq., left all the comforts of a happy home and the attractions of intimate and pleasant social relations with these youthful circle, to brave the dangers and hardships of the patriot soldier. He left his regiment before its departure for New Orleans, and has been in the hospital gradually failing ever since. The sympathies of the community are with the family and the absent brother to whom this sad news will be a severe affliction. The body of the deceased will be brought home by his stricken father.

Capt. Drew and Winsor Recovering from Wounds at Home⁵³⁷ February 26, 1863

We are happy to see Capts. Drew and Winsor on the street again. They are looking well and have nearly recovered from their wounds.

Extract of Letter from C. C. Doten Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵³⁸ February 27, 1863

It is said now that we are to settle down for a little while, instead of packing off in a hurry on another expedition, as we expected. The boat's crews that were detailed from our Regt. (28 men in all) returned tonight, having been on quite a thorough and exciting reconnaissance down the Bayou Grosse Tete. They went with the '*Louisiana Belle*' and '*Bee*' as far as Rosedale, which village they found deserted. They then took the 'launches' and explored about eighteen miles farther, surrounded by enemies from whom they were momentarily expecting an attack. They had scouts out, being cavalry improvised from some of the men of 133d N. Y., who caught horses and transformed themselves into "Mounted Riflemen" at short notice. The scouts took a corporal and one private (rebs) prisoners, and brought them along with them. Word being brought of the advance of 2000 men from Port Hudson, they hurried back, those in the boats having to row steadily for twenty hours, only stopping to make coffee once on the way. One of the boats was upset twice by the "*Louisiana Belle*" and some of the men lost nearly all of their clothing and equipments. Three of my men were on board of her: Wm. Savery of Kingston, James Downey of Duxbury, and George E. Bates of Carver. Downey

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lost his gun and equipments and most of his clothing. Bates came near losing his life. He was carried under the launch and came up under the guards of the steamer, luckily grasping a rope thrown him, as the current swept him out. They had a very hard time of it, but did their duty well, like good soldiers.

Gen. Emory says the 38th is the best Regt. he ever saw, for he can always get men from it for any service he wants, and he has been very fortunate in that respect. The Regt. seems to be very much like the old 8th for having men ready for any emergency. It is really unfit for service, so many officers and men are detailed from it on different duties. We have now scarcely one officer to a company, on an average.

We have a large number of sick: Malaria and Typhoid fevers, and Diarrhea being very prevalent. Ah! People at home little know when they speak of a Regiment, picturing to themselves '1000 men good and strong,' of the skeleton companies 13 files for drill, in each, on an average. I would like to take some of them with me on one of my visits to the hospitals to see my men. They would learn that scenes of horror are not confined to the battle field, and that 'touching incidents' are to be met with on every hand, among the long rows of cots in an army hospital. I'll warrant the tears would start before the visit was concluded. As an officer passes about seeking his own men, some man's face will light up with a smile of recognition, a thin hand will be stretched out, and a weak voice say: "I belong to the 38th Captain! How are the boys? Please ask my Captain to come and see me, &c." The sick boys are always glad to have their officers call to see them.

I could speak of stilled lips, white, cold faces, and tell-tale blankets covering motionless forms, of muffled drums and frequent volleys, but I forbear; such scenes may be witnessed by the score every day in our once happy country. When will they ever end?

The hospitals here are fine, large and airy, and every attention is given which can possibly contribute to the comfort of the unfortunate ones.

My men seem to be getting along very well. Haley who has been at 'Death's door,' has revived, and I am in hopes will be able to reach home when the proper time comes to discharge and send him.

We are waiting anxiously to hear of the result of the attack on Charleston, which by our latest news seems to be nearly ready to be commenced. It would be a 'sweet morsel' to have Charleston fall.

A deserter from Port Hudson came into our lines today, and has been taken to headquarters. He says they have about 18,000 troops there, and that they are faring badly, having no fresh provisions of any amount, and salt being very difficult to procure. He says a large part of the force is composed of conscripts, who won't fight, (don't believe that thought,) and that the officers are so fearful of mutiny, that they will not allow the assemblage of more than three men at once.

I think they must be hard up for eatables, and that 'prices are high as he says,' for when we were at Plaquemine, flour was \$40 per barrel, and some of our men sold their shoes, which cost \$1.94, for eight dollars per pair. The Secesh suffer terribly from 'shortness' I know.

C. C. D.

Letter from G, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵³⁹ February 28, 1863

Mr. Editor:

We have had abundance of rain during the last 24 hours, in the state of our camp is perfectly awful, comparatively soft. It is the last day of the month, and therefore our monthly inspection takes place, and also we are to be mustered for payment. Companies are being mustered now. The condition of the ground is such that the inspection and review is postponed. Even now it is raining, and if one should judge their present appearances, the "rainy season" has commenced.

Numerous boxes sent to Fortress Monroe, after we had sailed, have arrived today, and such a site as was revealed upon opening them I have not seen since the time those articles came to the old 3rd Regt., at the

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Fortress, after a six weeks detention. Mold and maggots, with just enough of the original article left to distinguish what it was, greeted our eyes. Several letters were saved and some tobacco.

The men detailed from the different companies at Plaquemine to man the barges and to reconnoiter, have returned, bringing with them two prisoners, a corporal and a private. They went up as far as Hopedale, about 25 miles above Indian Village, and had a rather rough and serious time, meeting with slight accidents, losing muskets and equipments and other articles, by boats upsetting, &c.

Co. "G" has just been mustered, in many other forms that are missed as each muster day comes round. The sun is now shining brightly and we hope to see this mud soon disappear. But the mail closes in 15 minutes, and I must send this by it.

Yours, "G."

Extract of a Letter from C.C. Doten, Camp Kearney, Carrollton, LA⁵⁴⁰ March 1, 1863

* * * I visited the Hospital at Carrollton this P. M. to see my sick men. Haley was looking nicely and I think is really mending. I do hope he will live to get home. Frank B. Dorr, a nice smart little fellow when he is well, lies by his side in the next cot, thin and worn with pneumonia. He, too, seems to be mending, but very slowly. * * * I had letters for the poor fellows, and they were greatly pleased to receive them. If folks at home knew how much letters are valued, they would write more frequently.

Major Richardson, of our regiment, is in charge of about two hundred and eighty "Regulars," who were surrendered eighteen months since by Gen. Twiggs. They were kept in captivity and every act practiced to induce them to join the rebels. Promises of position, and rewards threats and ill treatment, they were proof against, not one man of the whole ever faltering in his allegiance but always terminating interviews with their persecutors with cheers for the "Old Flag." Finally the rebels have given them over as incorrigible and sent them into our lines last week, rejoicing at their escape from their long captivity. God bless the noble fellows! They should receive a substantial reward for their devotion, under such trying circumstances, to their country. Gen. Emory has ordered them to be supplied with every thing they want, and says they shall be well cared for while they are under his charge. I guess those men would fight if they had a chance. I would like to see them at it once; they would probably wipe out some of the long score they have against the rebels. * * * * *

March 4th.

* * We are under orders to move tomorrow, I have no idea that we shall get away for two or three days, there are so many troops to move, and so few boats to carry them. Our destination has not transpired yet, but I have no doubt it is Baton Rouge. Port Hudson will be attacked before many days. I am glad we are to move for it is very sickly here.

March 5th.

We are all packed up for a start and expect the order before morning. I suppose we are going to Baton Rouge. It is very unhealthy here and it is highly important that we should move to the high ground at Baton Rouge, where we shall not be fearing an overflow of the river, which still continues "bank full." If it comes over or through the levee, we shall be in two of three feet of water, on this flat, which wouldn't be at all pleasant. * * * * *

We are to carry everything, sick and all, so it is a permanent change. * *

This evening our regiment was suddenly called out to quell a disturbance in the N. Y. 175th (Germans). They have not been paid for about six months. Not a cent since they enlisted, they say, and they have no "State

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aid." Under those circumstances they refused to break camp or move anywhere, until they were paid. Our regiment was paraded, and drawn up opposite their camp with loaded muskets, in a very few minutes. The 168th N. Y. formed on their left flank so as to secure a "cross fire," and in a minute no one would have thought there had been any disturbance. The 53d Mass. also came over, and formed on our right. The matter had too serious a face for them, so after standing looking at each other for nearly an hour, we were ordered back to camp. Col. Gooding, commanding our Brigade, addressed a few words to a crowd near him, which elicited cheers and the men dispersed to their quarters very quietly. Indeed, no one would have known that they had been rebellious a short time before our arrival. The "long roll" brought out the 38th in very short time, and the ranks were fuller in hundreds than at any time since we left Ship Island. It was amusing to see the sick suddenly cured, as by a miracle, springing into the ranks with gun in hand, ready to "shoot Dutchmen" in rebellion. * * * * *

March 6th.

We are breaking camp slowly to day in a rain storm. Last night after we returned to camp the 175th commenced breaking up and were hard at work all night. The 31st Mass. also "broke" last night and embarked. We are all going on Ocean steamers, from which some argue that we are bound to Berwick's Bay, or Texas. I think we are going to Baton Rouge, or we shall advance on Port Hudson before long, judging from the signs of the times.

I hear that Gen. Banks has issued a "general order," commending the Mass. 38th and N. Y. 116th, for "good order and military discipline," as well as patriotism, and citing them as examples to be followed by the "nine months men," who are told to attend more to their duties, and to think less of when their "time" is to expire. If the rumor is true, the "order" will be officially transmitted soon, and I will give you the precise terms.

C. C. D.

Extract of Letter from C.C. Doten, New Orleans, LA⁵⁴¹ March 5, 1863

The following extract of a letter from Capt. Charles C. Doten, will be read with interest by the friends of the Regiment.

Head Quarters Dept'm't of the Gulf, 19 Army Corps,
Special Order No. 64.

4. The Commanding General is pained to notice in the inspection reports of the 3^d and 4th Divisions, the evidence of a lack of zeal on the part of some of the officers of the nine months regiments serving in those Divisions.

It is remarked that while the officers of the three years regiments attached to the same brigade exhibit a laudable desire to master their profession, many of those who have entered the service of their country for a less period, show a greater anxiety to be released from their obligation than to learn the duties of soldiers.

The spirit which such officers evince is one totally inconsistent with their obligations to the Nation, and their duties to the men whom a confiding government has entrusted to their command. In nothing is it more strongly marked than in a habitual neglect of the requirements of the regulations, the lax enforcement, or even total abandonment of discipline, inattention to the instruction of their subordinate officers and men, and general carelessness in the performance of duty. In the simple matter of inattention to their company records without which the soldier's accounts cannot be properly adjusted, these officers are guilty of flagrant injustice to the soldiers, no less than the Government, so great that no service which they can render during their brief term of enlistment can atone for the consequence.

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Division and Brigade Commanders will use their utmost endeavors, by prompt measures, including if need be the infliction of the severest penalties known to the military code, to correct the exhibition of a spirit no to be distinguished, in the circumstances in which we are situated, from insubordination.

The Commanding General cannot forbear pointing to the marked contrast indicated in the same reports, concerning the condition of the 38th Regiment, Massachusetts, and 116th New York Volunteers, enlisted at about the same time, but carried by the zeal and laudable ambition of their officers, beyond the reach of this pernicious influence.

By Command of
Major Gen. Banks.
(Signed) Richard B Irwin.
Lt. Col. Asst. Adjt. General.
Head Quarters 3d Division,
Carrollton, March 5, 1863.
Official,
(Signed) R. A. Ives,
Capt. & A. A. A. G.
Head Q'rs. 3d Brigade, Emory's Div.
Carrollton, La., March 6, 1863.
Official
(signed) E. R. Fordham,
Capt. & A. A. A. G.
Head Quarters 38th Mass. Vols.
Baton Rouge, March 9, 1863
Official
Edward G. Dyke,
Adjutant 38th Reg. Mass. Vols.

Charles Wood Home Discharged for Disability⁵⁴² March 5, 1863

Charles T. Wood, Captain's Clerk of Co. G, 38th Mass. Reg., has arrived home, having been discharged on account of physical disability.

Extract of Letter from C.C. Doten, Baton Rouge, LA⁵⁴³ March 8, 1863

* * * We left Carrollton at 2 o'clock, yesterday P. M., and had a very pleasant trip up the river, reaching the Levee at this point at 10 A. M. The Levee on our arrival, presented a very busy appearance, so many regiments had just landed with all their baggage, and the long lines of army wagons with their white tops, and various drays, making their way in different directions gave life to the scene. After some little delay we got alongside the "wharf boat," which proved to be the steamer *Natchez* owned by the Holmes of Plymouth. She has grown old in the service, and having become unsafe now used for the purpose I have mentioned.

We speedily landed, and took up our quarters in a large unfinished building erected for a theatre. It is very commodious and gives the whole regiment a chance to stretch their limbs, a thing the men were unable to do on board the vessel.

* * * This P. M. the Colonel and Quartermaster desired that I would go with them to look up the camp ground. I accordingly mounted and we were soon dashing out of town at a rapid rate, in the direction two

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other Regiments of our Brigade had taken. We had ridden scarcely a mile when we met with General Emory, who directed us to follow him on another road, which led directly back from the river.

After riding about a mile and a half, we came to the camp of the 116th N. Y., our old companions. On their left was Gen. Grover's Division, and then came the line of Flank Pickets. Pickets were also thrown out to the front hardly a half mile from camp, and in sight across an open space, used as a drill ground. Videttes are on the alert outside the pickets, to give timely notice of an advance of the enemy. We rode outside the line of pickets and reconnoitered the ground thoroughly, and as the General seemed better pleased with the ground, than the other he had visited, I think the camp of the division will be located there. Our men will have plenty to look out for if we go there, as they have to be constantly on the alert. It will be exciting enough to give zest to their duties, and will vary the monotony of camp life.

On our return, Dr. Thompson was directed to carry an order to Col. Gooding, commanding our Brigade, and Quarter Master Mason and myself accompanied him. His head quarters were about two and a half miles down the river, and we soon found the 53d and 31st Mass. located in a fine grove of Magnolias. The 31st is Col. G's. regiment, and on inquiry we found his quarters were located in a veritable plantation negro cabin, a few rods off on the right. After delivering the order we started on our return, and as it was now quite dark it became a matter of some little difficulty to thread our way through the woods out to the road. The scene was extremely picturesque and it seems to me can never be effaced from my memory. The towering magnolias with their shining dark green foliage, intermingled with the long sweeping moss which hangs in heavy masses, like funereal plumes, on all the trees in this portion of the country, were lighted up by the numerous camp fires beneath, while the lone lines of snowy tent stretched far away in the distance; the men moving about at their various avocations of cooking, pitching tents and unloading the wagons; the sentinels pacing their rounds, their muskets flashing in the firelight, all formed a picture so romantic and weird, as hardly to seem of earth. We rode along back to town, and after putting up the horses made an unsuccessful search for something to eat. We shall have to go supperless to bed. * * *

March 13th.

Yesterday Gen. Banks reviewed Grover's and Emory's Divisions on a portion of the old "battle ground" just outside the city. I should judge there were about 15,000 troops present including the artillery and cavalry. The review was a brilliant affair, and passed off well. The troops were in marching order, and could have immediately taken the road, as the baggage, ammunition, and ambulance trains were all present. The 38th are in the left wing; nearly or quite at the extreme left, and will probably have to fight severely if the enemy attempts flank movement. The Brigade has been changed since I last wrote. The 175th N. Y., remain here, and the 53d Mass. have also been detached. Our Brigade line yesterday was formed as follows: Right, 31st, Mass., Centre, 38th, Mass., Left, 156th, N. Y. I hear today that the 156th, has also been takeout ; if that is the case my company which is the left of the battalion will be the extreme left of the Division line; a very uncomfortable position on a march. The regiments have all been relieved of the sick and disabled, and we shall probably carry into battle about 500 men. Regiments decimate fearfully in this climate, so much, that I have been told by members of old regiments that they have often been able to turn out only fifteen men in a company. Our present average is forty-five men out of ninety-eight. * * *

Last evening in company with Mr. Wm. R. Cox, Jr., of Plymouth, Master's Mate on the *U. S. S. Richmond*, I paid a visit to the famous iron clad *Essex*, lying at the Levee. She is a queer looking craft and I should think would be able to bear some hard knocks, although not so staunch as I had supposed. More reliance seems to be placed in her construction, upon the glancing of shot, than upon absolute resistance to penetration. Her effectiveness is almost entirely destroyed by her extreme slowness, scarcely being able to move three miles an hour against the stream, and usually being towed by a tug.

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I have seen Howard Morton of the 30th, George Cobb, and McLaughlin of the 50th, and many other acquaintances and friends in other Regiments. Indeed we have got so use to meeting Plymouth boys everywhere, that we now boldly claim that there is not a Regiment in the service from any State, or a vessel in the Navy, but what contains a Plymouth boy, and it seems as if the assertion, broad as it is, is almost born out by the fact. * * * *

Augur's division is to be the "reserve," - They were reviewed day before yesterday. Today the artillery are being reviewed, together with all detached bodies. I think all will be finished today, so that after tomorrow, we may get the order to move. The 38th made a rough appearance yesterday at the Review being in "fighting trim," without a "gew gaw" of any kind appearing on officers or men. The nine months men appeared in dress coats, officers wearing sashes, and all otherwise in full uniform. The General looked at us very sharply, evidently noticing that the officers were habited no better than the men, and must have concluded that the Regiment was there for work and not show. We can, and do, look as well as the rest when we are in our "pretties" for show. * * * *

The *Essex* went up the river last night, and the other vessels are coaling up and will follow soon. Every thing points to a move in a day or two, and I trust that the result will be a splendid victory, although we can hardly expect to do much, if the odds are as heavy against us as they are said to be. Notwithstanding all "reports," with the assistance of the navy we hope to drive the rebels out of their stronghold.

* * * * Prices are very high here, eggs being fifteen cents apiece; flour by the pound at the rate of forty dollars per barrel. A dinner costs one dollar and isn't the best at that.

Later - Must be ready to start tonight. One Division is passing now (Grover's) with all their trains. Billy Wilson's Zouaves were on the lead, and looked tough and hard.

C. C. D.

Letter from C.C. Doten, Camp "Nowhere", on Road to Port Hudson, LA⁵⁴⁴ March 19, 1863

Five Miles from Baton Rouge

March 19th, 1863

* * * * * We marched from Baton Rouge Friday evening about eight o'clock, to attack Port Hudson, or to feign an attack. Our Division (Emory's) was preceded by Grover's, and both were accompanied by artillery and a very small cavalry force, (Augur's being the reserve). We marched easily and comfortably until twelve, when we reached a large plantation near Bayou Monteceni about five miles from Baton Rouge where both Divisions camped in shelter tents for the night. Next morning we were again on the road and after a hot, toilsome, wearying march of seven miles, the men being loaded like camels with rations, ammunition, tents, blankets, &c., we reached a large open field nine miles from Port Hudson where we all halted and dispositions were made to repel an attack, which was expected at that point. Two Regiments with cavalry were sent out to reconnoiter and advance on a cross road about four miles where they remained as a "Grand picket." The fleet was also on its way up the river and about 4 P. M. on that day (March 14th,) we heard the report of the first gun which opened the attack on Port Hudson. We had nothing to do but to lie still and listen, although all were anxious to move forward to take part in the attack. The firing was quite heavy at intervals and continued through the night. At about twelve the cannonading was tremendous, and shortly after a bright light was seen in that direction. As we could ascertain nothing the most painful apprehensions were entertained in regard to the fleet. The light we could see plainly was drifting down the river, and as it was accompanied by discharges of cannon, and explosions of shells we had but little doubt that at least one of our ships had met with disaster. At about three in the morning while gazing at the drifting light, I saw the whole sky suddenly lighted up and in

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a moment a most terrific report which shook the solid earth reached us and we knew then that some noble ship had ended her career.

At eight A. M. (15th) we were ordered in to line, and the announcement being made that "the object of the expedition had been accomplished." We all took the back track, our troops being disappointed at not having been called upon to perform an active part in the affair. We marched back nearly to Bayou Monteceni, and turning into the swamp by the roadside, pitched our shelter tents in the mud and water, camping by Divisions, facing the Pontoon bridge to the rear, and the batteries and cavalry being placed on the opposite side of the road.

We were too tired to care much about the locality in which we found ourselves, and were glad to lie down anywhere. In moving a hollow log near my tent the men discovered two beautiful spotted yellow snakes about four feet long, which they speedily made an end of. It soon began to rain and we were as uncomfortable a set as is often seen. There was no help for it, so we laid down in the mud, and let the lizards, (which abound in great numbers) wood-ticks, snakes and spiders, have it their own way, and crawl over us to their liking. Next morning the rain continued and as most of the men were wet through they were of course rather blue. The sun finally broke out and the men busied themselves with putting their guns in order, and the numberless little occupations of a soldier in camp. At night all hearts were gladdened by the arrival of the mail which had been smuggled up from Baton Rouge among some Quarter-master's stores. I say smuggled for no one is allowed to go to the city or come from it except by permission of Gen. Banks. Our P. M. hid himself in a wagon going for stores and thus secured us our mail. We were glad enough to get it for we had had no mail since leaving Carrollton over two weeks previously. * * * * *

The result of our expedition against Port Hudson as nearly as I can learn is this: All the fleet of fifteen vessels got by with the exception of three. Two of those were disabled and the other the *Mississippi*, one of the largest and finest vessels we had on the river with a very powerful armament was run aground under the batteries by the traitorous pilot, and as she could not be got off had to be destroyed. When the rebels came off to board her, the captain shot the pilot through the head and then set the vessel on fire. After burning some time she floated off and drifted down the river, her guns discharging themselves as the fire reached them, until the final explosion took place. She will prove a great loss to the gulf squadron as she was the fastest steamer on the river, and was very effective. All the others which ran past the batteries, so far as is known, received no material damage. The crew of the *Mississippi* were all saved, I learn. It would appear that it was not the intention to make a direct attack to reduce Port Hudson, and I think time will demonstrate the wisdom of that course. Now that the fleets are above that point, supplies are completely cut off, via Red river, and the place must fall without a battle. The object of sending land forces was to divert attention from the fleet, and in this they were successful. Nim's battery of Grover's Division went within one and a half miles of Port Hudson and threw some shells inside the works. The force we had was according to report much inferior to that of the rebels but "the expedition was successful" and all returned in safety.

Last Tuesday A. M. Col. Ingraham's brigade and ours, were sent out to the Clinton road to seize a quantity of cotton and sugar. After a rapid march of five miles, a portion of the way over the very worst road that could be found, wading up to our ankles in mud, we reached the Clinton road, and camped in a large open space. Our brigade was intended for a support. Col. Ingraham's brigade went on some three miles further, and we heard nothing more from them until near morning, the teams two hundred in number came back loaded with spoil, followed by the brigade marching in quick time, their rear being menaced by three thousand cavalry, as was reported. The men were completely tired out and were glad to get us in the rear, so that they might take it more leisurely. The cavalry did not come in sight of us or our pickets, and as everything had passed by us on his return, our regiment formed and acting as a Division rear guard moved quickly back to camp without

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molestation. It is reported that Gen. Dwight lost a few men, they having straggled, and been captured by the rebels. It is said that the cotton seized will amount in value to about \$250,000. * * * *

I have only forty two men with me and we have the hardest place on a march, being the last company, and have to work hard to keep up, as the left wing always struggles, and when the Right rests we have to be marching to get up with them and succeed in closing up just as they were ready to start again. * * * *

One of the men killed a rattlesnake in camp yesterday with eleven rattles.

C. C. D.

Extract of a Letter from C.C. Doten, Camp "Miserable Swamp"⁵⁴⁵ March 29, 1863

Baton Rouge, LA

We are under orders to leave here very soon and it is said we are to go down the river to Algiers, from there to Brashear City near Berwick's Bay. Grover's Division is now on its way to Berwick's Bay, and I suppose we are to support them. Then again it is said we are to go to Plaquemine and try the Bayou country once more.

Mar. 31st. We expect to move tomorrow, but we have as yet no intimation as to our destination. It seems to be the general opinion that we are to go to Donaldsville and operate in the Bayou country, in that vicinity towards Berwick's Bay or Red River. I know that we are to be taken somewhere on the river on boats. We shall have to march after landing at Donaldsville, and I suppose we shall not think of stopping anywhere short of Thibodeaux, and Brashear City. Expect we have got to do lots of marching.

Had Brigade review and inspection this afternoon. I had thirty-three men in my company, including light duty men at that. The regiment, although small, appeared very finely the men having just succeeded in brushing and cleaning up after the hard tramps they have had lately.

Our Brigade is now composed of the 31st, 53^d, and 38th Mass., 156th and 175th N. Y.

We lost another man from our company on Sunday: Wm. Bailey of Duxbury. The surgeons were obliged by the orders for our "preparations for a move," to send him to the General Hospital, where he could not be visited by the men. He will be missed much.

Algiers, April 2^d. We are here this morning on the St. Mary; we suppose bound to Brashear City. Weitzel has been driven back from there to Bayou Boeuf – expect we are to help him regain his ground. The rebels captured the *Diana* and *Calhoun* gunboats and four companies of infantry on board of them; we shall probably go on cars from here. We are exactly opposite New Orleans here, and railroad runs from here to Brashear City. Gen. Kirby Smith commands the rebels.

Later. – I told this morning that we had lost two gunboats at Berwick's Bay. I have since learned that only the *Diana* was captured, and two companies of infantry instead of four. It seems she was ordered on a reconnaissance by Gen. Weitzel with special instructions how to go, and what way to return. One of his staff was on board the boat. She went somewhat further than she was ordered, and attempted to return through another Bayou, against the earnest remonstrance of Weitzel's lieutenant. She was suddenly attacked by a large force of rebels, and Capt. Peterson and his first officer were killed at the first fire. Allen, Weitzel's staff officer, was wounded. The boat and soldiers fought manfully, but were finally obliged to surrender. The *Diana* was an old river steamer fitted up as a gunboat for want of a better, and was not of much value. She was commanded by E. S. Goodwin of Plymouth, until he was relieved for the purpose of visiting home, and under his skillful management did good service.

The day before we left Baton Rouge many of our cavalry pickets were taken by the rebels, having been surrounded. One of them was Sergt. Melcher of Co. A, 38th, reg., lately transferred to the 1st La. Cavalry. The Plymouth boys who were at Fortress Monroe, will remember him as a member of Co. C, of the Old Third.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

We are all much please with Algiers, as it seems to be quite a nice, pleasant place, and much preferable to Carrollton. We are camped on a large flat of green sward, and shall have a fine camp until the grass gets worn off, if we stay long enough to do that. We hear we are to remain until sent for from Brashear City.

C. C. D.

Letter from St James [Hospital], New Orleans, LA⁵⁴⁶ April 16, 1863

Mr. Editor:

The last issue of the '*Memorial*,' bearing date 28th ult., is at hand, and as business men say, "contents noted." More especially I noticed the article which informs us that after so many years of varying political changes, the two representatives of the "mighty press" in Old Plymouth, have wedded and are one. The causes of this union you have stated and they are clearly reasonable and sufficient. This is not a time for party strife or ambition; the only question upon which there can be any issue, is: shall we, who have inherited this legacy of a just, benign, and free government, unite every exertion, every effort for its defence and support, now that traitors and demagogues have attempted its destruction? From those who are worthy of their Sires, from "Men high minded, noble men," there comes but one answer. Burying the issues of the past, forgetting for the time that there have been divisions, asking neither how, when or where this conspiracy was commenced, they have rallied beneath the broad folds of the Old Flag and sworn by the memory of our Fathers "and their blood in our veins," that this Union they nurtured and defended, shall be maintained at any and every hazard. A great, prosperous country is to be rescued from the yawning gulf of disunion and despotism, or be forever a shame and reproach among all nations. "Freedom's battle to be lost or won;" and those who cannot join hands in this strife are the enemies of human progress and liberty, and will receive, as they deserve, the withering rebuke and scorn of all the good and true. From considerations such as these, I rejoice at your exhibition of pure patriotism and disinterested devotion to our country's cause. Truly it is fitting that from the Rock of Plymouth, the foundation of the cornerstone of republican liberty, there should come no "uncertain sound." This noble example, this testimony that we are not unworthy of our Puritan ancestry, shall go forth, an invective to nobler deeds of daring and sacrifice by the 'nation's defenders' in the field and a fitting rebuke to cowards and traitors at home. We hope the citizens of Plymouth and the County, will give to this effort the support it so eminently deserves.

But to my purpose: to give your readers some information in regard to the Regiment, which contains so many near and dear to them. Unable to proceed with the army on its last move and remaining behind to "fall in," when health returns, I cannot state its exact location or what the boys may be doing just now. So I propose to give a summary of events and dates from their departure from Boston to the day when they left this locality for new scenes and dangers. It shall be the "Diary of the 38th Mass. Regt." Aug. 26, '62, the regiment left Boston via Worcester and New London, reaching Jersey City next morning. 27th, took cars on Camden and Amboy route, arriving in Philadelphia same evening, where we were refreshed by a bountiful collation from the Philadelphia ladies. Again taking the cars we were landed in Baltimore at noon of the 28th, expecting to proceed immediately to Washington. After another "refreshing" reception we were ordered to proceed to Camp Belger. Bivouacked that night and the next day occupied the camp of the 37th N. Y., whose time of service, three months, had just expired. Sept. 9th, Maryland being invaded by the rebels, broke camp A. M., marched hither and thither 19 miles, halting at night in the "Old Liberty Road," six miles from Baltimore, at Powhattan. This was Camp Cram, which was vacated Oct. 12th, the regiment making a forced march to the city and taking the cars for Pa., to drive the rebels from that State. Proceeding a short distance we were recalled, and next day pitched our tents at Camp Emory on the Frederick road. On Sunday, Nov. 9th, broke camp and marched to the city, embarking the next day on transports which conveyed us down the bay to the Steamship

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Baltic. Sailed early on the morning of the 11th and anchored off Fortress Monroe at noon of the 12th. Here we remained, occasionally going ashore for air and exercise, until the afternoon of Dec. 4th, when the whole Division steamed away to join the "Bank's Expedition." Dec. 15th were rowed ashore at Ship Island to await the return of a smaller steamer to convey us to New Orleans. Waded in the sand at Camp Comstock until the 30th, when the '*Northern Light*' bore us away. Reached the famed "Crescent City" on New Year's Eve. The next day laid out Camp Kearney at Carrollton, six miles above. Feb. 11th, the whole Division left their camps and took transports to Plaquemine, 100 miles upriver on opposite bank. The Expedition having accomplished nothing, we returned to Camp Kearney on the 19th. March 6th, broke camp and left next morning by the "*St. Mary*" for Baton Rouge, arriving on the morning of the 8th. Here we resided in a large theatre building until the evening of the 13th, when in light order we marched out with the army on the road to Port Hudson. The extent of our travel on this Expedition was about 20 miles. Returned to Baton Rouge on the 20th, and encamped two miles below the city. On the 22^d changed location for one nearer, where we remained 'til the 1st of April, when we again went aboard the *St. Mary* and returned to this city, or rather to the little, dirty town of Algiers, just opposite. After a week's rest the Division took the cars for Brashear City on Berwick's Bay, about 80 miles distant. As I have stated, beyond this I can give you no exact account of our regiment. From a few sick ones who have been sent back and from reliable accounts, I have information that the fleet recaptured and destroyed the gunboat *Diana* and the ram *Queen of the West* on the 13th and 14th, and after some skirmishing drove the enemy from his breastworks and are in full pursuit. Many prisoners have been captured, besides a large quantity of ammunition and several guns. I await definite news with anxiety, not doubting on this the 38th, has received its "first baptism of blood." I feel sure it will do its duty well and the report however painful will be an honorable one.

You ask for information respecting the Plymouth County men. The 38th is in the 3d Brigade, 3d Division of the 19th Army Corps. Let me advise your readers that in writing to friends in the army that they be more careful to direct plainly; giving the Co. letter and No. of the Regiment, in unmistakable characters. Letters for the different hospitals should be thus directed with the No. of letter of the ward, if possible, avoiding mention of the Regiment or Co. To make the subject plainer I will give the proper directions:

Mr. John Brown,
Co. A, 38th Mass. Regt.,
New Orleans, La.

Mr. James Smith,
St. James' Hospital,
New Orleans, Ward C, La.

Substituting the proper names, these two directions are correct and will insure speedy delivery. I am more particular in this matter because I know what delays and trouble have resulted from more complicated and indistinct directions; and feel sure this advice will be of service to our soldiers, who are ever anxious for their letters, and to their friends at home as anxious for the returning missives.

St. James

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from M [Albert Mason], Opelousas, LA⁵⁴⁷ April 24, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Here we are after ten days of the hardest service we have yet seen resting in the late rebel capital of Louisiana. We have marched through the finest country man ever cultivated under circumstances calculated to inspirit the most fatigued. The rebellion in this State is dead; the garden of the southwest is occupied by the Union forces and open to a suffering people; the 19th Army Corps and its commander are covered with glory, and another Massachusetts regiment has received its baptism of fire, won an imperishable name for itself and added something to the brightness of the cumulative honors the Old Bay State must win from the present struggle for our country's existence. We are proud of and revere our General commanding; but pens more gifted will tell his deeds and voices stronger sound his praises. The noble soldier and General who commands our Division has proved again, as in the Peninsula campaign against the cavaliers, his signal ability and himself as true as steel; but I will use my limited time and space to tell the part taken in those glorious achievements by those in whom you and I have a local interest, and if I am warm in praise of our own regiment, remember that I can claim no share of its honors, for it is the inglorious duty of my department to be substantially out of danger in action, and no one accuses me of neglect in the particular. Proud I am of noble deeds of comrades in arms and of martyrdom in soldiers who were my fellows in service. God bless them all, whether still living to do and dare again for the old flag, or now sleeping in soldier's graves. On the banks of the Teche, upon the fields of Bisland the 38th received its solemn induction to the mysteries of real war and nobly had she justified the hopes and expectations of those who had watched with interest her preparatory course. Every officer and man honestly glories in her glory won by her conduct there, and there are none to blush for individual failures, for none were made. Col. Rodman had never been in action before, but handled the regiment as coolly under the hottest fire as in the daily drills or a peaceful camp. He remained mounted through most of the action that he might more efficiently command distant parts of the line, which was much extended. During this time he was a conspicuous mark of the enemy's fire, and they did their best to bring him down, but happily did not succeed. Maj. Richardson was not less cool and brave, and bore himself with the same calm dignity of manner which is his characteristic in camp, though shot and shell flew thickly around him. I cannot better give you the history of that day's experience so far as our own regiment was engaged, than by an extract from Col. Rodman's official report to Col. O. P. Gooding, commanding our Brigade. Though there were many incidents that reflected great credit upon individuals and the regiment that could not appear there.

[Extract from Col. Rodman's Report.]

On the twelfth inst., being on the left of the 3d Brigade, acting as Reserve, there was little of interest worthy of note in the action of the 38th. We merely followed the movements of the 2d Brigade, in advance of us on the march.

On the 13th at about 8 o'clock a. m., I received your order to cross the river and immediately obeyed. The passage of the regiment over the pontoon bridge brought down a sharp fire from the enemy's artillery and two shells burst within a few yards of the bridge, splashing water over two or three companies. Arriving on the other side of the Bayou I soon formed my command in three divisions and advanced beyond the catalpa trees, into the immense cane field which subsequently proved to be a veritable field of battle. While the 31st Mass deployed across the field and skirmished forward, my command laid upon the ground in the grass ready to support the 31st if necessary. At one o'clock p. m., I was ordered to deploy my regiment and relieve the 31st. This was done promptly and the line of skirmishers advanced a short distance beyond the line occupied by the 31st, under orders to merely watch and prevent any advance of the enemy. At 2 o'clock p. m., I received your order to prepare to advance my skirmishers with further instructions to pass on until within good musket shot of the works, the to halt and await orders. I had hardly time to gallop along the line communicating this order,

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when it was modified to the effect that we were to pass on and if we reached the enemy's works to go into them, and to move at once. At 2.20 p. m., I gave the command "Forward" and ordered the reserves to fix bayonets. I think I am justified in describing the advance as elegant. The skirmishers were at proper intervals and my reserves advanced steadily and in perfect order under a furious fire of artillery and musketry. A large number of the enemy's skirmishers, although at long range, immediately fled from the ditches and the cane and entered the earthworks. The fire which had been incessant all day was much increased at this moment and several of my men were put hors du combat. Color Corporal George H. Trow was instantly killed. Captain Gault of Co. A, who was in the left reserve, fell with his leg shot completely off, and soon after died on his way to the hospital, while several others were more or less severely wounded. The regiment continued to advance at first rapidly but afterwards slowly until my left was within about 450 yards of the earthworks. At this time, 4.15 p. m., my right had reached the woods where it was evident a very strong force was stationed not more than fifty yards distant, protected and concealed by felled logs and thick brushwood. Finding it impossible to advance in this direction I halted my line, which protected by ditches and stumps continued to fire as opportunity presented, and reported the condition of things at 4.45 p. m. I was desirous before dark to learn the progress made by the 156th N. Y., who were moving in the woods on the right flank, fearing if I passed into the woods my men might be between two fires. I also reported that my centre was nearly out of ammunition. At 5.15 p. m., I was directed to allow my skirmishers to be relieved by 53d Mass., who had been following 150 yards in my rear, and to sent to the rear for ammunition. I brought back seven companies to a ditch about one hundred paces in the rear of their advanced position, ordered them to retake proper intervals and send details for cartridges. Just before this the 156th N. Y. had come in the woods, and my men on the right were extremely reluctant to retire. Finding that my left acting under directions received from one of your staff was moving a little farther to the rear, I ordered my whole line to a point about one hundred yards in advance of the road leading across the plantation from the sugar-house where my ammunition wagon was stationed, expecting to move forward again immediately to the support of Col. Kimball. The enemy's fire which was strong at the time of the advance of the 53d, soon slackened in front and shortly after almost entirely ceased. My list of casualties will show you that the losses in the 38th were considerable and will bear testimony to the severity of the fire of the enemy. My left was most exposed to the rebel artillery and suffered most severely.

Capt. Doten, though he has been for some time in feeble health, was with us, and was among the most conspicuous for bravery and efficiency, and received the especial commendation of Col. Rodman. He commanded the reserve of two companies on the left, when Capt. Gault was shot down by his side. Three times he led them forward under the hottest fire of artillery, and a fourth time gave the order when but four men could face it to follow him. His company had one fourth the men present wounded but none killed.

COMPANY D

Company D was with the right, and during a portion of the time more exposed than any company in the regiment, though their loss was not so heavy as that of the left. The men say both their officers were perfectly without fear and behaved splendidly. Lieut. Russell was in command and stood up amid a perfect shower of bullets and cried "for God's sake boys make your fire effective," and you may rest assured they obeyed his injunction. I mention these, not that others were less daring, but you and your readers know Private Patrick Smith of D Co., coming suddenly upon three rebels in the woods upon the right shot one of them and compelled the other two to give up their arms, and brought them both in as prisoners.

All did well, and all were praised. Many compliments were given en masse, and many for individuals. Gen. Emory said to Col. Rodman, "The 38th had done just what I expected of it, and that was much. You did nobly." The surgeon in charge of the hospitals said the wounded from the 38th come from the field best

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dressed of any brought in, and we believe the compliment was deserved, for we are highly favored in the character of our surgeons, and Dr. Thomson, who was left on the field while Dr. Ward was assigned to one of the hospitals, did not hesitate to go where shell most thickly around him to soon reach the wounded soldiers [illegible]...

THE NOBLE DEAD

From Plymouth County, and from my own company (or it still seems my own) we mourn the loss of one noble soldier. I knew him personally and esteem him mightily. Corp. Geo. H. Trow was a favorite to the company and well known in the regiment; ever faithful in the routine duties of camp, he was not less so in the perilous ones of the field, and died at his post on the color guard. May Heaven sustain those now doubly bereaved in that the heroic son and brother and fellow soldier, Capt. Gault, we drop a tear. We loved him for the amiability of his character, and respected him for his attainments as an officer. The first officer of the 38th to die in service, we could not wish the manner of his departure to have been different. Not by the insidious hand of disease was he removed, but a soldier's death with his armour on was permitted. Sacredly will we cherish his memory, and honorably will his name be associated with the history of our regiment and of our cause.

I cannot learn that any of the wounded from Plymouth County were fatally injured. No officer was injured except Capt. Gault, though Lieut. Holmes and Adj. Dike were struck by spent pieces of shell.

We will uphold the honor of the 38th until our work shall be finished and your correspondent with hundreds now engaged in the same great work be permitted to return to Pilgrim haunts, throw off the garb of war, and re-enter the chosen pursuits of peace.

M.

Letter from St James [Hospital], New Orleans, LA⁵⁴⁸ April 25, 1863

Mr. Editor:

I had hoped ere this to be able to send you a correct account of the fight on the 13th, in which the 38th were under fire and fired for the first time. Avoiding mention of a thousand rumors, I have only learned that Corp. Geo. H. Trow, of Co. D was killed, and private Benj. Tower slightly wounded. Trow's post was one of honor and danger, as a Color Corporal. A personal acquaintance had attached him to me as a dear friend, and I gladly bear testimony to his manliness and integrity. Quiet and unassuming, obedient and respectful, he had gained the respect of the commanding officers and was rewarded by the position I have named. By his company he was especially beloved. Every man was his friend, and I am sure their hearts are beating in sympathy with the lonely mother at home, so recently a widow, now that her only support has been taken away.

The regiment has been in most of the fighting since the 13th, as our victorious army has pursued the flying and disheartened rebels. This expedition has thus far proved most successful. Every advantage seems to have been made available. Sudden movements and forced marches are the features of Gen. Banks' generalship. The last heard from the army they were pushing for Alexandria, about 100 miles above Berwick City. Yesterday we received reports through rebel sources that Farragut had taken the place, having come down the Red river with his fleet. At last accounts we have about 2000 prisoners, a vast amount of cotton, sugar and molasses, and over 1000 horses and mules. I have talked with some of the rebel sick and wounded. Very few of them are hopeful of the Confederacy, while most of them seem to think their cause is lost and that they must soon give up.

I send you a list of Plymouth County men from our Reg., who are in the different Hospitals in this department:

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Company C			
Ed E Nash	Marine	W H Fullerton	Univ's'y
E G Morris	Marine	Nath'n Holbrook	Univ's'y
CC Ellis	Marine	N Townsend	Univ's'y
Jason Ellis	Marine	C W Allen	Univ's'y
J Finnegan	Marine	Jas H Willey	Univ's'y
A H Gurney	Marine	W W Knowles	Univ's'y
E F Cole	Marine	S G Capen	Univ's'y
E L Dyer	Marine	Corp Bickford	Algiers
J E Prouty	Marine	N A Bacon	Charity
C G Tuttle	Marine	Jos P Noyes	Charity
J W Randall	Marine		
Company D			
G D Bates	University	A Greenwood	Charity
J B Loring	University	E Freeman	Algiers
Otis Foster	University	W A Perkins	Algiers
J W Fish	University	B Burgess	St. James
Israel Thrasher	University	Bernard T Quinn	St. James
C W Dunham	Charity	Thos Gallagher	St. James
S Tinkham	Charity	Francis C Hill	Baton Rouge
D P Arnold	Charity	Frank Bates	Baton Rouge
Company G			
A D Ruggles	Marine	W S Litchfield	Charity
H Sears	University	Wm Pearson	Charity
Frank B Dorr	University	C M Jenkins	Charity
John Barry	Charity	Eden Sampson	Algiers
Seth Glass	Charity	Wm Savory	Algiers

None of these have been in battle, most of them having been sent down from Brashear City before fighting commenced. None are dangerously sick that I am aware of, while many are only waiting transportation to the Regiment.

Yours, &c., St. James

Extract of Letter from AL Holmes, Opelousas, LA⁵⁴⁹ April 29, 1863

Dear Father:

I will now try to let you know what we have been doing for the last three of four weeks. We left Algiers April 9th, took the cars for Berwick's Bay, a distance of eighty miles. The road lay through swamps and over prairies. There were sluggish streams of water extending along both sides of the road and we saw a great many alligators, (some very large) lying in the grass on the banks of the streams. They took no notice of us as we passed and appeared like old logs of wood that had been washed upon the banks by the waves. We saw a great variety of snakes, some very ugly looking ones.

We arrived at Berwick's Bay, crossed it, and camped the two following days near the Bay and then left for Pattersonville. We arrived there the same night and the next morning we commenced skirmishing with the enemy, (Gen. Sibley's command.) About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we commenced artillery firing and continued it until dark. Then there came a call for volunteers for sharpshooter, and I volunteered my services,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

with four others from our company. We were marched down to the Bayou to support a battery that had been placed there to command it, in order to build a bridge across.

Our orders were to prevent the *Diana* from coming down to drive the men from their works; but she did not attempt it, and the bridge was built during the night, and although we were within twenty rods of the workmen, we did not hear the sounds of an axe or hammer, or a human voice during the night; but when daylight came the bridge was completed. We were then marched back to our regiment, and our Brigade was ordered to cross the bridge; and when the rebels found we were crossing the Bayou, they commenced shelling the bridge and we crossed under a heavy fire of shot and shell.

We being on the right of the regiment, crossed first, then halted for the other part to cross. Their shot did not strike the bridge, and did no other harm than to destroy about a dozen negro shanties on the banks of the Bayou, filling the air with splinters, smoke and dust. We were then deployed as skirmishers in a cane-field, on the farther side of which near a wood lot, the enemy had two lines of entrenchments, their skirmishers thrown out in front among the cane-brakes. This being our right and their left, and our left engaging their right on the other side of the Bayou. We could not see a reb, for they kept themselves concealed in ditches and behind stumps, and we did the same as well as we could. We at length succeeded in driving them from the cane-breaks into their entrenchments.

After we drove them into their entrenchments, they did not return our fire much, until we got into the corner of a fence upon the right of their lines. We being on the extreme right (the rest of the regiment being in the reserve) the rebels opened a galling crossfire from the fence on our right and the entrenchments in front. Four of our men were wounded almost the first fire, and I do not see any reason why they did not kill us all, for I feel certain if we had been in their place and they in ours, we could have shot down every man of them, for we were not more than three rods from the fence, they having felled trees behind it, were completely protected from our bullets. We concealed ourselves as well as we could behind stumps, and when we saw their guns protruding through the fence, we would give them a shot, and so we sustained our position until we were reinforced by the 53d Mass.

Having spent all our cartridges, we fell back a few rods into a ditch, and sent for a supply of ammunition. The 156th N. Y. were then ordered up, and both regiments charged on the breastworks and the rebels skedaddled. Our left had been pressing them hard all day, driving them from one entrenchment to another taking some guns and some prisoners, until darkness put an end to the strife for the night, and we were permitted to sleep in the cane-brakes, and the 53d occupied their entrenchments.

The next morning the enemy had fled, and we were ordered to fall in and pursue them. We had forced marches for seven days, except one day's rest the seventh day we arrived at Opelousas and went into camp nearly worn out.

We have been here ever since. Sibley's army being entirely broken up. Some have gone one way and some another, and where we shall go next I do not know, but I do know we cannot move here much longer, for it is so hot in the middle of the day we can scarcely stir.

This is the most splendid farming country I ever saw. The corn is two feet high now, and everything in proportion. Grain is very plenty here. In a pond on the prairie, not more than twenty rods in diameter, I saw at least five hundred ducks, and they were so tame you might go as near the pond as you pleased and they would not fly until you fired a gun. I was detailed to go out on the prairie to butcher cattle for the regiment; we killed thirteen. A Texan went with us who caught them with a lasso in an incredible short space of time. * * * *

Yours &c. A. L. Holmes

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Plymouth County Casualties in Actions at Bayou Teche, LA⁵⁵⁰ May 5, 1863

By later papers we are able to give the list of casualties in the 38th from our county, received in the late actions in the Bayou Teche country under Gen. Banks.

Killed.

Corp. Geo. H. Trow, Co. D, East Bridgewater, head shot off.

Wounded.

Lieut. Fred. Holmes, Co. G, Plymouth, leg, slight; Corp. Austin Washburn, Co. G, Plympton, back and hand, slight; Corp. Newton, Co. C, Abington, head, slight; Gibbons Sharp, Co. C, Abington, foot, slight; Chas. F. Bates, Co. C, Abington, foot, slight; Eugene Sanger, Co. D, E. Bridgewater, stomach, badly; Samuel Gerrish, Co. D, Pembroke, arm, slight; Daniel F. Simmons, Co. G, Duxbury, leg, severely; Abram P. Simmons, G, Duxbury, leg, slight; Wilbur Simmons, G, Duxbury, leg amputated above knee; John H. Crocker, G, Duxbury, leg amp.; Joseph McLaughlin, G, Plymouth, hand, slight; Timothy Downey, G, Plymouth, hand, slight; Otis Sears, G, Plymouth, head, not dangerous; Abiel Gibbs, G, Plympton, scalp, slight; Jas. A. Lyon, D, Halifax, slight; Lorenzo Tower, D, Halifax, arm, slight.

Letter from MDM [Mitchell], Battle of Bisland⁵⁵¹ May 29, 1863

A Visit to the Hospitals At Brashear City and Berwick after the Battle of Bisland

“Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.”
Evangeline.

The “Battle of Bisland” and all connected with it will naturally interest Plymouth county people, as fathers, sons, husbands, brothers, and lovers have fallen in it; undying heroes have been made upon its bloody field; and it will ever remain emblazoned upon the hearts of the descendants of the Pilgrims in letters of joy and grief, glory and sadness. The description of that fearful and glorious Monday, the 13th of April, will be given you by those present on the field – my duty kept me away but I have seen what may be deemed the worst of the fight – the wounded, dying and dead, after it. I have visited the Hospitals, where all is quiet; the boom of the cannon has ceased; the smoke of the battle has died away; the excitement is over, and collected together are none but the disabled – they who suffered to win fame; they who are dying for glory, and whose life blood is oozing drop by drop for their country and freedom. Brashear and Berwick situated on either side of Berwick’s Bay, have been turned into vast hospitals, and for want of buildings, tents are erected. I knew that among these victims I should find old friends and companions – mess-mates, tent mates.

I did find them. It was evening when I arrived. I found that myself and companion (Mr. R.) must cross the Bay to find the principal hospital. We found the skiff and were soon rowed across the placid stream by moonlight.

The first man I met was a Sergeant with his arm in a sling, he was of my company, (I, 38th, M.V.) a few hurried questions were asked and answered, and he led me into the room where I should see two others whom I had commanded, prostrated by wounds. The light of the moon gave a sad and somber light to everything, and when I was announced I heard the creaking of the couches as the occupants turned to greet me, striving even to rise from their pillows. Their grasp was warm, but trembling, and with a sigh one said, “Ah!

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Lieutenant, here I am on my back." A stout hearty, rugged Irishman, now weak as a child, said, "Faith, they didn't play fair, Lieutenant, for they fired a big balls, while I had small ones." I was surprised at the cheerfulness of all – none seemed dejected -- but the thought of what a fierce fight and splendid victory they had won, subdued the thought of pain and sorrow. To a stranger to such sights the first thought is a shudder and unwillingness to behold; but one soon becomes accustomed to the most revolting scenes, and camp life hardens a man to anything from which formerly his sensitivities would recoil. We delayed further visits until the next morning. After passing a sad and gloomy night, occasioned by what I had seen and heard, and by thoughts of what I was to see and hear, we rose early, and daylight, as it always does, bended to dissipate the somberness of our thoughts, and we continued our search as a matter of business and duty, with an almost stoical indifference to the suffering about us. The night before, we had seen as we passed through one of the buildings, a soldier lying upon a mattress stretched upon the middle of the floor, dressed in blouse and pants, appearing as if he had just come in from "the field" and thrown himself down there exhausted. He was dying, and the death rattle gurgled from his throat. We learned his trouble to be fever and that he died a few hours after.

On this morning we started for another hospital, for you must understand that we were in search of members of the 38th Regt., and particularly those belonging to companies D and I, and that there was no method in the arrangement of the men. They were thrown in and heaped up, as it were, promiscuously, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, New York, Vermont, Connecticut, Indiana, Minnesota men. We heard of a plantation on an island which was used as a hospital and started for it. As we were rowed across we were struck with the beauty of the scene, the glassy stream, the beautiful groves, the stillness of the air, the clearness of the sky, all made it appear legendary – a place for fairies – one could scarcely imagine that everywhere within that circuit Death was holding high carnival. We met at the landing the surgeon, Dr. Power, who was very obliging to us, and showed us in and introduced us to the Asst. Surgeon, (I'm sorry I forgot his name) who, when told for whom we were searching (a corporal S. of Co. D,) said "No, he is not here, for I'm a Massachusetts man myself, and take interest in all who come from there." He showed us his books and I found a list of 30 or 40 of the 38th, mostly sick, - all were glad to see us, and two, whom we found in tents in the yard, and who were convalescent, (Ex-ordnance Sergeant Nye of Co. H, and Private Wm. Rice of Co. F,) related to us, as we sat beneath the shady oaks and looked across the Atchafalaya, the story of the battle and its numerous incidents. But one story was heard from all – but one conclusion could be drawn, that the 38th won great glory, fighting from 11 A. M. until 5 P. M., under the hot fire of artillery and sharpshooters from rifle pits. We heard no boasting, no self-gratification. Each credited the others with honor and courage, not a man flinched – the line remained unbroken, through that long six hours, and all continued to advance, in the face of death, until their ammunition was exhausted, and then returned with as firm a front as they had advanced.

Yours truly, M. D. M.

Letter from B.A. Hathaway, New Orleans, LA⁵⁵² May 31, 1863

Dear Friend:

Our regiment was in fight at Port Hudson on Wednesday the 27th. The place is surrounded and must fall soon. Col. Rodman was killed at the head of the Reg. We get no reports from them as their loss, but know it was heavy. Fighting commenced again Saturday evening. Will give you particulars as soon as possible.

Yours in haste, B. A. Hathaway

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Letter from M [Albert Mason], Port Hudson, LA⁵⁵³ May 31, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

It is the Sabbath, day of rest and worship. Nature smiles upon us in purest beauty as if to prompt and bless its fitting observance. The grateful shade of trees, eloquent symbols of temporal truths, presents a temple more attractive to reverent thought than many thronged by man today; and, as the watch indicates the hour when New England congregations are wont to join in external worship, in forms as varied faith may prompt, there comes to her wandering sons a sympathetic impulse to join in kindred service. But, alas, amid what scenes and horrors of man's devising should we bow! The raging battle knows no sacred intervals, but in fiery passion rolls on unmindful of holy hours. This is indeed a great battle, undoubtedly the battle of this department. This is the fifth day of the combined attack, though there had been considerable fighting for some time before, and it is the seventh in succession that regiment has been more or less engaged.

To give you even an approximation to a correct history of our progress thus far, would require that I had given my whole time to the collection of information and had access to the headquarters of all the division and brigade commanders, neither of which conditions exist; and though present, I must learn most of what transpired around me from the newspaper reports hereafter. I can only say that I think our progress in the siege has been less rapid than was anticipated, but steady and sure; that the enemy has been driven in at point; many of their guns have been disabled; and every time they have attempted to break through our lines they have been driven back with fearful loss. They are completely surrounded. Our line extends from the river above to the river below, and the gunboats connect the extremities. Unless we are attacked in the rear by a large force, there would seem no chance for them to escape, and the question is to be one only of days and cost.

The force in the fortification is variously reported by prisoners to be from four thousand five hundred to six thousand. Our division is temporarily commanded by Gen. Paine, (Gen. Emory being in New Orleans.) We marched from Alexandria to Simmesport, where we crossed the Atchafalaya, and then marched to Williamsport on the Mississippi, some twenty miles above Bayou Sara, crossing there. From Bayou Sara a march of some twelve miles brought us in front of the enemy and above the fort. The troops arrived Friday night, and by driving all night the train came up just before daylight Monday morning. Our regiment went forward Monday about a mile, to where a bridge was being thrown across a small bayou, with instructions to protect a section of Mack's battery that was posted there to command the bridge. The enemy were not in great force, but annoyed us some by sharpshooters and by shelling the bridge builders. Our battery shelled the woods with good effect, and Col. Rodman kept a portion of the regiment out as skirmishers. Our loss that day was two killed and two wounded. Tuesday the regiment remained in the same position, but with no loss. Early in the day we were joined by a regiment of native guards (colored) under Col. Nelson, and were favorably impressed by their conduct. They crossed the bridge under shelling, in a manner that would have been a credit to any regiment in the service, and deployed as skirmishers beautifully. At night, not long after dark, another regiments of colored troops was placed in our rear, which did not use us so well, but fired into us twice during the night, but fortunately injuring none of us, though it was slightly inconvenient to turn out twice on false alarms. They seemed not to know where they were, and on any little noise they fired without waiting for orders or regarding consequences. Wednesday morning by four o'clock the regiment was in motion to rejoin the brigade in season for the grand attack, which was to have commenced at five o'clock, but proved somewhat later.

THE POSITION

In front of the rebel works on this side is a cleared piece of land, or rather a piece not wooded, but full of stumps, bogs, bushes, &c., extending this way perhaps a fourth of a mile, and furnishing a splendid cover for our skirmishers. This open space is succeeded in this direction by a line of woods about a mile deep. This

RETURN OF THE DEAD

woods (where I am now writing) consists of a thick grove of large trees sufficiently open to admit of troops passing through without serious difficulty. Wednesday morning found our troops occupying the outer edge of the woods and the enemy the inner. Our division when all was ready went through this wood, sweeping the enemy into the open space beyond, and our artillery getting into position at once on the edge of the woods, completed the work of driving them within their entrenchments and settled immediately to the earnest work of the day. When passing through these woods they shelled us lively, but the line was steady and no one faltered. As soon as the batteries were in position our regiment was ordered to move by the flank to the rear of Duryea's (regular) battery and support it. The movement was made without hesitation or confusion, though shot and shell flew in every direction about them, and they had then no cover. As soon as in position the order to lie down was given, and quickly obeyed. Here they lay for a considerable time, shot and shell passing freely over them, but wounding I think but on man. Col. Rodman was during this time passing fearlessly down the line to see with his own eyes that every company was in its position and that all was right. He seemed unconscious of danger though he had many narrow escapes. The batteries were effective and soon it seemed that the time had come to charge on the works. The order was given and the regiment was up and in line when it was announced that the rebels had got another battery in position there and they laid down, but only for a moment, for they were soon called again and with the 12th Maine in front the 38th following at double-quick the advance was made under a severe volleys of musketry to about half the distance to the rebel works, when the fire became so severe that the order was given to lie down, and in that position the regiment remained all day under a burning sun and for hours exposed to a constant fire of musketry, and there was no time during the when a man could raise his head without calling to his immediate neighborhood the uncomfortable whistlers which admonished him not to repeat the experiment unnecessarily.

DEATH OF COL. RODMAN

It was while in this perilous position that we lost our commander, who was instantly killed while standing up to receive some orders from Gen. Paine. He was killed by a rifle ball, which struck below the left breast and passed entirely through the body. Lieut. Col. Rodman was as brave an officer as ever went upon a battle field; earnest in his work and zealous for the high attainment of his regiment; he was exacting of his officers and men, but never asked of either greater efforts than he was ever ready to make himself. He was much respected in the brigade and division, and contributed much to the high character the 38th has ever maintained in both. To an officer, non-commissioned officer or private, who strove to do his whole duty and feared not to do more, Col. Rodman was a fast friend, he studied carefully the individual characters in his command, and in more than one instance the claims of seniority were made to stand aside in his recommendations for promotion, before the claims of industrious merit. Those of us who knew him most intimately, loved him best. Socially, our intercourse was of the pleasantest character, and officially, we can only wish that it might long have continued. We shall cherish the memory of Col. Rodman as a brave soldier and accomplished gentleman, a loved commander and friend. We lost during that afternoon three killed and nine wounded; nothing but close clinging to mother earth saved hundreds, and it seems wonderful to those who saw our exposure that so few were killed. The regiment remained to the front, advancing clear to the rebel works as skirmishers, till Friday night, when they were relieved for twenty-four hours and went forward again last night to be relieved tonight. Since the fatal afternoon we have not suffered much, only two or three wounded and those slightly. The only officer injured, besides the Colonel was Capt. Ramsdell, who received a bruise in the leg that will relieve him from duty for a day or two, but not a serious wound. It seems almost miraculous how they escaped, for all were at their posts and none sought safety in dishonor or marred the laurels each had won at Bisland.

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

There has been thus far, less opportunity for brilliant distinction than at Bisland, but there have been one or two instances of proof of metal that are worthy of mention. Capt. Rodman who has been suffering from severe prostration and to whom a sick bed would be more fit than the command of his company has refused to absent himself from his post for an hour since the first gun was fired, lest by example he should seem to encourage shirking; and Adjutant Dike who had just recovered from a fever and was weak from its effects, suffered severely from the heat during the time the regiment was lying so exposed Wednesday afternoon, becoming insensible at one time; but when recovered by those around bathing his head, he insisted on remaining on duty, and though scarcely able to stand for most of the time since, he has attended to all the duties assigned him and refused to regard the surgeons earnest injunction when the regiment went forward last night, but went with them, determined to leave no semblance even of ground to suspect him of flinching. All honor to men of such pluck. The men are not less zealous than the officers. I have seen but three during five days fight from our regiment that I had any suspicions were in the rear when they should have been to the front. The losses in many other regiments have been much greater than ours. The 8th New Hampshire went in with about three hundred, and have already lost one hundred and one killed and wounded; one half of the officers are either killed or wounded, including Colonel and Lieut. Colonel, both killed. Breast works have been erected of cotton bales, and are being still further extended; they are a great protection to our gunners. In erecting these and in performing such other fatigue work, hundreds of contrabands are of great service. The colored troops are being used in considerable numbers, and are said to be behaving splendidly; but they are not just with us, being more to the right, or nearer the river, and we cannot see their operations. The experiment is being tried and if certain traits of character that are somewhat feared can be disciplined and controlled, and I have no doubt they will be, the method of supplying the place now filled by regiments whose term of service will soon expire, is clear in this department.

Our regiment was left in command of Capt. Wyman by the death of Colonel Rodman, Major Richardson being sick in New Orleans; but yesterday the Major arrived, and though he looks feeble to be on duty, I can assure you, all were glad to see him. We have every confidence in the coolness and ability of the Major. We hope and expect to have Capt. Allen come back to us now. He is our senior captain and is on Gen. Emory's staff as Inspector General. Gen. Emory said of him, "he is one of the finest officers in the service; he thoroughly knows his duty, and thoroughly does it." We have no doubt of it, and think he will make as good a Major as he does Inspector.

Our regiment was not relieved last night as expected, but is still to the extreme front. It had no one wounded up to a late hour last night. It is said there is to be a general assault from all sides to storm the works today, but I see no evidence that this is more than a rumor. The casualties thus far in companies D, and G, are as follows: Sergt. Stetson of D, slight wound in the foot; private George H Fish of D, wound in the foot, not serious; private Lewis M. Bailey of G, in shoulder, severe, and Benjamin Stetson in hand, slight. A mail leaves this morning and I must close this with the hope that it will be speedily followed by the joyful tidings of the fall of the stronghold of iniquity and rebellion. It will be a great stride toward peace to which every soldier looks as the good time coming.

M.

Sanger, Simmons, Simmons, and Crocker Died of Wounds at the Battle of Bisland⁵⁵⁴ June 5, 1863By a private letter from the 38th Mass., we learn that Eugene Sanger [E. Bridgewater], of Co. D, [from Duxbury] D. F. Simmons, Wilbur Simmons, and John H. Crocker, of Co. G, wounded at the battle of Bisland, have since died of their wounds.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Death of Lieut. [Frederick] Holmes - Letter from A. Mason⁵⁵⁵ June 16, 1863

Again the public ear is startled with the report of another terrific assault, of heroic daring and superhuman efforts to enter the deadly breach, the fearless onset through fire and smoke and belching storm of leaden rain and iron hail; the competition of flesh and blood and human sinew with the murderous enginery of war, followed by the disheartening repulse, and the long wail of anguish as the fatal record reaches the home circles of loved ones, lying in Death's cold embrace upon the battlefield. Such are our reflections as we record the sacrifice of another noble son of Plymouth on the altar of his country. Lieut. Fred. Holmes fell at the post of duty in the last fierce assault, pierced through the head with a ball, when near the enemy's works. But we cannot convey to the public the sad news in any better way than to publish the touching and mournful letter of his brother-in-arms, Lieut. Mason, to the bereaved and stricken wife [Emeline F. Holmes] of the brave soldier. To this story we can add that of his former Captain, that Lieut. Holmes never lost sight of the single idea of faithfully discharging his duty, however self denying or perilous:

Before Port Hudson, La.

June 16, 1863

Dear Madam:

Though a stranger to yourself, in the absence of those for whom it would be more proper, it becomes my duty to inform you of the sad event that casts another cloud of sorrow over our present mourning regiment, and must carry yet deeper anguish to the hearts of those bound to our departed brother by ties more sacred.

Lieut. Holmes was instantly killed on the morning of the 14th inst., while bravely leading his company in an assault on the enemy's works. The attack was made early in the morning, and desperately maintained till the darkness of the following night rendered it practicable to withdraw the troops. Lieut. Holmes fell on the first advance, and so near the breastworks that it has not yet been possible to recover his body. The shot struck him in the head, but the exact nature of the wound is not known. His sufferings if any were very brief indeed. It was a most trying time, and greater feats of bravery are seldom asked in war; but Lieut. Holmes was unflinching, and when he fell, was in advance of his company, waving his sword and cheering them on. Our regiment in less than four hundred strong, but lost ninety-two killed and wounded.

Some of the men succeeded in getting the Lieutenant's watch, knife and purse, which with his valise are now in my hands, and will be sent home from the first place we reach where it is possible to do so. His side arms could not be secured. When I send his things I will send statement of all business matters, &c., of which I can obtain information.

In sadness and sorrow we tender our hearty sympathies for the sorely afflicted friends. The last thought of the departed and his last words as he went into battle were of those he loved at home. Faithful alike to his family and country to the last, he fell a noble martyr to a noble cause. May Providence help those who suffer and mourn his loss to bear their share of the sacrifice as cheerfully as the noble soldier now no more, laid his life upon the altar.

With respect and sympathy, I am, A. Mason, Lieut. 38th Mass.
To Mrs. Frederic Holmes

Death of Lieut Mitchell⁵⁵⁶ June 26, 1863

We have just received the sad intelligence of the death of Lt. Morton Davis Mitchell, of East Bridgewater, on board the steamer *City of Bath*, June 17th, during her passage from New Orleans to Boston.

Lieut. Mitchell was son of Sylvanus Mitchell, grandson of Judge Mitchell, and nephew of Hon. Jas. H. Mitchell, also grandson of Judge Whitman of East Bridgewater, in whose family he resided. He graduated at

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Harvard with high honors, and was preparing for practice of law in Brooklyn when the rebellion broke out. He volunteered as private in Co. D, 38th Reg., promoted to Orderly Sergeant, received a Lieutenant's commission, and afterwards ordered by Gen. Banks to the Typographical Corps of Engineers, for which department he had a special training. Lieut. M. was a young man of rare talents, and possessed to a high degree all those manly qualities and noble aspirations which with a refined culture gave promise of a honorable name and position in life. His death will rend many a sacred tie, and carry sorrow to a large circle of loving friends.

An extract from the last of his valuable correspondence, but fairly represents the man and the sympathies of the soldier:

A Visit to the Hospitals

At Brashear City and Berwick After the
Battle of Bisland

The "Battle of Bisland" and all connected with it will naturally interest Plymouth County people, as fathers, sons, husbands, brother and lovers have fallen in it, undying heroes have been made upon its bloody field; and it will ever remain emblazoned upon the hearts of the descendants of the Pilgrims in letters of joy and grief, glory and sadness. The description of that fearful and glorious Monday, the 13th of April, will be given you by those present on the field -- my duty kept me away; but I have seen what may be called the worst of the fight -- the wounded, dying and dead, after it. I have visited the Hospitals, where all is quiet; the boom of the cannon has ceased; the smoke of the battle has died away; the excitement is over, and collected together are none but the disabled -- they who suffered to win fame; they who are dying for glory, and whose life blood is oozing drop by drop for their country and freedom. * * *

As we were rowed across, we were struck with the beauty of the scene, the glassy stream, beautiful groves, the stillness of the air, the clearness of the sky, all made it appear legendary -- a place for fairies -- one could scarcely imagine that everywhere within that circuit Death was holding high carnival.

Killed and Wounded of Companies D and G⁵⁵⁷ July 3, 1863

There are some regiments that have made for themselves a brilliant record in the annals of the war which will ever brighten and claim the grateful memory of future generations. It needs not that the battlefields be inscribed on their banners, for the glory of their deeds and the story of their valor will ever be indelibly stamped on history's glowing page, and be recounted in the traditions of this dark period of the Republic. Of such are the N. Y. 69th, at Bull Run, Ills. 11th, at Donnelson, Mich. 6th, R. I. 5th, Mass. 18th and 38th, in both of which Plymouth is largely represented by officers and companies. Battle and disease have reduced their numbers from one thousand to less than three hundred men. There may be other regiments that are possessed of more brute force, physique, and insensibility to fear, consequent upon a dare-devil training, but there are none that will surpass the 38th in that moral power, refinement of spirit and manly pride that culminates in a chivalrous devotion to duty, and fears nothing so much as disgracing itself and its dearly bought honor. Look at its last heroic record. Staff and line officers crawling from the invalid's bed to the post of danger; clerks, commissaries, and quartermasters, despising the legitimate apology of their special position, and hastening to the front, to share the fearful risk, as well as the hard-earned glory. One third killed, wounded and missing, with scarcely a staff or line officer left on duty. When the war-worn regiment is mustered on Boston Common, with BISLAND and PORT HUDSON inscribed on their banners, the heraldic insignia will have a recognizable significance, something more than the mere fact that this regiment was there. The following is a list of the killed and wounded in Cos. D and G, of Plymouth, so far as heard from:

RETURN OF THE DEAD

<u>Killed</u>	<u>Co.</u>		<u>Co.</u>
Wm. A. Lewis, Cohasset, Wounded	D	Lt. Fred. Holmes, Plymouth,	G.
Lt. G. B. Russell, Plymouth, leg broken	D	Ichabod Bosworth, Hanson, arm	D
J. H. Thrasher, Plymouth, shoulder	D	Sam'l C. White, E. Bridgewater, breath	D
Thos. G. Savory, Plymouth, breast	D	Sergt. S Crandon, Plymouth, head	G
Thos. Williston, Cohasset, wrist	D	Sergt. Chas. Young, Scituate, arm	G
Elbridge Windsor, Bridgewater, ankle	D	C. C. White, Plymouth, side	G
J. W. Fish, Cohasset, slight	D	Abiel Gibbs, Plympton, arm	G
Bradford Sampson, Duxbury, slight	D	Robert W. Lashores, Plympton, leg	G
Albert Greenwood, Plymouth, slight	D	Seth Glass, Duxbury, breast	G
Henry C. Chandler, Swansea, cheek	D		G

Death of Israel Thrasher - Letter from GD Bates⁵⁵⁸ July 24, 1863

A letter from our correspondent G. D. Bates Esq., conveys the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Israel Thrasher, of Chiltonville, at the University Hospital in New Orleans, from wounds received at the assault on Port Hudson on the 14th of June. A Minie ball passed through the shoulder of Thomas G. Savory and struck him on the breast, without breaking the bone. It was not considered dangerous, but a subsequent cold so increased the inflammation as to produce a fatal result. The following tribute is paid by Mr. Bates in closing a letter to his wife:

"I am well aware that a cold and formal account of events, that have transpired in the life of a devoted husband, and the announcement of his death, carry pain and anguish to the bosom of a heart-stricken wife. It will be a satisfaction to you to know, however, that your husband was a devoted Christian, and led a most exemplary life, while surrounded with the numerous temptations of the army. I believe he endeavored faithfully to perform his duty to God and his country. He has given his life for the latter, and with the former is now, doubtless far better off than if he had remained here. Sympathizing with you in your bereavement, I trust you may find the consolations of the Gospel sufficient for you in this trying affliction.

I am yours, &c., G. D. Bates

Albert Mason Promoted to Captain⁵⁵⁹ July 31, 1863

Major S. P. Richardson of Cambridge, is promoted to Lt. Col. Capt. C. E. Allen of Abington to be Major. Lt. Albert Mason of Plymouth to be Captain.

Lt. Mason has been acting Quartermaster of the 38th for some time, and in that position has earned the reputation of being the best Quartermaster in Gen. Banks' Department. While the 38th were lying in the front, in the assault upon Port Hudson, they were supplied regularly with their rations, and hot coffee to them.

We hear that the new rank may be the step to Capt. Mason receiving the appointment of Brigade Quartermaster, which post could be in no better or more able hands, and we trust the rumor is true.

Lieut. [Charles] Mason Sick⁵⁶⁰ October 16, 1863

Personal

We are sorry to hear of the severe sickness of Lieut. Mason, of the 38th. He was acting as Brigade and Regimental Quartermaster, and probably overtasked his energies by his unwearied efforts of the welfare of the men. We hope soon to hear of his convalescence as there is no more zealous and efficient officer in the service than Lieut. M.

Companies D and E, 38th Regiment

Capt. George Russell Returns to Service⁵⁶¹ November 6, 1863

Personal

Capt. Geo. Russell left on Monday to rejoin his regiment, the 38th, now in Weitzel's Division in Texas. Capt. R. is not yet independent of crutches, but is in excellent health and spirits, and can keep the saddle as long as the best of them. He might have received an honorable discharge, but was earnest to go back and see Uncle Sam through this "fuss." May no ill fortune betide the young soldier whose noble record at Bisland and Port Hudson is a pledge of a stern sacrifice of selfish interests to the call of duty and demands of patriotism.

A Wounded Thomas Savery Returns Home⁵⁶² November 6, 1863

Arrived Home

Mr. Thomas G. Savery of Co. D, 38th Mass. Vols., has arrived home upon a furlough. Mr. S. has been in the hospital since the battle of Port Hudson, being wounded in that action. The same ball passed through the shoulder of Mr. S. striking Israel T. Thrasher, his uncle in the breast, from the effects of which wound he died in about a fortnight.

Charles Mason Taken Prisoner⁵⁶³ October 7, 1864

Lieut. Charles Mason, of Co. D., 38th Mass., was taken prisoner in the recent desperate fight of his regiment with Early's forces. The Rebs have got a brave soldier and spirited officer in their clutches, in their unfortunate mistake.

Timothy Eaton Writes from Hospital⁵⁶⁴ February 10, 1865

Mr. T. [Timothy] Eaton, of the 38th, writes from the hospital at Winchester that the 38th Reg. has gone South, probably destined to join Sherman's army at Savannah. About 400 wounded are quartered at the Taylor House, formerly the hotel at Winchester. One of the patients under his care and an old veteran, has eight bullet holes in his body. Another sufferer has laid on his back now one hundred and twenty four days, still patient and hopeful. Mr. Eaton has been absent with the Regiment two years and six months without a furlough, and thinks the "boys" would go "crazy" to see once more the shores of old Plymouth and their friends and homes.

Chapter 8

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Introduction to the 3d Regiment

Under the call of August 4, 1862, for 300,000 militia for nine months, 19,080 being the number assigned to the quota of Massachusetts, the 3d Regt. again volunteered for duty and was sent to Camp Joe Hooker at Lakeville, Mass. Company B, made up mainly of men from Plymouth County (see list below), mustered into service at Lakeville, MA on September 19, 1862. Compared to other Plymouth companies, Company E saw minimal action and suffered no casualties during their service. When their nine-months ended, the Company mustered out on June 26, 1863.

Charles A. S. Perkins, resigned as editor of the *Plymouth Rock* to enlist as 1st Lieut. of Company B. He still maintained ownership through most of his military service, announcing the sale of his interest in the paper in a letter published in the *OCM&PR* on April 17, 1863. During his service, he traded his editorial responsibilities for those of a war correspondent, having 32 letters published in the *Plymouth Rock* or the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock*. After mustering out of the service, Charles moved with his family and brothers Lucien and William to Newbern, NC where they “purchased several acres of land there, and was engaged in the cotton business.”⁵⁶⁵ Charles continued his correspondence to the *OCM&PR* (see Perkins’ civilian letters from Newbern) while in Newbern until the three brothers contracted yellow fever. Charles and Lucien died of the fever. Charles family returned home safely. Brother William recovered and brought his brothers bodies home. Charles was buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Plymouth and Lucien buried in Plympton.

Standish Guards Elects Officers⁵⁶⁶ March 27, 1862

Military.

Measures seem be in progress for placing the Militia of the State on an effective footing. Since the return of the “three months” men for the war, many of the companies have become almost disorganized, by the re-enlistment of both officers and men in the three years service.

Orders have lately been issued with a view to ascertaining the condition of each command, and also directing the different organizations to recruit their ranks to the standard required by law.

The Standish Guards of our own town have been quite successful; notwithstanding the many difficulties with which they have always been surrounded, they have been enabled to comply with the conditions of the following order:

HEAD QUARTERS 3d REGIMENT, M.V.M.

New Bedford, March 17, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6.

In accordance with instructions received from Head Quarters, Commanders of companies in this Regiment are hereby notified, that as soon as a number of not less than fifty men are enlisted in their respective companies, elections of officers will be held to fill vacancies.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

By order of
Major JOHN H. JENNINGS,
Commanding 3d Reg., M.V.M.
F.L. Porter, Acting Adjutant.

In accordance with the above, a Roll of the Company was returned to Head Quarters, and as will be seen below, an election has been ordered.

HEAD QUARTERS 3d REGIMENT, M.V.M.
New Bedford, March 21, 1862.
SPECIAL ORDER NO. 5.

Captain Charles C. Doten, Commanding Co. B, 3d Reg., M.V.M., will order the members of said Company to assemble at their Armory, on Friday, the Fourth day of April A. D. 1862, for the purpose of electing a First Lieutenant and a Second Lieutenant of said Company, to fill the vacancies existing in those offices.

Captain Charles C. Doten will preside at said election.

By order of
Major JOHN H. JENNINGS,
Commanding 3d Reg., M.V.M.
F.L. Porter, Acting Adjutant.

The books of the company still remain open, so that all who wish to place themselves in training for a Lieutenancy, can do so if they apply before the date fixed in the order. Now is your time to enlist! The company is in better condition than ever before. Walk up young men and sign the books, and bring your friends with you to make your chances sure.

Those timid fellows who told the recruiting officer of the Guards they "would like to join if they were sure they wouldn't have to go," are not the kink that is wanted. There are too many of that sort about town, we are sorry to say, and it is a positive fact that a large proportion of them have within the past year, "fought for their altars and their fires" in the ranks of the Feather-bed company. Join the Guards if you want to be useful.

Charles A.S. Perkins Elected 1st Lieut.⁵⁶⁷ April 12, 1862

Honor to the Craft⁵⁶⁸

We congratulate Bro. [CAS] Perkins upon being elected 1st Lieutenant. We think the shoulder straps will become him wonderfully.

CAS Perkins And Crandon Elected as Officers⁵⁶⁹ April 12, 1862

Standish Guards

At a meeting called to fill vacancies of 1st and 2d Lieutenants of this company, Mr. Chas. A. S. Perkins was chosen 1st and Mr. J. H. Crandon 2d Lieutenant.

Standish Guards in Training⁵⁷⁰ May 16, 1862

May Training

The Standish Guards were, under new law, inspected at their armory last Wednesday, by Adjutant Wilbur, who expressed himself gratified by the numbers and appearance of the company. In the afternoon they

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

paraded. As their new uniforms did not arrive, they appeared in their Fortress Monroe uniform, the bluish-grey blouse. We could not forbear contrasting this parade, the first since their arrival back from the three months service, when they, with the rest of the 3d and 4th Regiments, saved Fortress Monroe, the key to the eastern campaign, and their previous turn-outs, when they were looked at as merely "playing soldiers" for the fun of it, sneered at by some, laughed at by others, and not cared much for by any. How often we have heard the question asked, "What do you suppose they would do if there should be a war?" followed by some uncomplimentary remark. *There was a war.*, and upon the instant they threw the laughs and taunts back upon the scoffers, showing them "what they would do." We hope the company will be filled up to the maximum number. The company presented a fine appearance, and we must compliment the new officers upon their appearance. Lieut. Perkins notwithstanding his lack of experience looked every inch the soldier.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Boston⁵⁷¹ May 28, 1862

Your readers ought perhaps to be notified officially that we suddenly "stepped out," on Monday last in response to the Governor's call for the State Militia, and although the probabilities are that we may step in again in season to see this letter printed, we are resolved for once at least to have Our Own Correspondent at the "seat of war," and to furnish a brief sketch of the "action" in which we have been engaged during the last three days.

Co. B, Mass. Third Regiment, received a dispatch Monday forenoon notifying them that the Governor had called out the whole of the Volunteer Militia, and ordered them to report on Boston Common forthwith, and at 3.15 P. M. 46 men rank and file under command of Capt. C. C. Doten took their departure by rail. Arrived in Boston, marched to the Common, reported at Headquarters, lunched on hard tack and cheese, and were then allowed to shirk for ourselves, as no provision was made to quarter the regiment. Through the courtesy, however, of the Second Battalion Infantry, we were tendered the use of their armory in Boylston Hall, for the first night's quarters, and after stacking arms were dismissed until 7 A. M. Tuesday.

Tuesday morning found the company promptly at their rendezvous, and after some three hours, were ordered to march to the old Beach Street Theatre, where U. S. Commissary Brigham had his tables spread, and invited to partake of either breakfast or dinner, as the condition of our stomachs might decide. This important movement having been executed, orders from Col. Jennings were received to report again at headquarters, where the first intimation was given as to what was expected of us. The Governor's order was read, stating that the militia now called out were to be mustered into the U. S. service under a recent act of Congress, which provides that the militia called into the service of the United States, shall be subject to the same rules and articles of war as the troops of the U. S., and be liable to serve until 6 days after the meeting of the next Congress.

This being so entirely contrary to the expectations of the men, (who had not calculated on more than three months service,) that a very exciting discussion was soon raging in all the companies, and it was very soon manifest that the companies would risk the forfeiture of their charters, rather than accept the Governor's Order.

During the afternoon notice was received that the Governor had telegraphed to the War Department, asking authority to muster the men for three months, and the prospect of being sent somewhere was speedily revived. Up to bed time last night no response had been received, and the general opinion is that the Department will not deviate from the law, and that we shall have orders to terminate our campaign in something less than a week, all told.

P.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Departure of the Standish Guards⁵⁷² May 29, 1862

Monday was a busy day in Plymouth. At an early hour in the forenoon the telegraph brought the proclamation of the Governor, and the general order directing the militia of the Commonwealth to report themselves at Boston forthwith, for active service. The news of the defeat of General Banks and the supposed advance of the enemy on the national capital, fairly electrified the entire community. The feeling of April, 1821, blazed forth again and with greater intensity. The prompt action of the memorable time was repeated, and the military assembled with alacrity and enthusiasm. The Standish Guards hastened to prepare for their departure for the scene of action, and in a brief space of time were ready to march. In the afternoon they left for Boston, numbering about forty guns. The company was escorted to the cars by a long line of citizens under the marshalship of Capt. Nath'l. Brown, and the juvenile drum corps furnished the music. A large concourse of people accompanied them on the march and thronged the depot, to see them off. The farewells were spoken, and hasty cheers rent the air till the train was out of sight.

The demonstration was every way gratifying, and is well deserved by the noble corps, of which Plymouth has so much reason to be proud. Their faithful service in the past is a sure guaranty for the future, and the cheerful though heavy sacrifices they make in leaving business and home at a moment's notice, entitles them to the grateful remembrance of their townsmen and the country.

The list of officers and men who have responded to the call from this town, is as follows:

Doten, Charles C. Capt.	Perkins, Charles A. S. 1 st Lt.	Crandon, John H. 2 ^d Lt.	
Barnes	Charles E.	Hall	Isaac T.
Barnes	George E.	Harlow	Edward P.
Barnes	Joseph	Holmes	Frederick
Barnes	Winslow B.	Holmes	Messina F.
Bartlett	Amasa	Jackson	George F.
Bartlett	Charles B.	Lanman	Charles W.
Bradford	Nath'l B.	Lanman	W. W.
Chapman	John F.	Leach	Rodney M.
Chase	Zenas R.	Mange	Winthrop H.
Churchill	Robert B.	Perry	Charles M.
Crandon	Sanford	Pool	Joseph E.
Cushing	C. W.	Pope	Rufus H.
Cushman, Kingston	Henry	Ransom	Levi
Davis	Albert E.	Rider	Henry
Ellis	Henry	Robbins	Heman
Faunce	Solomon E.	Robbins	Herbert
Faunce, Jr	Lemuel B.	Robbins	James H.
Feid	George	Sherman	Leander L.
Godding	Charles W.	Sherman	Winslow B.
Barnes	Charles E.	Hall	Isaac T.

[**Mass. Soldiers...* lists Sherman in the 4th Reg., Co. C]

[In another column]

Just as we go to press we learn that the orders for the State troops have been countermanded, and our soldiers are expected home this (Wednesday) evening. They will be heartily welcomed.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Printers in the Field⁵⁷³ May 31, 1862

At the mustering of the Militia on Monday last, the “craft” was represented by no less than four typos in the “Guards.” Two Lieutenants and two in the ranks. Every spare printer and some that couldn’t be spared very well, was there. Bro. Perkins of the *Rock*, left the sanctum, dropping the pen, and girded on the sword, ready upon the instant to march for the flag. We wish his precept was half as good as his practice.

Presentation to Co. B⁵⁷⁴ June 5, 1862

Previous to marching to the depot, last week, the Guards were visited at their armory, by Hon. W. T. Davis, chairman of the board of selectmen, and each member of the company presented with two dollars by the town. This timely gift was most heartily appreciated by many of the men, when at night they found themselves on Boston Common and no provision made for quarters.

Benj Hathaway, Esq. presented the officers and several members, with his new patent writing desks for soldier’s use, for which he has their sincere thanks. [See figure 42.]

Many other citizens showed their generosity in presents of little articles of “creature comforts,” etc., which were thankfully received, and the donors most kindly remembered.

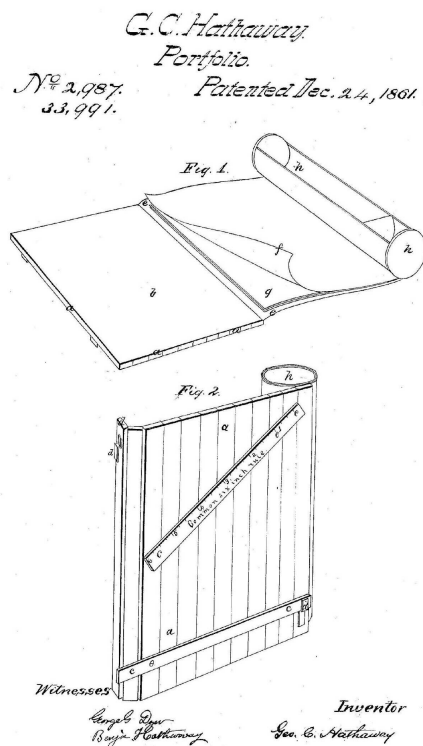


Figure 43. G.C. Hathaway (and Benj Hathaway) Portfolio and Writing-tablet US 33991 A⁵⁷⁵

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Standish Guards Still in Plymouth⁵⁷⁶ June 21, 1862

Seventeenth of June.

The Seventeenth of June was celebrated in Plymouth by the Standish Guards, Capt. C. C. Doten. The company paraded in their new and serviceable uniform, with the Robbins Brass Band, making a fine appearance. The Band, as usual, played finely. Flags waved from the several flag-staffs in the town, which altogether made quite a day in Plymouth.

General Order No. 25⁵⁷⁷ July 10, 1862

Military.

At a special meeting of the Standish Guards held on Thursday evening of last week, in response to General Order, No. 25, of the 24 present 17 responded "yes," five were undecided, but will doubtless go with the company should it be called for, and three responded negatively. Of the absent members, affirmative replies have since been obtained, to the number of eight or ten, and we hope by the time the return is made to the Commander-in-Chief it will contain the name of every member who can possibly leave home for three months service. An additional inducement to join the Volunteer Militia is now apparent, in the smart prospect of a draft, and should that alternative become a certainty, we think there will be no doubt but that the Guards would be speedily recruited to the maximum number.

General Order No. 34 - Nine Months Men⁵⁷⁸ August 13, 1862

Volunteers will be accepted for the Nine Months' Quota.

The following order has been issued by the Governor:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HEADQUARTERS,

Boston, August 13, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 34.

The Volunteer Militia will be accepted for nine months' service, if seasonably offered, called to the maximum of the United States regulation. The utmost despatch is required.

Commanders of Divisions will at once promulgate this order.

By command of His Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

WM. BROWN, Assist. Adj. General, to Maj. Gen. Samuel Andrews, 1st Div.

Standish Guards to Fill Their Ranks⁵⁷⁹ August 16, 1862

We understand measures are being taken to fill the ranks of the Standish Guards in order to tender their services under the above order. A new Captain is to be chosen, and we hear the names of two or three of our prominent citizens, who have in years back been in command of the company, mentioned in this connection. We would have all who are subject to a draft bear in mind that if they volunteer, their families receive State aid, whereas if they are drafted they do not. It seems to us this is consideration enough to volunteer. We also hear that there is a movement to raise a bounty by subscription to volunteers under the second call.

Since the above was in type there have been steps taken to fill up the company as will be seen by the advertisement in another column.

John Morissey Named Captain of Standish Guards⁵⁸⁰ August 23, 1862

Personal.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

We have the pleasure of being able to state that the Hon. John Morissey,⁵⁸¹ Sergeant at Arms, has been invited to accept the captaincy of the Standish Guards and signified his willingness to do so, upon conditions that the company is immediately recruited to the maximum number and tender their services to the Governor as nine months Volunteers. Mr. Morissey soon after the war meeting in Davis Hall, endeavored to make arrangements to enter the three years service, but was unsuccessful. We learn that the Gov. and Council have now given him leave of absence, and authorized him to appoint a Deputy Sergeant at Arms.

The election of Mr. Morissey will insure the filling up of the company immediately, as no one of our citizens is more respected and esteemed than himself, and he has every quality for a good officer. Hurry up, recruits, for you have to speak quick for a chance here.

Plea to Fill the Ranks of the Standish Guards⁵⁸² August 30, 1862

Standish Guards.

At the election of Captain of Co. B, 3d Regiment M. V. M., Hon. John Morissey was unanimously chosen for that office. Mr. Morissey was sent for and came into the armory and made a brief speech, thanking the members for the compliment and hoped they would be speedily filled up and in camp.

There is every probability that as many, or more, men will be required from this town as were under the last call for three years. MEN OF PLYMOUTH, will you have it said that your town is one of those few that required a draft to fill their quota! Perish the thought, Plymouth Rock would heave itself from the spot where it has for ages lain. PLYMOUTH need a draft. By the memory of her brave and noble sons who have so willingly stepped forward at their country's call, by the memory of your Puritan ancestors, whose reputation and fame you inherit, we adjure you; we implore you to thrust back the stigma. But we know you and the thought does you dishonor; we know that whatever the number may be, you will come forward and with zeal and alacrity uphold our honor.

Come forward and join the Guards with your townsmen and neighbors, with Officers of your own selection, whom you know to be true men, who will watch over your interest and welfare, who will care for you in sickness and in health, and in whom you know you can trust. A short term of service is before you, in the best season of the year to leave. You will go South; seeing the different parts of the country, having the proud consciousness that you aided in subduing this infernal rebellion. You will return in the Spring in time to take up your customary vocations with renewed zest, and we trust in company with our other friends who have gone before; victorious, exultant, over a rebellion conquered, a country at peace, amid the plaudits and respects of your fellow citizens.

"Comes the waves come when tempests are roaring," and fill up the ranks, and let us have it said that our old Standish Guards were the first to enter the Nine Months' Camp at Lakeville.

Capt Doten Resigns from Standish Guards⁵⁸³ September 11, 1862

Testimonial to Capt. C. C. Doten.

At a regular meeting of the "Standish Guards" held at their armory on Tuesday evening last, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is with feelings of extreme regret that we have been called upon to accept the resignation of our respected and beloved commander, Capt. Chas. C. Doten.

Resolved, That we, as a military organization, do hereby tender to Capt. Doten our grateful acknowledgments for the fostering care he has taken of every thing pertaining to our interest since his connection with the corps, and the true military discipline he has sought to inculcate.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Resolved, That wherever our gallant captain may be called in his new position as an officer in the army of his country, he will be found to be a man of tried and true metal, courageous and whole-souled. He has our best wishes for his prosperity and success, and a safe and triumphant return to his fellow soldiers and friends.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Capt. Doten, and the same be printed in the public journals of Plymouth.

Lieut. J. H. Crandon,
Committee on Resolutions
Per order,
N. B. Bradford, Clerk

Realignment of 3d Regiment⁵⁸⁴ September 11, 1862

Military.

The 3d Regiment M. V. M. goes into camp at Lakeville, next week, and will probably remain there some length of time for drill and discipline. The Regiment is under command of Lieut. Col. Richmond, and is composed of ten full companies. But three of the old companies, A, B, and E, retain their charters, the others having been merged. Companies A and G, (Halifax and Freetown) unite a Co. A, under Capt. Marble of Freetown. Co. B, (Standish Guards) of this town, absorbs companies K and H, (Carver and Plympton.) The officers of these companies having resigned, an election to fill vacancies in Co. B, will be held as soon as ordered.

The new company in Middleboro is about full. It numbered eighty men last Saturday.

Duxbury and Pembroke will unite in one company, under command probably of the Duxbury Representative, Mr. Henry B. Maglathlin, who is a man of education, business ability, and a true patriot.

Roll of Company B⁵⁸⁵

Thomas P. Griffith Capt.	Carver	Charles A. S. Perkins 1 st Lt.	Plymouth
Wm. S. Briggs 2 Lt.	Middleboro		
<u>Carver</u>			
John B.	Chandler	Ebenezer E.	Atwood
George H.	Shaw	Josiah W.	Atwood
E. Watson	Shaw	John	Murdock
Stephen T.	Atwood	Walter B.	Cobb
Alonzo D.	Shaw	Sidney O.	Cobb
Nathl.	Shaw, Jr.	John M.	Cobb
Charles W.	Griffith	Ansel B.	Ward
Andrew	Stringer	Henry A.	Dunham
Jesse M.	Shaw	William	Irwin
James H.	Bates	Ellis D.	Dunham
Charles H.	Chase	Lorenzo N.	Shaw
Andrew	Demerit	Wm. B.	Chandler
Wm. H.	Connell	Nathl. B.	Bates
Joseph G.	Washburn	George W.	Tillson
<u>Plymouth</u>			
Charles C.	Place	Isaac S.	Holmes
James H.	Robbins	George F.	Jackson
James	Neal	Charles W.	Johnson

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

John F.	Chapman	Edward L.	Robbins
Ebenezer N.	Bradford	Herbert	Robbins
Martin L.	Harlow	Thomas	Smith
Isaac H.	Place	Wm. F.	Spooner
George H.	Doten	James T.	Paulding
Amasa M.	Bartlett	Samuel R.	Raymond
Charles M.	Perry,	Benjamin F.	Jenkins
Harvey B.	Griffin	Benjamin F.	Barnes
Charles S.	Cobb	Job B.	Oldham
James F.	Sears	Leander L.	Sherman
Nathaniel	Holmes	Ivory W.	Harlow
Samuel N.	Holmes		
<u>Kingston</u>			
Charles E.	Bryant	James	Donley
Henry F.	Perkins	Winthrop H.	Mange
Rochester			
Salem	Jefferson	Thomas W.	Raymond
Moses	Pierce		
<u>Middleboro</u>			
Asa	Shaw	Ezra	Shaw
Allen	Cobb	Marcus	Willis
Gideon	Shurtleff	George	Darling
Bartlett	Lucas	Cornelius	Ramsdell
James	Briggs	Henry	Wrightington
Benjamin	Shurtleff		
<u>Plympton</u>			
William S.	White	Thomas M.	Leach
Benjamin S.	Atwood	Robert	Dempsey
Prince	Penniman	William H.	Bradford
James E.	Sherman	Frank	Bryant
E. Schuyler	Wright	Isaac F.	Lobdell
<u>Wareham</u>			
Hiram W.	Bumpus	Joseph W.	Perry
Hosea C.	Bumpus	William	Kettell
John	Sampson	Ebenezer	Burgess
John D.	Manter (born/buried Plymouth)	John	Bartlett
Martin V. B.	Benson (not listed Mass. Soldiers,...)		

* Not listed in Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in Company B

There were no Plymouth men killed, wounded, or taken prisoner while serving in the 3d Regiment, Company B (nine-month enlistment).⁵⁸⁶

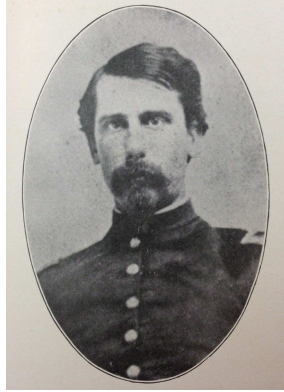
Images of Members of the Company

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to this company. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.

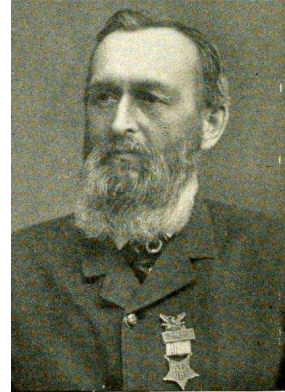
RETURN OF THE DEAD



Major John Morissey⁵⁸⁷



Adjutant Lucien L. Perkins⁵⁸⁸



Pvt. George H. Shaw⁵⁸⁹



Pvt. Benjamin S. Atwood⁵⁹⁰

Nine Months Men off to Camp at Lakeville⁵⁹¹ September 20, 1862

The Standish Guards, Co. B, formed from the Carver, Plympton, and Plymouth companies, started from here this morning, for the Camp at Lakeville. They were attended to the depot by a large concourse of citizens. Our full quota is in this company.

Letters and Articles from the Field

Letter from Unknown Author, Lakeville, MA⁵⁹² September 24, 1862

Dear Editor:

Co. B is at last comfortable quartered on this most delightful of camp grounds, and thus far are well pleased with the arrangements that have been made. We arrived here about 3 P. M. on Friday and were

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

assigned to quarters next the last, on the extreme left of the barracks, there being twenty in number, and in a straight line running from North to South. They are large enough to accommodate 100 soldiers each, and in every respect are comfortable and commodious. The cook houses are about 30 feet in the rear of each barrack, and the officer's quarters, Commissary and Quartermaster's departments in another line, perhaps 200 or 300 feet still farther to the rear, thereby forming two streets with buildings upon each side. To those acquainted with the premises formerly, the camp must look much like the fabled cities of old which sprang up in a night. Two wells of most excellent water have been dug at a short distance in the rear of the cook houses, near each end of the line, in which the chain pumps are in almost constant motion in supplying the needs of nearly 2000 men.

The land is high, level, and of the most desirable sub-stratum for draining, two hours sun being sufficient to "dry up" the muddiest mud, and is situated upon the north –westerly borders of Assawampset Pond.

As soon as the company was dismissed, requisition was made upon Acting Adjutant Crocker for the necessary articles of camp life, and very soon the boys were loaded down with bacon and bread, rice, coffee, sugar, soap, candles, camp-kettles, mess-pans, axes, picks, spades, woolen and rubber blankets, etc., on their way back to their quarters, which they soon made tenable, and the cook had supper ready before dark. The first meal was taken in rather of a primitive style, as there were neither plates, dippers, knives or forks, at the command of the Quartermaster, but still was welcomed with a good relish though the bacon was of the kind that salt couldn't save. The bunks were filled with straw, the blankets spread, and a jolly night was the first in camp.

Saturday morning's report showed 85 men, who were detailed to the work of clearing off the parade ground, and other duties connected with camp. In the afternoon an election for Captain and Second Lieutenant was held, at which Major Barton presided. Capt. Thomas B. Griffith was unanimously re-elected Captain, and Lieut. W. S. Briggs 2d Lieut. The roll of company, so far as now organized, [see "Roll of Company B"]

As will be seen by the following roster, the 3d Regiment is full and the 4th lacks but three companies. The companies were mustered in on Friday, 26th inst.

ROSTER OF THE CAMP

Othniel Gilmore, Commandant of Camp
Augustus Crocker, Post Adjutant
T. J. Lothrop, Action Post Quartermaster

THIRD REGIMENT

Co. A, Halifax – Captain J. W. Marble, Freetown; 1st Lieut. Charles P. Lyon, Halifax; 2d Lieut. N. Morton
Co. B, Plymouth – Capt. T. B. Griffith, Carver; 1st Lieut. C. A. S. Perkins, Plymouth; 2d Lieut. Wm. S. Briggs, Middleboro
Co. C, Fall River – Captain, Rev. Elihu Grant, Fall River; 1st Lieut., B. A. Shaw; 2d Lieut. C. D. Copeland
Co. D, Fall River – Capt. A. R. Wright; 1st Lieut. Thomas McFarland; 2d Lieut., George Reynolds, Jr.
Co. E, New Bedford – Capt. John A. Hawes; 1st Lieut. Wm. Emery Mason; 2d Lieut., James L. Sharp
Co. F, New Bedford – Capt. Geo. R. Hurlburt; 1st Lieut. W. H. Allen, 3d; 2d Lieut., Jonathan Davis
Co. G, New Bedford – Capt. Wm. S. Cobb; 1st Lieut. H. W. Briggs; 2d Lieut., James L. Wilber
Co. H, Rehoboth – Capt. Otis A. Baker; 1st Lieut. Robert Crossman; 2d Lieut. Joseph Gibbs
Co. I, Fairhaven – Capt. Barnabas Ewer, Jr.; 1st Lieut. Solomon K. Eaton; 2d Lieut. Jabez M. Lyle

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Co. K, Bridgewater – Capt. Samuel Bates; 1st Lieut. Nathan Forbes; 2d Lieut. C. E. Churchill

FOURTH REGIMENT

Co. A, Canton – Capt. John Hall; 1st Lieut. Ira Drake; 2d Lieut. Henry M. Morse

Co. B, Easton

Co. C, Middleboro – Capt. Seneca R. Thomas; 1st Lieut. Daniel F. Wood; 2d Lieut. J. M. Sampson

Co. D, Randolph – Capt. Hiram C. Alden; 1st Lieut. Myron W. Hollis; 2d Lieut. Edmund Cottle

Co. E.

Co. F, Foxboro – Capt. Charles F. Howard; 1st Lieut. Moses A. Richardson; 2d Lieut. Benjamin H. Richmond

Co. G, Taunton – Capt. Charles H. Paul; 1st Lieut. Wm. R. Black; 2d Lieut. Wm. J. Briggs

Co. H.

Co. I, Duxbury – Capt. H. B. Maglathlin; 1st Lieut. Wm. Holmes; 2d Lieut. Sampson

Co. K, Taunton – Capt. Wm. H. Bartlett; 1st Lieut. John H. Church; 2d Lieut. Philander Williams

List of Volunteers⁵⁹³ September 27, 1862

The following is complete list of the nine months' volunteers from Plymouth,

Wm. F. Spooner, Nathaniel Holmes, Harvey B. Griffin, Charles S. Cobb, Thomas Smith, Amasa M. Bartlett, Chas. M. Perry, C. A. S. Perkins, Samuel B. Raymond, Isaac S. Holmes, Samuel N. Holmes, Charles C. Place, Isaac H. Place, George H. Doten, James H. Robbins, Geo. F. Chapman, Benjamin F. Barnes, Robert B. Churchill, Leander L. Sherman, Job B. Oldham, Thomas B. Atwood, James O'Neal, James F. Sears, James T. Paulding, Charles W. Johnson, Ebenezer N. Bradford, Ivory W. Harlow, Edward L. Robbins, Benjamin F. Jenkins, George F. Jackson, Herbert Robbins, Martin L. Harlow, **all of Co. B. 3d, Regiment.**

James B. Brewster, Wm. Hedge, Schuyler S. Bartlett, Edward H. Hall, **44th Regiment.**

Horace E. Holmes, **45th Regiment.**

Sylvester R. Swett, **Middleboro Company, 3d Regiment**, [*Mass. Soldiers*,... lists as in 4th Regt.]

Charles B. Stoddard, **41st Regiment**,

James M. McLaughlin, **Haverhill Company.**

Letter from Ned [EL Robbins], Lakeville, MA⁵⁹⁴ October 1, 1862

Camp Joe Hooker, Lakeville, Mass.

Oct. 1, 1862

Friend *Memorial*:

Here we are stowed away snugly and comfortably in our barracks, - very fine barracks they are, too, - and one and all anxiously waiting the time when we may exchange the soil of Massachusetts, for the "sacred earth" of some State in the Southern Confederacy. But the country, whose scenery is only marked by a "line and a pine," can furnish us no better resting place than this, and Virginia camps may, after all, add nothing to the enthusiasm which our boys feel while stopping here.

Who would have thought three, or even two years ago, that at this time we should have a camp in Plymouth County, for the reception of soldiers to be actually engaged in war for this country, and especially such a war as we are engaged in; but so it is, and the place where the Indians traded their corn and their simple merchandise with the early settlers of the Old Colony, is now the rendezvous of the descendants of those settlers, for purposes, - how different.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

At this is a new Camp, some little description of its whereabouts, and the means of getting at it, may be acceptable to your readers. Camp Joe Hooker is situated at Lakeville, near the lower end of Assiumpsitt – or as called by some – Sampson's pond. The distance from Middleboro' Four Corners to the camp, is nearly three miles. The nearest railroad station is Lakeville or "Haskins" station. Passengers by the railroad from Plymouth, will be accommodated with tickets by rail to "Haskins" – and a stage ticket to camp, for ninety cents. Passengers by carriages will find a good, tolerably smooth road, over the whole road from Plymouth to the camp; making a very desirable drive. There is no trouble, at present, in getting passes to cross the line of guards, after arriving at the camp, and to those who have friends among the soldiers, as well as those who only seek for pleasure, the excursion is a desirable one. Soldiers are not very sorry to see their friends, and I can speak for one company at least, that the hospitalities of their "house" will be extended to their visitors. The Commandant of the Camp is Capt. Othniel Gilmore. An officer's best recommendation comes from the men under his charge, and the soldiers of Camp Joe Hooker appreciated, and are willing to testify to the merits of Othniel Gilmore.

The second building from the extreme right, as one faces the barracks from the front, is occupied by company "B," of Plymouth, or more properly, Plymouth, Carver, and Plympton, the company being equally divided among those three towns. Their barracks are large and commodious, with sleeping berths on each side, - well lighted and ventilated – and best of all, water-tight. No soldier is woke up in the night with water dripping in his eyes or forming puddles under him. At the proper distance in rear of the barracks is the cook-house, a very important institution, - in this case large and well adapted to the purpose it serves. Co. 'B' have supplied themselves with an excellent cooking stove, and the business is conducted in hotel style. Still further in the rear are the Officers' Quarters, and judging by the sounds of hilarity which sometimes issue from this building, one would suppose the officers were well satisfied with them, though Lieut. B –'s [William Briggs?] would make a theatre of a barn.

The grounds are occupied at present by the 3d and 4th Mass. Regiments, and part of an Irish Regiment, which I hear is to form part of Brig. Gen. Corcoran's Brigade. It is reported that a battery is also to come into this camp. The 4th is commanded by Col. Packard, and its companies are, I believe, all mustered into service.

The 3d has no Field Officers yet, though all its companies are mustered in, but are not yet filled to the maximum; but they are filling up fast, and with as good material as any regiment was ever composed of. Co. B, is as fine a company as any in the Reg't, and will no doubt be heard from in the future when the service will have more serious demands upon them. They are well satisfied with their officers, and well they should be, for a kinder, better-hearted man than Capt. Griffith cannot be found. Lieut. Perkins is not a whit behind him, and Lieut. Briggs is decidedly a "whole brick."

Well, we have a pleasant camp, excellent officers, and a good company; why should we not be satisfied? As to our future destination, although many rumors have been circulated, I am positive no one among us knows anything about it, and I am equally positive that very few care anything about it. Having enlisted to "serve the country" – that's what they call it, isn't it? – it makes but little difference exactly where our services are required. Some of our boys have an idea that the present is to be the best part of their soldier life; that corned beef is to be turned to salt horse, soft bread to flinty biscuits, white beans to acorns, potatoes &c. to – a dream, and so, like philosophers, they make the most of the present, and let hardships stand in reserve for the future, which is the best thing they can do.

Of sutlers' shanties we have abundance, some ten or twelve having just been put up outside the line, and one or two inside. So long as these are conducted as at present, they are rather a benefit than otherwise to the soldiers, the prices being fair and the goods desirable. Among these places, that of Josiah A. Robbins of Plymouth, is conspicuous on account of its neatness and the attention of the gentlemen in charge to their

RETURN OF THE DEAD

customers. John R. Davis presides over the oyster and chowder department, which is a sufficient recommendation of the quality of these articles and the style in which they are served up.

We have plenty of visitors nearly all the time, and sometimes distinguished visitors too. Col. E. W. Pierce, of the 29th Mass. shows himself occasionally, walking about the ground with an air which seems to say; "Is there any person here who would like to profit by my experiences? Can I do anything for any of your companions, in the way of showing you how to "double quick it" to Taunton and back? Can I assist any of you, officers to acquire an air of "charming rusticity," which will help you vastly both in the field and at home? Alas for human charity! The battle-scarred hero is scarcely noticed; and those who should be seeking for knowledge, only ask, "Who is that odd looking officer in a straw hat with a "bugle" on it?"

But this is long enough. There is no prospect of starting at present for the seat of war, and you may receive other letters before we start, from

Ned

Letter from Unknown Author, Camp Joe Hooker⁵⁹⁵ October 6, 1862

Dear Rock:

But few items of interest to outsiders have transpired since I last wrote you. The fact is, this camp is notorious for its good order, and freedom from the scenes of disturbance and rowdyism, which go so far towards furnishing the interesting items of camp gossip.

During the first week in camp some few instances of drunkenness were noticed but since the organization of a Provost Guard, under Lieut. Wm. S. Briggs, of Co. B, 3d Reg., as Provost Marshal, the rumsellers have been seriously "interfered with," and they have been obliged to resort to all sorts of devices to smuggle their vile poison into camp. The latest dodge is for a peach peddler to go along outside the line and whisper to the sentinels that he will furnish them with what their appetite craves sometime during the night beat. Some of the "boys," however, "peached" on him, and that game is blocked. Lieut. Briggs makes a most efficient officer, and the "picked men" who compose his squad, are, with one or two exceptions, just the men for their duty.

The regiment now lacks but about thirty men of being full to its maximum, and rumors of its destination are prevalent, the most probable of which is that we are to be sent to North Carolina, as the Governor has orders for eight regiments to go there immediately. Report says arms, uniforms and equipments, have arrived at the Depot. Putting these reports together, and adding the fact that the camp was visited and inspected yesterday by Capts. McKim and Brigham of the United States Army, Brig. Gen. R. A. Pierce, and other military dignities of the State and Nation, I argue that the "Old Third" will before many days be under marching orders and on its way "down South."

The election of a Colonel for this regiment is the only electioneering pastime that is allowed in camp, or in fact the only one that soldiers seem to care a straw for. Politics, business, and every other "vexed institution," is left behind. Lieut. Col. Richmond is now acting Colonel, and will undoubtedly receive a majority of the votes of the line officers of his regiment, should he consent to be a candidate for promotion. That he eminently deserves to "go higher," I have heard no one question, and were I a sporting man would "bet high" on his election. He is popular with officers and men, in every way qualified, both by experience in active service and a lifelong devotion to the interests of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, for the important duties that will soon devolve upon the Commander of this regiment, and there is no good reason why he should be "jumped." As usual, however, there are other aspirants, and a heavy pressure will be brought to bear in their favor. Major Barton is also at his post. The regiment cannot possibly do better than elect him to the vacancy should Col. Richmond be promoted. Lieut. J. M. Syle, of Co. I, (Fairhaven,) has been appointed acting Adjutant, and Sergt. E. L. Robbins, of Co. B, acting Sergeant-Major. They entered upon their duties on Friday last, and the

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

regimental parades are fast assuming an air of regularity and discipline under the control of these efficient officers in command and on Staff.

Letter from Ned [EL Robbins], Camp Joe Hooker⁵⁹⁶ October 8, 1862

Friend Memorial:

Another week has passed and the present finds us with ranks nearly full, with field officers all appointed, and preparations making for a speedy departure from this place to more active service. Our regiment now numbers over a thousand men, and is making rapid progress in drill, and acquiring a practical knowledge of their duties in the field, which must hereafter be of much use to them.

An election for Field Officers for the regiment, held yesterday, at which Brig. Gen. Richard Pierce presided, resulted as follows: Colonel, S. P. Richmond of Freetown; Lieut. Colonel, James Barton of New Bedford; Major, John Morissey of Plymouth. This choice gives much satisfaction in the regiment, and both field and line officers are deservedly popular. Col. Richmond was formerly Lt. Col. Of the Third, and Lt. Col. Barton, Major. Their promotions were well deserved, and no other appointments could have been so well received by the regiment.

Our camp – owing to the efforts of Provost marshal Briggs, is now a quiet one. The “dens” from which a miserable apology for liquor was dispensed to the soldiers, are now broken up, and the various “dodges” for smuggling this trash across the lines are met and thwarted by our efficient Provost Guard. Lt. Briggs has won golden opinions since his appointment as Provost marshal, and his duties, though arduous, have been well performed, with the best results to the quiet and good conduct of the Camp.

The uniforms for our Regiment are daily expected, and are looked for anxiously by the soldiers, who wish to don the costume with the rest of their military “habits.” Guns and equipments are also soon expected, though their appearance will probably be the precursor to “marching orders,” for guns and marching orders come together in Massachusetts camps now-a-days.

The 4th Reg’t has but seven companies in camp at present, but will probably soon be filled up.

Many rumors are in circulation regarding our removal South; but we have no orders yet that I know of. Should we be removed before another week passes, there may be more items of interest, and you may again hear from

Ned

Furlough⁵⁹⁷ October 9, 1862

Co. B, 3d Reg., were granted a furlough, extending from Saturday to Wednesday. The “boys” had some pretty lively times and enjoyed themselves finely about home. They returned to camp in good spirits, ready for duty at any post assigned them. It is generally understood they will go to Newbern, N. C., and from thence we hope they will have better success in finding the weak side of Richmond than the rebel Generals did at Washington.

Officers Elected, Morissey Elected Major⁵⁹⁸ October 11, 1862

At the election of Field Officers of the 3d Reg’t, at Camp Joe Hooker on Tuesday last Lt. Col. Silas P. Richmond was elected Colonel, Major Jas. Benton was elected Lt. Colonel, and Hon. John Morissey of this town, elected Major. The 3d with the 5th and 44th, leave for Newbern next week, probably in the early part of the week. Two steamers have been chartered to convey them, each taking 1500.

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Stopping Liquor at Camp Hooker⁵⁹⁹ October 11, 1862

STOPPING LIQUOR SELLING AT CAMP JOE HOOKER. Post Commander Gilmore, at Camp Joe Hooker, has appointed Lieut. Briggs of the Plymouth company, Provost Marshall; and on Monday afternoon detailed men from the 3d and 4th regiments, with whom the Marshal commenced the operation of closing the liquor shops in the neighborhood of the camp. [Taunton Republican.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Joe Hooker⁶⁰⁰ October 13, 1862

Dear Rock:

During the past week our regiment has completed its organization, and it is now believed that by Saturday night we shall be on the "briny deep," in company with the 5th and 44th regiments, on our way to Newbern, N. C. The steamers *Merrimac* and *Mississippi* are waiting at their wharves in Boston, where we are to embark as soon as the regiment can possibly be got in marching order. As I wrote you last week, our field officers have been chosen, and have all accepted their positions with the exception of Major Morissey, who from the continual absence of the Governor, has been unable to make such arrangements of his home business as would warrant his acceptance of an office whose duties must be so speedily assumed if at all. It will be a serious disappointment to the soldiers from this section if he is obliged to decline his new honors, and we hope and believe the Governor will do everything in his power to forward a movement as gratifying to the regiment, and which will conduce so much to its welfare.

Col. Richmond has appointed on his staff for Adjutant, Capt. L. L. Perkins, of Plympton, and for Quartermaster, Bethnel Penniman, Jr. of New Bedford.

On the non-commissioned staff, I have as yet heard of but one appointment, that of Sergt. E. L. Robbins, of your town, as Sergeant-Major. These are all first rate selections, and undoubtedly will give perfect satisfaction to all concerned, when officers and men shall make each other's acquaintance.

Whatever may be the hardships and vicissitudes of the soldier in the field, there can be no question but that in camp he is eminently of a "gay and festive" turn, and that social life has no more ardent devotees than can be found at camp Hooker. In addition to individual displays of especial talents and acquirements, which will "out" here, the "boys" frequently unite in a grand concert, whose performers are numbered by hundreds, and forming in column, march up and down the company streets, making the air ring for miles around, with "Marching along," "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Glory Hallelujah," and other popular and soul-stirring airs. Some very excellent singers here "crop out," and we have never heard so powerful and sweet a falsetto voice, as lent its aid to the choir of Thursday evening. So distinctly could it be heard above the hundreds of other voices, that I could not believe until my eyes convince me, that one or more powerful female voices were not in the crowd. I tried hard to get "the name," but failed. On Tuesday evening, a dozen or more female students from the Normal School, at Bridgewater, visited camp, and tarried for an hour or two at the quarters of Co. K, where a "band" was soon improvised and a "grand hop" came off, much to the delight of all who participated. Lieut. Forbes was floor manager, and proved himself as polite and attentive to his numerous guests as he is prompt and soldierly in the discharge of his daily duties.

Co. B is now completely organized, and nearer in uniform than any other company in camp, the men having provided themselves with coats and caps from the uniforms recently manufactured for the Standish Guards and Co. K, of Carver. They have the name of being A1 in all drill that can be performed without muskets. Capt. Griffith has made the following appointments of non-commissioned officers:

SERGEANTS: Asa Shaw, Middleboro; Chas. W. Griffith, Carver; Job B. Oldham, Plymouth; Benj. S. Atwood, Plympton; James H Robbins, Plymouth.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

CORPORALS: George H. Shaw, Carver; Andrew Demerit [D. Merritt], Carver; John M. Cobb, Carver; Amasa M. Bartlett, Plymouth; Charles M. Perry, Plymouth; Hiram W. Bumpus, Wareham; William S. White, Plympton; Gideon Shurtleff, Middleboro.

The selection of First Sergeant, or Orderly, was decided by vote of the company, on Friday last, in favor of Sergt. Shaw, there being so little, if any difference in the qualifications of the two candidates, Shaw and Oldham, that Capt. Griffith very wisely decided to refer the matter to those most personally interested.

Major Stephen Thomas, lately promoted from a Captain in the 18th Mass. Reg. and formerly Col. of the Third, a native of Plymouth, visits camp quite frequently. He is now at home recruiting for his regiment. He looks finely and at least ten years younger than when we last saw him. He is a fine specimen of the citizen soldier, and worth a dozen red-tape "regulars."

Capt. Thomas Weston, of Co. E, Duxbury, 18th Reg., is occasionally seen here, being at home on furlough during the healing of his wound, a bullet hole through the thigh. He is very lame, and bears evidence of the most arduous service. Col. E. W. Pierce, with his "empty sleeve," made us a few visits before his recent departure to join his regiment. God bless these noble fellows, each and all, give them health and strength and long life.

P.

Edward L. Robbins (Ned)⁶⁰¹ October 18, 1862

Personal

We are glad to learn that our friend Edward L. Robbins has been appointed Sergeant major of the 3d Regt. Ned is a good fellow and can handle more than one "shooting stick" well. He is one of the many of the graduates of the Memorial Office that are, or mean to be, "distributing leaded matter" and making "pie" out of "live" rebels.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Joe Hooker⁶⁰² October 20, 1862

I thought my last would be the last from this camp, but we still linger, though I sincerely believe that this is "positively my last appearance" under the above date.

"THE UNIFORMS HAVE COME,"

was the shout that went up on Tuesday evening, as several loads of boxes and bales filed slowly across the parade ground towards the Quartermaster's department. Such a furor did the procession cause among the boys, that it seemed more like an old-fashioned muster row, than anything that has yet occurred here. No damage was done, however, and the farmers and teamsters were allowed to quietly unload. During the following days, up to Saturday, each company "drew" what it required, to clothe it according to Uncle Sam's fashion, with the exception of overcoats, which were found to be of so poor a quality that they were condemned as valueless by a board of surveyors composed of several Captains of our regiment. This is the probable cause of our delay; how long it will continue remains to be seen. It seems that these coats have been several times condemned before reaching Camp Hooker, and that it is the intention of government to send them begging until they find a regiment green enough to wear them. The delay in the movement of this regiment, alone caused by this, prudent policy, will cost the government more than the coats are worth, but we suppose they

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will still be kept "moving on," in order if possible, to save loss to some swindling contractor or inspector. Let every regiment not yet clothed, keep their eye teeth cut when they see the black satinet overcoats dealt out.

FULL RANKS.

The appointment of E. L. Robbins Sergt. Major, left a vacancy in the ranks of Co. B, which has been filled by the enlistment of Mr. Joseph F. Cobb, of Carver, who has been duly mustered in. Our ranks are now full, and a better set of boys can't be found at Camp Hooker, "if I do say it." Hon. W. T. Davis sent us the following letter, which may be as gratifying to our friends as to us, and you are at liberty to publish it if you please:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12, 1862

Dear Sir:

I hoped to see you all in camp before I left home, but I had so many matters to smooth up before I came away that I did not get through in time to make you a visit. I desire now, on the eve of your departure, to congratulate you upon the success which has attended your efforts to launch the "Guards" into the service and to thank you for the aid thus rendered by you to the town in recruiting men to fill her quota. For myself, as with those who have already gone, my best wishes will attend you and your brother officers and the men under you; and if I can be at any time during your absence be of service to any of you, I shall be most happy. Please assure the men that their own interests, and the interests of those they have left behind, will be remembered; and that you may be all returned after a faithful service in behalf of your country, in health and happiness, is the sincere hope of

Your friend, Wm. T. Davis

To Lieut. C. A. S. Perkins,
Co. B, 3d Reg. M. V. M.,
Lakeville, Mass.

THE CRACK REGIMENT.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Third Regiment employs no blowers to keep it constantly before the reading public, and to puff and extol it as superior to anything ever before heard of, and that apparently, every obstacle was thrown in its way by those in authority, when its officers offered its services to the Governor, I think it has been recruited and organized in less time by a month than any other which has yet left the State, and I venture to predict that when it passes through Boston, it will make as good an appearance, and when in service, acquit itself as honorably, as though it had the prestige of high sounding titles, and had been patronized by the elite of the State. That its officers, both field and line, are bound to make it the best, as it is the oldest regiment in the State, and are indefatigable in the discharge of their duty, I believe is now generally conceded by all who visit us. "Bully for the Old Third."

MAJOR MORISSEY

has accepted the position for which he was chosen, and is making every preparation to leave with the regiment. I learn that Gov. Andrew heartily approves of his decision, and will do all in his power to forward the interests of the regiment. The Council have presented the Major with a splendid sword, duly inscribed with the names of the donors, and other appropriate words.

P.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Letter from Ned [EL Robbins], Camp Joe Hooker⁶⁰³ October 21, 1862

Friend *Memo*:

The "last day" has arrived, and to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, we start for Dixie. This prospect is welcomed by both officers and men, who have already begun to tire of camp life, which lacks the excitement of the presence of an enemy, and who are anxious to be in the field, where they may acquire more knowledge by experience, and be free from the pressing calls at home, which is now so near them.

Our Regiment sails to-morrow, one half in the Steamer *Merrimac*, the other in the *Mississippi*. The 5th and 44th Mass. Reg'ts accompany us in the steamer. These are fine vessels, as well calculated for transports as any ever built in this country; and if the weather proves favorable we shall no doubt have a pleasant time. Fifteen hundred men is a large number though to put on board one vessel, and should the weather be rough, and sea-sickness prevail, there may be some queer sights.

Our Regimental Officers are as follows: Col., S. P. Richmond; Lt. Col., James Barton; Major, John Morissey; Adjutant L. L. Perkins; Chaplain, Chas. A. Snow; Surgeon, W. H. Howe; Quartermaster, B. Penneman, Jr.; Serg't Major, E. L. Robbins; Quartermaster Serg't, T. H. Barton; Drum Major, J. Duvall. The Regiment lacks but a few names of being filled to the maximum. We are to have a band, tho' it is not yet fully organized; but the players are all with us, and will commence operating before long.

In consideration of the fact that many of the members of our regiment have experienced camp life for the first time here, the short time we have been here, the want of muskets &c., our regiment makes a creditable appearance. Our muskets we have never received yet, but they are on board the transports, to be unpacked when we arrive at Newbern.

There is no news of importance here. No changes have taken place in the other regiments at this post, since my last. The 4th sticks fast where it was three weeks ago, and the 55th appears to be waiting for recruits from Ireland.

Should our voyage be a pleasant one, and we arrive safely at Newbern, you may expect an early account from

Ned

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Off Holmes Hole On Board *Mississippi*⁶⁰⁴ October 23, 1862

Dear *Rock*:

Here I am safe and sound thus far and in the best of spirits, not even afflicted of the first qualms of sea-sickness, though it is quite rough, with a stiff north-west gale blowing. The weather is clear, however, and we are progressing favorably. We left Camp Hooker at [illegible] yesterday, and arrived in Boston at 2 P. M. The line formed at the depot and marched directly to Battery Wharf where the steamers *Merrimac* and *Mississippi* were waiting for us, being already embarked. There being considerable delay in getting the companies on board, I took the time to run up town to do some errands, calculating to get back before our transport left. When I got back the steamer had left, but a tug was in waiting to take off the skedaddlers, and I was soon with the rest of our boys. The whole of the 5th Reg. and half of the 3d is on board, with Lieut. Col. Barton in command of this wing.

But very few are seasick as yet, and all seem to be enjoying the trip finely, with two or three sad exceptions. The *Mississippi* has the reputation of being an unfortunate craft, and thus far has, on this trip, well sustained her reputation, for before we left the wharf, one man fell overboard, bruising himself badly, and narrowly escaping drowning. His name is Wm. Hoffman, a member of Co. F, 3d Reg., and belongs in New Bedford. He is now in the Hospital, and probably will recover. Soon after getting under weigh George Grenache, of Marlboro, a member of Co. I, 5th Reg., while recklessly running up the rigging, fell upon deck, striking three

RETURN OF THE DEAD

others and injuring himself so badly that he has just died. He was entirely insensible from the time of the accident. He was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and one child. The men injured by his fall were Henry F. Perkins, of Co. B, 3d Reg., of Kingston, who was quite seriously bruised on the head and back of the neck. He is now doing well. The other is Thomas McAnarney, of Cambridge, Co. E, 5th Reg. he was slightly cut on the head and stunned by the boot of the man who fell. He is also now doing well. While running down the bay, we run down a small schooner which was lying at anchor without a light. The steamer struck her just aft the mainmast, and brushing past, some portion of the schooner's rigging caught the fore-yard of the steamer, snapping it in two places as though it had been a pipe stem; as we passed, the schooner seemed lifted almost clear of the water, and it is the opinion of the officers that she must have sunk soon after. Several men on deck were slightly injured by this accident.

We have just cast anchor at Holmes' Hole, where I shall mail this, and where we expect to remain until the *Merrimac* overtakes us, and the damage to our craft is repaired.

P.

Departure of the 3d Regt⁶⁰⁵ October 25, 1862

The 3d, with the 5th and 44th Regiments of Mass. Vols. embarked on Wednesday on the twin steamers *Merimac* and *Mississippi*, for Newbern, N. C. This Regiment is largely composed of Plymouth County men, and we have no doubt they will do credit to the Old Colony. What remains of our own company B, The Standish Guards, have a second time gone at the call of their country. Owing to the quota of Plymouth being small, as our readers very well know, the three companies of Plymouth, Plympton and Carver, were amalgamated, each town receiving a commissioned officer. By this arrangement the Captaincy was given to Carver, and Hon. John Morissey, who had been elected Capt. of the company, resigned that commission and was commissioned by Gov. Andrew as Major in the Regiment, under the same arrangement as was made when he proposed to go as Captain of Co. B. We feel sure that the regiment will be the gainer by the arrangement. Although a novice in military affairs until his connection with the Standish Guards, yet Maj. Morissey has shown in whatever he has undertaken, a power to make himself the master of the situation, and in his career of Sergeant-at-Arms, has shown executive ability in no small degree, and we have not the slightest hesitation in saying that he will make as thorough and competent an officer, as the militia of Massachusetts has furnished.

Maj. Morissey goes attended with the warmest wishes of welfare of his numerous circle of acquaintances, many of whom, wishing to show their friendliness, have presented to him with different articles needed by him in his new profession. Maj. Morissey as will be seen by the following correspondence, has appointed Benj. Stevens, Esq., the Sergeant-at Arms as deputy in his absence.

...

Presentation to Major Morissey

At the State House Wednesday forenoon the Executive Council presented an elegant sword and belt to major John Morissey of the 3d Regiment. The sword bears the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO

MAJOR JOHN MORISSEY

BY

MESSRS. AMES, COCHRANE, RITCHIE, SHERMAN,

BOYNTON, SHUTE, HAYDE, AND HITCHCOCK,

Of the Executive Council,

Mass., 1862

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

The presentation speech was made in eloquent language by Hon. Mr. Cochrane, and Major Morissey responded in appropriate terms.

Shortly after this affair had taken place, Maj. Morissey was conducted into the office of the Secretary of State, where, in behalf of the officers, connected with the several State Department, Hon. Henry. K. Oliver, State Treasurer, in a peculiarly neat and fitting speech, presented one of Colt's best revolvers, a splendid saddle and trappings, a sash, a pair of excellent blankets, &c., to the gallant Major, who was taken completely by surprise. He responded in feeling terms.

Letter from Ned [EL Robbins] on Board *Merrimack* Off Point Lookout,⁶⁰⁶ October 26, 1862

Friend *Memo*:

We are nearing Beaufort harbor, and as there is more time now than I probably shall have for some hours after landing, I will give you a short account of our progress thus far.

The 3d Regiment left Camp Joe Hooker on Wednesday, the 22d inst., and proceeded to Boston on a special train provided for that purpose, arriving in that city about two o'clock P. M. We were marched through South, Summer, Washington, State and Commercial streets, to Battery wharf, where the steamers *Merrimack* and *Mississippi* were in waiting, to take us to Beaufort N. C. The 5th and 44th Massachusetts Regiments were already embarked when we arrived at the wharf, the former on the *Mississippi*. As each steamer was to take fifteen hundred men, and each had already an entire regiment on board, our regiment was divided, the right wing going on board the *Merrimack*, and the left on the *Mississippi*. These are twin ships, built from the same model by Harrison Loring of Boston, and no finer vessels float in any waters. At first sight our men found it difficult to believe that so many men could be comfortably, or even decently stowed in apparently so small a compass. But their apprehensions vanished when they found each man accommodated with a sleeping bunk or both, and a reasonable amount of room to stir about upon the decks.

On this boat (*Merrimack*) we have the 44th regiment commanded by Francis L. Lee, Col. Richmond being also on board, with the right wing, of his regiment, Col. Lee, being senior, took command of all the troops on ship board, and in a short time after leaving the wharf, the necessary arrangements for guard and police were completed, and military duty has been performed with as much regularity as it would have been on shore.

The weather has been remarkably fine, and in our vessel there have been but few cases of sea-sickness, considering the large number of men on board, much to the disgust of the steward, who declares upon the honor of a mulatto, that never was there such a set of eaters on this ship before. Well I suppose the fellow has to work pretty hard to supply this table, but then he has his amusements; such as selling apples to the men for six cents apiece, (and he has sold several barrels on those terms,) small sweet cakes at seventy-five cents per dozen, and other similar transactions, which appear to afford him infinite satisfaction.

As I write, the men are cheering about the deck, having just come in sight of the blockading squadron off Beaufort, and a pilot host is dancing over the waves towards us, much to the satisfaction of the officers of the ship, no doubt. The blockading fleet looks as though it might be effective if numbers can give it strength. If the *Nashville* or any other rebel craft can get by those guardians now, they should be applauded.

Co. B., being in the left wing of the Regiment, is on the other boat, and I have no opportunity of knowing how they have enjoyed the voyage. Life on a transport can never be positively agreeable, but I can safely say this voyage has been as nearly so as can be. Our men are quiet and orderly, not disposed to grumble where hardship is a necessity, and appreciating the efforts of their officers to make matters as comfortable as possible. They are the right sort of "soldier stuff," which means they are men, "through and through." The 44th are fine fellows, who take a great deal of pride – justly – in their regiment. There has been throughout the

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voyage no “jawing” between the two regiments, and each, I think, will speak well of the other, which does not always happen when two bodies of soldiers are thrown together in this way.

We are to have religious services in the cabin in a few minutes, Chaplain Hall of the 44th officiating. The Chaplain of the 3d is on the other boat.

I have written you this imperfect sketch while the vessel has been rolling and pitching, and the jar of the propeller has made it almost impossible to write at all, so you will please make allowances, and not wonder if it is disconnected and stumbling. The pilot has just stepped on board, we shall soon be in Beaufort, and soon you may again hear from

Ned

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], on Board *Mississippi*, Beaufort Harbor⁶⁰⁷ October 26, 1862

Dear Rock:

Here we are at last after a very pleasant and smooth voyage of about four days, with the “land of Dixie” just under our noses, altogether too near for we are aground and must be boated ashore. I suppose you have printed the incident of the beginning of our trip, which I wrote home in a private note, and so I will not rehearse them, although they were the only ones of importance that I find in my journal. I made a slight mistake in the name of the man who died on board. It should have been Claude instead of “George” Grenache. His body was put ashore at Holmes’ Hole to be forwarded to his friends. He was a circus performer by profession and probably the strongest and most active man in the 1500 on board.

THURSDAY

The *Merrimac* hove in sight at 7 P. M., and passed us before we got under weigh, when we steamed through Vineyard Sound, past Gay Head, and out into the broad Atlantic. A calm, pleasant night, and but very few sick. Those injured by the accident slowly gaining.

FRIDAY

Splendid weather and much warmer. *Merrimac* in sight a few miles to larboard. Telegraphed her at noon, when she had gained upon us several miles – “You are driving.” She replied, “Yes.” Still continuing to gain, at 4 P. M. she laid to and we soon steamed within hailing distance, and the two Captains compared their reckoning and asked and answered various questions. The Captain of the *Mac* noticing the loss of our fore yard, inquired the cause, when Capt. Baxter, the old joker of the *Mississippi*, replied, “carrying sail!” although not an inch was set during the passage. We then passed the *Mac* and kept the lead through the night and all day.

SATURDAY

Another splendid day; thermometer at 70. As we neared Cape Hatteras, a long heavy swell rendered deck promenading a very unsatisfactory display to those who like this pastime, and increased the list of sea sick soldiers. The hospital crowded. One poor fellow having ruptured a blood-vessel in his head, is undergoing all sorts of distressing operations to stop the hemorrhage. Made “land ho!” No. Hatteras, at 3 P. M. *Merrimac* several miles astern. A cotillion band, consisting of a violin and clarinet, and those who shoes to dance, entertained an appreciative audience for several hours on the quarter deck.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

SUNDAY

morning dawned dark and showery, with the land a few miles to starboard, and near enough to distinguish trees, landmarks, &c. Telegraphed for pilot. Soon came in sight of our blockading vessels and a large number of smaller craft in Beaufort harbor, with Fort Macon, grim and threatening, on our larboard bow. *Merrimac* again ahead. She took the first pilot, much to the chagrin of our Captain, and steamed over the bar ahead of us. Pilot comes over the side, and we are soon threading our way through the intricacies of "Old Topsail Inlet," with the fort and land so near that one might toss a biscuit upon it. A few minutes later, and after the *Merrimac* had touched the railroad wharf at Morehead city, our craft run aground, and stuck there all day. Another item chargeable to the ill-luck of this ship, or to the ignorance or secession proclivities of the pilot. After working all day with the ship's engines, assisted by the steam tug *Champion*, which came off to our assistance, to no purpose, the job was abandoned till another day. We were not much sorry, however, for it was raining heavily, and the men who were ashore and on their way to Newbern, were wet to their skins. Several of our officers went ashore at "Morehead City," which they describe as a "one-horse town," and a mighty poor horse at that.

MONDAY

Much cooler with the wind blowing a gale from the eastward. Consider ourselves lucky in making this harbor before the storm came on. Ship still aground. If she is not got off at high water the troops will be set ashore in the tug, and we shall probably reach Newbern today. Our sick, (of Co. B,) are all right. I hear that the *Merrimac* is to leave directly for Boston today, and as that is the only chance I shall have to send you this at present, I must close with a few words of

PERSONAL

Though I have alluded to the fate which seems to attend this ship, in disparaging terms, therewith, we all have the most grateful remembrance. She is a model for the convenient and wholesome arrangement of her passenger accommodations, although crowded on this trip, and every detail of her management is under the most complete system and discipline, and in its minutest particular within the daily supervision of Capt. RODNEY BAXTER, of Barnstable, one of those Cape Cod shipmasters, whose fame is world-wide. He can sail a ship and "keep and hotel," his genial nature and social disposition being of just the right tone for either. To Purser Sampson, of Duxbury, let me also return my thanks with those of my brother officers, for his gentlemanly attentions and indefatigable exertions to render everything agreeable connected with his department. The other officers of the ship and waiters, are such only as would find favor with so fine a man as Capt. B., and it is with pleasure that I testify to the superior accommodations and management of the steamship *Mississippi*.

P.

P.S. At the risk of laying myself liable to a charge of staleness, I shall venture to send you a few items connected with the last days of Camp Joe Hooker, for there were many scenes and events that I know would interest your readers, even though the record is made at this late day.

FAREWELL DEMONSTRATION

Tuesday evening, 2st Oct., large delegations from the several companies of the Third, marched through the quarters of the Fourth, bidding "Good-bye," and receiving the "benedictions" of all. They also called at the

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Colonel's quarters of the Third, where they were welcomed by Col. Richmond, Lieut. Col. Barton, and Chaplain Snow, with words of congratulation and encouragement.

Shortly after the Fourth formed in file, and preceded by their band, marched through the quarters of the Third, to the inspiring strains of "Yankee Doodle" and other martial airs, and were cheered heartily by "our fellows," as they passed through the barracks. After a visit to the officers' quarters, where the field officers responded to the serenade in appropriate speeches, both regiments returned to their quarters highly gratified with the demonstrations of the evening. The best of feeling exists between the regiments, and we all are hoping and expecting to see the Fourth again with us in active service.

PRESENTATIONS

The morning of our departure, after Co. B had packed their knapsacks with all their "household furniture," and their haversacks with two days rations, and were drawn up in line waiting for the call to form the regimental line, Capt. Griffith distributed to each of the men recruited by him, a nice pair of woolen socks, knit by the [illegible]... Your correspondent was also the recipient of a good revolver and equipments from a near and dear personal friend, who would not thank me to publish his name.

HEAVY MEN

Co. B boasts of four of the biggest men in the regiment; their united weight is but little less than half a ton. These "boys" were entirely beyond the capacity of any uniforms furnished by Uncle Samuel, and consequently had to have them built to order, which explains the reason why the company was not entirely in uniform. In fact the whole regiment was complimented as we passed through Boston, for the size and rugged appearance of its members.

LIEUT. BRIGGS

Having proved so efficient in the discharge of the duties of Provost Marshal, was detached from the regiment for 15 days further service at Camp Hooker, much to the regret of his brother officers. We miss him hugely. Speaking of him puts us in mind of an item of interest to the sporting fraternity. The trotting mare "Troublesome," lately owned by Lieut. Briggs, and which won the prizes at both the Bristol and Plymouth County Agricultural Exhibitions, this fall, has been sold to Capt. Hayward, of Newport, for the sum of \$365.

P.

Letter from Lieut. Wm. Briggs, Lakeville, MA⁶⁰⁸ October 29, 1862

We have been requested to publish the following letter from Lieut. Wm. Briggs of the 3d Regiment M. V. explanatory of his not going out with his regiment. We give it insertion as a matter of justice to that officer. Friend P-,

I sit down to write you a few lines, in regard to the stories in circulation, about my not going with the 3d Regt. I enlisted with the 3d Regt., because I wanted to. First I made up my mind to give my country nine months service. Secondly, to go in the Plymouth company, to do my duty, if God spared my life, to the best of my abilities, and never, so help me God, have I thought of any thing different. You very well know of my appointment to Provost Marshall of Camp Hooker, and likewise the request of Capt. Gilmore that I should remain at the Camp in that position. I replied to him that I would not desert my company; that I would remain behind and bring up deserters if the Col. wanted me to. He said the Col. would be pleased to have me. I would not have stopped if I had been ready to have started when the Regiment did. I intended to have gone with

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

them to Boston and to have spoken to them on board the steamers. I told Capt. Griffith that I wished to speak to the company before they started from Camp. The reason why it was not granted me I cannot tell.

The soldiers left trunks and beddings, marked to their wives, and I thought they would thank me for taking care of them. Capt. Gilmore gave me command of the barracks, and I supposed it to be my duty to my men to take care of their baggage, but I was found fault with for it. But I do not care for that, it will be all right with the men when I get there, and I hope that will be soon as I have applied to Col. Day to start me as soon as possible. Trusting that you will state the facts when called for, and let my friends know that I think as much of Co. B, as any man living, and ready to do for them as much as any man.

I remain Yours' Wm. L. Briggs

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newberne⁶⁰⁹ October 30, 1862

Dear Rock:

We arrived here safely by cars, Monday afternoon, our craft having got afloat in the morning, and towed alongside the *Merrimac* at the Railroad wharf of the Atlantic & N. C. Railroad at Morehead City. The day was full as cold as any you have had in Massachusetts this fall previous to our departure, and gave me the impression that the "sunny!" South is like many other fictitious – exploded by personal experience. Those of my Massachusetts friends who have been here since the first of March last, say it was the coldest day they have known. The railroad is the one upon which the battle of Newbern was fought, where Lothrop Churchill was killed. The breastworks are still to be seen, and are quite extensive. The first line coming towards the city, were hardly finished when our troops surprised the rebels, and were not defended at all, but the second line, which is about five miles from this city, was where the battle took place, or skirmish as it is now called by those who have seen some of the great battles of the war since that time.

After our arrival at the depot, we marched to the "Fair Grounds" beyond the city, where tents were being pitched for us under the superintendence of Lieut. Rogers of Plymouth. It is quite a pleasant spot, on the south bank of the Neuse river, although the land is rather low and damp – probably not as healthy as Camp Joe Hooker. The first two nights we slept as comfortable as we could, rolled in our blankets on the ground. Since then we have set our stove, got our beds, and had just got comfortable, when last night we received "marching orders," and are to leave by railroad today for a place about half-way to Morehead City, called "Newport barracks," to do picket duty. How long we are to remain there I have no idea, but probably not a great while. Co. A, of this regiment, goes with us; Co. K left last night, for a point some five miles up the river, on picket duty.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT

Is believed to be decided on from this point, as some 7000 troops quartered in and about here received marching orders yesterday. Some like ourselves go to relieve those who are guarding different points, bridges, &c., on the railroad, while others are to be sent up the river probably on a reconnoitering expedition. Gen. Foster is as "busy as the d---l in a gale of wind," and having troops enough now at his command, means to let the rebs hear from him.

THE COUNTRY

Between here and Moreland City, is one almost unbroken wilderness, and forcibly reminds one of the scenes in the recently published story of "Among the Pine." Occasionally we pass through a little clearing, with its Virginia fences, and the hovels of the "Corncrackers," and turpentine producers, compared with which the habitations at "Parting Ways" are palaces. We passed but three highways in the whole forty miles, the only

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common road apparently being the railroad along which the best houses were situated. Wherever we passed a settlement of negroes we were received with the most extravagant demonstrations of welcome, but the whites didn't appear to "see it." I did notice one white damsel wave her kerchief, but she looked sour enough to turn new milk. Acres upon acres of dead pines met the view, whose life-blood had long ago been turned to "pitch, tar, turpentine," the productions of this region.

Yesterday I visited "the city," as it is called here, though in 1860 it had but 3000 inhabitants. Every village here inhabited by whites is called a city, and this I think might have been quite a respectable looking New England Village in its palmy days. There are many fine houses and gardens, and a few that would be called "splendid" at the north, but the hovels of the "negro quarters" connected with every decent establishment, render the general appearance highly objectionable in Yankee eyes. Nearly all the best houses and stores are tenantless, or occupied as soldiers quarters, hospitals, &c., the owners having fled at the time of the "the fight," or having removed since. The streets are lined with very beautiful shade trees, now in full beauty and foliage, and the gardens blooming with roses, one of which I enclose. I called at the quarters of Capt. Alexander's company yesterday [23d Regt., Co. B], a nice two story house on a corner lot, lighted with gas, and furnished with some of the heavier articles of the original furniture. It is a very comfortable stopping place, and a decided improvement over living in tents, and sleeping on the ground. Lieut. Rogers is in command of Co. H, at present, the officers of that company being at home on furloughs. The company and officers are all well, with the exception of W. S. Burbank, Jr., who is "laid up" with rheumatism. Our regiment is in the best of health, not a single man so far as I know being under the surgeon's care.

We did not get our guns and equipments yesterday until after we received marching orders, and had to "fly around," some last night and this morning to get ready for a move. When we "get settled" again I will let you know.

P.

Field and Line Officers⁶¹⁰ October 30, 1862

(From the Middleboro Gazette)

3d Regiment M.V.M.

We give today, a brief history of the Commissioned Officers of the 3d Regiment, as far as we have been able to obtain them.

...

1ST LIEUT. C. A. S. PERKINS,

Of Plymouth, a native of Plympton, was commissioned May 8, 1862, and is the oldest commissioned officer in the Regiment. He has been Editor or Publisher of the *Plymouth Rock* for the past nine years. During Buchanan's administration he held the office of Post Master at Plymouth, very acceptably to the public.

...

Departure of the 3d Regiment⁶¹¹ October 30, 1862

After reported delays, changes, and false starts, the 3d got the word "go" in good earnest last Wednesday, and we were off to camp by the grey dawn of day break. It was a fine day and the camp was overrun with friends of the 3d. Through the courtesy of Capt. Soule of Abington, who was officer of the day, and who is very popular with his command, we were permitted to drive with [illegible] directly to "headquarters ..." at the barracks. Various partings and there takings gave a touching interest to the seen, and the serious faces of the men indicated that they just began to realize the realities of war. The ladies of Carver presented each man with

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

a pair of home made stockings, which were received with three cheers. Soon the order came to form in regimental line in front of the barracks, presenting a fine appearance. But the best view of the "able bodied thousand" was from the knoll near the line mansion of the widow Ward, as they passed through the valley and rose the hill beyond on their way to the Depot. With their new uniforms, knapsacks, flashing swords and fine music, we caught a glimpse of "the glory and pomp of war." Through the admirable arrangements of the O. C. Rail Road officials, the regiment was comfortably seated in twenty-two cars, and amid the cheers of the crowd, at 12 1/2 o'clock were soon whirled by two powerful engines toward Boston. A detachment of the 4th Regiment escorted them to the Depot, the remainder of which were busy clearing camp from the thousand papers and letters, let loose upon the wind by the departing 3d. Commandant Gilmore is a well bred courteous gentleman as well as a thorough soldier, and had time amid his many duties to answer the many questions of a stranger, with the same polite attention that he would to the Commander-in-Chief. Lieut. Briggs remains to "gather in the skedadlers," but will join his Regiment soon. He seemed quite disappointed at being left, but soon forgot his ill luck in pointing out the merits of Co. Richmond's charger, once of rebel ownership, but changed hands at Malvern Hill. The Duxbury boys were enjoying themselves lazily in their bunks to favor the digestion of those bountiful rations of corn beef and soft bread. Capt. McLauthlin was out when we called but two fine looking Lieutenants and a social circle of ladies, with bouquets of fall flowers, enlivened his neat and tidy quarters. The fourth lacks two companies of being full. The 55th Regiment does not fill up very fast. Two more regiments from Boston are expected soon. We were glad to see our townsmen John Davis and Josiah Robbins doing so thriving a business at the entrance to the camp.

Letter from Ned [EL Robbins], Newbern, NC⁶¹² November 1, 1862

Friend *Memo*:

Tattoo has just been beaten, and by right I should be spreading my blanket for the night; but as I feel more inclined to write than to sleep, and as there are yet a few minutes left before Tapps, I shall improve them by writing you a few lines.

In a neighboring tent the sound of voices engaged in singing a good old hymn, shows that the old New England custom of holding a religious meeting on Saturday evening is not entirely forgotten by her people, though far away from her soil, and truly this custom should not be among the first to be lain aside, and I am proud to say the officers of the 3d Regiment seem to take more pleasure at any time in such employment, than in carousing in their own or neighboring camps, which, perhaps, cannot be said of every Regiment.

We arrived here without an accident, and are now encamped upon the ground formerly occupied by the 23d Mass., though long since abandoned by them for quarters in the city. This camp ground is just outside the city, say a quarter of a mile from the dwellings, in a northerly direction. It is situated upon the bank of the Neuse river, and is very pleasantly located. We are quartered at present, in Sibley tents, though we expect to go into barracks soon. A couple of black looking gun boats in the river opposite us, are our nearest company, and very agreeable company they would prove, no doubt, should we be attacked while here. The ground is low, and not very dry, and the water not of the best quality; but we have suffered no bad effect from it as yet, and have adopted sanitary regulations which I think will do much to keep off sickness arising from these causes. The weather since our arrival, has been fair as could be desired, clear, warm days, and pleasant, moonlight, though rather cold nights. Sleeping in tents upon the ground, with only a rubber blanket between the body and the sod, is new business to the most of our boys, but they are contented to take things as they find them, and, you know, it is "only nine months."

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I must confess disappointment in the appearance of Newbern. It is more deserving the title of city, I think, than most places in the Southern country that bear it. It is pleasantly located, between the Neuse and Trent rivers, extending from the bank of the former, to that of the latter; is tolerably well built, laid out regularly in squares, and altogether presents quite a tidy appearance. I wish I could speak as well of the original inhabitants, as of their city. That pleasant little fiction of the numbers of Union men found in this vicinity, has not much weight with those acquainted here, in fact if the truth is known, I believe there are more Secessionists in Plymouth than there are Union men in Craven County. Contrabands abound, of course, with all the peculiarities of the article, and the usual distinctive marks of the "peculiar institution."

Of Co. B I cannot give much information, they having been absent on picket duty three days and will not probably return for some time yet. Capt. Griffith was in camp last night, and reports his company well, and in good spirits, "picking up" daily in drill, and fast becoming accustomed to their position. The Plymouth boys in Capt. Alexander's company, (E, 23d) are, with a few exceptions well, and as you will believe, were glad to see us, as were we to meet them.

Rumors, rumors, - if it were proper for me to write you all I see and hear, you might perhaps look for news from this quarter before long. I can tell you this, that the 44th Mass., is not, at present, guarding the city of Newbern, and the prospect is, that the 3d and 5h Mass. regiments will not quarrel together.

Our regiment is fast improving, and will soon be "up to the mark." The men are well satisfied with their officers, and I think the officers are well satisfied with their men. Your old friend [Charles Perkins] of the "Rock," is down in the Swamp, writing editorials perhaps; I don't know. Maj. Morissey is well and appears to be in excellent spirits.

Ned

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newport Barracks, NC⁶¹³ November 2, 1862

Dear Rock:

This post is situated on the railroad from Morehead City to Newbern, about 10 miles from the former, and half a mile south of a little settlement called Newport, or Shepardsville. From reports of it received previous to our removal hither, we had been led to believe that we should not be overpleased with the post, on account of its unhealthy location and its distance from the more active scenes of the campaign, but for one, thus far I am happily disappointed. The barracks, it is true, are not of that wholesome and comfortable description at Camp Hooker, but still they are preferable to tents, and being provided with large open fire-places, capable of taking in a "cord wood" stick, while fat pine wood can be had in any quantity, at our very doors, we can keep comfortable and cheerful during the extremely chilly nights which characterize this climate. The barracks were built by the rebels and occupied by them up to the time of the capture of Newbern, in February last, some of their "furniture" in the shape of camp stools and bedsteads still remaining. The N. C. 7th regiment of infantry were the tenants here, but skedaddled on the approach of Burnside's army. The barracks are built of logs chinked with mud, and would make a jack knife carpenter laugh heartily at their rude construction.

There is posted here, in addition to Cos. A and B of the 3d Mass. Reg., a New York battery of three guns and a cavalry company. The Mass. 27th were here but were taken away the night before we arrived to go with the expedition alluded to in my last. The object of the post here is a head quarters for pickets to guard the railroad. A guard of 16 men and an officer is sent out every morning to another point about nine miles north of here, called Havelock, which is reported to be still more of a wilderness, and inhabited only by bears, wild-cats, wolves, snakes, crocodiles, secesh guerillas and other vermin too numerous to mention. It is eagerly sought after as a post for picket duty by the boys, on account of the liberty that is there given for foraging, they being allowed to shoot anything they choose in the day time, from a full grown "beef critter" or porker, down along

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through the whole bill of fare of wild game, or barnyard domestics. Our first guard stationed there, under command of Lieut. Morton, came in Friday morning loaded with fresh beef, sweet potatoes, and "wild" honey, and jubilant with the excitement and sport they had enjoyed. Uncle Sam's hard bread and salt hoss will keep a long time if all his boys could be posted at Havelock. There is also a picket guard stationed around the camp and for a mile on the railroad at important points, such as bridges and the junction of roads. Considerable apprehension of an attack from guerrillas and secesh cavalry is felt here by those who have been longest stationed here, and the utmost vigilance is kept up, and the men sleep with loaded rifles within arms length. If they do attack us we shall give them a few pills before we surrender, that may operate more violently than Ayer's sugar coated.

I wish I could give you a faint idea of the country round about, and the inhabitants, but my pen is incompetent to the task, and I must content myself with as near a correct picture as I am able. The village of Newport consists of about a dozen houses, and one or two stores, and a church, and such a church! Why, in Yankee land it would not be considered a respectable barn. Not a drop of paint or a steeple outside, not a spoonful of mortar or other finish inside. The seats and pulpit are of the most ordinary construction, and the gallery, which the colored gentry are allowed to occupy, has an entrance by stairs built outside the building. I attended divine service there this forenoon, and had the pleasure of hearing a sermon from a "hard shell Baptist," or as he styled himself, "a regular old iron-sided Baptist." He was fully up to the standard of those of his sect described in some burlesque sermons published in one of the city papers a year or two since, and his discourse was fully as extravagant and ridiculous as that based upon the text of "and he played upon a harp of a thousand strings." At the commencement he gave all liberty to retire who thought business might call them out before he got through, and requested all others to remain. After reading a hymn, which he afterwards "deaconed off," line by line, and was sung through the noses of the old men, and one or two females, he commenced his discourse by telling the congregation that he should preach to them from one of the greatest and shortest "texes" to be found in the book 'Preach the Word.' As he did not tell us where it might be found, your correspondent is obliged, almost ashamed to confess, that he is unable to say whether "the book" was gospel or not. The preacher then went on in the style of some two hundred years ago, in an extempore harangue that, but for respect to himself and his congregation, would have "brought down the house" in peals of laughter. The brethren were seated together upon one side of the pulpit, and the sisters upon the opposite side, and all appeared very devout and much interested in the discourse. After reading and singing another hymn and the benediction, the audience retired, no doubt highly edified and refreshed. The "cemetery" adjoining the church, corresponds with the church, and the inscriptions on the head boards, is orthography and style would disgrace a child of five years. The people generally appear to be loyal, though they are very ignorant and degraded, and I have no doubt will be as good Union men as they ever were, if the government is able to preserve its authority. The principal business here is the turpentine and tar manufacture, which at present, is very remunerative and is being prosecuted with all the enterprise that can reasonably be expected from such a people. A barrel of pitch can be collected in a day by one man, which brings \$12, and a tar-kiln containing 30 or 40 cords of wood is considered worth \$250. The process of manufacture is very simple, and can be engaged in by any one who has a disposition to try their luck in this half civilized country. The raw pitch is distilled to produce Spirits of Turpentine, and the residuum is rosin. After the trees refuse a further yield of pitch they are cut and split into pieces of about the dimensions of merchantable fire wood at home and piled up something like a coal-pit, when it is fired, and the tar runs into vats at the foot of the pile. The wood is converted into excellent charcoal at the same time. One kiln that I saw today contained about 35 cords of wood, and was estimated would turn out 80 barrels of tar at \$5 per barrel, and about 500 bushels of coal. About ten days time is required to exhaust the kiln. The proprietor told us he could make a fortune in the short

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time if he could get laborers. The blacks are plenty enough, and understand the business but won't work, unless compelled to, only just enough to keep soul and body together, as Uncle Sam is now obliged to subsist a large majority of this class of the inhabitants, where his authority is respected, the prospect of building up a very extensive business on negro labor is not very flattering. If however the present condition of things should continue until the turpentine season opens again, (about the 1st of March,) I think northern men can make their "pile" here as well as any where. Tar can be made at any season of the year. The inhabitants acknowledge that the war has been a "God send" to them peculiarly, and that that never made money so fast as now.

A member of the battery corps named Keith died here of fever today and was buried in the afternoon. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. J. G. Gammons, of Westport, Mass., a corporal in Capt. Marble's Company, in a very eloquent and impressive manner.

Capt. Griffith is officer of the day and as the line of pickets extends some two or three miles, and many bogs and ponds have to be crossed in visiting them, the officer is allowed a horse when on this duty. Our honored Captain makes his first appearance today mounted on a beautiful little secesh mare captured from the rebels recently by a Lieut. of the battery. We agree to vote for him to fill the first vacancy in the field officers, and advise him to keep the pickets eyes "wide open tight," for secesh cavalry, during the night.

Wednesday, Nov. 5th

I hope I shall not completely forfeit my welcome in your columns by my frequent appearance, and that your readers will console themselves with the reflection that in all probability I shall find scribbling "played out" when our regiment shall have acquired that discipline necessary to fit it for the arduous duties for which it has taken the field; but having considerable leisure now, and many novelties to attract my attention, I find my diary filled with incidents and experiences that interest me, and hoping they may have something of entertainment for your patrons, I send you a few of the most striking to fulfill my promise of correspondence. I think I made some allusion in my last to "Havelock," a picket station on the railroad we are guarding; since then I have been on duty there for 24 hours, and have found it to possess all the attractions that the boys guarantied. With the guard of 16 men we arrived there about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, and after receiving the instructions that are transmitted from the retiring officer to his successor, the guard were posted on their respective stations, and then cook brings in our rations of fresh meats, sweet potatoes and all the etceteras of the regular Havelock bill of fare. After supper I took a stroll about in the immediate vicinity of our camp, and found it surrounded by a complete wilderness, with only one negro shanty in sight. It is situated on the borders of a creek that is dammed a few rods below and flows a large tract of woodland on both sides of us. There used to be a grain and saw mill upon the dam, which were carried away by a freshet, since the war drove the proprietor from their custody; the breach in the dam has been filled by government so as to keep the putrid mass of decaying vegetables covered with water, and render the locality as healthy as possible. A blockhouse or fort has been built near the railroad for the protection of the bridge over the creek, and as a rendezvous for the picket guard should it be attacked. The fort mounts one gun, or did before some reckless officer in charge here, dismounted it by firing an overcharge of ammunition. The bridge is the only one on the road this side of Newbern, not destroyed by the rebels previous to the arrival of the federal troops, and is very substantial structure, about 100 feet in length, covered, and well built with brick and iron.

No stone work of any kind is to be seen here, for the very good reason that there are no stone; I haven't seen a stone or a pebble ever since I have been here, the whole surface and to the depth of 10 or 5 feet below is free from this geological feature. After dark the boys, pioneered by those we relieved, made a foray into the woods, and quite probable into the domains of some settler in the vicinity, from which they returned with a piece of hollow log about two feet long, well filled with honey and comb. "Turned in" about 9 o'clock, and

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"turned out" soon after 12 to make "Grand Rounds." A splendid moonlight night, and the woods vocal with the hootings of owls, barking of dogs and wolves, and other sounds too strange to name. Found the boys with their eyes "wide open tight," and doing their duty like veterans.

Next day, with half the guard, and accompanied by the "old contraband" who lives near this station, we paid a visit to a deserted secesh plantation, about three miles from this post in the direction of the rebel lines. The plantation is quite an extensive one, comprising at least 1000 acres, and was principally devoted to the raising of corn previous to the rebellion. The owner did not live here but managed the place by an overseer and about 130 "head" of slaves. The negro habitations, about forty in number, are still standing, as well as the carpenter's and blacksmith's shops, corn-barns, &c. A large new building for ginning cotton, and a cotton press near by were nearly completed, the proprietor evidently intending to turn his attention to cotton-raising, since the commencement of the advance in price of this staple, calculating on the rebel army to protect him from the Yankees. But that "speculation all bust up" before it begun, by the victorious advance of Burnside's army; and this noble plantation is now grown up to rank weeds and grass, and overrun by pigs and cattle. The corn crop of '61 was secured by our government and is being fed out to the negroes and hogs that belonged here. I rode along by the side of one field that is said to contain 900 acres, covered with a dense growth of fine grass, level as a house floor, and resembling the prairies of the West; this I suppose was the corn-field. The negroes undertook to live here after the proprietor fled, and put in such crops as they chose last spring, but a raid from the rebels destroyed the fruit of their labors, and took quite a number of the negroes themselves again into rebel service, the rest of them putting themselves under Uncle Sam's protection. The plantation and its stock are now considered confiscated, and is under such care as a few of the negroes dare to bestow upon it, not extending beyond a daily visit to feed the swine, for which they are paid by government. It affords a fine field for foraging and the boys are allowed to bag anything they choose here. After one or two "hoots" by our guide, the hogs came pouring into a pig tight yard in droves, of all ages, sizes, genders, shapes and colors; after closing the gates the fun began. Old nig's dogs were put upon the track of such as we thought would best grace our tables, and encouraged by their owners cry of sic! Sic! Sic! were soon in full chase and snapping at piggy's ears as often as they could get alongside. Piggy squeals and barks, and dodges under the building to escape his tormentors, but in vain; he is soon in limbo with a big dog hanging to each ear, and a dozen human bipeds grabbing at his legs. He is soon securely tied and loaded into the mule team and another race begins. One little fellow that we had selected got out of the enclosure, and while making himself scarce in the bushes received a Minnie ball through his shoulder, which soon converted him into pork by aid of a jackknife flourished around his jugular. Two live ones, and one dead, was considered a load for a mule team, and having had about sport enough we started homeward, calculating to complete our stock of provisions by the capture of a nice two year old heifer, or full grown calf, to be captured on the way, but were disappointed in this, not having a chance to sight along our rifles in the direction of this kind of game. We have now quite a piggery at Newport, and will send you a spare rib at any time, Mr. Editor, if you will pay the express.

My guard being relieved at 4 P. M., Tuesday, I took the cars for Newbern, as I could not return here until the next morning, and quartered myself with Capt. Alexander, of Co. E, 2 Mass. Reg. Himself and company are quartered in one of the best houses in the city, and I think I never before appreciated the luxury of sleeping in a house, on a good bed, in clean sheets. After a week's "roughing it in the bush," half-starved, and at others making a hog of ourself, it makes one "think of home," to come in sight of civilization, and to be made welcome to such accommodations as the gallant Captain offers to all who give him a call.

One half of his regiment went with the expedition recently fitted out from Newbern, including Lieut. Drew, of Co. E, who volunteered to go with one of the companies which was short of an officer. The members of his

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company are generally in good health, but two I think from Plymouth, being in the hospital, W. S. Burbank, Jr., and Daniel Paulding. They are both improving.

Wednesday morning I visited our regiment, and saw the field and staff officers, and many of the privates. They are making fine progress in drill, and get lots of compliments from those who have been long in the service, for the rapid progress it is making. But few cases of sickness are reported and those of a mild type.

Our company, for some reason or other seems to be drawn upon for men in all kinds of positions; first, our 2d Lieut. is taken for provost marshal, then private E. L. Robbins is appointed Sergeant Major, and then again, Sergeants J. B. Oldham and James H. Robbins are taken, the first as color bearer, and the second as Left General Guide of the regiment; then it is ascertained that private Isaac S. Holmes is too good a cook for common folks, and he is detailed to cook for the field and staff-officers, while every carpenter we had in the company, privates I. L. Harlow, Philip Washburn, H. B. Griffin, and Moses Pierce, are on extra duty building barracks. What is left of the company is sent into the woods with one other company, to do picket duty on a post vacated by a regiment the day before we reached it. I do not mention this in any fault-finding spirit, but simply that you may know what we are about. We are glad to know that our disposition to do our whole duty, and a little more, if required, is appreciated, and that no the first man grumbles. When I got back to the barracks Wednesday forenoon, I learned that orders had been received there the day before for nearly the whole garrison to be out scouting after the rebels who have been annoying us considerably of late. Capt. Griffith and Lieut. Lyon with about forty men from each company, with the artillery and cavalry companies, were gone, much to my regret, because no one knew where they had gone, and of course it was useless trying to follow.

Saturday, 8th.

Our companies arrived in from their expedition Thursday afternoon, wet to the skin, but all alive and in good spirits. They marched 25 miles the first day by a circuitous route to Pettier's Mills, where they bivouacked for the night, and took up the return march the next morning. The result of the expedition was not so fruitful perhaps, as its originators hoped it would prove, the trophies being only a few fowling pieces and six horses. Not a man could be found on the whole route who professed any but the most loyal sentiments, but the women gave our boys a piece of their minds, when they took possession of such articles from their houses as we needed or deemed improper to be left with them, in a manner very natural to the sex, and not very respectful to those whom Uncle Sam has sent out for their protection.

The boys stood the long march and exposure remarkably well, and were all fit for duty the next day.

The whole country traversed was of the same character as around here – pine wood, slough-holes, beach sand, black hogs, and occasionally a shingle shanty, with a gaunt looking farmer, and his family of tow-headed boys in butternut home-spun suits, and snuff-dipping wife and daughters.

The result of the expedition from Newbern has not yet been made public here, and when it is known you will probably hear of it as soon as we shall. The only intelligence of it thus far received, is of its arrival at Washington, N. C., and some skirmishing in that vicinity, by which two or three of the 44th Mass. Reg. were killed and several wounded.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newport Barracks, NC⁶¹⁴ November 15, 1862

Dear Rock:

Since I last wrote you we have had a touch of Winter, even here in North Carolina, that would do credit to the Old Bay State. One week ago today, we had a light snow fall here, while in the more northerly parts of the State, it covered the ground to the depth of several inches. Ice to the thickness of one-fourth of an inch,

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covered the water in our buckets, and the water in some of the picket guard's canteens was frozen. This "peculiar institution," of the North seems to follow our army, and I hope all the institutions it may introduce here will be as productive of good, as has been the frost; for now, where all sorts of deadly malaria and contagious fevers were prevalent, is a purified atmosphere and comparatively healthy picketing. Companies A and B are still stationed here, and in the best of health; we shall probably rejoin the regiment in a day or two, as we now have orders to that effect, which we shall act upon when other companies relieve us.

MORE TROOPS

The transports *Merrimac*, *Mississippi* and *Saxon*, under convoy of the gunboat *Huron*, arrived at Moorehead city yesterday, with the 43d, 45th, and 46th Mass. Reg., and today they have been conveyed to Newbern. They had a harder time than we did, having been on board the steamers ten days, three or four of which were spent in Boston harbor, during the storm which immediately followed their embarkation. I have heard of no accidents, however.

WINTER QUARTERS

Last Sunday I rode over to Bogue Sound, the next picket station, south of us, about 3 miles distant. A company of the New Jersey ninth are on duty here, who are at present quartered in tents, but will be provided with barracks for winter quarters. It would make you "look wild" to see the miles of wooden buildings that are being erected in this Department, for the winter quarters of the troops doing garrison duty here. At Newbern, Gen. Foster's headquarters, where it would seem as though there ought to be shelter enough for his army, I should judge there are a regiment of carpenters detailed on extra duty, while like preparations are going on at every other point where he is obliged to keep pickets stationed. The only noticeable feature of natural productions which came under my observation in my visit to the sound, was a heavy growth of sassafras forming a complete hedge, in one place, and spreading over an adjoining field, which not more than two years ago was planted to corn.

BUTCHERING

The few frosty nights we have enjoyed, we have convinced the natives that "cold winter" is here, and the war on the porcine tribe has commenced. I know it would amuse a Yankee butcher to see North Carolinians kill a hog, but to me it seemed as though they ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals. As most of the hogs run at large here, and are of the race-horse breed, a grand race commences the battle, in which dogs and niggers, white men, women and children are entertained indiscriminately, the boss butcher armed with a hammer or an ax, and diving headlong after the doomed porker, a scene of the most ludicrous description ensues, which ends in a crack in piggy's skull, with a jack-knife stuck in his throat. He is then left to struggle and squeal for an hour or two, or until about a dozen more share his fate, when he is considered "dead enough" to scald, and the work of dressing commences. I saw at one house the ground strewn with the "dead and wounded," and two or three hanging by the gambrels, while one or two others were being soused in a barrel. It put on in mind of a Cincinnati pork factory, where a constant stream of hogs pour into one door, and pork, lard, bacon, sausages, &c., as constantly pour out of another. One of our boys begged the privilege of showing the Corn-crackers how to kill a hog, which he did, much to their astonishment that the hog should "bleed so much and die so quick."

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AN ALARM

On Tuesday night of this week, at about 2 o'clock we were awakened by the rattling of the ears, and screaming of the engine, as they thundered along to our landing. Very soon after came orders to turn out the garrison for "Newbern is threatened." We were not many minutes in getting the boys out of their bunks and into line, but had to wait for the Bogue Sound Company, and to load the Artillery and Cavalry horses. While waiting, the boys got a hasty breakfast, the pickets were called in, and just as the sun rose, we started by steam power for Newbern. All sorts of rumors were afloat -- the rebels had attacked and captured a large portion of Gen. Foster's expedition, while the remainder of it was fighting its way back to the city; our pickets at a station eight miles out had been fired upon, 30 killed and two whole companies made prisoners; and many other sensation stories and improbable reports kept the boys awake during the ride up. The guns were loaded anticipating an attack upon our train, and we all believed we were going straight into a fight, or at any rate where we should get sight of a live rebel. But we were disappointed, for when we arrived at Newbern, without the first smell of powder, all was quiet there, and the n-----rs stood in the streets with their wondering eyes hanging out upon their cheeks, and occasionally a sentinel soldier might be seen, all alike ignorant of the cause of our alarm. It was very soon apparent that "some one had blundered," and orders for our return were received within five minutes after our arrival. There was some foundation for the disturbance however, as the pickets beyond Newbern, were fired upon at five o'clock Monday afternoon, and two members of the 24th Regiment wounded -- one of whom has since died. After an hour's stop at Newbern Depot, where Col. Richmond rode out to see our boys, and congratulate them on their promptness and courage, we started "home again," and arrived here at 12 o'clock, as Lieut. Lyon was left in command of our camp said, "just two hours sooner than he expected us."

PERSONAL

Sergt. Fred. Thayer, of Co. A, has been appointed Ordnance Sergeant of the Regiment.

I hear that Private Nath'l Foster, of Kingston, of the 14th Regiment, was slightly wounded in a skirmish, while on the expedition with Gen. Foster.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newport Barracks, NC⁶¹⁵ November 24, 1862

Dear Rock:

Owing to some "misunderstanding," which soldiers have no business to know anything about, we are still detained here, though we are under orders to rejoin the regiment by this evening's train. Our detention here, in the most unhealthy part of the State, and a week of warm, dog day weather, in connection with the double duty that has been put upon our men, has produced the natural effect upon their health, and per consequence we have quite a number on the sick list, though with a few exceptions, I am happy to say there are no cases of an alarming nature. Privates Sam'l N. Holmes and John B. Chandler, of Co. B, Sergt. Stephen Hathaway, Privates C. W. Soule, Fred. E. Fuller, Oren Whiting and Charles S. Whitney of Co. A, are in the hospital at Newbern, sick of typhoid fever, but are getting along as well as could be expected. They have the best of care and attendance and will doubtless recover.

A Sunday in Newbern

Being in the city on business, a week ago yesterday, I took occasion to visit the Cemetery here, and am no longer in doubt as to the whereabouts of the thousands of our loyal army, who are missing from the ranks which once knew them, but, alas! shall know them no more. Within the walls of this beautiful city of the dead,

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the graves of our brave volunteers, are crowded as thick together as possible on every foot of soil previously unoccupied, and the adjoining gardens and vacant lots present the same gloomy spectacle of serried ranks of graves. Many of them are marked by a headboard bearing a record of the name and age, Company and Regiment, of the sleeper beneath, but many others are without any memorial, and are of that class whose only record here can be that which marks the graves of the few, viz: "Unknown." Unknown because of their dying suddenly from wounds or fatal diseases, while their friends if they had any were far away; and in too many cases, I fear, "unknown," because uncared for. The desolation, misery and death, brought upon our once happy nation by the blighting curse of war, is registering a fearful account against those who have brought it upon us, and for one I had much rather occupy one of these "unknown" sepulchers than to stand in the places of the heartless agitators who have brought it upon us. But thank God, the day is not far distant when the account must be balanced, and I think I can even now see the glimmer of light breaking over the horizon. The Cemetery is enclosed with a handsome wrought wall, of submarine reef, not exactly coral, but something of that nature, which I am not geologist enough to name or describe, except to say that it looks something like what we call "puddingstone" in Mass., and is composed of small seashells firmly cemented together in a mass, as though stirred in mortar or cement. It is very unique and curious and well worth a visit. An elaborate archway of the same material, at the entrance, contains the following inscription cut on a marble slab over the gateway: "CEDAR GROVE CEMETERY: OPENED A. D., 1800 BY THE CHURCH, A .D. 1854, TO THE AUTHORITIES OF THE TOWN, BY WHOM THIS WALL WAS ERECTED."

In the afternoon I attended "divine service," at the church of the colored people, to speak politely, or as it is called here, "nigger meetin." If it is true that I am "prejudiced" against the black man, I fear this experience has done but little to remove that sentiment, and for fear that I am, I will not attempt a description. Suffice it to say that no burlesque on the African that I have ever seen, can begin to do justice to the extravagant scenes and expressions that amused me here. One familiar quotation was thus rendered: "Where no traveller's bones neber yet known to return."

Surgeon Stocker, of our regiment, arrived at camp on the 6th, by the steamer *Merrimac*. His services were very much needed as Assistant Surgeon Howes was almost worn out by the service devolved upon him.

We got papers by the same arrival containing news of McClellan's removal from the army of the Potomac. Of course it produced a profound sensation, but was probably more favorably received than in any other department of the army, for Gen. Burnside is a great favorite here. May he be as successful in Virginia as he was in North Carolina.

Sisters of Mercy

I have had a glimpse of three of the nurses, members of this order, introduced here by Gen. Foster, who preside at the General Hospital at Beaufort. They are nuns, and dress in the repulsive garb of the sisterhood. They are very highly spoken of by all who have been under their care, and the Hospital is said to be a model establishment, where the most perfect order and cleanliness prevail, and the best of care and attendance is dispensed. The Hospital is to be removed to Newbern.

Contrabands

Runaway slaves are almost constantly coming within our lines, and the question "what to do with them," threatens to be more vexatious than any other yet raised by the "irrepressible nigger." "Loyal master," or those holding protection from government seldom reclaim them, and as on told me today who had lost nearly all he had, they were glad to be rid of them. Two came into the camp last week from a plantation some sixty miles from here, having evaded the rebel pickets by travelling at night through by-paths in the woods. They arrived

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at our lines in the night and came near being shot by our pickets. They saved themselves by dodging into the woods and keeping concealed till daylight.

Deserters

Four deserters from the rebel army claimed our protection one night last week, being natives of this village. They had been in service for a year, at or near Wilmington, and escaped in a boat to our blockading fleet from whence they were sent to Fortress Monroe, where they took the oath of allegiance and were forwarded to their homes. They represented themselves as heartily sick of the war, though they had served out their term of enlistment, having volunteered for a year's service in preference to risking their chance in a draft for the war. During that time, the rebel Congress had passed a law holding them as long as the war should last, and the poor fellows considered themselves justified in deserting. Eight others made their escape at the same time. They were comfortably clothed, and two of them who were healthy did not appear to have suffered for food though they said they had been kept on half rations. In the morning Lieut. Morton and your correspondent escorted them outside our pickets and went to the home of one, a young man of 21, whose father's family lived about a mile beyond. He told us he had not heard from his friends but once since he left them, and then not directly. As we neared the humble cottage of his father it was curious to observe the changing expressions of his countenance as hope and fear alternately ruled in his breast, and when the door was reached, and mother and sisters rushed out to greet him, a scene ensued that perhaps I had no business to witness, but which can never be effaced from my memory. Taking them so completely by surprise, (for they had not heard of his arrival, and said they never expected to see him again,) nature had her full control, and no writer of fiction can portray the warmth of welcome and demonstration of joy at the "conscript's return." They hugged him and kissed him, and shook him, and cried over him, and completely confounded him with questions, while he in the cool matter of course style of the man of the world, endeavored to calm their emotion, though it was hard for him to conceal the tears of joy that trickled down his cheeks. He was the eldest of the family and with two sisters of 12 and 16, a baby brother, and their mother, composed the group. After the first outburst had subsided a little, we were asked to take seats in the house which we accepted, as a "right smart" shower was falling. The eldest sister inquired tenderly if another member of the company had escaped with her brother, and when told that he did not her countenance fell with a tell-tale expression that showed plainer than words how disappointed she felt, and that the subject of her inquiry bore at least the second place in her affections. Another of the deserters, the only son of a widowed mother, was suffering from a swelled throat which he said was caused by cold, but apparently did not alarm him, for he talked of going to see his wife who was living with her father some 10 miles from his mother's at Newport. As he appeared quite feeble we advised him to stop at his mother's that day and doctor his throat, and send for his wife which he consented to do. We left him at the house of a friend, who was to convey him to his mother's as soon as a carriage could be procured. The next day we heard that he died of diphtheria before any of his relatives saw him. He was married but a few weeks previous to his enlistment, and had the reputation of an estimable young man. These fugitives from the rebel army had been in heavy artillery service at Smithville, below Wilmington, where is located the principal fort for the protection of the latter place. The fort mounts about sixty guns, some of them rifled, and is believed by the rebels to be invulnerable.

Newbern, Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1862

Here we are again back at "Camp Richmond," as our first camp ground is christened, in honor of our gallant Colonel. It seems almost like getting home, after four weeks of picket duty "Among the Pines," to be again joined to our military family. This afternoon we have been out on Brigade drill, with the 5th and 46th

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regiments, under Col. Lee of the 44th, who is acting Brigadier General. Had a very fine drill, and our Regt. got complimented by the General for its proficiency. Col. Richmond is acknowledged to be one of the ablest Colonels here, and he means that his regiment shall be as deserving as himself.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Richmond, Newbern, NC⁶¹⁶ November 29, 1862

Neither of the Governors of this State being a very ardent Puritan or Yankee, no "proclamation" for the observance of New England's most cherished holiday is published, and as all the troops in this vicinity are true blood in fidelity to the traditions of their ancestors, especially the holidays, the Colonels of the representative regiments "took the responsibility" to issue their proclamation that there would be no drilling on the day set apart by Gov. Andrew for Thanksgiving. The announcement was hailed with shouts of welcome, and such preparations made for a proper observance of the day as our situation would allow. The weather was delightful, almost identical with the loveliest of our "Indian Summer" days at home, and officers and men who were exempt from camp duty, availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the city and surrounding country. At least such was the case with Co. B, and if all enjoyed the day as much as we did, they had abundant cause for thankfulness. Going out by the county road leading northerly, we passed the inner pickets and were soon in one of the most magnificent woodlands I have ever seen. A two-mile walk through this brought us to a large corn and cotton plantation, much like that at Haverlock, only that the land is superior, and the buildings much more comfortable, being situated in the centre of fine groves of cedar, walnut, pine, and other forest trees, upon a slight elevation of land, and built with some regard to taste; the scenery in and about the plantation was attractive enough to set the most matter-of-fact plodder a dreaming, and give him some little appreciation of the beauties that Nature everywhere spreads with so lavish a hand. Nor are the beauties here those only which delight the eye, for a mile or two across the cornfield we found some persimmon trees loaded with that delicious ripe fruit, of which we all ate as heartily as we dared, and filled our handkerchiefs for those who had not been so fortunate. Shellbarks and walnuts abound, and our return to camp was a laborious one, laden as we were with the spoils of our expedition. There is a cotton press and gin here in good working order, and it has evidently been built several years. A large quantity of cotton seed, enough to fill your sanctum "several" times, Mr. Editor, was stored in the building and lying outside, which we were told was ginned out of a lot of cotton seized by the government at Trenton. Albert Benson, of Plymouth, worked his team several days in furnishing "power" for the job.

Our dinner was not quite equal in variety, perhaps, with what we should have got at home, but plenty of good oyster chowder and plum pudding, was not to be "sneezed at" for army fare, and all hands had the same opinion of turkeys and "chicken fixins" that the fox had of the grapes.

A mock "dress parade" was "got up" by the non-commissioned officers of the regiment, and "camp off" at 5 o'clock in grand style. Sergt. Maj. E. L. Robbins, as Colonel; Quartermaster Sergt. T. A. Barton, Lieut. Col.; Commissary Sergt. Arthur Hooper, Major; Sergt. J. B. Oldham, Adjutant; Sergt. James H. Robbins, Sergt. Maj.; and the first Sergts. of the respective companies as Captains, while other Sergt. Acted as Lieutenants, gave the parade all the dignity and formality necessary in the eyes of the most fastidious tactician. As the orders of the Colonel and reports of First Sergts. were somewhat "funny," I send you a copy:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 44

In Quarters, 3d Reg.

M.V.M., Nov. 27, 1862

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The Commanding Officer has heard with profound sorrow, that many of those under his command are unable to appear upon parade today by reason of "too much turkey." This effect is to be deplored, and it is hoped that the lesson taught will be a lasting one, and that henceforth and forever nothing nicer than "biled victuals" will appear upon the mahogany of the messes of the Third Regiment, especially upon those days set apart for fasting.

Per Order of the Com. Officer.

FIRST SERGEANT'S REPORTS

Co. A not on parade

Co. B, Capt. Asa Shaw, 62 present, 125 exempt and at home because commissions were not plenty enough to go round, 2 officers outside the picket supposed to have skedaddled, 1 officer gone to Squawbetty to buy a horse for the Major.

Companies C and D were on picket duty at Newport.

Company E, Capt. Charles H. Tobey, 2900 present, 353 drunk, 1,000,800 absent without leave.

Co. F, Capt. Canoran, 2000 rank and file, all present but 1999

Co. G, Capt. Chas. West, 101 rank and file, 13 stuffed with turkey, rest without dinner

Co. H, Capt. Deforest Brown, all down at Newbern drunk

Co. I, Capt. J. H. Wilkie, several present, none absent, all sober

Co. K, Capt. Winter, 4 present, 404 absent without leave, officers all drunk

THE SICK

Of companies A and B are fast recovering, and no new cases of fever have been reported since we left Newport.

CO. E, 23D REGIMENT

The 17th Regt. having been detailed for Provost duty in the city, Capt. Alexander's company is on Picket Station just below the city, over the Trent. Corp. W. S. Burbank and private Daniel Paulding, of Plymouth, have obtained a discharge on account of physical disability, and will probably be at home as soon as this reaches you. Other members of the company are in their usual health.

I have seen several Plymouth boys of the 44th Reg., which is in barracks adjoining our camp. S. S. Bartlett, Wm. Hedge, and others with whom I have talked, represent their march with Gen. Foster's expedition as trying in the extreme, but furnished an experience which they would not have missed on any account. They all endured it well, and are tough and hearty.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Richmond, Newbern, NC⁶¹⁷ December 6, 1862

Dear *Rock*:

Very few items of interest to your readers have fell under my notice since I wrote you last, but such as I have you are welcome to lay before them or take the paper upon which they are written for wrappers. The most important to us soldiers is that after three weeks patient waiting and not a little blessing bestowed upon Uncle Sam's mail arrangements, we have got letters and papers from home, dated all the way back from Nov. 1st to Dec. 1st. With the exception of a light mail brought by the *Merrimac* on her last trip to Beaufort, we have had no letters from home for nearly a month. But as "patient waiters are no losers," we are reveling today in an abundance of home news, and nearly every man in the regiment has letters and papers. I am particularly obliged to you Mr. Editor, for late papers, the *Post* of October 3d, and the *Rock* of the 13th ult. I think seriously

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

of stopping my subscription to your valuable paper, unless I can get it more promptly, because it is an old affair when my copy reaches here, as I get a chance to read the same sent to some other member of the regiment a fortnight before.

Our regiment is making very rapid progress in drill and discipline, practicing Companies A and B, whose names I sent you as in hospital, were last recovering, but the disease of two of Co. A took an unfavorable turn a day or two after, and the poor boys gradually sank away until they died, on Tuesday the 2d inst. Their names were Charles W. Soule, (son of John M. Soule, aged 18,) and Frederick E. Fuller, (son of Ebenezer Fuller, aged 18,) both of Halifax. They were buried the next day under arms, our Chaplain officiating at the funeral services. The officers of the company tried hard to get a permit to send their bodies home, the company volunteering to defray all expense, but were refused! because a general order to the contrary in force in this department. No good reason exists for such a regulation, especially at this season of the year, and we hope the Commanding General will have it abolished. These boys were among the best of Co. A, and their untimely death, far away from relatives and home, is a feature of the war too common, perhaps, to moralize upon here, but in which I cannot help expressing my sympathy with the mourning friends at home. Let them be comforted with the reflection that these noble boys had the best of care and attendance during their sickness, and died in a glorious cause, and as faithfully in discharge of duty as though amid the roaring of artillery and the crash and ruin of war.

Gen. Foster has put in operation his plan of forming an "invalid corps" for light duty in garrison and on unexposed picket stations; such men from each company as are unable to bear long marches or any heavy duty, are detailed and sent to some healthy locality where we are obliged to garrison, under command of one or more full companies, and will probably remain there during their term of enlistment. By these means they can do as much service as stronger men, and will not be sacrificed, as too many of our troops have been during this war.

Nov. 30th, Capt. Ewer's company, (Co. I.) with about 35 other members of the regiment, reported as unfit for heavy duty, were detached from the regiment and sent to Plymouth, N. C. for garrison duty. Leander L. Sherman, of Plymouth, Wm. H. Bradford and Robert W. Dempsey, of Plympton, were detached from Co. B, and sent into Co. I.

Maj. Morissey has made a visit to Roanoke Island during the present week, on business of a Court of Inquiry in regard to a reported meeting among the Marines there. "All quiet," and no serious trouble has been made. Speaking of the Major reminds me that he deserves a puff for his well merited popularity among the members of his regiment, and the efficient and soldierly manner in which his duties are discharged, but knowing the utter repugnance which all have for the article, who were ever obliged to make one, I shall not attempt it. I have only to report him as hearty and jolly as ever, without the first indication that he has "had pie enough."

Private Frank Bryant, of our company, has taken a series of sketches of different localities, works of art, &c., since our arrival here, and as they will probably appear in Harper's Weekly at no distant day, your readers may get some idea of the looks of things hereabouts.

The weather here until about two days ago, has been of the most delightful character, warm, clear and wholesome, and life on the "tented field" had many advantages over life in barracks. But for a few days and nights last past, we have had a slight touch of November weather in Massachusetts though, perhaps, none the less healthy.

P.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶¹⁸ December 22, 1862

Mr. Editor:

Our regiment having formed part of a brigade which accompanied Gen. Foster's recent expedition to the interior of the State, I will try to give you some of my experience in that campaign, although I suppose you have had the whole plan, the execution thereof, and the results served up from the daily papers by pens competent to the work, long before this can reach you.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., the largest army ever massed in this State commenced to move from this city in a northwesterly direction, under the direction of Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster, commander of this department of the U. S. Army.

The force is estimated to have numbered 5,000 infantry, 600 or 700 cavalry, and 40 or 50 pieces of artillery, some heavy 20 and 32 pounders, an immense train of baggage wagons, numbering 140 four-horse teams, besides ambulances and hospital wagons, contributed to stretch out the whole procession from five to seven miles from front to rear. It was divided into four brigades, commanded by, 1st Gen. Weissel, who came from Suffolk, Va., with three regiments each of New York and Pennsylvania troops; 2d, by Col. Stevenson, of the Mass. 24th; 3d, by Col. Lee, of the Mass. 27th, (and which was made up of the 27th, 25th, 46, 3d, and 5th Mass. Regt.); 4th, by Col. Amory, of the Mass. 17th.

None knew the destination of this force except those in supreme command, but I guessed along, as I heard of the preparations being made, that we were bound to Goldsboro, and as we filed off westerly beyond Fort Totten, I felt sure that my Yankee faculty had served me truly, and that we were bound on mischief far into the interior of the State. Our progress the first day was exceedingly slow, on account of the delay in starting so large an army, and the horrible condition of the roads, though we were on foot from 6 A. M. till 10 P. M., not more than 13 miles were marched when we reached our first bivouac. This being a large cornfield, upon which were burning at least a thousand camp-fires when our brigade reached, presented one of the "grand spectacles" of war which no one can imagine who has never seen it. Our regiment was soon in line, arms stacked, and fires built, around which we ate our suppers and then stretched ourselves upon the ground rolled in our blankets, with heaven's high canopy for a tent, and slept as soundly and sweetly as though on the downiest beds. There is nothing like a long march to aid digestion and secure a good night's rest, if the weather is not too cold.

FRIDAY

Got ready to move at 7 A. M.; Companies G, H, B & D, detailed as guard for baggage train; didn't leave camp ground until 2 P. M., in consequence of delay to the advance caused by obstructions in the road, consisting of felled trees, ruined bridges and other obstacles thrown in the way by the Rebs and which the pioneers had to remove. Now commenced troubles in earnest, horrible roads, baulky horses and mules, incompetent drivers, kept our boys hard at work all day, and until the horses were completely jaded out late at night, when we fired the fences and slept in the fields by the roadside. During the day we had ample evidence that we were advancing into an enemy's country, for encounters between our cavalry and the rebel pickets were of frequent occurrence, and many of us looked for the first time upon wounded and dying and dead men, who had fell disputing our advance. At one house we found three rebels badly wounded, one through the head just gasping in the death-agony, while the others were suffering from bullet-holes in less dangerous localities. At another house we found another lying upon some straw and alone, with his face covered with blood and a horrible wound on the side of his head. He begged us not to leave him to die alone, for he had lain there all day, and was perishing with cold, and all had passed him by "upon the other side." Of course we didn't, for four stout fellows soon laid him upon a door and carried him full half a mile to the next house, where we left him in the care of a woman who said he should be cared for. James Neal, of our company, was one of the first

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

to answer my call for volunteers to take the poor fellow along, and three others from different companies in our regiment who were standing by, completed my squad for the performance of a Christian duty. I wish I had taken their names, but time was precious, and we knew we must "double-quick it" to make up the lost time and catch up with the trains. All along the road the first day scarcely a house could be seen, but the occasional desolate plantation and barren stacks of chimneys, told how fearfully the fire and sword had ravaged this part of the country. A small planter lived near where we bivouacked the second night. He said he could not call himself a Union man, because he was "obliged to go with the South," and of course this admission rendered him a fit subject for the "cleaning out" process which has marked the progress of the expedition. Everything eatable was soon pillaged and the poor man was mourning over his hard lot and beseeching our protection for himself and family. I exerted what little authority I had during my stop there to save him, for I don't believe in this process of making Union men. And as we came back I was pleased to see his house still standing and a white flag fluttering from his door. Although strict orders had been issued against foraging on this part of our route, it was impossible to prevent hungry men for laying violent hands on whatever they could reach and manage, so that poultry, pigs, and provisions of all kinds was plenty, and the men "lived high." Made about 10 miles this day, and was told that Kinston was 17 miles beyond.

SATURDAY

Marched all day till 11 P. M. over the worst roads I ever heard of; am no longer puzzled to understand why an army don't "on to Richmond" faster. Many of the swamps and bog-holes had to be completely "corduroyed" before our heavy trains could pass, and then it was with the utmost difficulty that they were got over; wheels in hub-deep in mud, some completely capsized, horses and one man killed, harnesses and wagons broken, and many a four horse load had to be taken from the wagons by the soldiers and lugged through the sloughs and reloaded when the train got extricated. I couldn't help thinking, that Saturday night, about 10 o'clock, as I "waited for the wagon," that I had got about "pie enough" and would like to go home. It was a curious predicament, but I believe I enjoyed it after all, at any rate I shall never forget it. The woods literally spouting fire all along the road, the turpentine trees having been set ablaze to light the way, and streaming up to the height of 50 or 100 feet, with a dense cloud of smoke and the fierce flames curling about them, while the long lines of white topped wagons, interspersed with the darker forms of men and horses, and gleaming bayonets, made up a picture that no pen can paint. As the road was nearly all through pine forests which were constantly on fire, the damage to the State in this way, and in the destruction of fences, cannot be estimated at lower figures than millions. We camped in the woods that night about three miles from Kinston, but not on the direct road to that village, as Gen. Foster was not particularly anxious to pass the formidable earthworks the Rebs had prepared to welcome him on the river road. The advance had a smart skirmish this afternoon in which the rebels were defeated and lost two pieces of artillery. Capt. Griffith and about 20 men of Co. B being set to guard a portion of the 46th regiment's baggage, was detached from the train about dark and left with that Reg., which was holding a position at the fork of two roads to prevent an attack in our rear; he overtook us.

SUNDAY

Just as the army had got started toward Kinston, and just before the ball opened by our advance attacking the enemy, who were drawn up in force a mile or two outside of the town, and in a position to dispute our passage by the bridge over the river Neuse, which runs south of the town. Our artillery commenced shelling a piece of woods which concealed the enemy, who had 6 pieces of artillery posted on a hill beyond the wood, and which commanded the road that led to the bridge and the town. Here our artillery supported by the New Jersey 9th, Mass. 23^d, 44th and 45th, with Weissel's brigade, had a smart duel with the Rebs, which lasted until

RETURN OF THE DEAD

about 1 P. M., when by a series of brilliant and gallant charges the rebels were flanked, and about 500 of them, including 30 commissioned officers, taken prisoners, the rest of their force skedaddling over the bridge with their artillery, and attempting to burn the bridge which they had prepared for speedy destruction by placing bales of cotton saturated with turpentine at several points thereon. Our boys were altogether too quick for the success of this plan, for they were close upon them when the retreat commenced, and the poor fellows who applied the torch fell by our bullets upon the burning mass, and were burned almost to a cinder before their pursuers could put out the fire. The fire was quenched however, in season to preserve the bridge from serious damage, and our triumphant march into town was soon after commenced. While our guns were shelling the town, after the defeat of the enemy, to make sure that no more of them were in or about the premises, we had a good opportunity to look over the battle-field, and to realize something of the horrors of war. The rebel dead and wounded were picked up and carried off as fast as they fell, so that but few of them remained upon the field; but our poor fellows were lying in all directions, scattered through the woods and a few in the open field where the enemy's artillery was posted. Our loss here was about 35 killed, and over 150 wounded, many of whom have since died. The rebel loss was probably not less, though the advantage of position was entirely in their favor. The 23d Regt. lost 2 men in this fight, whose names I have not been able to get. Co. E was commanded by Lieut. Drew, Capt. Alexander being upon the sick list and Lieut. Rogers in command of Co. H. Both behaved nobly, and old Plymouth should be proud of them.

The 3d Reg., composing a part of the reserve at this battle, did not get a chance to "go in," but were formed in line of battle, with pieces loaded and capped, and their turn would have come had the battle been prolonged an hour longer. From the general appearance of our men, during the time they were waiting their turn, while in line, I felt sure that when called on not one would flinch, and our experience since has proved my conclusions. That night the whole army occupied Kinston, the General making the principal hotel his headquarters, while other officers found shelter in private dwellings, the owners or occupants of which were glad to be thus protected from the unavoidable pillaging of a victorious army. During the evening a fire broke out in the most thickly settled part of the village, and as the rebels had burned large quantities of cotton in the streets the day before, which still lay in smoldering heaps, it was feared that the whole town would be fired during the night. It was ascertained however, that the buildings were fired by some of our own army probably for purposes of plunder, and then a large force went to work fighting fire. The flames were subdued after the destruction of several stores and offices, and no further trouble was experienced through the night.

Kinston is a very beautiful village, and we regretted very much that we must leave it early the next morning; but the object of our expedition was not accomplished and we had to leave at an early hour and push on toward Goldsboro. The rebel force captured here were just the sort Massachusetts boys want to find, and Gen. Evans' South Carolina brigade can now say "we have met the Yankees and we are his'n." Their force was probably rising 6000 men, while one of the wounded prisoners told one of our men that they had 10,000. About 8 artillery pieces were captured and some heavy guns spiked.

MONDAY

Started towards Goldsboro at 8 A. M., (recrossing the bridge over the Neuse,) marched about 20 miles until 9 P. M., and bivouacked at Jefferson; roads much better; country hilly, and weather much cooler; hard march, and light rations – only 4 hard-tack and 2 cups of coffee all day; many fell out; one man dropped dead; hear that the enemy are posted 4 miles beyond at Whitehall, and will give battle.

TUESDAY

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Cannonading in the advance commenced at 9 A. M., at about the hour our brigade got ready to move. The battle lasted until 1 P. M., and was more severe than at Kinston. The enemy was as usual out of sight beyond woods, and protected from our fire by a fortification of earthwork and logs, and an ugly fight was engaged, and lost nine men from Co. E. Their names were – killed: Benj. Westgate and Harvey Raymond, of Plymouth, Thos. Southworth of Duxbury, and Geo. Briggs of Boston; wounded – Edward Stevens and Wm. Swift of Plymouth, both lost right arm, John Brailey of Plymouth, wounded in shoulder, Nathan Lee, Boston, shot through wrist, and Benj. Smith, slightly. The regiment lost 13 killed, and 50 wounded. The 44th was also engaged and had 2 men of Co. A killed – privates Slocum and Newcomb. Our regiment was drawn up in the line of battle, and the Colonel had notified the Captains that they would soon be called into action, when as order to march was given and we were on the move directly in range of the enemy's guns, when it was announced that the sharpshooters could get range on the rebel gunners, and would soon pick them off. While waiting the execution of this movement, the bullets flew merrily over our heads, but fortunately none were hurt, and very soon the artillery fire began to slacken, and the rebs had again skedaddled. Our whole loss here was about 40 killed, and 125 wounded. The object of the enemy in giving battle here was to prevent our army passing a bridge at that point, (for we were still on the South side of the Neuse,) which would have materially shortened our march to Goldsboro. Marched on about 10 miles farther and bivouacked at sunset. It afterwards appeared that Gen. Foster did not intend to cross here, and only stopped long enough to silence the battery that would have played upon our whole train during its passage, had he not done so. The restriction on foraging having been removed, our boys went into the poultry business rather extensively, and the officers of Co. B, feel under especial obligations to privates S. S. Hall and G. F. Jackson for a good supper that night.

WEDNESDAY

Marched at 8 A. M., and at about 1 P. M. came in full view of about three regiments of rebels guarding the railroad from Goldsboro to Wilmington, near the river, and about four miles south of Goldsboro. Our artillery opened upon them, and very soon persuaded them to abandon that position, and take to their usual skulking places in the woods. Our whole division then advanced over a small brook and posted a portion of the artillery, well supported by infantry, in a position to reply to the fire of a rebel battery stationed near the R.R. bridge, and mounted upon something called the "Monitor," on the track – probably an iron-cased freight-car. Having silenced the Monitor, the next order was to burn the R.R. bridge and rip up the track. The first was accomplished through the bravery of Lieut. Graham, of the 3d N. Y. Battery, who applied the torch, under a galling fire of rebel musketry. The "Old Third" was then ordered to stack arms and rip up the Railroad, and at it we went. Forming in line as closely as we could stand upon one side, we seized upon sleepers and rails, and turned the whole bottom side up down the embankment opposite, and piling fagots upon the sleepers, they were soon in a blaze, and at least one half mile the Road to Wilmington was effectually destroyed. The telegraph was also tore down. We now expected to march directly into Goldsboro, but were much disappointed to learn that the object of the expedition had been accomplished, and that all but our brigade were already on the retreat towards Newbern. We once more shouldered our muskets, and got one column ready to join the brigade, when we heard a loud yelling in the direction of the rebel retreat, and looking there, what was surprise to see them filing out of the woods, evidently with the intention of capturing our battery that stood nearest them. Our brigade answered their yells defiantly, and prepared to repel their advance. The rebels believing that our artillery had "played out," and that we had commenced a retreat, came out with much boldness into the open field, and fired a volley into our cavalry who were rushing to charge them. Still continuing to advance, several other federal batteries were got into position, and commenced hurling grape and canister upon the poor devils, with such terrible effect that it was a wonder a single one escaped; they fell

RETURN OF THE DEAD

like grass before the mower's scythe, and the ground was strewn with their dead. Our heavy artillery was posted on a hill about one-eighth of a mile from the enemy, and in a most advantageous position. The enemy then attempted a flank movement through the woods and with one or two pieces of artillery kept up the fight for an hour longer, when the last shot was fired. While the fight was going on our regiment lay upon the highest part of the hill in support of a battery, and as the solid shot and shell from the enemy's guns whistled over us, we knew that good luck and sharp dodging was our only protection; the boys lay there knocking their heels together to keep from freezing, apparently as unconcerned as though nothing but blank cartridges were being fired. Soon after came an order for us to rise up, and fire a volley into the woods, where the rebel sharpshooters were trying to pick off our gunners. Up we came like india rubber men, and fired several rounds into the woods, much to the delight of the regiment, and as we have since learned to the discomfiture of the enemy, for no more sharpshooting came from that direction. While lying on the ground one man of Co. C, private Deblitch, was struck by a solid shot and his right knee so badly fractured that amputation was necessary, and he is now doing well. Several others in the regiment received slight wounds, but none were killed. One solid shot passed so near the head of our Major [*Morissey*] that I thought he was surely hit — it could not have passed more than two feet from him. It made us all "look wild" I can tell you. After the firing had ceased, we again formed in column, and commenced the homeward march. The rebels had prepared a nice little surprise for us, as we found when we reached the brook we had crossed early in the day, for they had let down a flood of water from a mill above, and what was a shallow brook, was now a roaring river filled with timber, rails, and all kinds of floating obstructions. There was no alternative but to rush on, and cross as best we might. Some were nearly drowned, as the water varied in depth from 3 to 5 feet, while all were completely drenched, but with much difficulty got over just after dark. We were now in a fine condition for a march and bivouac in the cold night air, but we laughed at the "sport," and trudged along about 3 miles where we stopped for the night, and with the aid of our camp fires, soon got dry, and "turned in." The fight today for a small one, was one of the most brilliant of the war, and one of the very few where we have met the enemy in open field, and where movements upon both sides could be distinctly seen, during the hottest of the engagement. The rebels acted with the most fool-hardy recklessness, or else they were whiskey-mad, for I cannot believe their daring attempt had any of the impetus of pluck or bravery. They fought well, however, and thrice picked up their colors, as their bearers were swept away by the iron storm from our batteries. Our loss here was but 2 killed and 18 wounded.

THURSDAY

We continued the homeward march, most of the time at a swift walk, and with nothing to eat except two of three cakes of hard tack and a cup of coffee, with such articles of forage as we could pick up, while halting to rest. Raw potatoes and turnips went down with a relish, and my good opinion of Uncle Sam is very much damaged. I used to think he would feed his boys well, and provide them shelter at night, but on this expedition the men slept in the open air every night, marched and fought all day, and had to steal the grub to keep them from perishing. Very likely, if the truth was known, some rascally officials will have to bear the blame of this neglect, an outrageous swindle, for there was certainly no excuse for a scant supply of provisions. The weather was delightful, barring the cold nights, and ample time had been given to prepare for the expedition. I doubt if the rebel troops have ever suffered more from hunger than did ours on this expedition.

FRIDAY

We passed the battle ground at Kinston, and came to our hospitals near the river, where our sick and wounded were put on board steamers to be transported hither. Our cavalry had burned the bridge soon after

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

our evacuation on Monday, in order to prevent an attack upon the rear of our trains, so that we did not revisit the village. The rebels were crossing the river under a flag of truce, removing their dead and wounded, and everything indicated that their forces there were soundly thrashed and would stay so. Our march down the river road revealed any amount of rebel earthworks – and had we advanced by that road we should have had a much more serious battle.

SATURDAY

Marched all day, and encamped about 10 miles from Newbern, foot-sore, tired and starved almost to death. Cold night, ice formed one-half inch thick.

SUNDAY

At about 1 P. M., our eyes were greeted by the stars and stripes floating over Fort Totten, with the city beyond. Came in in good shape, and were dismissed to our quarters. So ended our first expedition.

The good effect of this movement, I am not able to “see” just now, but it must be of importance if all was accomplished that so large a force was expected to perform, and of that we are assured by the Commanding General. The march, for 11 consecutive days, and averaging at least 15 miles per day, was voted by old soldiers to be as tough as any they had ever seen, but the raw troops stood it well, and all of Company B returned tough and hearty, with the exception of galled feet and sprained ankles.

P.

Letter from Unknown Author⁶¹⁹ December 22, 1862

Friend Memorial:

Some time has elapsed since I wrote you last, and as I promised you whenever anything of interest occurred in this department, you should hear of it, I must write you now, for we’ve had a “high time,” a regular “waking up,” in short, an expedition and a fight.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 10th inst., we were surprised upon coming in from Brigade drill, by the order to pack up everything; provide three days’ cooked rations, and seven days’ raw, and be ready to march at daybreak the next morning. Of course the men cheered, and of course they “flew round,” and threw up their hats, with many other demonstrations of satisfaction very foolish to write about, but quite edifying to see. It was to be their first trip, and though they knew nothing of their destination, the preparations showed plainly it was no ordinary reconnaissance, or mere scouting party; and all looked forward to a gloriously exciting time – and they had it.

Long before the dawn of Thursday morning, the advance of the column composing the expedition passed Fort Totten, and out of Newbern. First come a portion of our splendid cavalry regiment, then the 9th New Jersey and 17th Mass. Infantry, pioneer regiments, and then followed winding along the road, regiment after regiment, and battery after battery, till we all wondered where so many troops had been “stored” in Newbern. At 2 1-2 p. m., the last wagon of the train passed the fort, and the whole column was on the road, and headed toward Kinston. Acting Brig. Gen. Lee’s Brigade, (Col. H. C. Lee, of the Mass. 27th,) brought up the rear of the column, with the 5th Mass. Reg. in the rear of the baggage train, the 3d Mass. being immediately in advance of the train. There are attached to Lee’s Brigade, five regiments, the 25th and 27th Mass. (old regiments,) 3d, 5th and 46th, reg’ts of nine months men.

Before night the advance had marched a distance of some sixteen miles, and had reached a clearing or open space in the woods, which was, or had been, an outpost of the rebels. Here were encamped the first installment of the enemy, and our cavalry captured five villainous looking North Carolinians, wounding three

RETURN OF THE DEAD

of them. At this point our army encamped, the regiments disposing themselves for the night as they arrived upon the ground, the 3d going into camp about 2 o'clock, Friday, a. m.

Almost the whole distance, thus far, had been through dense pine woods, in fact the entire distance from Newbern to Goldsboro' is through woods of this description. The road, after nightfall, presented a beautiful sight. As the regiments filed slowly along, the pioneers stepped in among the heavy pines bordering the road, and cutting a few notches at the base of the largest pines, set fire to them. In a few moments the entire tree would be ablaze, and for miles upon the road, these burning pines, burning with fire fed by the juices of the tree, lit up the scene, the light reflected from the steel of the infantry, and the bright polished metal of the artillery – a display of fireworks much more grand than I ever witnessed before, though perhaps I may again; but not out of this State. The weather was uncommonly fine; but the roads were bad, and the wagon train found much difficulty in getting along at half the pace of the column.

And now we began to speculate upon our destination. Kinston, of course, would be visited; and first came Trenton, a little town in Jones County, remarkable for nothing but ignorance of its inhabitants, though after all, that is no uncommon feature in the description of towns in the eastern part of this State. We should meet little, or no opposition at Trenton; that was clearly to be seen, and the next day's march showed that Gen. Foster would not visit the place, and we passed some two miles to the right.

Leaving the direct road to Kinston, at a point about twenty-two miles from Newbern, the army took a circuit of some miles from the nearest course, to avoid obstacles which were known to be placed in our way, and pushed rapidly forward. At the commencement of this day's march, we found evidences that the rebels had expected a movement of Union troops in that direction, by freshly felled trees, fallen across the road, almost as thick as they could be, for the distance of half a mile. Our pioneers made short work of this obstacle, and we trudged on through the lane made by their axes. Great was the trepidation of the inhabitants of the houses on the plantations which we occasionally passed, and the celerity with which they bustled round for something white to hoist at their door ports, was amusing. Some of these flags were decidedly curious in form and pattern, and I noticed that one of two were hemmed on one edge, at least, but I didn't see any buttons, only places where they had been. The male members of these households were missing, of course, in almost every instance; but the females were left behind, and if they vent their spite upon their husbands and sons, as they did upon us, a conscript's lot in North Carolina must be a happy one.

We found a few "heads" of families on the route, very obsequious, very obliging, and very anxious to do us favors. Union! Of course they were. They loved the old flag better than they did apple jack, and they "couldn't say fairer than that." Said a friend, as we passed a house on the porch of which stood a man in the midst of his family, "I'll bet that man can't tell the township he lives in." I jumped over the fence, and nearing the porch asked, "What township is your house in, sir?"

"Jones County, sir."

"Yes, but what township are we in; do you live in Trenton?"

"Trenton's two miles away, sir. I go there to court, and meeting, and I vote there."

"But do you live in Trenton?"

"No, sir, live in Jones County," and so he did, but I doubt if he knew what State Jones County was in, and he was actually a fair sample of all the hundreds of North Carolina prisoners we have taken, and no doubt was engaged in guerrillering that very night. Those are the men who are fighting for a principle; actuated by the superior knowledge they possess of a proper form of government. These are the noble fellows whom "Jeff" says can't stand oppression and tyranny, but you don't want me to write about that.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

The second day's march was much like that of the first, we took a few prisoners; killed a few rebels, and hurried on. The prisoners we took were without uniform, dirty, squalid looking fellows, with a blanket of the coarsest material thrown over their shoulders, never an overcoat, and nearly all of the class I have described. Four companies of our Regiment, under command of Major Morrissey, formed the baggage guard today, and during the night, while the train was halted, I entered a house where three North Carolina cavalry were lying, who had been wounded by our cavalry in the advance. One of them was dying, having been shot through the throat. I conversed with the others, and in this, as in almost every other conversation I had at different times during the march with various prisoners, not one of them seemed to have a reasonable idea of what they were fighting for. Their part in the business was entirely mechanical; they were machines, and very poor ones too – used at will be their leaders. Little difference would it make to these valiant Southrons upon what terms peace was sealed, if they could go back to their homes, and continue to plod along as before the war.

Passing two miles to the right of Trenton, without meeting any check to its progress, the expedition neared Kinston. A fight would certainly take place here, though to what extent the rebels had prepared themselves none knew; and upon Sunday, the 14th, our advance came upon the rebel picket posted in the woods a mile or so from the bridge over the Neuse river, leading to Kinston. Lee's Brigade was still in the rear of the column, and the 3d the rear regiment of the Brigade, and the fight was mostly over before their service was called for. But the shot and shell flew thickly around the advance, and soon we passed numerous hospital stations as we neared the scene, showing plainer what was going on in front, than the thundering of cannon and the rattle of musketry which we had been hearing for the last three hours. The first of these hospitals passed was perhaps a mile and a half below the bridge, in the edge of the woods – the endless, interminable forest, from which it seemed we never should emerge. Here the 3d Mass., was ordered to form line of battle which they did steadily and coolly, awaiting their turn to "pitch in," which at this battle ground did not arrive, the battle being decided by the two leading brigades and the batteries.

And now we arrived fully upon the battle ground, and a "rough" scene was presented. The battle was over, but the traces of it will not be erased for years. Standing at the end of the bridge on the south side of the Neuse, and looking across, the town of Kinston lay spread out upon a slightly undulating plain, a neat pretty village, of some three or four hundred buildings, mostly painted white, rather above the average in appearance of towns in these parts. On the north bank of the river, and at the end of the bridge, on that side, breastworks had been thrown up, and here the sharpshooters had caused some warm work for our men. When the fight commenced the rebels crossed the river upon our side, and fought desperately for a time, having with them a battery, but of course they were obliged to yield, and they commenced the retreat. So closely were the flying rebels pursued by our men, that in their haste they actually crushed one another to death on the bridge, and attempting to burn the bridge as they passed over, some of them were roasted alive in their own fire. It was here that the gallant Colonel of the 96th New York fell while trying to save the bridge from the flames, which object was accomplished, though with some loss on our side, while the enemy was mown down in heaps. One rebel regiment, South Carolina, I think, was cut off before they could cross, and made prisoners. Our army marched across and entered the town, and the next morning left for Goldsboro, having captured and paroled several hundred prisoners. Our losses here was not far from 200 killed and wounded, mostly in Weitzel's Brigade, and the 9th New Jersey, and the 17th Mass. regiments. We also captured at Kinston all the field pieces they had engaged.

And now on to Goldsboro, double quick – before reinforcements could arrive for the rebels and before the rascals who were paroled yesterday, could arrive to fight us again upon new ground. Forward, through the same dreary woods, and the same scenery through which we had already passed. Our cavalry regiment, as fine as any in the country, dashed on ahead, constantly busy, capturing prisoners on every mile of the route,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

crossing the river occasionally and destroying railroad, and stirring up things generally all along the march. On the morning of the second day out from Kinston, we met another check. On the north bank of the Neuse about twenty miles towards Goldsboro, lays the little village of Whitehall. Here the bridge had been burned, and breastworks were erected on the edge of the river, commanding the road upon the north side, along which we were marching. The river at this point was very narrow, and the road winds close by its banks, through heavy growth of wood, and here the toughest fight of the expedition took place. Owing to the timber, our batteries could not shell the rebels with effect, and their breastworks screened them from our bullets, while we had no means of crossing the river, and so seated in the tops of trees or the other bank, hid from our sight, and firing from behind their breastwork, their sharpshooters had their pick of our men as the army passed, and they improved the opportunity. It was here that the 23d Mass. lost their men to the number of 150 killed and wounded. Capt. Alexander lost in his company four killed and seven wounded. Harvey Raymond, formerly of Plymouth, was shot dead here. The 10th Connecticut lost heavily here, 115 killed and wounded, out of 315 carried in. The villains set fire to our hospital, and after the army had passed would not allow our dead to be buried, firing upon all who approached them.

The railroad bridge crosses the same river at a point about four miles this side of Goldsboro. This bridge was to be destroyed, and the railroad torn up. This was the grand object of the expedition, to destroy railroad communication in this section of the State, and also with Virginia. Arrived at the bridge, a severe fight of three hours duration ensued, during which our forces burned the bridge, and tore up a mile or two of track. The work completed, and the fighting apparently over, the advance of the column turned toward Newbern, and started homeward. On the way to the bridge, perhaps a half mile distant from it, a small brook about six inches deep, had been crossed. The 3d Mass. being in the rear of the column, were of course nearest the scene of the fight when the column had turned for home. As they were about to cross the brook, a white flag was seen in the edge of the woods beyond the railroad, and a detachment of our cavalry rode out to meet the truce. But this turned out to be only a repetition of a part which has been acted many times in various places since the war began, and the cavalry were fired upon by the rebels. As soon as they came within short range, Belger's battery was wheeled into position at once, and the 3d Mass. formed to support it. The rebels commenced a hot fire with shell, and the 3d threw themselves upon the ground, until their turn should come. During this shelling our regiment had three men wounded, one man in Co. C, losing his leg, others wounded slightly; and here Major Morissey was taught a lesson in military movements which he had never studied before, by a shell which passed his head so closely as to take his cap off. But the foolish rebels finally concluded to charge; so down they came, hooting and yelling like so many demons, which proceeding made Belger's eyes snap, for he saw in the movement a rare chance for practice with his splendid battery, and in the best range for his guns, he opened upon them with grape and canister, and strewed the ground with their fallen bodies. He sent the shot among them in a perfect shower, his battery being posted upon a little rising ground, sloping to the railroad. The enemy retired in a mob, and this was the last seen of them on the expedition. The work being finished, the boys started to join the marching column, but upon arriving at the little brook they had crossed a few minutes before, they found it swollen to a roaring stream, four foot deep, and rushing along furiously. They "pitched in" and forded it with some difficulty and soon came up with the advance.

The expedition has returned to Newbern, its object accomplished, and the work thoroughly done. The loss in killed and wounded on our side is about ---- men. This loss falls principally upon the 23d, and 17th Mass. Regts., the 10th Conn., the 9th N. Jersey, and the 92d and 96th N. Y. Regt. All the nine months' troops in this department were engaged in the expedition, with the exception of the 8th Mass. Of these none behaved better than the old 3d. Wish you and all our friends at home a merry Christmas, and though we know and feel that your kind hearts are filled with sorrow and anguish for the lost, and your tenderest sympathies are over the

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

living, still we firmly believe that in the Providence of God all is right and in the true sympathy of heart, with heart we again wish you merry Christmas.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Richmond, Newbern, NC⁶²⁰ December 27, 1862

We are favored by a friend with the following letter from our correspondent, some items of which are of interest.

Friend P ---:

That long looked for box has arrived at last, having been just one month on the passage. I should have acknowledged the receipt of your kind letter long ago but thought at first I would wait until the box got here, supposing it would not be over a week in coming, and since I have been so busy, that I have hardly had time. The packages have all been delivered as addressed, and the boys are pleased enough. The pies for Atwood were spoiled, and we were about throwing them away, when a "contraband" said "gib um me – I eat um;" and he did; and said they were good. It seems the Express send all their heavy packages by sailing vessels from New York, which accounts for the long passage.

The boys are generally in good health, and return their thanks to you for the trouble you have taken to get these packages to them, as well as for the papers you have sent; I think more papers have reached us from you than any one else in Plymouth.

C --- is in very good spirits, and I wish his health corresponded, but he has probably written you about that. I think it quite probable he will have another abscess on his side though the doctor says it may not come to a head. The side is somewhat swollen, and at times pains him severely. I shall do all in my power to make him comfortable, and will inform you if any dangerous symptoms show themselves. I think it next to impossible for him to get either a furlough or discharge, as the authorities are determined to grant no favors, especially to nine months men. If we get justice we shall think ourselves lucky. C --- has no duty to perform, and is at present very comfortable.

Our regiment was paid off yesterday, and today I sent over \$1000 home to families of this company by Express. The Plymouth package will probably reach them at about the time of this letter.

There is nothing particularly new here. I hear that Capt. Alexander has resigned, and will probably be at home soon. He was sick on the last expedition, and I think ill-health is the cause of his resignation. Rogers and Drew will probably be promoted. Drew is a fine officer and everybody is glad to see him promoted, he deserves it for his gallant conduct in the late battle, when he commanded the company, if for no other reasons.

Our regiment stood the march remarkably well, but few falling out, and none reporting to the surgeon the morning after getting back to camp. Although not exposed to so hot a fire as other regiments, it was sufficiently warm to try the pluck of the men, and I am happy to say that with one or two exceptions none showed the white feather. You will find nearly a full report in the *Rock*.

P.

Overcoats Arrived⁶²¹ December 27, 1862

The *New Bedford Mercury* learns that the 3d Regiment has been supplied with good overcoats, since their arrival at Newbern, in place of the poor shoddy concerns they wore away.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Major Morissey Home⁶²² January 1, 1863

Major Morissey.

This officer who left the luxuries of the State House winter sociables, for a life “among the pines” of N. C., with hard fare and no bed save Nature’s unfurnished couch, surprised his friends on Sunday, having left the 3d Reg. After the return of Gen. Foster’s expedition, with which he has been on interesting exploring excursion among the Rebs. Major Morissey’s presence is necessary to the formalities of the assembling of the State Legislature, after which he will return to the duties of the field, from which we trust he may eventually return in safety.

Rush for “Rocks”⁶²³ January 8, 1863

The valuable and interesting letters of our correspondent P., (erkins) are “loudly called for.” Newspaper Smith informs us he could have sold twenty-five “Rocks” Saturday evening if he had had them. So mote we. But we have not had a paper to file or one to mail to a friend for several weeks, after the day of publication. Five wise men came in to subscribe yesterday. Friends, hesitate no longer to imitate their noble example.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Richmond, Newbern, NC⁶²⁴ January 1, 1863

Dear Rock:

In accordance with time honored custom I tender your readers, whom I shall always esteem as my tried and true friends, the “compliments of the season,” and most sincerely wish them a “Happy New Year,” though with the present prospects, the realization of the wish seems like the most barren of compliments. I think, if I write today in rather of a blue mood, I shall have the sympathy of all loyal men, and that they will all agree with me, that this is the darkest New Years day in our Nation’s history. But perhaps it is only the deeper darkness that precedes the dawn, and that soon, we shall be gladdened by the rising sun of more prosperous days. Dark as it is, for one I am sorry to say I am not disappointed, and those of you who considered the present condition of the country, as among the Impossibilities of adversity, are now only realizing what I have been fearing since the advent of the present administration, but which I have strove by all the means in my power to avert. Now that the evil is upon us there is no remedy but to “grin and bear it,” the innocent equally with the guilty, and gain wisdom by the teachings of the best of masters, Experience. We are just now, where fanaticism and infidelity always lead, and here we must remain, until the purifying fires of adversity shall bring back the sovereign people to a confession of their error, when our national prosperity will again return, though many years must elapse before the evil is remedied.

I have but few items of interest to the friends of this regiment, for since our late severe march, we have done little but repair damages and recruit our strength. We have been brigaded with the Ninth New Jersey, and 23d and 89th Massachusetts, under Brig. Gen. C. A. Heckman, lately promoted from Colonel of the 9th New Jersey. Gen. Heckman has the reputation of a “fighting Colonel,” and we all know that the Mass. 23d, is a “fighting regiment,” so that the two new regiments brigaded with them are probably considered as competent to “keep up their end.” Indeed the “Old Third” got many compliments from the “veterans,” in the late “expedish,” for their steadiness, nerve, and promptitude in the performance of all duties required of them. The Commanding General has issued the following General Order:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 81.
HEADQUARTERS DEP’T OF N. CAROLINA,
NEWBERN, N. C., Dec. 26.
BRIGADE ORDER NO. 26.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

The Commanding Officer desires to thank the troops under his command for the new proof of their courage and steadiness afforded by the recent expedition. The veteran brigade of Gen. Wissell, and the troops of this Department alike did their duty as soldiers, well.

By order of Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster
(Signed) S. Hoffman,
A. A. A. General

Companies E, (Capt. Hawes) F, (Capt. Hurlburt) and G, (Capt. Cobb) have been detached for a week's duty on picket, at Bachelor's Creek, since the expedition, but rejoined the regiment this evening. The Colonel has the promise that Co. I, (Capt. Ewer) will soon rejoin us, which will bring the whole regiment once more tighter. You have probably seen in the Boston papers an account of the rebel attack upon Plymouth, where Capt. Ewer was in command. It was an unfortunate affair for Co. I, but they did well under the circumstances. Neither of Co. B's boys there were lost; L. L. Sherman, had returned to his Company previous to the attack.

The regiment received their "Greenbacks," on the 26th ult., in full for services to 1st of November – about 6 week's pay; of this amount received by Co. B, over \$1000 was sent home by Express. Considering that most of the Company provided dress coats and caps from their own pockets instead of drawing from the government, I think this is doing very well. Probably a much larger amount would have found its way to the families of the soldiers, had the allotment plan operated as we expected. It seems to have failed through some mistake or oversight in forwarding the blanks, and consequently the whole amount due was paid directly to the men. We intend trying it once more – perhaps in season to affect the next payment.

A photograph of the regiment and of "Camp Richmond" has been taken, which makes a beautiful picture. Indeed our camp we think is the best located of any about the city.

Your readers will perhaps remember that Gen. Burnside invented an iron-clad railroad car, while in command of this Department, which has been in use on the railroad between here and Kinston, ever since, and done good service. It was sent down to this city a few days since for repairs, where I had an opportunity to "inspect" it. It is an ugly looking customer, and there is no wonder that the rebs have entertained a wholesome fear of it. It looks some like a closed freight car, about 30 feet long, covered all over with plates of boiler iron; has two port-holes on each side and one at each end; the wood work is about 8 inches thick, the whole being quite impervious to musket or rifle shot, being easily moved by mule power, it is difficult getting "the range" on it for any other missile, and has thus been able to afford protection for our outer pickets equal to a powerful fort. Two six pound Wierd guns are mounted inside, which can be brought to bear in either direction, and her sides are pierced with loopholes for riflemen. Since the expedition to Kinston the track has been relaid to within a few miles of that city -- the "Monitor" being pushed along as fast as the rails were laid, when unfortunately it was discovered that she needed repairs and must be hauled off. Of course the rebs took advantage of her absence to destroy all the recently laid track, besides driving in our pickets to within 8 miles of Newbern, where they were repulsed. Report says the rebels are hard at work fortifying Kinston, and as there is nothing to prevent, I think the report has more probability than most camp rumors.

Gov. Andrew has notified the nine months Regiments that all vacancies in Company Officers will be filled by election, as provided in Chap. 13 of the General Statutes. This gives much satisfaction to those regiments, and we hope soon to have a chance to fill the vacancy of 2d Lieut. of Co. B.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

January 17th, 1863

Dear Rock:

Our Regiment for the last three weeks has been quietly "reposing on its laurels," or loafing in camp, here, just as you please, to consider the employment of an army which is not in actual sanguinary conflict with the enemy. We have the usual amount of "drilling" to perform daily, but that seems only recreation, after experiencing the realities of war, as well as to their efficiency in service. We should in all probability have been "on the tramp" at this time, had the government furnished us with decent guns, but as they did not, they were condemned at the first inspection of our Brigadier General, and in consequence our regiment has been assigned to another brigade, (Gen. Jordan's) while Gen. Heckman's is aboard the transports bound – perhaps to Wilmington, but possibly to Charleston, and not entirely improbable, to the assistance of Burnside. Gen. Foster has the faculty of keeping his plans to himself, in a manner that baffles friends and enemies alike, and is fast acquiring a reputation for craftiness that will dispute the honors with old "Stonewall" himself. He is a regular old fox, and understands the game of bluff to perfection. The rebs were so puzzled by his movements in his expedition to Goldsboro, that though reinforced from Richmond by 32,000 men, at the time of their charge upon our battery, on the last day's fight, they dared not follow him on the return march, and for days thereafter left their dead unburied, so busy were they in looking for the hole in which he had disappeared.

The failure of Burnside at Fredericksburg has left at liberty a large portion of the rebel army, and we have rumors of its movement in this direction, which would render it highly imprudent for Gen. Foster to take all his force on the present expedition, and so our brigade with others will be left here as a 'Home Guard,' though it is possible we may see as much "music" as do those who accompany General Foster. We have little fears however, for the rebs know that even with a small federal force here, they would find their return to Newbern a difficult movement, that would compare very unfavorably in speed, with their departure nearly a year since. The city is most thoroughly fortified inland, and the gunboats on the river have spoken too many truthful words of warning to remain unheeded by the rebellious hordes of the South

I have but few items of personal interest, from this regiment, and those seem to me of too little importance for serving up in print. The usual good health of our regiment prevails, and Co. B has none dangerously sick, and but two in General Hospital. Private C. C. Place met with quite a serious accident one day this week; while chopping in the woods, (he being a member of the pioneer corps) his axe glanced, and inflicted a painful wound on his instep and top of foot. He will have to lie still for a few weeks, but will not probably be permanently injured.

The boys are busily engaged at present in raising up their tents upon a basis of wood work two or three feet high, banked with earth, which renders them much more commodious and comfortable. We call it going into winter quarters, though we have no assurance that we shall occupy them a week.

A very malignant and fatal type of fever has made its appearances in the 44th Reg. and three or four members have died of it. It is believed to be caused by the malaria from a swamp in the rear of their barracks. It attacks its victims very suddenly with severe pain in the head, which soon dethrones reason, and unless speedily relieved they die raving mad. One died in less than 12 hours from the time he was taken off duty.

Fourth Sergt. Wm. Hedge, of Plymouth, of Co. C, 44th, had been elected 1st Lieut., promoted to vacancy caused by resignation of the Capt. of the same company. This compliment to a Plymouth boy, is well deserved, and I doubt if in the whole regiment can be found a soldier more popular because of his merits as a soldier, than Lieut. Hedge. As I shook him by the hand this morning, in bidding him good-by, (for he leaves with the expedition) it needed no professor of physiognomy to see in his flashing eye and determined voice, that there is no flinch in him, and that where duty calls him there he will be found.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Private Quigley, of Co. K, 3d Reg., being on guard before the Quartermaster's tent, one cool night, thought he would "warm up" at the expense of Uncle Sam, and forcing an entrance regaled himself with whiskey and treated his relief until he was comfortably tight, and consequently got asleep on his post, where he was discovered and put under arrest. His trial resulted in a verdict of guilty, and he is now serving out a sentence of 30 days at hard labor at Fort Totten.

We have a rumor from home that Camp Joe Hooker is to be made a rendezvous for paroled prisoners, and that a regiment composed of the weak kneed and white-livered "sojers," with a detachment of the "exempts," are to form a Provost Guard, to prevent them from "spoiling for a fight." The whole force will be in uniform with a white feather in the cap, and under command of a Second Lieutenant now absent from his regiment without leave. It is hardly a probable rumor however, and may be as baseless as thousands of other "camp rumors."

I wish to thank several anonymous friends in your section of the country for Massachusetts papers sent by the last mail. I have been greatly "exercised" on some occasions of mail arrivals at not getting what used to be for me "victuals and drink and pretty good lodgings," but of late I have been well supplied, thanks to the thoughtful.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Richmond, Newbern, NC⁶²⁵ January 22, 1863

Dear Rock:

After a three week's drought in the mails, we have now a perfect flood, and this is my excuse for bothering you again so soon after my last date, for I am not a stranger to the maledictions (of the printer's imp) showered upon the heads of delinquent correspondents, and do not choose to draw down that wrath upon my "devoted head."

THE OLD THIRD'S FLAG TO BE INSCRIBED

Should this regiment have the good fortune to return to old Massachusetts, bearing in triumph the "starry folds" committed to its care by the Governor, you may behold its white stripes emblazoned with "letters of gold," in commemoration of the service thus far done, and in case it should not, I will append an order from Gen. Foster, read at Dress Parade, on the 17th:

Headquarters 18th army corps
Department of North Carolina
Newbern, Jan. 15, 1863
General Order No. 18.

In consideration of, and as a reward for their brave deeds at Kinston, Whitehall, and Goldsboro, the commanding General directs that the regiments and batteries, which accompanied the expedition to Goldsboro, inscribe on their banners these three victories:

KINSTON, Dec. 11, 1862
WHITEHALL, Dec. 16, 1862
GOLDSBORO, Dec. 17, 1862

The Commanding General hopes that all future fields may be so fought that the records of them may be kept by inscription on the banners of the regiments engaged.

By Command of
MAJ. GEN. FOSTER

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Perhaps you have noticed in Harper's Weekly, a "picture" of these three battles, and think you have a correct impression of the scenes then and there enacted; if so allow me to say you are very much mistaken, for a more miserable caricature I never saw. A schoolboy who, having read an account of these battles, could not make a more intelligible and truthful sketch, would deserve the dunce block; and for a man who professes to have been an eye witness to attempt to foist this sketch upon an intelligent public, as correctly drawn, is absurd in the extreme.

REVIEW

On Monday last, our Brigade, under command of Acting Brig. Gen. Jourdan, were reviewed by Gen. Foster; the Brigade is now composed of the 3d and 8th Mass., and 132d and 158th New York regiments, and is the Second Brigade, Fifth Division, Eighteenth Army Corps. Our rifles are soon to be exchanged for a better article. Of our new Brigadier General, we have had no opportunity to form an opinion, except from his reputation, which is A 1. He is Colonel of one of the N. Y. regiments.

BAD WEATHER

For the last three days we have had a specimen of North Carolina winter, or the rainy season. Although not cold, it is extremely uncomfortable, squally, raw, wet, and disagreeable. Our quarters are still very comfortable, however, and we would not exchange for barracks if we had the liberty to.

SYMPATHY FOR THE SOLDIER

The ladies of Carver have again testified their regard for Co. B, by sending 75 pairs of warm wool mittens, knit by their own hands, and which have been distributed by Capt. Griffith to those of his company most in need, and were most thankfully received, as many of the "boys" had not provided themselves with these necessary items of comfort, owing to the continued warm weather, arrived just at the right time. Through the generosity of Wm. Savery, Esq., yarn enough for 100 pairs was provided, and if the knitters can be found, every member of Co. B will have a substantial evidence of his good wishes and liberal patriotism. In the letter to Capt. G., he says:

"Please remember me warmly and kindly to the Carver boys, and all of Co. B, with whom I am acquainted; yes, all the company, whether I know them or not, for I have a personal interest in them all. If I can do anything more for them I will. Present the mittens to them with the ladies' and my warmest respects' that we think of them and talk about them most all the time; that they have our prayers for their continued health and safety, and for their safe return home. We know they will do their duty."

We are looking for the arrival of Maj. Morissey by the next boat, and considerable curiosity is manifested by the regiment to know the result of a portion of his mission home. Some are quite sanguine that he will be accompanied by Lieut. Briggs, of Co. B, while others adhere to the opinion that has been gradually gaining ground with us, that we shall never be cheered by his genial countenance in Newbern. We shall see what we shall see.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Richmond, Newbern, NC⁶²⁶ January 28, 1863

Dear Rock:

"CONFEDERATE ACTIVITY" prevails in this facility at this writing, and in preparations for the defense of Newbern, confirming my impressions that the rumors of an attack at this point had some foundation in fact.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Large detachments of soldiers and gangs of "contrabands," are busily at work building entrenchments and rifle-pits, while the movements of camp from exposed positions, and the extra vigilance and reconnaissance with the results thereof, prove conclusively that the rebels, burning with revenge at the late aggressive movement of our troops, are making preparations to return to our call. They evidently indulge the foolish hope that Gen. Foster will a second time take nearly his whole forces with him in the movement that is now going on, somewhere outside of Newbern. Let "old Stonewall" come down, if the revelations of his field glass don't discourage him when he gets within view of the defenses of this port, and he will meet with a reception both formal and substantial.

A reconnaissance on the opposite bank of the Neuse, opposite camp Richmond, one day last week, disclosed the rebel earthwork 1-2 mile in length, and already for the reception of guns; had it not been discovered in season, we should probably have been awakened some fine morning by the whistling of shot and shell about a very cold hearthstones". The regiment of infantry in a section of artillery have since been posted on that side of the river to do picket duty, and the earthwork and other enterprises of the rebels in that vicinity are probably considered damaged by this time; either these, or other considerations has influenced the General to order

A REMOVAL OF OUR CAMP

which order has nearly been carried into effect, and we're now mile and a half from the Neuse, and within fifty rods in line Fort Totten. All of the camps on the Neuse, north of barracks now or recently occupied by the 44th Reg., have also been removed, affording an unobstructed range for the gunboats on one side, and from the fort on the other, upon any advance of the rebels from the westward. Nothing but siege operations can drive the Federal for troops from Newbern, and the rebels have too much business on their hands to attempt anything of the kind at this time. I had supposed that some results of the new expedition would be manifold before now, but beyond a few movements of scouting and reconnoitering parties, nothing decisive has transpired. An attack by guerrillas was made upon a picket force at Bachelors Creek, 8 miles up the railroad, recently, and the sentinels driven in and one or two shot; our cavalry when in pursuit of the rascals the next day, and although the roads were thoroughly barricaded, succeeded in getting through a swamp where they found a party and captured eleven.

A party of Cavalry with one or more batteries, sent out to destroy a bridge in the neighborhood of Onslow, were opposed by rebel force, who were trying to affect the same object, as became apparent to our men after some hours skirmishing, when the rebels were allowed to burn the bridge, and the Federals return from a successful mission.

One of our Plymouth County boys, Harrison Ellis, of Wareham, an officer of the gunboat *Delaware*, reports here that a party from his craft made a reconnaissance up the river in a small boat to Onslow recently, but failed to discover anything that looked like a rebel soldier or marine. The party while returning suddenly found themselves under the guns of a masked battery, and the necessity for a little "diplomacy" was apparent, to preserve them from being blown out of the water; accordingly a "flag of truce" was improvised, and when the commander of the rebel party came on board he was informed that our party were in search of two men who were taken prisoners from the steamer *Ellis* lately captured by the rebels, and for whom we had some money. The rebels "swallowed" the explanation and allowed our men to depart whole-skinned.

I presume I shall betray no military secrets if I say that every preparation for the great movement is now completed, both at home and on the road, and that Gen. Foster has gone to attend personally to the working of his plans, first, because if I am mistaken, my information be of no more benefit to anyone else than to you, and

RETURN OF THE DEAD

secondly, if I am correct, the plan will either meet with success or failure before this will be in print. Of its complete success, whatever its magnitude, I have no doubt.

CONTRABANDS

You please give me credit for my long silence on this "irrepressible" subject, and I will agree not to "stir" the matter very near the dregs now, if you will allow me to "ventilate" some of the beauties of the institution as they reveal themselves here. Last Sunday, the authorities of the city and citizens and soldiers, witnessed a regular pitched battle between two parties of boys of African descent, in the streets of Newbern. About fifty were engaged on either side, and the attack and the defense were conducted in regular (African) military form, the weapons being brickbats. The attacking party came from the outskirts of the city, and found the opposing force drawn up in the "burnt district," where ammunition was plenty; the "pieces" of both parties were loaded to the muzzles, and when within throwing distance, the air was filled with flying missiles and the hideous yells of the combatants, the aggressors having displayed the best tactics by firing at the shins instead of the heads of the opponents, evidently had the best of it, and the latter soon showed signs of wavering and soon broke and fled, followed by the victors until the supply of bricks failed, when a rally was made by the flying "clouds," and a vigorous charge upon their pursuers, who now in turn broke and run; the "magazine" having again been reached, both parties were resupplied with ordnance and ammunition, and the fight kept up until one party or the other was completely vanquished and fled to return no more, which Army it was your correspondent couldn't distinguish, as both wore the same "uniforms," and got so mixed up that it would have puzzled Garrison himself to have sorted "em."

Report says the president has decided "what to do with them," by parcelling them out in the Army. 100 to a Regiment, to be employed as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," thus relieving the soldiers of those menial duties, but I doubt the correctness of the report and place it on par with the majority of camp rumors, as to reliability; it is not all consistent with the course that has been pursued toward them heretofore, when upon long fatiguing marches, everything in the shape of a Negro must have the preference to sick or worn-out soldiers, when there was a chance to ride or a mouthful of anything decent to eat. The Negro of course is not to blame for this, and I only allude to it as a foundation for my doubt in regard to the report above-mentioned. Besides, I can see no difference in principles in forcing slaves to work for the general government and forcing them to work for individuals. There is one influence exerted in the Army if I do not stoutly resist, I fear will make an abolitionist of me. You know I like belonging to the minority party, and I find the anti-abolitionist are increasing so fast that I'm almost forced to side with Garrison and Phillips for the sake of argument. You would be astonished at the revolution in the opinion of the "boys," if you were to judge from the conversation, at least I am, and I'm perfectly content with my past opinions, and more than ever confident that as a great revolution is going on in the moral and political atmosphere of this country as in its physical and civil character. That will work out a healthier and more natural development of the nationality of a majority of our people, and preserve a glorious union and government from utter chaos and annihilation, is the fervent prayer and sincere belief of

P.

P. S. - Co. B is in the enjoyment of its usual good health, and able to write, is the fact that it has written over how 150 letters today to go by tomorrow's mail, will testify.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶²⁷ February 3, 1863

Dear *Rock*:

Having nothing in particular to serve up for the entertainment of your readers, you must excuse any shortcomings of this epistle, for I am most decidedly impressed with the idea that will need some apology to render it even passable.

OUR NEW CAMP AND NEW GENERAL.

Of course a new camp must have a new name, and we have "honored" our new Brigadier by giving it his which you will please pronounce Jourdan, accenting the last syllable. In consequence of bad weather and the difficulty in procuring teams, the whole Regiment is not yet established here, and for the past week we have done little military duty, so little that we have hardly made the acquaintance of our new general, but our impressions are decidedly in his favor, and we expect soon to be enthusiastic in his behalf. He is Colonel of the 158 N. Y. Reg., and belongs to Brooklyn. A natty, snug built man, of not more than 35 years of age, with fair complexion and dark beard and hair.

As I informed you in my last, we are now located near Fort Totten, but as your maps probably do not show the precise locality of that work of defence, I will try to convey an idea about whereabouts by giving you our bearings from the Neuse. From a point on this river, about 2 miles upstream from the mouth of the Trent, if you draw a line due south to the Trent, it will pass very near if not through the fort, at the distance of at least 1 and 1/2 miles from the starting point. From the southerly side of the fort has been thrown up in embankment about 8 feet in height, running in a continuation of the westerly side, for half a mile to the south, and towards the Trent River. It is to the eastward of this embankment and within convenient distance of it Jordan is located, so that if I have made my explanation intelligible, you will see that we are tolerably well protected from the North Westerners and a sudden attack of the enemy, should he be foolish enough to disturb us. On our left is an Artillery Camp, and beyond that a deep creek and swamp, and besides the Fort on the right, are the other three regiments that compose our Brigade, with "several" artillery camps. In our rear is more artillery and beyond, the city. You say the Old Third is in a safe place, and "so say we all of us." The only danger we apprehend is from our own rifles which, having been condemned by every inspector who examined them, and in actual service having proved themselves unreliable to say the least, have deservedly lost the confidence and respect that a soldier ought to entertain for his weapons, and in all probability will be exchanged before the Regiment it again is called into action, though the prospect foreign-exchange is small at present.

THE EXPEDITION

No reports from the last crusade has reached us here, except the distant rumble of heavy artillery, which assures us the "ball his opened;" the results will probably find their way to us via New York papers, and to you as soon, if not sooner.

THE FORTY FOURTH REGIMENT

did not leave the city until Sunday last, and report says not to join the expedition then, but to reinforce the garrison at Plymouth, or to reconnoiter in that vicinity. But when they reach their destination they will know where they chartered for, a very wise remark, you will observe, and one quite in the "style" of Army correspondence.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

THE FORTY FIFTH

is now quartered in the city, doing "provost" duty, and their Chaplain, Rev. A. L. Stone, preaches in one of the city churches each Sunday. It is a treat indeed that one accustomed to civilized life to get away from the unbroken routine of the camp, and listen to the discourses of this eloquent Boston divine, while the singing of familiar tunes by a picked choir, with the organ accompaniment, do much to make a relapse into barbarism tolerable. Many a poor soldier is thus refreshed and encouraged, and returns to his duty with a deeper appreciation of the blessings of home and peace, and of the importance of the work in which he is engaged, and the preservation of the one in the stability of the other.

DEATHS

I have just heard of the death of private Edward Stevens, of Plymouth, a member of Co. E, 23rd Reg., though it took place a week or more since. It will be remembered that he lost an arm in the battle at Whitehall or Kinston, from the effects of which he died. Thus has another of the young men of Plymouth passed away in the cause of his country. But his memory be forever green.

A VISITOR

Yesterday was a most lovely day, quite warm enough to start the perspiration freely while on drill, in the evening clear and moonlit, with not a cloud in sight. Towards morning, we were awakened by the flapping and groaning of our canvas houses, and a severe tempest of thunder and lightning, followed by a dash of snow, which continued through the night and part of the forenoon; the ground is now well whitened and "all outdoors" looks more like home than anything I have seen for the past four months. This curious freak of the "Clerk," quite astonished us, for from sundry operations of dame Nature, we had been flattering ourselves that spring had come, and that the stories about snow and ice in North Carolina, were but bugbears of the natives to "scare the Yankees." More than a week ago I noticed the maples and alders, and many of the early garden flowers in bloom.

THE BLOCKADE

Last Sunday, I took a stroll around the wharves and was entertained in a survey of the old ladies in steam engines which have been "fished up" from the river channel; the Rebs spent much "shin plaster" in trying to render the Neuse unnavigable, but all in vain. Their "Yankee catchers," and other submarine infernal machines, have proved almost entirely harmless, and now lie piled on and around the wharves, a monument to their folly. "So mode be,"

P.

Lieut. Perkins is a "Jolly Brick"⁶²⁸ February 12, 1863

Third Regiment

N. M. Perry, Esq., has the latest dates from Newbern N. C. The 3d is still "digging." Capt. Griffith is on duty for the first time since the inland expeditions. The writer says Lt. Perkins is a "jolly brick," clever as ever and enthusiastically liked by the men, finding a kind word for all, though overwhelmed with business since Capt. G's lameness, there being no second Lieut.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jordan, Newbern, NC⁶²⁹ February 13, 1863

Dear Rock:

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

How to make a letter from nothing is what bothers me more than anything else just now, though apparently not a difficult task, judging from the amount of trash that gets in print from army correspondence, yet it is one that requires a lively imagination, an "easy" conscience, and a countenance with brass enough to construct in hundred-pounder siege gun, three qualities which I have often occasioned to deplore is lacking in my composition. But as the letter must be produced, you will please consider my tribulation and excuse whatever needs excuse.

Since last I wrote you, grim Death has made a detail from the ranks of Co. B, and with all our efforts we could not prevent him from taking from us one of our best members. Private John D. Manter, of Wareham, is no more! He was stricken with that terrible fever, which I wrote you had carried away a number of the 44th Reg., and after two or three day sickness died at the hospital, on the 6th inst. His age was 36 years. He leaves a widow and five children. He was a native of Plymouth, a son of Prince Manter, I think, and his wife is a daughter of Capt. William Burgess. The company voted to defray the expense of sending his body to his friends, and it was encased in an airtight coffin, and sent by vessel to Boston, which sailed from here last Sunday. This disease, at first believed incurable, is now deprived of half its horrors, by the fact that several patients have recovered, and through the investigations of the surgeons here, they think they have discovered its nature and cause, and that no serious apprehensions need be entertained of its becoming epidemic. It seems to be entirely the disease of the brain, and is called typo-malarial fever; it is believed to be caused by living in barracks built of green unseasoned lumber, and in tents "stockaded" with the same.

SPRING

IS daily developing her attractions, and we gather bouquets of snowdrops, violets, dandelions and narcissus, from the once beautiful gardens here, now overgrown with weeds and grass and trampled upon by man and beast, owing to their defenseless condition. Frog Concerts are among the evening entertainments, and though I am not over fond of croaking, I must confess that these "voices of the night" are not at all unpleasant to Northern ears.

CITIZENS

Howland, Bigelow and Potter, of New Bedford, suddenly appeared in camp on Tuesday last, and were most heartily welcomed by their acquaintances. It is quite a treat to see a Yankee in citizens clothing here, and the "boys" crowd around in eager curiosity, that would not be considered quite in accordance with the code of Chesterfield, but here is simply attribute to the memory of "Home Sweet for." With all my Yankee faculty, I am not able to guess their business, and leave that for your readers.

POSSUM

A pair of this singular specimen of the brute creation has recently added to the denizens of this camp, having been "picked up" in the woods while "playing possum in a gum tree," by one or more of our choppers. They are fat and handsome, and make the darkies "mouth's water" as they look at them and think of possum fat and harmony. Their novel mode of generation, as described by the colored naturalist here, is among the most wonderful works of nature, but never having seen it described by any professors of Natural History, there may be some errors in the theory which I would not like to perpetuate by putting in print.

GEN. FOSTER

Was in town on the 11th inst., on his way to Washington, where one report says he is summoned to advise upon some movements of the Army, while another says there is conflict of authority between him and Gen.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Hunter, of the Department of So. Carolina, in regard to the command of the expedition now on foot. He reports the trial of the Montauk's guns against Fort Sumter, with the most satisfactory results, and is confident of complete success when all his war machinery is brought to bear against the doomed cities of rebellion. It appears the time for striking the contemplated blow is not yet arrived, as no attack has yet been made in earnest; the rebels report as to driving off the blockade are all a lie.

The 44th Reg. returned to the quarters in the city on the 10th, having been on a reconnoitering expedition to Plymouth and vicinity without getting a sight at the rebels.

Quite a number of skirmishes have taken place within 10 miles of this post between our cavalry pickets, and parties of rebel soldiers, who are prowling about, evidently trying to find our weak points, preparatory to an attack. Small parties of prisoners brought in nearly every day. Lieut. Graham, the hero of the bridge burning at Goldsboro, was seriously wounded in the arm, by a rebel picket, who fired upon him from ambush. Forty-three rebels including a Lieut. Col. were captured one night this week at Crow Creek.

February 16, 1863

NEWBERN BATTLE FIELD

Last Saturday I visited the spot where just 11 months ago was fought the battle that secured to the union this indispensable foothold for war movements in the old North State. The line of earthworks extending from the river to and beyond the railroad, are still standing, as are many of the huts with the rebels were encamped. Nothing but heaps of sand remain of the "Fort" near the river bank, but the formidable abuttes over which our troops made their half-mile charge, and the woods where they first came into line at the opening of the rebel batteries still remain as when they fought and won.

SUNDAY SERVICES

Yesterday, a regiment attended church in the city, where Chaplin Snow preached a most excellent sermon. The services were held in the Baptist Church on Middle Street, and services are to be held there regularly in the future each Sunday while we remain here, under the auspices of this regiment. Chaplin Whitcomb, of the Portsmouth Hospital, and recently pastor of the Congregational Society of North cobbler, assisted in the services.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶³⁰ February 25, 1863

As martial law reigns supreme here since the resignation of Gov. Stanley, or so nearly supreme as to be subordinate only to the President's Emancipation Proclamation, I take it for granted that no correspondence from this department will be considered entirely loyal unless duly spiced with the delicate aroma that pervades an assemblage of the downtrodden descendants of Ham, and for fear that what you have published from my pen may not have been duly seasoned, I propose to make amends and this for all past neglect.

The lovely village aforesaid consists of the original slave quarters of the plantation upon which we are encamped, a half-dozen more or less of low double houses, and enough cypress split shanties to shelter about 1000 of the Negroes who were left behind and to have escaped hither since the hegira of the former citizens of Newbern. Here are crowded together upon a piece of land not exceeding 10 acres in area a larger population than many a thriving New England town can show, and as the hovels are erected haphazard, without any regard to streets, a promenade through this enchanting domain requires considerable skill, if you would avoid the "clothes lines," cesspools and ditches which are scattered throughout. Our regiment occasionally flies through on its way to the drill ground, and then it is that the population may be seen to the best advantage.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

Washington Street, during the passage of a regiment, bears no comparison in the variety of its spectators, and I believe that the regiment are as much entertained as the darkies. Barnum would make his "everlasting fortin" if he could transport the whole colony through the Northern States as an exhibition. Big darkies and little darkies, black darkies and yellow darkies, male and female, and of all ages from the patriarch of a century and a half, down to the "cunninest" little pickaninnies, (some so young that they haven't got their eyes open,) and the whole presenting a variety of wardrobe, or want of a wardrobe, that would challenge the world for a parallel. I wish your readers could have the privilege of looking through one of these encampments, perhaps they may before many months without having the state, for no description of mine can give them the faintest idea of the entertainment.

I find them a very religious community, and every evening till midnight can their howling be heard at their devotions. I think their example in this particular, however, is not very contagious this side of the ditch, for I noticed that profanity is much more radiant in its expression at this disturbance, than at any other. At one place that I looked in, one evening, where the zeal appeared to be running particularly high, if one were to judge from the sound proceeding there from, the whole interior was crowded with darkness inside (by a blazing not in the fireplace) as thick as it could stand, all howling at the top of their voices, and that while plaintiff strains, a line or two of some hymn, which they would repeat over and over again, at the same time dancing up and down and throwing up their hands.

If the visitor is not agreeably entertained by these performances he can attend a wedding almost any evening, and if he chooses to pronounce the "magic words that make two beings one," for it to is considered quite an honor by the happy couple to have the knot tied by a white man, and it is of the least consequence to them of what rank or profession if officiating personage may be; whether he be the most illiterate Dutch private, or the general in supreme command is all the same to them; and if in addition to the ceremony, some of the boys bring in a fiddle and play them some shaver down tune, by which they may dance, they are in the very zenith of happiness. At one of these "solemnizations," where the ceremony was performed by a captain of this regiment, was a house full of the "invited guest," as it was deemed advisable to give some "words of advice" to the happy pair, by a member of Co. A was called to the performance of that duty. He addressed them in the most timely manner, substantially as follows:

"My friends, in following the customs of the people of my country, it becomes me in my official capacity to give you a few words of advice; for we consider it of the most vital importance to your future happiness, as well as necessary to the high convolutions which go forth to electrify the sensibility of so great in effluvia prevalent and all the bordering campaign, that claim your united efforts for its support. Therefore the tribunal of which we consist a part, and of which the horizon away down in the distant future goes towards eulogizing, lessons the diameter of all geographical progressions, and monopolizes every paraphernalia within its respective district where in the avenues of Hydro genetic compulsions predominate; in now wishing you a happy perspective, I deem it a pleasure and witnessing the knots she'll ceremony that makes to such beautiful creatures so very happy."

The advice was received by the by advisees in the most serious manner, in the big words most heartily relished. Caesar Ward and Cynthia Bowser will doubtless tell you of the inspiring ceremonies of their weddings to the third and fourth generations of their descendants. But the grand feature of all, that is just now coming into prominence on the ebony groundwork of this strata of humanity, the great problem of the age which demands the attention of all, is the scheme of enrolling and educating the Negroes for soldiers. Already have enough been enlisted to form a regiment, and the parades for drill I'm not the least of the sources of fun which coffee provides for "the boys." Armed with sticks for guns, and under the charge of those of their number who have learned a portion of the infantry drill, they manifest an interest in traceability that is highly encouraging

RETURN OF THE DEAD

to those of us think the war should now be carried on by the Negro; many of them are opposed to join the ranks, and say "Nigger won't fight, he run, he fraid he get shot. If one run, they all run. Yankee fight for us, dat do best way." But these assertions as well as the theories of pro-and anti-slavery white man are now soon to be tested, and I hope the antis will win. It is the only hope of salvation for the union now, and it behooves all loyal men, however small their faith may be in the experiment, to give it a fair trial. When this fails, if fail it shall, (and it needs but little time for trial,) then I think the people will be satisfied, indisposed to take some measures to stop the enormous waste of blood and treasure that has so nearly ruined a once happy, prosperous, and powerful nation. I am decidedly of Greeley's opinion, that if after a three-month trial of the emancipation policy, we are no nearer "crushing" the rebellion than now, that peace be obtained upon the most advantageous terms that the rebels will grant. This confession is most humiliating, I admit, and many of your readers, a majority, perhaps, are so well convinced of the utter hopelessness of this last experiment, as to wish the nation might be spared the further humiliation of a resort to it, but for one I am willing to leave no stone unturned, before abandoning the cause so dear to us all, and shall most cheerfully and heartily cooperate in any plan that may result in the restoration of the American Union. Let us work for the success of the "forlorn hope," and may God grant our labor not be in vain.

THE EXPEDITION

Seems to run agin a snag, or something else which keeps it harmless against the Rebels, and sadly disappoints us all. We have a variety of reports as to the cause of the delay, but as I am unwilling to believe our War Department quite so stupid, as these rumors indicate, although all admit them to be perfectly consistent with the usual course, I will not reiterate them. One thing I know to be true, and that is that Gen. Foster arrived here on the 20th, is still here, and it is the general opinion that he has been relieved at his own request from cooperation with Gen. Hunter in the objects of the expedition. This seems unfortunate, for we believe in Gen. Foster, and from his acquaintance with Fort Sumter, and Charleston Harbor, it would seem as though he were the best qualified for the command, and that he is deserving that honor for his indefatigable exertions in fitting out the expedition.

SERENADES

Never have I been so appreciative of the charms of music as one night last week, where the stillness of the camp at midnight was broken by an instrumental serenade in front of our Colonel's quarters. Sim. Potter and Phil Hatch of New Bedford, could do more with their accordions toward soothing the savages outside our lines, than any other 10 men in the regiment. The following night, the band of one of our neighbor regiments, also serenaded Col. Richmond, and some of the line officers.

REVIEWS

Last Sunday, being the anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Washington, a Division Review was ordered by Gen. Prince, our Division General, and the several brigades comprising his division marched across the Railroad Bridge toward field on the right of the road, while the rain came down in torrents. A national salute was fired from all the forts in and about the City, a flag was raised over one of the new earthworks, the General and his staff rode round each regiment, and then we marched back to camp, completely drenched. You may be sure the General got no complements. Wednesday, a grand review of all the troops in Newbern, under Maj. Gen. Foster, "came off" upon the ground once occupied by Gen. Burnside for a similar purpose. It was a splendid site, the weather was delightful, and everything passed off harmoniously.

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

MASQUERADE BALL

By invitation from an officer in the 14th regiment, I attended a masquerade ball in their barracks, Monday evening. By taking away the partition between two companies quarters, a fine long hall was provided, and decorated with flags, mottoes, pictures and evergreen, in a most beautiful and tasty manner. The bunks furnished most excellent accommodations for the spectators, of which there was a dense crowd. The regimental band was stationed upon a platform opposite the entrance, and discoursed most excellent music, while a cotillion band composed entirely of "culled persons," belonging in Newbern, furnished the dancing music. The costumes were unique to say the least, and the characters well sustained, especially those in female rig, for of course, the boys had to take the part of female partners in the total absence of that indispensable feature of a ball, and dressed "accordingly." You may be sure there was a merry time, and that it takes the 44th to do the thing up Brown. Maj. Gen.'s Foster and Wessel, with a large number of other distinguished military men honored the occasion with their presence, and appeared well pleased with the entertainment.

PERSONAL

Lieut. Charles E Churchill, of Company K, has been appointed aid-de-camp of Gen. Jordan's staff.

Coming up from Morehead, yesterday, where I had been on a visit to my friends A. P. Atwood and W. W. Leonard, Masters Mates onboard gunboat *Chicora*, my democratic eyes were greeted with the site of Col. Peter Dunbar of Boston. He came on an Adams Express steamer *Tah-kee*, was on his way to Port Royal on business. He told me the streets in Massachusetts, were yet passable-not the slightest obstruction by the "swarms" of recruits, though the proclamation in nigger recruiting were doing their best.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶³¹ March 2, 1863

Dear Rock:

The long March, (which through the short February has been the standing *sell* of our camp,) has commenced, and though the mud is awful, thus far we experience none of the trials that beset us on the expeditious. Rations are plenty, the quartermaster good-natured, and the boys settling their breakfast by a game of foot ball⁶³².

FLAG RAISING

Last Thursday, our brigade was complemented by an invitation to be present on the occasion of raising up flag upon a new staff near Gen. Foster's headquarters. Though we get almost drenched so powerfully did the rain come down, yet the glory of being the only brigade invited, and the extra whiskey ration, more than compensated for the ducking. Besides we secured a joke at the expense of one of our line officers, who, not liking the idea of getting his "good clothes" wet, very sensibly left the regiment at the commencement of the baptismal ceremonies, and bought an umbrella. In connection with this subject I append in order read at Dress Parade last evening.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND BRIGADE,
5TH DIVISION, 18TH ARMY CORPS.
Newbern, N.C., February 26, 1863.
GEN. ORDER No. 18

The Colonel commanding brigade, takes this opportunity of conveying the compliments and thanks of our esteemed Corp de Armee Commander, for the compliments you paid him this morning, on the occasion of

RETURN OF THE DEAD

planting our glorious banner of the Union and the Constitution, over a once rebel city, but now the "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave."

Major General Foster desired me to inform, not only what he is pleased to designate (to use his own words,) your splendid brigade, but also Capt. Belcher, and his five tried, well disciplined battery, that he does not consider that the patriotic act of unfurling of the stars and stripes to the free winds of the heavens, and that two over a North Carolina city, once the strongholds of treason, as nothing more than a complement to him personally. No exclamation he thinks you from his heart, as the representative of a free government and a once happy Union, for the patriotic duty you perform so well; and I will add my own responsibility, that you, by your soldierly bearing and your enthusiastic love of country and our glorious flag, (which flag you present this day, to the God of battles, where battles are fought in the support of a holy cause,) you have one a high position in the opinion of our gallant corps commanded.

REMEMBER, your patriotic action met with the approbation of him who rules the universe, in as much as the moment it was spread to the breeze, the baptismal fount of heaven was opened, and your flag was baptized. Let every soldier who witnessed that flag, as it floated so profoundly in its lofty home, and while under its folds good uncovered the scarred veteran of two other wars, and for the honor of which he fought and bled. Now, until that banner with its constellation of 33 stars waves triumphantly from North to South and East to West, of this once happy Union, their profession is a soldier in their home is in the field.

By order of
J. Jourdan
Col. Commanding Brigade
B. F. Beach, Jr., A. A. A. G.

Other orders were read announcing the resignation and honorable discharge for disability of Lieut. Eaton, of Co. I, and the extension of Major Morrissey's leave of absence to the 20th inst.

MUSTER FOR PAY

Last Saturday the regiment was again "mustered" for two months pay, according to regulations, but the greenbacks are not yet visible, or invisible green. As there is now four months pay due to us, and Uncle Sam is supposed to be turning out the rags with all the speed of "lightning presses," it seemeth strange that he will allow his boys to suffer for the paltry pittance due to them. But so it is, though our regiment ought not to complain, perhaps, while others in the department have not been paid for seven months.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE

Today the guns on the Fort, in the battery on our left, have been practicing with solid shot and shell, to get the exact range on the several avenues from the country to the city. The targets were about a mile off, and were several times pierced by the flying missiles, while all the shots were sufficiently accurate to have covered the plane dead men had they been fired in twin advancing army.

Privates Dempsey and Bradford rejoined Co. B yesterday, and the company is now in the best of health with one or two exceptions. Samuel L. Holmes, of Plymouth, has obtained his discharge, and will probably arrive home by the boat that carries this. His father, L. S. Holmes, has asked for a discharge on the ground of disability, and his request will probably be granted. I think there is an instance of paternal solicitude in the action of the senior Holmes that is rarely equaled. The son was ever anxious from the commencement of the war to enlist, but being of a feeble constitution his father strenuously opposed it and one or two attempts to get a Surgeon's certificate permitting the son to enlist failed. The father told him that if he did succeed in joining the Army, he too should enlist, although past the age of 45, and laboring under a deformity of the shoulder that

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at times was extremely painful, and under any other surgeon than Dr. Jackson would have been forbidden his enlistment. The boy did succeed in getting a surgeon certificate and enlisted; the father immediately followed suit, and have been with us until now, though the junior has been in the hospital nearly all the term of his service, and in all probability would've died there, had it not been for the father's indefatigable care and attention. Now that he has procured his sons discharge, he is "played out" himself, and will undoubtedly be at home by the next boat.

The Old Third are called "Foster's Pets," by some of our envious neighbors here, but if we are favorites, which I strongly suspect, it is no fault of ours.

P.

Major Morissey Leaves to Rejoin Troops⁶³³ March 13, 1863

Major Morissey leaves in the steamer from New York, on Saturday next, to rejoin his regiment, his leave of absence having expired. He requests us to say that all letters for Newbern will be carefully and cheerfully delivered if left at Mr. Albert Barnes', on North street, before 1 o'clock on Friday next. The best wishes of the community will follow Major Morissey and his gallant comrades, whom may heaven protect and return in safety.

Letter from Lieut. Briggs, Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶³⁴ March 15, 1863

Dear *Rock*:

For the last week or ten days we have had stirring times in this Department, as some three or four expeditions left on the same day, bound to different localities within a range of 40 miles, in search of the enemy who has been harassing our picket considerably of late. I send you a copy of the official report of Col. Richmond of the part taken by his regiment in one of these "pleasure excursions", which will give your readers a much clearer account of the trip than any works of mine.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF Col. S. P. RICHMOND

Head Quarters, 3d Reg. Mass. V. M.

Camp "Jourdan", Newbern, N. C.

March 12, 1863.

To Col. J. Jourdan,

Commanding 2d Brigade, 5th Div. 18th Annapolis.

COLONEL: I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by myself and command in the recent expedition under the command of Gen. Prince.

On the evening of the 5th inst. I received orders to march at 6 o'clock on the following morning with three days cooked rations.

March 6th. Formed regimental line at 6 A. M. and almost immediately after joined a column consisting of Prince's Division, and took up line of march towards Pollocksville. I marched 24 officers and 529 men. After crossing the Trent river, I received an order detailing myself and command to the responsible and laborious position of escort to the subsistence train, which consisted of nearly 100 wagons, heavily laden. I made the following distribution of my regiment: two companies in advance; 4 companies in the centre, and three companies in the rear of the train. We made good progress for about 6 miles, after which we encountered bad places in the road, which caused much delay and hard labor, but we finally succeeded in bringing the whole

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train to the place of bivouac at about 10 o'clock P. M. This was on the McDaniel's plantation, 4 miles beyond Pollocksville. The distance marched this day was said to be 18 miles.

March 7th. Early this morning I received orders to park the train in the best possible position, and with my Reg., a section of Morrison's battery, and a platoon of cavalry remain and defend it. I sent out the cavalry as patrols, and five of my companies as pickets in different directions, holding the remainder of my command in a position near the train, which I had parked near the centre of a broad field. During the A. M. the main column marched to Trenton and returned without meeting any opposing force. Nothing of importance happened to the place of bivouac during the absence of the Commanding General. At three o'clock the whole force took up the line of march towards Young's Cross Roads. My Reg. was detailed to march in the rear of the train, and a company of cavalry in my rear. The roads were exceedingly bad, and I had to detail a large number of my men to go forward and assist in getting the wagons over the bad places. The train moved very slowly, the teams being frequently stuck. We arrived at the place of bivouac, (Young's Cross Roads) with the whole train at 3 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 8th, having marched about 10 miles.

March 8th. My Reg. with the 168th Penn. M. Belger's battery and a small company of cavalry, the whole being under my command were detached from the column, and ordered to hold this place, while the main column moved on towards Swansboro. The larger portion of the subsistence train was left with us. My whole force amounted to 1120 men.

I immediately parked the train in a large field near White Oak River, threw out strong infantry pickets with cavalry patrols beyond on the different roads, disposed of the remainder of my force to the best of my judgment for defence, and awaited the result. The remainder of the day passed very quietly.

March 9th. The night passed without any occurrence of importance, as also the day until 6 P. M., when the main column returned, the advance reporting to have been to Swansboro, without meeting the enemy in force. In the absence of the General, my cavalry patrolled the roads as far as Pollocksville in the rear and some 9 miles to the right on the opposite side of White Oak River, and also about 11 miles on the road to Pelter's Mills, meeting no opposing force or signs of the enemy. The whole column again bivouacked here for the night.

March 10th. Had the train straightened out, and my Reg. in line before 7 A. M. but had to wait some time for the 1st Brigade they having the advance, my Reg. coming next in column, the train following, and the remainder of the 2d Brigade in the rear. The column moved at about 8 A. M taking the direct road to Pollocksville. On arriving at the last manned place, in accordance with orders. I halted my Reg. and the train until all the force in the rear had passed on. We then moved on. Col. Jourdan destroyed the bridge after we crossed. It now commenced to rain very heavily, and continued to do so about two hours. This rendered the roads very bad indeed. My Reg. was distributed through the train in the same manner as on the first day out. We moved very slowly and with much hard labor in assisting the train. The head of the train reached Newbern, about 9 o'clock, but the rear did not get in until 11 P. M. The distance marched this day was 22 miles. Both my officers and men were very much exhausted, with their constant exertion to assist the train along. There were no severe casualties in my command during the expedition. I am pleased to say that although my command occupied the hardest and most responsible position during the entire expedition, yet there was but very little complaint; the men with but few exceptions, doing their duty nobly.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

S. P. Richmond,
Col. Commanding Reg.

I find a few "incidents" of the expedition jotted down in my memoranda, which of course would not be embodied in an official document, and which may interest you as much as they did me.

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On the McDaniel's plantation where we bivouacked the first night, and remained through the day, Saturday, is one of the finest houses I have seen in the country, but is deserted by the owner, and left a prey to the vandals of either army as it is occupied by them alternately. The fine garden and orchard around it, were blooming in all the beauty of early spring except where trampled or destroyed by man and beast, but the house was stripped of every article of furniture except an old mahogany bureau and the drawers of that had been taken for mangers of horses; even the doors and windows were stripped of their locks and fastenings, and the beautiful stained glass hall lights were smashed and carried away piecemeal as trophies, while the walls are covered with writings and caricatures that almost make a man blush for his kind. Two rebel prophecies I copied, as follows: "The war will end when the South is recognized by foreign powers, and not before." "The war will end when the Yankees are whipped, and that will be d----d soon." The proprietor of this estate, is reported to be a brother of the negro-catcher "immortalized" in one of Mrs. Stowe's novels, and I learned from one of the prisoners taken in the vicinity that one McDaniel's formerly lived near by, who owned bloodhounds, and made a business of catching runaway slaves.

THE ATTACK ON NEWBERN

Friday 13th, heard rumors that the Rebs were coming down in force to retake Newbern, and thus redeem their promise to "drive out the Yankees within a year", the 14th being the first anniversary of the battle. Had orders to be ready for action on the following morning. Saturday morning the regiment was in line at daybreak, and marched out on Trent road towards Kinston at sunrise with the other regiments of our brigade. Had hardly got out of camp when a smart artillery fight commenced on the opposite bank of the Neuse, between Pettigrew's brigade of Rebs., and our picket force then assisted by the gunboats in the river. Continued the march about 2 miles when our regiment had orders to "Halt! About face," and we returned to camp, where we stacked arms, and awaited further orders. It appeared that the main body of the rebels were across the river opposite the city, and that they were trying to get their batteries in position to shell it, but through the bravery of our pickets there they were kept at bay, until reinforcements were sent over by Gen. Foster, when they were repulsed with considerable loss. The rebels succeeded in throwing several shell across the river, some of which struck upon our old camp ground, "Camp Richmond," and others within the line of the 44th Reg. The rebels made attack at several other points about Newbern, but were whipped in every attempt or skedaddled before our forces could get at them. It was an exciting day, and we were expecting a renewal of the attack on the morrow as we could hardly believe so important a job as the enemy commenced would be so easily spoiled. When it was ascertained that they had actually retreated, columns of infantry artillery and cavalry were sent out in various directions with a view to overtake and bag some portion of them by force, but they were too quick for us, and no captures of consequence were made. Our division (Prince's) with two pieces of artillery were started off towards Pollocksville Sunday afternoon about 1 o'clock and marched to within a few miles of it that night and bivouacked in the woods. Next morning made thorough reconnaissance in and about the village, but no enemy being found, commenced the return march at 11 A. M. and arrived in camp about 4 having marched 18 miles that day, some fatigued.

Lieut. Briggs, of Co. B,

Having arrived on Friday, was just in time to share in this last tramp, and perhaps the memory thereof will be ever pleasant to recall. He was heartily welcomed by his regiment and company, and congratulated on his luck during the past six months.

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Letter from CAS Perkins, Sold Interest in the *Plymouth Rock*⁶³⁵ April 3, 1863

To the Patrons of the *Rock*

A negotiation for the sale of my interest in the "*Plymouth Rock*" commenced previous to leaving my native State, is finally consummated, and it is due to the patrons of the paper, as well as in accordance with the feelings inspired by the formal withdrawal of my name as one of the responsible publishers, that I should utter a few "parting words" if only to say "Good bye."

It is not without regret that I sever my connection with a business that in its mechanical department at least, has ever been congenial. Of the future character of the paper it is neither my right or inclination to forestall the opinion of its readers, even if my predilections were more likely to be correct than their own, (which I do not pretend,) but judging from the patriotic tone of its editorials since it has been in charge of Mr. Andrews, and his able and fearless devotion to the cause of the Union – the whole Union – I am rejoiced to believe my trust has been committed to worthy hands, and to hope that the same generous friendship and support that rendered my connection with the paper agreeable to myself, will still be continued and enlarged. With the views expressed in his leader announcing the change of proprietorship I am in most hearty sympathy, and can most cheerfully sink the partisan, in wishing success to the union of business interests upon such a sound foundation. Once more tendering my sincere thanks to kind friends and "old acquaintance" in the Old Bay State, and wishing them all the happiness and prosperity that can fall to the lot of a deserving community, and in the indulgence of a hope that the social and business ties now severed may some day be re-united, I am

Truly yours, C. A. S. Perkins,
Newbern, N. C., April 3, 1863.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶³⁶ April 10, 1863

Mr. Editor:

Our regiment having just returned from an expedition to the Pamlico River, where they made a reconnaissance of the rebel force now blockading the river, and as the mail for the North is to close this P. M., I will endeavor to give your readers such particulars as I have been able to gather from different members of the regiment, not having been an eye witness, as from disability I was, much to my regret, obliged to remain in camp. The accounts are necessarily meager and being hastily collected and compiled, are doubtless incomplete and perhaps erroneous.

As I wrote you in my last, the rebs were occupying a position on the Pamlico River, with a battery that amounted almost to a blockade of the river, and rendered it difficult getting supplies or reinforcements to our garrison at Plymouth. The rumor about our gunboats having dislodged them, capturing their force and guns, turned out all a hum, as I supposed it would, and so an expedition was planned to march a force over land, and if possible to drive them from the position, or make such reconnaissance as would enable us to do the former when we found out what was to be done. Accordingly a force of about 5000, including cavalry and artillery, left here on Wednesday morning, 8th inst., crossed the Neuse opposite the city, and commenced a march in a northerly direction. The expedition was commanded by Gen. Spinola, of the 1st Brigade in our Division. Nothing of importance occurred the first day beyond skirmishing with the rebel pickets, and the distance marched was about 15 miles when a halt was made, and the pioneers and one regiment, set to work blockading the road from Kinston, which intersected the line of march at this point.

Thursday the march was resumed toward Core Point or Hickney Point, (I am not certain of the name,) and the advance encountered the enemy about 15 miles from the place of bivouac, and drove them to their entrenchments on the upper part of the point, across an arm of the Pamlico River, and which were thrown up to protect their blockading battery below from capture by a land force. The bridge across the arm or creek,

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which was here about 60 yards wide, had been destroyed, and the water was too deep to be fordable. A sharp artillery duel was kept up across the creek for about an hour, until the ammunition was exhausted, when our forces were ordered to retire as it was an utter impossibility to get our artillery in position to shell the rebels out, from the fact that but one road led to the creek, upon which the rebels had previously got the range, and that led through a dense forest of pine timber, and any attempt to plant artillery so as to get any approach to directness of aim, was necessarily fatal. Three horses were killed here upon one gun and one man wounded. Capt. Belger had his horse killed under him, and was himself slightly wounded in leg.

It is reported that Gen. Spinola obtained positive information that the rebel force between Newbern and Kinston and Newbern and Washington is 22,000 men, with a large number of pieces of heavy artillery – some setting it as high as thirty. Their position, attacked by this expedition, is one admirably chosen, both as a land and water blockade, and unless Gen. Foster has reinforcements sent to this department it is very probable that the garrison at Washington will have to be withdrawn, which can be done by small craft at night.

A return march of 15 miles was made this day, which with the 15 out, completed one of the hardest days works our regiment has yet experienced, although they were favored with good roads and were not honored with the position of guard to the supply train. The march to camp, about 12 miles, was accomplished today, and the boys are all again safe in camp. Who says this is not a lucky regiment? Considering they were in the advance brigade, and within a thousand men of the front during the whole fight. The whole loss of the expedition is reported at one killed and nine or ten wounded.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶³⁷ April 17, 1863

Mr. Editor:

Gen. Foster arrived here from "Little Washington" on the morning of the 16th, having run past the rebel blockade on the Pamlico, in broad daylight. The General had been "hemmed in" at Washington for several days, and although he reported himself as able to hold his own until reinforcements could reach him, and that he could run the blockade with safety if necessary, considerable anxiety was expressed here lest he might be in a "trap" from which he would find it difficult to escape. The rebels have their battery planted within 300 yards of the channel, where all craft of any considerable size are compelled to pass, and it seemed like the height of imprudence to attempt the passage by daylight with anything short of an iron-clad craft, and the attempt would not probably have been made at that time but for the reason that the boat got aground soon after her departure from Washington, on the night of the 15th, where she was delayed until nearly daylight. All steam was then put on and the gauntlet successfully run, although the boat was pierced in fifteen or twenty places by artillery and musketry, the pilot was killed, and others of the crew wounded. It was a narrow escape, as any serious damage to the machinery of the boat would have rendered her an easy prey to the blockaders. Gen. Foster was welcomed here with the greatest enthusiasm. Everything that can crawl has been sent out of the city in different directions, in hopes to cut off the rebel supplies to their army in this part of the State, and if possible to surround and capture them. Nothing but the "cripple brigade" is left in the city to man the breastworks, besides a few heavy artillerymen to work the guns in the forts, and a few sections of field artillery for the embrasures. The "Third" went up the railroad yesterday with a supply of timber, contrabands, tools, &c., and today it is reported they are building a bridge across the Neuse, to enable our troops to get in rear of the enemy.

The Twenty-Third Regiment, with the rest of their (Hickman's) brigade, arrived from Charleston last night, and report the monster expedition against that city a failure, or at least abandoned for the present, which seems probable, as the troops sent from this department are returning every day, and I hear the

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gunboats are ordered to New Orleans. This is a bitter disappointment, and can but still further damage the reputation of Gen. Hunter, though perhaps he has done as well as any other General could do. My charity for unsuccessful Generals is very much enlarged, as day by day by actual observation, I am forced to realize the obstacles they have to encounter. The rebel armies both North and South of us, being now comparatively at liberty to turn their attention away from their immediate vicinity, may conclude to concentrate here, and hot work will be likely to follow in the Department of North Carolina.

OUR TERM OF SERVICE

Is definitely decided by the War Department at Washington, to end in June, and our Colonel is instructed to have Government property ready for transfer at the date of our discharge. This puts to rest the absurd stories about the regiment being held until nine months from the date of mustering the Field Officers.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶³⁸ April 23, 1863

Mr. Editor:

Our regiment arrived in camp on Tuesday evening, having been out six days, at a point on the railroad to Kinston, about sixteen miles from here, where they were guarding a party of laborers upon the bridge and railroad. Our force in the vicinity was about 1500. The track was relaid some five miles, and a bridge 60 feet long rebuilt, so that the road is now in working order to within about 10 miles of Kinston. The object of this movement was to draw the rebel force from their stronghold near Washington, by making them believe we contemplated a second attack on Kinston, and it worked to a charm, for the column sent out overland to Washington the day after the work on the railroad commenced, found all the rebel earthworks on the route evacuated, including their blockade of the river, and the force that had invested Washington left for parts unknown. The column marched into that town without resistance, and have since returned to Newbern by transports. It is believed that there is not now any rebel force in this vicinity.

Several skirmishes occurred between the retreating rebs and portions of our force up the railroad, in one of which 29 prisoners were taken including one Lieut. The loss on our side was one killed and two or three wounded. The rebel prisoners are described as being the most intelligent and soldierly of any yet captured in this State. They were decently clad, but short of rations, meat being very scarce, while coffee had not been dealt them for nearly a year. Some of them expressed themselves pleased with their fate, as they would now be likely to get food once more. Our regiment came in in good shape, safe and sound, as usual. While they were away, Co. I, Capt. Ewer, returned from Elizabeth City, where (and at Plymouth) they have been stationed about four months. The regiment is now encamped together. Elizabeth City and one or two other small and unimportant posts in the northeasterly part of the State are evacuated by our forces. Two companies of North Carolina soldiers, (or "Buffaloes," as the rebs call them) came in with Capt. Ewer, and have been joined to the battalion raised here. Also about 600 contrabands, who had put themselves under his protection, were transported hither.

From a copy of a Raleigh paper picked up by Lieut. Briggs, of Co. G, during the recent expedition, I copy a few items and extracts which are significant of the condition of the Southern Confederacy, both physically and politically. The first is an attempt to smooth over their recent defeat before Newbern, as follows:

"The Movement towards Newbern. There was no attempt after all to take Newbern. Gen. Hill has retired with his troops. His object was, we suppose, to drive in the enemy and bring out supplies of corn and bacon. We learn that a goodly quantity of the "staff of life" was secured. It was much needed. In fact we suppose, strongly fortified as Newbern is, there will be no attempt to storm the place. It would cost many valuable lives,

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and if taken it is doubtful if it could be held. And if held it would be of no essential service, for Fort Macon in possession of the enemy commands the ocean. We would like much to see the town destroyed, and as for capturing the contrabands in the place, we would not sacrifice the life of one soldier for all of them."

The other items are of equal interest. The prices of the few articles quoted I glean from other items and advertisements:

"The *Richmond Enquirer* is permitting a correspondent to discuss the question of reconstruction. The correspondent is opposed to it, but it seems the *Enquirer* regards the subject as open for discussion."

"Horse and Mule Meat. Our contemporary of the *Charlotte Democrat*, copies with commendation the advice of the *Richmond Enquirer*, that we must take good care of the horses and mules, for we may have to come at last to horse and mule meat. * * * What a commentary is this on the extravagance of those in power! Eighteen months ago meat was as plentiful almost as rocks. The army and the people had the greatest abundance, but now the army is reduced to a few ounces to each man per day, and thousands of our people have not tasted meat for weeks. The most magnificent resources any people ever had to begin a revolution have been misapplied and wasted, and now the suggestion from the official paper is, the people must make up their minds to live on horse and mule meat. They will do no such thing. They will stop the war before they will do it."

RICHMOND CORRESPONDENCE

"The resignation of Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith has created here a profound impression in military and political circles. North Carolina felt secure while this distinguished chief was at the head of the forces placed there to defend her. The resignation of Gen. Toombs find it impossible to retain their connection with the government, it is not surprising that curiosity should be awakened. Brave, honorable, and patriotic, the causes which have compelled them to leave the service of their country at this crisis in her history, must have been insuperable and overwhelming indeed."

PRICE CURRENT

Flour \$25 per barrel; Corn \$10 per barrel; Bacon 62 cents per pound; Liquor 75 cents per glass. Coffee and sugar entirely out of the market.

Co. B has sustained another loss in the death of private Alonzo D. Shaw, of Carver, who died in the Stanley Hospital on the 16th inst. Private Shaw was one of our best men, and from his robust constitution and general good health, was among those who have been almost constantly on duty. Prompt and efficient as a soldier, a genial companion and warm friend, his loss is deeply felt by those who knew him best, and his memory is enshrined indelibly among the sad experiences and noble sacrifices this war has cost. His remains were sent to Carver for interment. His age was 21 years.

P.

Letter from Ned [EL Robbins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶³⁹ May 13, 1863

Friend Memo and Rock:

What a morn is this to make a man sit back in his chair and sing, "The summer days are coming, &c.," Coming, sure enough. One would suppose they had already got here, if the thermometer at nearly 100 degrees in the shade -- flies that come in swarms and nip like mosquitoes, red and perspiring faces, and all other attendants of extremely hot weather, are any indications of the arrival of summer.

There is nothing of interest transpiring here at present. Four companies of the Third (C, D, E, and F,) are out on picket duty at 'Deep Gulf, some eight or ten miles from Newbern, on the road leading to Kinston. The

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rest of the regiment is employed in using the spade – not in garden work, as many of them would be doing if at home now – but in the trenches. Some of them do not look, as they work, as if they appreciated the blessing of “keeping their hand in” with this useful implement; but all are evidently earning their (hard) bread by the sweat of their brow, so they ought to have a clear conscience at dinner.

“Going home” is the topic which engages the attention of most of the regiment at present, and, if we may judge by appearances, of some people at home, also. No mail arrives without bringing the anxious enquiry: “Will the Third boys be willing to enlist again?” Many and various are the arguments put forth, all showing clearly that it is the duty of every one who has been or is already in the service to stay there; why? “Because he is used to it! because he can be made more useful than a new recruit! because he hasn’t been killed or wounded yet, which is outrage upon the feelings of his friends (?) and neighbors at home, and clearly in defiance of their expectations and calculations. Because if he doesn’t stay there some one else will have to go, which is worse than all the rest.

I have no doubt that many of the 3d Regiment will enlist again, after a short stay at home; but that they are to be induced to do so by arguments like the above is hardly probable. But many receive letters from writers who ought to know better, filled with such trash, and many of them unmanly and insulting to the last degree. The time may come when every true son of our country, may be called upon to defend her rights, and in that event those who are now so ready and willing to sneer at nine months’ men, or any other men in limited service, may learn a more just appreciation of the comforts and delights of this voluntary exile from home and privileges, that is, if they don’t belong to the “exempts,” in which case it will be their duty to rail on those they consider less fortunate.

Co. ‘B’ are all well and doing well. I understand they sent home after the last pay-day four thousand two hundred (4200) dollars, which is certainly creditable to them. This company is well ‘posted’ in military matters, and will compare favorably with any company in the regiment.

Our chaplain, Rev. Charles A. Snow, is at home on leave of absence, but is expected back soon.

On Sunday last, all the artillery in Newbern was reviewed by Gen. Leslie, making an imposing display.

Wm. H. Connell of Co. B, has received his discharge, and leaves for Massachusetts by the next boat.

Yours, Ned

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶⁴⁰ May 18, 1863

Mr. Editor:

If you solemnly promise not to throw this letter into the chip basket, as I have strong suspicions you have some of my productions, (though you of course will charge it to remissness in the P. O. Department,*) I will attempt to send you a few items of camp news, for there is absolutely none other in this Department.

PRESENTATION

In appreciation of all the good qualities that constitute a good Orderly Sergeant, which qualities are combined in First Sergeant Asa Shaw, of Co. B, the enlisted men of the company have presented him with a splendid Smith & Wesson pistol and holster, cartridges, &c. The presentation speech was made by our fifer, Mr. John Murdock, and the recipient, although taken completely by surprise, responded in his usual candid and characteristic manner. The whole affair was creditable to the company, as well as a deserved compliment to a hardworking and efficient officer.

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DITCHING

Our brigade, and in fact I think all the troops in Newbern, are now hard at work in the trenches, and in strengthening the fortifications of this post. The artillery, both light and heavy, are in daily target practice, and the booming of big guns and screaming of shot and shell are about the only substitutes for excitement we have. Should the Rebs deploy in this direction when they evacuate Richmond, we shall be prepared to show them what they have been so long looking for – the “last ditch.”

Private Wm. Lawrence of Co. E. (New Bedford) was very seriously injured last week while on picket at Deep Gulley, by the falling of a chimney. One leg and his nose were broken, and his head so severely bruised that it is doubtful if he recovers. He is now in the Stanley Hospital in this city.

MORANTIC

You have probably noticed in the Newbern correspondence of the Boston papers, an account of the wedding of one of the 44th's corporals and the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Newbern, famous for a bitter secessionist wife and who was recently transported outside our lines because he wouldn't take the oath of allegiance. It is said that the intimacy between the newly wedded pair commenced before the war, while Miss Disoway was at school in Massachusetts. In violation of the old adage, that ‘true love never does run smooth,’ was the fact the Corporal Lawrence entered the service of his country and was sent with his regiment to this place, where he was detailed as Assistant Ward Master in Foster Hospital, and probably had leisure and a “pass” to visit his lady love much oftener than if he had remained with his company. Matters progressed finely, until the decree went forth that all citizens of Newbern must take the oath of allegiance by a certain date, or go outside the federal lines. This was a bitter pill for Papa Disoway, for he had a valuable estate here on a corner lot, and of course it would be confiscated, because he could not sell it and take it with him, as the authorities permitted him to do with his personal property. The marriage was celebrated on the evening before the departure of the family for rebeldom, and here the romance of the operation ended. The reality of it has developed into what the “chivalry” would call a “d----d Yankee trick.” For it now appears that the real estate was given or ‘transferred’ to the daughter as her dowry, thereby saving it from Uncle Sam's clutches. The corporal and his lovely wife, (who, by the way is reported as bitter a rebel as her mother) now occupies the corner lot, and Papa has gone into the dominion of Secessia, to speculate in a “swad” of confederate script which he has been buying up in Newbern for the last year and a half at an enormous discount. Show me a Yankee who can beat this!

PERSONAL

Private W. H. Connell of Carver has been discharged for physical disability and went home on the “*Albany*” on the 14th. The health of the company and regiment is now very fair notwithstanding we are experiencing extremely warm weather. With two such attentive, humane, and skillful surgeons as Drs. Stocker and Howes, we feel almost as safe from disease as we do at home. By the skillful treatment of Dr. Stocker, your correspondent was happy to report himself for duty this morning; at least a fortnight earlier than he expected.

P.

(*) We'll give you the word of an editor, Lieutenant, and that you know by experience is just as good as holding up ones hand, that except in case of one letter coming before another was in print, in which case, of course, we took the latest, that the “chip basket” is innocent. Ourselves and readers appreciate your letters too well for any such treatment. Do you take it back?

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Death of Alonzo D Shaw and John D Manter⁶⁴¹ May 29, 1863

We have received resolutions of respect by Co. D, 3 Reg., at Newbern, N. C., upon the death of Alonzo D. Shaw and John D. Manter, which we are compelled to defer this week on account of space.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Camp Jourdan, Newbern, NC⁶⁴² May 29, 1863

Mr. Editor:

A great loss has been sustained in this department by the death of Col. Jones, of the 58th Reg. Penn. Infantry. He was killed on the 23 inst. at the head of his regiment while repelling an attack of the rebels upon our outposts. Col. Jones has, for the last six months, been stationed eight miles up the railroad towards Kinston, and had command of all the outer picket stations this side of the river. While in this position he has proved himself one of the most brave and efficient officers in the department, and for his last achievement Gen. Foster had decided to nominate him for Brigadier General. The particulars of his last gallant battle, and heroic death, so far as I have been able to learn are as follows: On Saturday, the 23d, Col. Richmond had orders to prepare for the reception and guard of 200 prisoners captured by Col. Jones, about ten miles this side of Kinston. It seems that he (Col. J.) had information that a brigade of the "greybacks" were worming themselves along toward our lines by short advances and entrenchments, and having reinforced himself with two or three regiments from Newbern, (the Mass. 27th, 46th and 5th.) had attacked their advance early Friday morning, and after a short skirmish captured 173 of them, including three Lieutenants and a Major's Orderly. He also captured one piece of artillery. A Lt. Col. in command of the rebel detachment is reported killed. Col. Jones immediately retreated to this side of Core Creek, some six or eight miles toward his camp, where he halted for the night. The remainder of the rebel brigade followed him up and gave him battle early Saturday morning. Col. Jones retreated with his prisoners to his camp at Bachelor's Creek, where he made a stand, and the rebel advance was checked; skirmishers were thrown out on the several roads leading to Kinston, and a reconnaissance commenced with a view to a renewal of the attack on our part, when Col. Jones who was proverbially reckless, as well as brave, was shot through the heart by a rebel sharpshooter concealed behind a chimney. Colonel Jones appeared to think he bore a "charmed life," and a favorite remark of his was that "the bullet was not yet run that would kill him." He was in advance of his skirmishers when he fell. By orders from headquarters, half hour guns were fired from all the forts in Newbern on Wednesday, and the flags set at half-mast.

THE PRISONERS

Arrived here late Saturday night, and your correspondent was detailed to command the guard over them, which gave him a very good opportunity to converse with them, and afforded the best chance I have yet had to "inspect" the Southern army. They were a 'hard' looking set, to begin with, ragged, dirty, and judging from their practice, they appreciate the privilege of scratching to its fullest extent. They were very good natured and sociable, and evidently were glad of their capture. Our boys were soon on the best of terms with themselves with tobacco and other "luxuries" with as much good will as though they had always been friends. The prisoners seemed to have plenty of confederate money, which they were willing to exchange, dollar for dollar, for ours, to the amount they thought they would be likely to spend while prisoners.

Two of them wanted to take the oath of allegiance, saying they had got tired of war; but a large majority of them seemed determined in their rebellion, and sanguine of ultimate success. I asked one of the officers how much longer he thought the war would last? His reply was that he thought one more trial at Charleston, Richmond and Vicksburg, would wind it up. He affected to believe they would result as usual in the failure of the federal arms; but he was a man of too much intelligence to believe that one more failure would convince us

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of the hopelessness of our cause. It was very apparent to me, that he expected his friends would get whipped and "knock under" at the net attack on these important strongholds.

Most of these prisoners belonged to the N. Carolina regiment – one of the first raised, and were mostly of volunteers, though there were some conscript recruits. They were above the average of North Carolinians in intelligence, if I have a correct idea of that average, and contained many men who were influenced to join the army from what they consider patriotic motives. Among them was a son of J. C. Dobbin, a member of Ex-President Pierce's Cabinet. They were marched to the wharf Sunday morning and put on board a steamer for Fortress Monroe, where they will be paroled or exchanged.

HEAVY ARTILLERY

Gen. Foster addressed our regiment on the 29th, laying before us a plan to recruit a regiment of heavy artillery for this department, from the Mass. nine month's troops now here. The inducements were, a bounty of \$50 from the State of Mass. and the usual U. S. bounty of \$100, an immediate discharge from the present term of service, and thirty days; furlough at home. The Colonel was ordered to appoint two recruiting officers from his regiment, and the General hoped to get two companies of 150 men each from this regiment. The recruiting officers to hold commissions in the new regiment, and in all probability the other officers, of which there are to be five to a company, would be selected from the present members of the 3d regiment.

Sergeant Major E. L. [Ned] Robbins has accordingly been appointed as one of the recruiting offices, and has been commissioned Junior Second Lieutenant in the Mass. 2d Reg. of Heavy Artillery, and we are congratulating him on his fine appearance in red straps. This is an excellent appointment; Lt. Robbins is as efficient a drill master as we have in the regiment, a good soldier and deserving of promotion. If it were not for the prejudice existing among us against the man appointed by Gov. Andrew to command the new regiment, I should have considerable faith in obtaining recruits here; but we know Maj. Jonas Frankle, and consequently but few, if any, recruits will enlist in his heavy artillery regiment. No officer with whom we have come in contact in this campaign has made himself so unpopular with the men.

PERSONAL

Mr. Thomas L. Churchill of Plympton, surprised his friends here one morning last week by calling on us in full naval uniform. He is Asst. Engineer on board U. S. Gunboat *Nippon*, now on blockading service off Washington.

Lt. Briggs, of Co. B, has obtained leave of absence on account of physical disability, and will probably be at home when this reaches you.

Sergeant Nye, of Co. E, has been appointed Sergt. Major, to fill the vacancy occasioned by promotion of Lt. Robbins.

Sergt. Fisher, of Co. K, has obtained a furlough, and goes home by the "*Terry*," on recruiting service for the 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.

Capt. Rogers, of Co. E, 23d Reg., and Lt. Hammond of the same Regt., also go home by this boat on leave of absence.

P.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Reception for the 3d Regiment - Returns Home⁶⁴³ June 19, 1863

Arrival of the 3d Regiment

The 3d Regiment arrived on the steamers *Spaulding* and *Tilley* from Newbern, the first on Sunday night, and the second Tuesday morning. They were escorted by four companies of the 44th Col. Lee, and the Mass. rifle corps, to the common. After a dinner at the Beach St. barracks, they took the cars en route for Lakeville. The Plymouth quota of Co. B, arrived at the depot at 4 and one half P. M., under the command of Major Morrissey and Lieut. Perkins.

RECEPTION

A telegram was received at noon from Major Morrissey, announcing the time of their arrival. The wide awake league of S. B's., were ordered to meet at the Hall to do escort duty, under the command of Capt. Chas. Doten. This command accompanied by a detachment of the Plymouth Artillery, Robbins Band, a large number of citizens and the Young Zouaves, made quite a procession, flanked by crowds of ladies on either walk. On the arrival of the train, a welcome salute was fired and the band struck up Hail Columbia, soon after which the war worn volunteers were welcomed by a speech by Hon. W. T. Davis, who welcomed them to their homes in the name of a grateful community. He spoke of the alacrity with which they volunteered, and the high reputation they had gained in the cheerful performance of every duty, of the cause for gratitude in return of all their number, and still hoped should this country demand the renewal of their vows of fealty and service, they would again be found ready to buckle on their armor and answer the call of duty and patriotism. Major Morrissey answered in behalf the company in his usual happy manner, remarking they were thankful for the hearty reception by their friends and neighbors, that he could endorse the faithful discharge of duty, by every man, and particularly Lieut. Perkins, and if not so sanguinary and heroic as the history of some, they had never faltered in work marked out for them. Lieut. Perkins answered briefly to the same effect, evidently much fatigued by recent indisposition and the arduous duties of the day.

The column was soon formed, and the line of march taken up through Court, Main, Market and Pleasant streets, to the "Green," thence to Leyden Hall. Here they were welcomed by Capt. Doten, and invited to use the hall for their home for such time as they needed, and consider themselves the guests of the S. B's. After hearty cheers for each other, the two organizations were dismissed and the crowd rushed in to "gobble up" each soldier returned from the wars, and pass him round until all must have been fairly "shook down." After a lunch at "Ballard's," each man disappeared in a cloud of crinoline, being toted off by happy mothers, wives and maidens, all exuberant with smiles of inexpressible joy and gladness at the fruition of trembling hopes in a happy reunion. May all the "Old Third" live to a good old age, and tell the story of their campaign to their children's children, even unto the third generation.

Civilian Charles AS Perkins Returns to Newbern, NC

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶⁴⁴ December 10, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

On my passage here I made several "calls" along the route, and perhaps an allusion to the persons I met and the interesting localities I visited may entertain your readers, while it will furnish material wherewith to redeem my promise of a letter for your columns occasionally. Coming by the way of Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and arriving in the former city of a Saturday afternoon I found myself obliged to stop there till Monday afternoon, which I did not at all regret, after the warm welcome extended me by one of your

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subscribers here, my friend C. To his genial hospitality I am indebted for one of the pleasantest visits I have ever enjoyed.

To the stranger, who enters Baltimore with visions plug-uglies, shoulder-hitters, blood-tubs, Union-soldier shooters, and mob-violence of every description before his eyes, it is somewhat of a surprise to find the railroad officials, hackmen, and waiters as civil and attentive as in good old Boston, and still more surprising as he rides through the city to find it so neat, bright and tidy as to challenge the criticism of the most fastidious stickler for the proprieties of Yankeedom. But the Baltimore of today is not the Baltimore of ten years ago, and the fact that it is actually crowded with Yankee business men, who for the last few years have been flocking hither, may account for the same. At any rate I will father the idea, and shall have no fear lest you shall oppose it. Baltimore is a very handsome city; the bright-red brick of the buildings in contrast with the spotless white of the marble trimmings, and silver-mounted iron fences, its spacious side walks and streets, in the most perfect order, cannot but win the admiration of the most prejudiced tourist. Its size, too, as viewed from some high ground in the suburbs, suggests a question as to the population, and the answer 300,000 settles the point that Baltimore is quite a respectable village, and the people so far as my chances for observation have extended are not a whit behind those of any other city in "respectability," whole-souled honor, true philanthropy, and deeds of Christian benevolence and humanity.

Sunday found me sitting under the ministration of Rev. Dr. Fuller, of the 7th Baptist Society, one of the most eloquent and able divines in the country, and whose life and character, as a Christian, a Patriot, and Philanthropist, stands high on the list of such benefactors of the human race. The Sabbath School connected with his society numbers over 500 children.

Monday I visited the various localities of interest in and about the city – the monuments, the residence of Jerome Bonaparte and his mother, several of the most magnificent churches (Catholic) in America, the Park of over 500 acres, the scene of the attack upon the Mass. Sixth regiment, the oyster packing establishments, and many other "lions," any one of which would take more room to describe than you would be willing to allow me, but all of which are full of interest, and will well repay the trouble of a visit. At 5 ½ P. M. I took passage for Fortress Monroe, and arrived at 7 A. M. Tuesday. Spent the day visiting the Fort, and Plymouth boys. Executive Officer Ezra S. Goodwin, I found on board the frigate *St. Lawrence*, and spent an hour very agreeably. William S. Morrissey, at Adam's Express Office, welcomed me to his "mess," and introduced me to "members of the press" and other genial companions. At 4 P. M. I made a trip to Newport News, where is stationed several Mass. regiments, including the 23d and here again was made welcome by Plymoutheans, Capt. Rogers, Lt. Drew, and many members of Co. E greeted me cordially and did all in their power to entertain me. Steamed across Hampton Roads to Norfolk, Portsmouth and vicinity, saw the wrecks of the *Congress*, *Cumberland* and *Merrimac*, and got something like a realizing sense of the service done the country by the "Three Months' Men," the minute men of this war, at its commencement, as well as a clearer appreciation of that memorable contest between the "cheese box on a raft" and the rebel iron-clad *Merrimac*. It is all "historic ground," (and water,) hereabouts, and one cannot help recognizing the direct interposition of Almighty power, as he contemplates the vast issues involved in the scenes that have been enacted here since the war broke out.

Capt. Rogers related to me the particulars of the disappearance of Theodore S. Fuller, of Plymouth, a private in his company, who has been missing since Oct. 4th. He left camp on that day without leave, (the company being there stationed at Newbern) and Capt. R. reported him as absent without leave for 5 days, and since, by orders from the Colonel, has reported him as a deserter. The Captain thinks he committed suicide by drowning as he has been in a melancholy frame of mind, and at times evidently wandering, for weeks before his disappearance.⁶⁴⁵

RETURN OF THE DEAD

On the passage from Fort Monroe here I made the acquaintance of three officers of the coast survey, one of whom was Mr. Gershom Bradford of Duxbury.

Newbern news is of "no account," scarcely worth mentioning. Business is mending a little, and fighting seems to have "played out" entirely, with the exception of an occasional brush with the guerillas.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶⁴⁶ January 22, 1864

Jan. 22, 1864

My vocation as a "War Correspondent," seems liable to rust out for want of material wherewith to keep up the business, but as the arts of peace are quite as pleasant both to engage in and write about, perhaps a letter descriptive of what the "Yankees" are about in this section of Uncle Sam's farm, may not prove uninteresting to your readers, more especially in the Old Colony, for I find a "right smart" of Plymouth County boys here, and they are all "putty peart, I thank ye, how is you?"

The most important business movement is towards the cultivation of cotton and turpentine, from the abandoned plantations within our lines, and so urgent are the demands for land for this purpose, that the government agent for the disposal of them has been quite besieged for some time with the crowds of applicants, and there is but little land within ten miles of Newbern, that is not already [?] and on many plantations the work is already begun - for one of the beauties of farming here is that you can work all winter if you choose at ploughing, hauling manure, cutting and setting fences, making tar, &c. The season of planting Irish potatoes has already arrived, and this crop is now being seeded.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in appointing Col. David Heaton to the superintendent and disposes of abandoned and confiscated property in this Department, has but added another proof of his universally acknowledged sagacity, and the plan which Col. Heaton has adopted promises to work most advantageously, and only to the government, and the leases of this property, but even to the rebels themselves of the benefits that must accrue to their lands, and again take possession of them under the President's Amnesty Proclamation, while to their former slaves, and poor white dependents the plan will be of the most inestimate benefit. An abundance of horse manure can be had for the removal of it from the government stables, and improved agricultural implements, from the North, are being sent here for market. Labor is abundant and cheap, and there is every indication that a very handsome profit will accrue to those whose enterprise shall induce them to engage in this reopening trade.

The main features of the plan and conditions thereof, are that the government will lease any abandoned lands within our lines to loyal responsible parties, who will give bonds in suitable amount, to work these plantations to their best advantage, employing as many "contrabands" as may be necessary to work them, and farm over to the government not less than one fourth of the produce.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶⁴⁷ March 30, 1864

Messrs. Editors:

REBEL DISAPPOINTMENT

The long looked for advance of the rebel army upon Newbern is yet delayed, and there is nothing at present that looks at all threatening. Though in their disappointment at the failure of Gen. Pickett on the first of February, the confederate authorities and press were a little rough on the General, yet as their anger cools down they are evidently satisfied that he made a "good fight" and was obliged to abandon the job and report our defences altogether too formidable for the expedition under his command. Everybody here looked upon

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his movement as a reconnaissance in force, preparatory to the grand annual celebration of the loss of this goodly little town, on the 14th inst., which the rebels seem so much to enjoy. And accordingly we had our lamps trimmed and burning, and all able bodied men armed and organized into companies, ready at a given signal to march out and escort in the grand procession of ragged graybacks. But the anniversary has passed, and peace and quiet reigns in Eastern North Carolina.

BRAVE DEFENCE OF FORT ANDERSON

Speaking of the annual rebel demonstration here, I am reminded of a visit to Fort Anderson, across the Neuse, the scene of the principal attack on the town last year. The fort at that time was not completed and not a single cannon mounted; but the gallant commander (then Major now Col. Anderson, 92d N. Y. Vol.,) refused to surrender, though he could make no defence, and was obliged to "lay low," behind his unfinished breastworks, while our gunboats and artillery on this side were saluting the advancing procession. His quarters and the tents of his men were completely riddled and torn in shreds by the storm of rebel missiles, and still bear the marks of the conflict. This fort is built upon the estate of one Capt. Barrington of the battalion (Whitford's) which does the picketing between us and the rebel lines. His house and outbuildings have been completely demolished, and nothing now remains but the family burial ground, which is enclosed by an iron fence, and carefully preserved by order of Col. Anderson, at the request of Capt. Barrington. Whitford's battalion claims to be an organization independent of the confederate army, a sort of "home guard," and report says refuses to respect orders from the rebel War Department; it is also reported that in consequence of a refusal to be conscribed and incorporated with the general army, a cavalry force has recently been sent from Lee's army, which has surrounded the battalion, and thus by force they are to be pressed into the service.

FREE SCHOOLS

The most important movement of the authorities here of late is the establishment of free schools for white children. The order issued by Gen. Peck makes it compulsory upon parents and guardians of children to send them to school. In his order enforcing the decree of the General, Provost Marshall Denny says, "there shall be no excuse for the children of Newbern growing up in ignorance." So goes on the great missionary enterprise of the Union army. First the bayonet and bomb-shell to convert the hardened and callous rebels, and then the spelling book and school marm to enlighten and train the rising generation in paths of usefulness, and to an appreciation of the substantial benefits of the Union of the States.

IRON-CLAD BLOCKADED

The rebel iron-clad ram building, or built at Kinston, is evidently intended as a part of the defences of that sweet little village, as it would be an impossibility to float a draft drawing the water she does, at many points in the Neuse river, between here and Kinston. However, this may be in regard to the natural obstructions of the river, there can be no doubt about some few works of art a few miles upstream, which will render abortive all attempts to get us from that direction.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT

The social attractions of Newbern are increasing every day, as business improves and business men with their families, as well as the families of many of the officers are immigrating hither. Regular services are now held in all but one of the churches each Sabbath, religious and secular schools are in successful operation, a flourishing semi-weekly paper is established, the Masonic Lodge is to be restored to its peace status, places of amusement are springing up in various parts of the city, and dancing parties "trip the light fantastic toe," to use

RETURN OF THE DEAD

an original expression. One of these latter, given by officers of the 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery, under the direction of Major Oliver, on Monday night, was as pleasant and well managed as one could wish to enjoy. The music was furnished by the excellent band of the regiment, and the occasion was graced by the wives and daughters of many officers of high rank.

We have now mail communication with New York quite regularly, at least three times a week, and sometimes get the daily papers of several successive dates, not more than three days old. A line of merchant steamers is established between New York and Beaufort and a trip here from Boston, is scarcely more than a slight continuation of a journey to New York.

We meet old home acquaintances here quite often, looking about either on business or pleasure, and had the pleasure recently of shaking hands with Editor Pratt, of *Middleboro' Gazette*. Should be equally happy to welcome other editors and citizens of the Old Colony.

P.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins]⁶⁴⁸ April 13, 1863

The 29th Mass. Reg't.

A BLACK JEREMY DIDDLE

The contrabands, or a portion of them, in this Department have recently been the victims of a most ingenious rascal of their own color, whose talent at swindling is not surpassed by any of his trade. Representing himself as a "Boston nigger," under the title and name of "Doctor Waters," sent here by the good people of the 'hub,' he proceeded to the work for which he came. He represented to the credulous freedmen, that the philanthropist of the Old Bay State had houses ready furnished and lands to cultivate, and were ready to give them, as well as employment at good wages, to all who were desirous of emigrating North, and who were able to raise twenty-five dollars, merely to pay their passage, the money to be paid to Dr. Waters in advance. The bait took, and it is believed that he collected nearly \$2000 from his victims, and then "turned up missing." Some poor women sold everything they possessed, except just clothes enough to cover them "till they got to Boston," and great excitement prevailed among our colored citizens till the bubble burst. The Provost Marshall did his best to find the scoundrel, when notified of his doings, but without success, and "Dr. Waters" is probably now swelling about some northern city, enjoying his ill-gotten gains.

THE GOOD SCHOONER INDUSTRY

formerly of Plymouth, but now owned by Mr. Jacob Folsom of East Bridgewater, and commanded by Capt. Parker of Scituate, arrived at Beaufort about ten days since, seven weeks from Boston. The *Old Pinkey* was on the coast during all the terrible storms of the 20th March, and subsequently, and came very near running the blockade, and taking her cargo to Dixie, via Rogue Inlet and Swansboro. Having been blown off the coast, the captain was endeavoring to make land again, and was running directly for the inlet when he was hailed by one of the blockading fleet; but his vessel being unmanageable in consequence of damages by the storm, he did not reply in a satisfactory manner, and the blockader fired on him. He then took in sail and let go his anchor; she soon parted her cable, and was drifting ashore when the captain succeeded in getting sail on her again, and in "beating out," when the blockader took her in tow and brought her into Beaufort harbor in safety. She had been given up as lost, by her owner, who was here for the purpose of selling her cargo, and he was about leaving for the North when she arrived. She sailed again for Boston this morning.

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A DESERTER UNDER FIRE

Sunday evening, while strolling over the railroad bridge, our attention was attracted by the sentinels at the draw calling to someone under the bridge to "come out of that," and after some coaxing and threatening, a boat containing one man slowly emerged from the darkness, and was ordered to land at a given point. The occupant of the boat protested his inability to obey the order, as the wind and current was against him, and was slowly increasing the distance between himself and his challengers, when they threatened him with a "bullet through his head," if he didn't heave to immediately. But still the boat drifted away, when both sentinels took deliberate aim and fired. The ball splashed in the river close by the boat, and then it was that Paddy's courage betook him, and he bellowed out in strongly [illegible] accents, "I'm sure I can't help it, O, holy mother save me! boo, hoo! I've broken my paddle, boo, hoo!" while the sentinels continued to load and fire 'at will,' at the same time hailing a gunboat that lay out in the stream, and ordering the marines to lower a boat and pick up the now almost frightened to death deserter. The hail was answered, and soon two boats were seen approaching the bridge, in one of which was an artillery soldier, who had, perhaps, never been in battle, yet had certainly been under severe fire, and that at short range. He was not wounded in the least, however, probably because the sentinels thought it more humane to bring him to terms through fright, and so 'aimed wide.' Being without a pass, he was marched to the Guard House, and will probably be tried for attempting to desert.

P.

[Friend Perkins is in the pursuit of lawful business, "under difficulties," being obliged every other week to "shut up shop," shoulder the musket, and march to the trenches, or stand "picket guard" in some swamp. — ED.]

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶⁴⁹ April 20, 1864

Apr. 20, 1864

Messrs. Editors:

Through the politeness of Capt. Flusser's clerk, of the U. S. sloop-of-war "*Miami*," I am enabled to send you the particulars of quite a formidable attack of the rebels upon Plymouth, on the Roanoke River.

On Sunday morning last, our pickets were driven in, and the town soon after attacked by a force of about 9000 men, including infantry and one or more Whitworth gun batteries. As they advanced, the guns of our forts and from the gunboats in the river, opened upon them with the most terrible effect. The rebels made three distinct charges upon our works, but were repulsed each time with severe loss, while but very few casualties occurred among the Union troops. Through the day (Monday) but little was done upon either side, until about six P. M. when an iron-clad ram was discovered coming down the river. The water being unusually high she passed all our obstructions without damage and made a descent upon the gunboat "*Southfield*," striking her quarter and cutting her so badly that she immediately sunk. A portion of the officers and crew saved themselves by taking to the boat, and getting on board the *Miami*. The *M.* then brought to bear upon the ram a hundred pounder gun, loaded with shell, and fired, without the least apparent damage to her formidable antagonist, but with the most serious consequences to her own officers and men, for at the very moment of the discharge the concussion of the shell with the armor of the ram burst it into fragments, which were hurled back upon the deck of the *M.*, instantly killing Capt. Flusser, and severely wounding eight or nine other officers and men Ensign and Engineer Harrington among the number. The same gun was then loaded with solid steel-pointed shot, and several times discharged upon the ram, but without effect, the terrible missiles glancing harmlessly from the well slushed roof of the iron-clad. The *Miami* finding her guns powerless against the ram,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

and herself in danger of grounding in the river if she continued to fight and maneuver so as to keep clear of the iron-clad, started down the river, followed or preceded by all the Union fleet, with the ram in pursuit. They all escaped, as the ram steamed very slowly. The *M.* would engage the ram if it should make its appearance at the mouth of the river or in Albemarle Sound, where she could have sea-room to maneuver. The ram is described as about 140 feet long, with an oval roof, much like the back of a turtle, so heavily plated as to be impervious to a hundred pound steel-pointed shot at a distance of not more than twenty feet. She draws but five feet of water, and is about that distance out of water. Her armament is probably very insignificant, as she did not open her ports while engaged with the *Miami* and "*Southfield*," and fired but a few shots after the fight commenced, apparently from 20 pound guns. Her butting power, and invulnerability, render her quite equal and perhaps superior to the ill-fated "*Merrimac*." We expect to hear from her again, and perhaps see her at Newbern.

Reinforcements and ammunition for the garrison at Plymouth were immediately dispatched from this post, when the news of the attack reached here, but failed to arrive, as the ram had control of the river when our transports reached the mouth.

The latest reports are that the town, garrison and all, is now in possession of the enemy, which is probably the truth, as the garrison consisted of but 1800 men, Wessel's brigade.

P.

Charles Perkins Selling House in Plymouth⁶⁵⁰ August 26, 1864

A RARE CHANCE. - We call the attention of all interested to the advertisement of Real Estate for Sale, by C. A. S. Perkins. The location is one of the best in town, within three minute walk of the depot and new Woollen Mills, commanding a fine view of the entire Bay. The demand for tenements in this part of the town created by the new mills, will make this a safe and profitable investment.

Letter from P [CAS Perkins], Newbern, NC⁶⁵¹ September 25, 1864

Mr. Editor:

On my arrival at Beaufort, about a week since, after a rather unpleasant passage, we were almost frightened into turning back, by the alarming reports of "yellow fever," and all other kinds of fever ever heard of, (which seemed to combine the terrible symptoms and consequences of all other,) and which were said to be ravaging at Newbern, with a fearful mortality – the deaths numbering as high as one hundred and fifty in a single day. Where there was so much smoke, we prudently considered there must be some fire, and consequently I took rooms for my "better half" and the "responsibilities" at the Macon House, Morehead City, while I made a trip here on a reconnaissance. I ascertained that some eight or ten sudden deaths had occurred, from a disease resembling black vomit, or yellow fever, and that it was considered very sickly, but not much more so than is common at this season of the year. Nothing to warrant the terrible reports we had heard could be ascertained, and I attribute them to the secesh sympathizers remaining here, who neglect no opportunity to annoy a "Yankee," when they think their true sentiments will not "stick out" too prominently. Some of the army surgeons here pronounce a few cases, genuine yellow fever, but others quite as intelligent deny it, and say it is nothing but a malignant type of biliousness or bilious fever. It is bad enough, however, at the best, whatever it is, is abating. The most vigorous measures are now being taken by the authorities to cleanse and purify the city, large fires of tar and rosin are constantly burning in the streets, and a number of old buildings in the infected localities have been burned, while back-yards, and other depositories of filth are pretty well "cleaned out." Had some of these exertions been made as a precautionary measure, no doubt many valuable lives would have been saved. A vigorous locking of the stable-door is now going on. By many the disease is

Co. B (9 mo. enlistment), 3d Regiment

attributed to a drought of some six weeks duration, in which the wind blew constantly from the swamps north and west of us, thereby filling the city with their malarious exhalations. It may be a correct opinion, but I am inclined to believe the poisonous exhalations were produced inside the city, and that if Gen. Butler had his headquarters here, we could have shown as clean a bill of health, as did New Orleans, during his administration. But the weather has changed; we have plenty of rain with frequent thunder tempests, and the first frost cannot be far off. People are getting over their fright, and I confidently believe we have "seen the worst of it."

The principal item of military news here is the return of Heckman's Brigade, consisting of the 23d, 25th and 27th Mass. Regiments, and 9th New Jersey Regiments. They are all Vets., in every sense of the word, and are richly deserving the period of rest supposed to be enjoyed by troops in and around Newbern. The 17th Mass. Veterans, started for home on furlough, on the evening of the 23d. The 9th Vermont and 158th N. Y., have gone to the front, at Petersburg.

P.

Death of CAS Perkins at Newbern⁶⁵² October 28, 1864

The community was overwhelmed with surprise and sadness, by a telegraphic report that C. A. S. Perkins, of Plymouth, had suddenly fallen a victim to the ravages of yellow fever at Newbern. As yet, we learn no particulars, except that Mrs. Perkins and family had arrived at New York on their return home.

Our last information from our old friend and associate, left him at the post of stern duty, the bedside of his two brothers, William and Lucien, both of whom lay sick with the fatal disease. In all probability he nobly sacrificed his own life, in obedience to the promptings of fraternal affection and solicitude. But few individuals have been more intimately known and beloved throughout the County, for all those genial and social qualities that draw to themselves the spontaneous friendship and good will of all who come within their sphere of influence. For many years he was identified as publisher and editor of the *Plymouth Rock*, and during President Buchanan's administration was the able, efficient, and popular Postmaster of this town. From a sense of duty, he volunteered his services and went to Newbern as 1st Lieut. of Co. B., Standish Guards, in the 3d Regt. He gave himself entirely to the faithful performance of his duty, and devoted his whole time and energy to the comfort of his men, who idolized him. After the return of the regiment, his health was much shattered, and thinking the winter's severity unfavorable, he engaged in business at Newbern with his brothers. When the city was threatened with an attack he was among the first to hasten to the trenches with musket in hand. Young and ambitious, with excellent prospects, he removed his family to Morehead City, and might have escaped the pestilence himself but for his devotion to his brothers. But a mysterious Providence ordered otherwise, and an untimely death has cut him off in the prime of life and usefulness.

CAS Perkins and Lucien Perkins Funerals⁶⁵³ March 17, 1865

Sad Return – Mr. William M. Perkins, of Plympton, has returned from New Berne with the bodies of his brothers, C. A. S. and Lucien Perkins, who met with such an untimely and melancholy fate, by the pestilence that cut down its thousands in that desolated city. There is left for the large circle of friends of the deceased only the sad satisfaction of laying the bodies of the mourned and departed, among the friends and near the homes and scenes of their youthful years, instead of leaving them among strangers in a strange land.

Funeral Notice – The funeral of the late C. A. S. Perkins, Esq., will take place this (Friday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of S. P. Brown, of Summer street.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Postscript

Charles Perkins married Annie E. Brown (1833-1868), dau. of Stephen and Elisa Brown, of Plymouth October 27, 1851.⁶⁵⁴ Their children⁶⁵⁵ were: Charles Franklin (1855-), Eliza A. (1857-), Annie Brown Perkins (1852-1856)⁶⁵⁶, Annie E. (1857-), Laura L. (1859-), and Anderson (1860-1887). After Annie's death (1868), her parents raised the children (1870 US Federal Census).

Other Regiments and Companies

Chapter 9

Other Regiments and Companies

Introduction

Other Regiments

This chapter contains newspaper correspondence and articles about Plymouth men in other regiments and companies not covered in previous Chapters. It also lists Plymouth men who were killed, wounded, died of disease or were prisoners. There are many more Plymouth men who served in miscellaneous regiments and/or companies that are not listed in this chapter but are listed in Appendix A.

List of Volunteers Furnished by Plymouth⁶⁵⁷

[Volunteers on this list belonging to companies listed in Chapters 2-8 and Chapter 10 (Navy) have been omitted from this list. Columns sorted on Last Name and First Name - *OCM* article was not sorted.]

Alexander	John K.	36th	C	
Allen	Sherman	2d		Sharpshooter
Barnes	George W.	1st Batt'l	E	QM Sergt.
Barnes	George W.	4th	G	QM Sergt.
Barnes	Robert H.	1st Batt'l	F	
Bates	Henry F.		C	
Bates	Moses			Butler's Staff
Battles	Otis	20th	A	
Baytes	George D.	1st Batt'l	F	
Brown	Ellis	20th	A	
Bruce	David A.	99th NY ⁶⁵⁸ [Coast Gd.]	K	
Burgess	Charles B.	24th	B	
Cameron	Horatio	1st Cavalry	A	
Carline	John	23d	K	
Carver	Nathaniel	12th		Musician
Chapman	James H.	11th	E	
Churchill	James E. [W.]	99th NY [Coast Gd.]	K	
Daniels	Edward L.	29th	H	
Dempsey	Patrick	1st Batt'l	E	
Dickerman	Isaac	99th NY [Coast Gd.]	K	
Dooley	Morris	28th	K	
Eddy	Curtis	29th	L	
Edes	Wm.	11th	F	
Elliot	Samuel	28th	K	
Gibbons	Jeremiah	1st Batt'l	E	
Gibbs	Henry	2d Mass. Cavalry	H	
Gibbs	Phineas	24th	B	

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Green	George F.	1st Batt'l	F	
Green	Gustavus	1st Batt'l	F	
Harlow	Sylvanus H.	20th	A	
Harris	Christopher T.	12th	F	
Hathaway	Allen	99th NY [Coast Gd.]	K	
Heath	Wm.	23d	C	
Holmes	Charles	1st Batt'l	F	
Holmes	Edward		Lowell Co	
Holmes	Joseph 2d	1st Batt'l	F	
Holmes	William C.	Pres. Gd.		
Hoyt	John F. Jr.	1st Batt'l	F	
Hoyt	Moses	1st Batt'l	F	
Huston	BF	11th	H	
Jones	Augustine T.	1st Batt'l	F	
Lucas	Abner	1st Batt'l	E	
McLaughlin	John	14th	B	
McLaughlin	Robert	14th	B	
McSweeney	Patrick	1st Batt'l	E	
Mehuren	Seth	23d	K	
Monahan	Patrick	1st Batt'l	E	
Morse	Charles P.	21st [17th]		Hosp. Steward
Morton	Howard	30th	D	
O'Connell	James	28th	D	
O'Rourke	Patrick	28th	A	
Oldham	John S. [J.T.]	24th	B	
Oldham	Isaac T.	2th	B	
Perry	Darius	29th	H	
Phinney	Edward	1st Batt'l	F	
Pray	William H.	28th	F	
Raymond	Charles	7th		Lieut. Col.
Ripley	Alexander	1st Batt'l	F	
Sampson	Samuel	1st Batt'l	E	
Savery	Winsor T.	1st Batt'l	F	
Sears	Augustus	7th		
Shaw	Ebenezer	1st Batt'l	E	
Snow	Edward J.	1st Batt'l	E	
Stillman	James M.	23d	K	
Swett	Sylvester R.	4th	C	
Sylvester	John	1st Cavalry	I	
Taylor	Wallace	24th	B	
Thomas	George B.	1st Batt'l	E	
Valler	Alexander	30th	D	
Valler	Taylor J	17th	K	
Wadsworth	Charles	12th	H	
Washburn	Charles T.	1st Batt'l	F	
Williams	John B.	3d Battery, Lt. Artillery		
		42d		

Other Regiments and Companies

Plymouth Men Not Listed in the Newspaper⁶⁵⁹

Plymouth soldiers who served in organizations from other states⁶⁶⁰:

Barnes	Luther R.	58th	H
Bartlett	Schuyler S.	44th	D
Bartlett	Temple H.	58th	H
Bassett	Jesse T.	42d	I
Bennett	Charles	56th	E
Brewster	James	44th	D
Brigham	Antipas	1st Vermont	B
Buck	Frederick W.	4 th (also see Chap. on Colored Troops)	E
Burt	Phineas	58th	H
Churchill	James W.	99th NY	K
Davis	Joseph	9th NH	F
Dickerman	Isaac	99th NY	K
Douglas	William L.	58th	I
Eddy	Seth W.	58th	H
Goldsboro	John F.	3d Mass. Cavalry	E
		4th	D
Hall	(Rev.) Edward Henry	44th	Chaplain
Hall	Edwin F.	58th	D
Hathaway	Allen	99th NY	K
Hedge	William	44th	C
Holbrook	James S.	36th	C
Holmes	Horace	45th	A
Howard	Daniel D.	58th	H
Howland	Charles H.	34th	Field and Staff
Kincaid	John R.	58th	H
Lane	Charles L.	2d Mass. Cavalry	A
Miller	James	5th ME	I
Paulding	James	58th	D
Perkins	Dr. G.T.	22d	
Perry	Alonzo	58th	H
Pratt	James H. W.	58th	D
Robbins	Kenelm	2d Cav.	
Sawyer	George B.	13th	A
Shaw	George A.	8th MO	
Stephens	William	47th	F
Stoddard	Charles	3d Mass. Cavalry	Quartermaster
		41st	
Taylor	John	58th	E
Thurber	James D.	13th, 55th	A, A
Vaughan	Ansel H.	4th	H
Vaughan	Edward N. H.	99th NY	K
Wulff	Erick	20th	I
		5th Cavalry	J

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth (misc. Companies)⁶⁶¹

The Plymouth men from who were killed or wounded (none taken prisoner):

Barnes	Luther R.	58th	Wounded	Cold Harbor, VA	June 3, 1864
Bartlett	Temple H.	58th	Wounded	Petersburg, VA	July 30, 1864
Brigham	Antipas	1st Vt. Cav.	Prisoner	Andersonville, GA	1864
Bumpass	Jedediah	9th	Killed	Wilderness, VA	May 5, 1864
Davis	Joseph	9th NH	Prisoner	Crater Fight, VA	July 30, 1864
			Died of disease	Danville, VA	Jan. 11, 1865
Dickerman	Issac	99th NY	Died of disease	Fort Monroe, VA	Nov. 10, 1863
Douglass	William L.	58th	Wounded	Cold Harbor, VA	June 8, 1864
Eddy	Seth	58th	Died of disease	Readville, MA	Aug. 13, 1864
Edes	William	11th	Wounded	Bull Run, VA	July 21, 1861
			Wounded	Chancellorsville, VA	May 3, 1863
			Prisoner	Locust Grove, VA	Nov. 27, 1863
			Died	Andersonville, GA	Aug. 30, 1864
Goldsboro	John F.	4th	Prisoner	Gainesville, FL	Aug. 17, 1864
Hall	Edwin F.	58th	Killed	Cold Harbor, VA	June 3, 1864
Holbrook	James S.	36th	Wounded	Wilderness, VA	May 1864
Holmes	Horace	45	Wounded	Kinston, NC	Dec. 14, 1862
			Died of typhoid fever ⁶⁶²	Washington, DC	Aug. 19, 1864
Kincaid	John R.	58th	Wounded	Poplar Grove	Sept. 30, 1864
			Prisoner	Church, VA	
Miller	James	5th ME	Killed	Salem Heights, VA (Spotsylvania)	May 3, 1863
Oldham	Isaac T.	24th	Died of disease	Portsmouth, NC	Feb. 26, 1863
Oldham	John S.	24th	Died of disease	Newbern, NC	Jan. 12, 1863
Perry	Alonzo H.	58th	Wounded	Cold Harbor, VA	June 7, 1864
Pratt	James H. W.	58th	Wounded	Petersburg, VA	July 30, 1864
Pray	William H.	28th	Wounded	Bull Run, VA	Aug. 30, 1862
Robbins	Kenelm	2d Cav.	Wounded	Battle of Opequan	Sept. 19, 1864
Russell	George B.	38th	Wounded	Port Hudson, LA	June 14, 1863
Sawyer	George B.	13th	Wounded	Antietam, MD	Sept. 17, 1862
Sherman	Winslow B.	4th	Prisoner	Brashear City, LA	June 23, 1863
Swett	Sylvester R.	4th	Prisoner	Brashear City, LA	June 23, 1863
Sylvester	John	4th	Prisoner	Palatka, FL	Jan. 1, 1864
			Died	Andersonville, GA	Nov. 16, 1864
Taylor	John	58th	Wounded	Spotsylvania, VA	May 12, 1864
Thurber	James D.	13th	Wounded	Antietam, MD	Sept. 17, 1862
		55th	Wounded	James Island, SC	July 2, 1864
Wadsworth	Charles	39th	Prisoner	Weldon RR, VA	Aug. 19, 1864
			Died POW	Salisbury, NC	Nov. 10, 1864
Whittemore	Benjamin	58th	Prisoner	Poplar Grove Church, VA	Sept. 30, 1864

Other Regiments and Companies

Images of Men in This Chapter

NOTE: Many of the men in the Civil War re-enlisted in other companies after being mustered out of their company. The following pictures may be associated with other regiments and companies in addition to this company. The rank listed beneath the picture is the rank held in this company.



Figure 44. George W. Barnes⁶⁶³

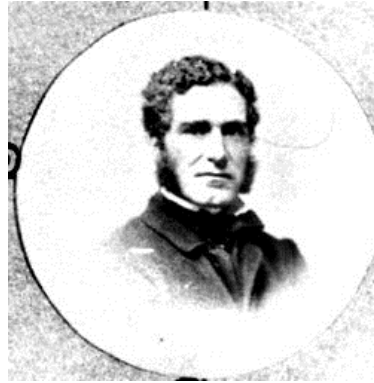


Figure 45. Rev. Edward Henry Hall⁶⁶⁴



Figure 46. Horace Holmes⁶⁶⁵

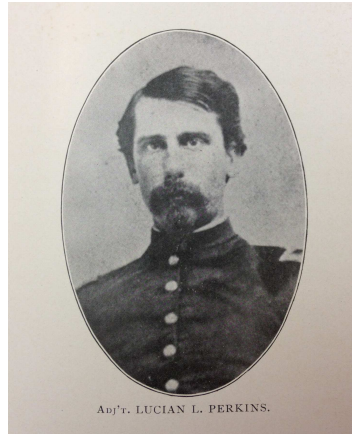


Figure 47. Lucien L. Perkins (Plympton)⁶⁶⁶



Figure 48. James Danforth Thurber⁶⁶⁷

Letters and Articles from the Field

Letter from Thomas, Barnesville, MD, 13th Regt.⁶⁶⁸ September 6, 1861

We arrived here today. We are nearly fifty miles from the place I last wrote you. A part of our journey here has been by canal. After we had been in the boat all day and till midnight, the Pennsylvania pickets informed our colonel that we were within range of a heavy rebel battery. The boat was immediately stopped, and we were landed in a pelting rainstorm. We bivouacked in an open field that night, the rain pouring in torrents most of the time, but in the morning we were refreshed and ready to start again. The place where we encamped is situated opposite Leesburg, where General Johnston's forces are supposed to be. We staid there till five o'clock, P. M., and it was not till 4 o'clock that we had anything to eat, going without food thirty-six hours. We then started for Gen. Bank's headquarters. We marched eight miles that night and encamped in Gen. Stone's Brigade. It rained all night, and again we were "wet through." We started at 7 o'clock in the morning for Bank's headquarters. Our march was through mud over shoe half the way, but the men kept up good spirits. We went into the woods, built a house, made a large camp-fire, dried our clothes, and were all right again, after a good night's rest.

We are in Gen. Banks' Division, Hamilton Brigade. Our cooks were ordered last night to cook two days' rations, and a forward movement of the whole Division is hourly expected, but rest assured if the old Thirteenth goes into action she will maintain the reputation of old Massachusetts.

Thomas

Letter from Edwin, Camp Banks, Darnestown, MD, [12th Regt.]⁶⁶⁹ September 9, 1861

From Webster's Regiment

We yet remain at the same place as when I last wrote; but are expecting to march every moment. It is evident that unless matters assume a different aspect from what they now present, the two armies will again be

Other Regiments and Companies

engaged in deadly conflict, and I can but believe that it will be the last battle of any importance, and that in a few short weeks our glorious and loved old Flag will again unfold to the breeze those broad stripes and bright stars from the Gulf of Mexico to the rolling Potomac in every city and town throughout the so-called confederate States, and the bright sun of Peace shine once more over that portion of our land now darkened by the clouds of rebellion.

Most of our tents bear some popular name; ours is honored by the illustrious name of Webster. Others bear the names of the Rue de Clark, Pavilion, Ocean House, Massachusetts House, and most all the noted Hotels in the United States, such as the Revere, Astor, Tremont, &c.

One of the men belonging to Gordon's Regiment was seriously injured in the head last night, but the premature discharge of a gun. The 13th are encamped near us, having just arrived. There are about 30,000 troops within sight of us. Nearly all the Division is here and on the other side of the river, numbering in all about sixty or seventy thousand. I expect we shall cross the river in a few days.

My letter is rather meager of news this time but hope the next one will make up for what is lacking in this.

Edwin

Letter from Edwin, Camp Banks, Darnestown, MD, [12th Regt.]⁶⁷⁰ September 13, 1861

From Webster's Regiment

We have not been ordered to march since my last, as you will see by the date of this letter, but are anxiously waiting for the much wished for signal.

The 13th regiment is encamped about a mile and a half from us in a very pleasant locality. They make a very good appearance, being well equipped and very neat and tidy. Two companies from our regiment, viz., Co. B., Capt. Murch, and Co. G., Capt. Blanchard, left us yesterday under command of Major Burbank, taking with them their baggage wagons, containing ammunition, stores, tents, &c. They also took an ambulance, and were accompanied by the assistant surgeon, Dr. Hayward. I do not know their destination.

We are visited daily by Gen. Banks, and yesterday we were highly honored by the presence of his lady, accompanied by a reporter of the London papers. Mrs. B. complimented us highly on our appearance, and hoped we might always present such smiling faces.

I had almost forgotten to mention the visit of Mayor Wightman of Boston, who passed through our camp day before yesterday, and who was greeted with three cheers loud and hearty from each company as he passed, for which he thanked us very politely. He was accompanied by Gen. Banks, Col. Webster, Lieut. Bryan, and quite a number in citizen's dress. At the close of his visit three rousing cheers were given for the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Edwin

Letter from Edwin, Banks of the Potomac, 12th Regt.⁶⁷¹ September 22, 1861

Dear Memorial:

Since my last letter to you we have changed the scene somewhat, without doubt for one of a more exciting nature, and better suiting the feelings of all. The long expected signal has at last been given, and the march has been made. Last Thursday night, while all our camp but those on duty, were away to the "land of dreams," and stillness held undisputed sway, we were suddenly aroused from our tranquil sleep by the loud clear notes of the bugle and the long roll of the drums. Then came the order to fall in, which was accordingly done promptly, not a man hesitation or showing the least sign of wishing to wait until morning. After receiving forty rounds of cartridges and a few biscuits apiece, we took up our line of march for this place. As we passed through the

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Encampment of the Massachusetts 2d, we bade them and the boys of the Indiana 12th good bye, not knowing where we were bound or when we might see them again. After a series of short marches and halts, the former being made in double quick time, we arrived at the Banks of the river, where, after detailing companies D and K, for special duty, the regiment left us for an open field on our left, where they passed the remaining hours before daylight, in the best manner possible under the circumstances. Co. D were stationed on an eminence overlooking the river, while our own were assigned a part of the bank of the canal which was passable with the river from Williamsport to Washington City, a distance of about seventy miles. Our duty was to guard a culvert or passage way, and the only one from the river to this side of the canal, with the exception of the lock which we found guarded by the New York 28th.

After posting our guard, those not on duty, commenced preparations for concluding their sleep so unceremoniously interrupted a few hours before, and but a few moments elapsed before all was again as still as death itself. As I was one of Fortune's favored, I can assure you I was not the last to court the drowsy god, and with friend Wilson held undisturbed possession of a soft comfortable woodpile until ten o'clock, A. M. After a wash in the cold spring water of one of the many streams with which these woods abound, we strolled over to the river, in expectation of seeing something pertaining to secessionism, if not a genuine rebel; but were doomed to sad disappointment for once, as nothing could be seen bearing the resemblance of rebellion, and we were on the point of fording the river to an island that lay between us and the Virginian side of the river, when curiosity prompted us to ask of one that had been there the depth of water and was told that it was only up to our arms; this somewhat dampened our resolution, and after holding a council over the matter we concluded to postpone our excursion for a few days at least. For the past hour there has been a firing from a battery near us, and even while I am writing this, the echoes can be heard reverberating through the hills and woods around us. The enemy camps can be seen from the hill where we are encamped, and day before yesterday their baggage trains were seen moving in the direction of the forking place at which we were stationed. If they try to cross, all I ask is that we may do our duty faithfully.

Edwin

Letter from Edwin, Camp Banks, 12th Regt.⁶⁷² September 29, 1861

Our battery has been throwing shells and shot across the river for about an hour, but they do not seem inclined to return the compliment, and everything is now as still as could be expected in a camp of soldiers like our own. The signal lights of the traitors can be seen nightly from our encampment, and a few days ago the picket guard were fired at from the opposite side of the river. A few of them had crossed into Virginia and had gone but a little way when their retreat was nearly cut off by a party of rebels. They managed to get to their boat, and while pushing off they all lay down in the bottom, but one returned their fire; and they had but a little way farther to go when the brave fellow was shot in the shoulder, it proved to be nothing but a flesh wound, and he is now as well as ever. We are detailed every other day for guard duty, first on main, then on picket, the latter I prefer, as we have no one then but our own company officers to give us our orders, and they are with us all the time.

The Thirteenth Regiment is encamped about three miles from us, and we seldom see one from the regiment unless it is somebody on business, and then they are obliged to leave as soon as it is finished. There are a few of the 13th attached to a battery that is with us, and it seems rather lonesome to be here away from the brigade after spending so many happy days in their very midst, but they will be with us again in a few days, I expect.

Fast Day was day of rejoicing with us, as we were paid off, and the same afternoon were the happy recipients of many letters and packages from home.

Other Regiments and Companies

The enemy cannot cross the river unless we choose to let them do so. Our battery bears upon the only fording place within 10 or 12 miles of here, and should they be foolhardy enough to make the attempt, they will surely rue the day, and instead of the old song of "Britannia rules the wave," it is now Massachusetts rules the Potomac.

Edwin

Letter from Edwin, Camp Webster, 12th Regt.⁶⁷³ October 5, 1861

Dear Memorial:

Since my last letter to you, nothing of note has transpired. We have chosen a new camping ground about two miles from the Potomac, and very pleasantly situated withal, but I cannot say I like it as well as the other with its fine old pines, and making at midday a most delightful shelter from the burning sun. The whole Division have encamped near Poolsville, and it is generally supposed the next battle of importance will take place in this vicinity. We were visited by a gentleman from North Bridgewater last Monday, Mr. Franklin Ames, and his pleasant face made it appear while in his company, as if we were once again at home, but he has gone like the rest that have visited us, and again it is Camp Webster.

Our Regiment accompanied by a battery, left Darnestown as you well know, two weeks ago, and since that have been here. We have seen no one but a few of the inhabitants, and one or two from the Mass. 2d, who have paid us a flying visit, and it is lonesome enough I can assure you. We are expecting an engagement soon, and when it takes place I will endeavor to give you the particulars in full if I am spared. I do not feel much like writing and will close for this time by subscribing myself.

Yours, Edwin

Letter from Edwin, Camp Webster, 12th Regt.⁶⁷⁴ October 15, 1861

Dear Memorial:

Co. K. are on picket, and I can for a while congratulate myself on being with friend C., the only occupants of the Webster House, and without fear of being disturbed by visitors from other tents running in to discuss the latest news &c. I will try to tell you the few incidents that have transpired since my last. For the past four days we have been in hourly expectation of being ordered to pack knapsacks and fall in, but we are still waiting for the order. Within the past week a sad day has devolved upon us; a member of our Company has been taken from us, the second in the Regiment, who came here to die, not as he wished with his face to the foe, but by the hand of disease. The stillness that prevails bears ample testimony to the sorrow that fills the hearts of his companions at this parting from one so much esteemed by all. His name was Oliver Younger, a native of Gloucester, about twenty years of age.

It is rumored that when we leave this place our destination is Kentucky; if so we shall doubtless experience a life of a more exciting nature than we have heretofore, and I can but hope the change of scene may take place as soon as possible. We have added to the Regiment a Suttler; his name is Gage, formerly of Boston, and our little wants can now be supplied as easily as at home, but at greater cost. We were until his arrival obliged to dispense with many things that we could hardly get along without now. As for myself I have never seen the time since I left Fort Warren that I have not been plentifully supplied with the good things of this world, that is, all that I could expect and even more. As I write these few lines my elbow rests upon a box of smoked halibut &c., and when I raise my eyes from this sheet they rest upon papers of all description, cigars, &c., sent us by our kind friends in Gloucester, who have since our enlistment, manifested a great interest in our welfare. May we prove ourselves worthy of their generosity, is the sincere wish of your humble servant.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Edwin

Letter from Fullerton, N.Y.⁶⁷⁵ October 16, 1861

E OF O. C. *MEMORIAL*.

We are on the eve of some great naval movement. For the past week fourteen steam gunboats have been lying off the battery awaiting orders; several of them have had steam up once or twice. In addition to these there are five or six more at the Navy Yard. It is thought another secret expedition is on foot. Next Sunday morning will probably find them all gone.

Business is looking up a little. Stocks are rising gently. The banks are feeling much better, they having had assurance from the Government, (so it is talked in certain monied circles) that this rebellion is soon to receive the finishing blow. Scott is about to make one of his characteristic moves, and all are waiting patiently to see what the result will be.

FULLERTON

Appointment for Moses Bates⁶⁷⁶ December 5, 1861

Moses Bates, Esq., of this town has accepted from Gen. B. F. Butler, the head of the Department of New England, the position of Superintendent of Fortifications and Repairs, and will accompany the expedition which has been organized by Gen. Butler, when it proceeds on its Southern cruise. Mr. Bates distinguished himself here as the projector of introducing water into Plymouth from South Pond, having been the Chief Engineer under whose supervision the works were constructed, and those who know his capacity will congratulate the General in having made so judicious a selection for this important position.

Lt. Col. Raymond Heading Off with 7th Regt.⁶⁷⁷ December 21, 1861

Lieut. Colonel Raymond of the town, who has received a commission for the Seventh Mass. Regiment, has bought a fine horse, and handsomely equipped him for service. The Colonel expects to leave for the war next week.

Plymouth County Soldiers by Town⁶⁷⁸ February 22, 1862

The annexed table, giving the number soldiers furnished by this County, is from the Adjutant General's report.

Com.	Officers	Privates
Abington	8	200
Bridgewater	1	57
Carver	1	35
Duxbury		65
East Bridgewater	3	88
Halifax	2	20
Hanover		28
Hanson		24
Hingham	4	84
Hull		2
Kingston		14
Lakeville		15
Marion		6

Other Regiments and Companies

Marshfield	2	24
Mattapoisett	1	32
Middleboro	4	44
North Bridgewater	7	152
Pembroke		58
Plymouth	8	180
Plympton		27
Rochester		11
Scituate	1	47
South Scituate		10
Wareham		107
West Bridgewater	2	53
Total	44	1,363

Letter from H, Aboard Steamer *Constitution*, Fort Monroe⁶⁷⁹ January 30, 1862

At the time of my last letter we had just arrived at this point to await further orders from authorities at Washington. For two weeks we have been in daily expectation of receiving those orders, but they did not make their appearance until this morning. Doubtless there has been a good reason for keeping the *[illegible]* long waiting, at the rate of \$2,000 a day, but we "don't see it." At the time of leaving Boston there were but two cases of measles on board; for the last week there have been one hundred and sixty cases in the hospital, of which two have proved fatal. The disease is confined almost entirely to the Maine regiment, that regiment being made up of men who have lived all their lives in thinly settled towns, and have escaped exposure to the disease.

On Monday of last week the two regiments were disembarked, and encamped on the beach outside the Fort, it being considered injurious to the men to remain longer in the ship. They have been exposed to two severe storms while there, but have enjoyed the change nevertheless. In the meantime the ship has been thoroughly cleansed, and is now ready to receive the troops on board again. We shall probably sail early on Saturday morning.

During our stay here I have visited almost every point of interest in the vicinity. My first visit was to the burnt and deserted village of Hampton, which for a time previous to its destruction was occupied by a portion of the 3d Mass. regiment. There are but two houses, left standing, of what was apparently a handsome and flourishing town. Even the old church was not spared but its blackened walls still stand, as if in evidence that not even the bitter malignity and desperate efforts of the rebels could entirely destroy and level with the ground a structure which was one of the oldest landmarks in the United States. On the North and West sides of the church yard are embankments, and here are stationed our outer pickets. One company of some of the regiments at Camp Hamilton is detailed daily for picket duty at this point. One of the principal places in the vicinity which has received the visits of most of us on board this ship, is the house of John Tyler. This house was the summer residence of the late ex-President. It is at present occupied by contrabands, who do a very thriving business in furnishing dinners to those who come to visit the house, and in making pastry and other articles for the soldiers.

I was at Newport News a few days since and saw nearly all of Capt. Doten's command [29th Regt., Co. E]. The men are nearly all looking very strong and tough, and furnish evidence that camp life thoroughly agrees with them. The camp ground is the finest in the vicinity and the huts which they have constructed for themselves look very neat and comfortable.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The news in this vicinity has nearly all been transmitted to you by the correspondent of the associated press at this point, and repetition is unnecessary.

The rebels have been landing troops within a few days past on Sewall's Point, for what purpose is not known. They are within range of the famous Sawyer gun on the Rip Raps, and when it becomes necessary, they can easily be shelled out. They possess a very wholesome dread of this gun, as they have nothing of so long range, and it has already seriously interfered with their arrangements.

It is said that a rebel schooner from Norfolk came down the bay and ran the blockade yesterday. It may or may not be true. I think it could be done very easily. Any vessel flying the American flag may boldly sail in past the ships of war lying here, run up to the anchorage, and in the night run in by Sewall's Point unmolested. It has been a subject of remark among us all, how easily it could be done. There are several steam tugs running about the harbor almost continually, but they very seldom hail any vessel, and for all the good they do, they might as well be in Jerusalem. If the blockade at other points is not more efficient than this, I do not wonder that it is evaded so often.

One is led to enquire of himself as he visits different points at which our army is stationed what is to be the future of this country. The idea of a reconciliation and of one common country seems almost impossible. The rebels are thoroughly in earnest, and every rebel means fight and does fight, conscious that it is life if successful, death if defeat; consequently he fights with a desperation which has not been witnessed among our own men. There are few, very few of our army I am sorry to say who are anxious to fight, or who even care to stir beyond the routine of their daily duties. So long as they are in good quarters, well fed, and well paid, they have no ambition to achieve any great success. What is true at one point I believe to be true of the whole army. Where lies the fault? Is it for want of competent leaders? Have we had statesmen at the head of this nation able to comprehend the situation, and lead our armies to success? Time has already answered the question, and I submit that the condition is absolutely more deplorable than on the 1st day of last July.

A change has been made in the War department universally believed for the better. The sooner a change is made in the Navy department, the better for that arm of the service. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, with many of your readers, will not take so dismal a view of matters as I have done above, but you must remember that "distance lends enchantment," &c. It is my belief that unless our army achieves a series of signal successes, the Southern Confederacy will be recognized in less than sixty days. Too much reliance is placed upon the Coast Expeditions. Nothing of importance has yet been accomplished by the Hatteras or Port Royal expeditions, and it is the opinion here that the Burnside expedition will prove more fatal to us than to the enemy. I hope it may not be so, but the usual amount of incompetency and thorough ignorance which has accompanied portions of our army, is also distinctly visible in this expedition. What Gen. Butler's expedition may accomplish remains to be seen. Certainly nothing can be done for a long time and during the interval the rebels are fortifying Mobile and every important point in the Gulf. I may be wrong in my conjecture in regard to all these matters, but a fortnight's acquaintance with matters here, and incidentally elsewhere, has impressed me rather unfavorably than otherwise. One of the incidents was allowing Col. [John] Pegram and other released rebels, to remain in Baltimore, Washington and other places, for some ten days gaining a thorough knowledge of all our movements, through their friends in these cities. Then they are allowed to come to this point and to roam about at their pleasure for two or three days more. Were Mr. Ely and other Federal prisoners at Richmond permitted to remain and inspect the fortifications and gain what knowledge they could, after being released? Not a bit of it. The rebels do not allow such things, and it is this fear of hurting some one's feelings, what has been and is now as much an injury to our [illegible] as one-half the rebel force.

To be successful, our army must fight and fight desperately, but where, is a question difficult of solution. For Gen. McClellan to advance on the rebel army at Centerville is almost certain defeat, [illegible]

Other Regiments and Companies

My next letter will probably be from Ship Island.⁶⁸⁰ Any incidents which may occur upon the voyage, I will endeavor to relate.

H.⁶⁸¹

[Note: This letter created quite a controversy in letters printed in the columns of the *Old Colony Memorial* and the *Plymouth Rock*.]

George A. Shaw, 8th MO, at Fort Donelson⁶⁸² February 22, 1862

AT FORT DONELSON. Mr. Geo. A. Shaw, Jr., of Plymouth, is a corporal in the 8th Missouri Regiment, which participated in the fight at Fort Donelson.

Letter from Sherman Allen, Sharpshooter⁶⁸³ March 27, 1862

[We have been permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by Mr. Sherman Allen of this town, a member of the Andrew Sharpshooters, commanded by Capt. Lewis Winthrop and attached to the 22d Reg. The letter is dated March 27th.]

"Yesterday our regiment went out to Bethel to see where the rebel cavalry were. We found about 10 of them, and they run about a mile and stopped. The Capt. sent for two of our company, and Sergt. Leach and myself went with our telescopic rifles. He told us to (?) them; so we did, and dropped them out of the saddles. They saw them fall and thought it was a good shot."

Some object to going to war because they are so careless about firing at folks. We think (?) above was a pretty careful piece of firing, dropping a man out of his saddle a mile off. That some shooting.

Letter from JB Williams, Yorktown, 3d Co. Light Battery⁶⁸⁴ April 10, 1862

The following is from a Plymouth boy, to his friends here, and gives some idea of the fight in which his battery was engaged.

We had a small battle Saturday afternoon, but it was rather hard for us, for we lost two men and three wounded, and had four horses killed; we were about one mile outside of Yorktown, in front of three forts when we commenced fighting; the cannon balls flew in all directions; they sounded like humming bees. All the men that were killed and wounded were on the same gun that I was. The men killed belonged in Charlestown, they have been in the same tent with me all winter. They were buried Sunday close by our camp. We had been encamped about one mile outside of the rebel's forts, but we moved back about one half a mile this morning.

The rebels are very strongly fortified here in front of Yorktown, but we can take it. We have got a lot of gunboats in the river that are going to raise the d---l with them.

All the boys in the 18th regiment are well. After we got through firing Saturday, the hubs of the wheels of our guns were in the mud almost out of sight; we had as much as we could do to get our gun out. When we got through, the officers round here said that they never knew men to stand under such a heavy fire before. There were three forts firing on us all at once; they had a cross fire on us and we happened to be on the left so that we caught the whole of it; one fellow on the next gun to us had his haversack shot off, and the hard bread flew in all directions. The chief of artillery says that every man stands a better chance to get home than we did to get out of the place we were in Saturday. Just as quick as we came in sight they commenced firing on us. We had to go and take down a fence to let our horses through, and then go in the field and get in our battery, and all the time we were doing that, they were firing on us. The first shot that we fired dismounted one of their guns. They will get all they want before they get through.

J. B. Williams

RETURN OF THE DEAD

News on TB Atwood, JR Drew, and Nath'l Carver⁶⁸⁵ May 15, 1862

PERSONAL. Lieut. T.B. Atwood [Abington], of Capt. Alexander's company, has resigned his commission on account of ill health, and arrived home last week. We are pleased to learn that another of our printers apprentices, Sergt. J.R. Drew, of this town, has been promoted to the vacancy.

Mr. Nath'l. Carver, a member of the 12th Reg. Band, arrived home Wednesday, the band having been discharged.

Letter from TP, Camp Opposite Fredericksburg, 13th Regt.⁶⁸⁶ May 16, 1862

You will see by the heading of this that I am 30 miles from where I wrote you last. We started last Monday for this place at 2 P. M., and halted at 5 for the night, having marched five miles. We started at 6 the next morning and marched 17 miles under a broiling hot sun; it was a very hard march, and we arrived in camp, tired and foot sore. The heat killed four battery horses, and we were about exhausted, but were thankful that we had but 8 miles further to go. The next morning we set out at 8 o'clock, and instead of marching under a hot sun, it was in a pelting rain, and we were the gayest crowd you ever saw – completely drenched. We took the same road that McDowell took when driving the enemy before him, and are now encamped with the rest of his forces opposite Fredericksburg.

Our teams did not come up until three hours after we arrived, and we were exposed to the rain and cold in an open field until they arrived. Several of the Regiment had a touch of the "shakes," and the General ordered a ration of whiskey to each man. We leave all of our teams but five today; they will be kept for conveying company property, the rest of the teams are to be annexed to the brigade train, and the next time we move we are to leave our tents, and hereafter use our blankets to make shelter tents, not large enough to sit in, but will do very well to lay down in. This will come pretty hard on us, and there will probably be some complaint, but we have got to come to it.

Gen. Shields' forces are expected every day. There is a large force concentrated here, and before long we shall hear the joyful cry, "Onward to Richmond." Our scouts report a rebel force of 20,000 but four miles across the river. Our pickets were driven in yesterday by their cavalry, this will probably be the next force to move, and the next you hear from us we will be on the way to Richmond, unless we are held in reserve, which is not very probable. We move our camp today about 1 ½ miles from here, where there are better facilities for water and wood. Our main advantages are better here than they ever were before, so you will direct to Washington, D.C.

T.P.

Letter from G.A.S. [Shaw], Battle of Pittsburg Landing, 8th Missouri⁶⁸⁷ May 24, 1862

The following extract is from a letter, received from a Plymouth boy, now in Gen. Lew Wallace's brigade, in the 8th Missouri, Volunteers.

I am at home having been granted a furlough of one month. I received scarcely a scratch at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. Not a man was killed in the company and but one killed in the regiment, and twenty-seven wounded. Three of these have since died, the remainder getting along first rate. I was near being hit twice, once with a rifle ball, and again with a grape-shot. Both touched hair as they went by. One not on the battle field, can form no idea of it. It cannot be exaggerated. People talk as though it was not half as bad as the soldiers try to make it. The first brigade of Gen. Lew Wallace commenced the firing of the line on Monday, commanded by Col. Morgan L. Smith of the 8th Missouri Volunteers, and kept it up for eleven hours without

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stopping to eat except when laying upon the ground we could get something from our haversacks, but had no time for much, and didn't give the rebels time for any. We kept them moving from half past five in the morning till half past four in the afternoon. Col. Smith followed in advance of all the force about one mile and a half with his brigade. The 11th and 24th Indiana and 8th Missouri Zouaves and an Indiana battery of four guns. In Gen. Wallace's Division there were only some 10 killed on the field. We had the heaviest of the firing to do. The rebels had heard of us, and twice tried to cut us up, and thereby injured themselves each time. They tried once with a regiment of Louisiana cavalry and two regiments of Infantry, and the next time with two regiments of Infantry and two batteries, and then we drove them like sheep, flanking them on the right and left, touching us but little. While lying upon the ground a bullet grazed my left hand, and went up my coat-sleeve, hurting me but little, being nearly spent, it would have cut my hand and arm considerably. When we began to drive them the screams were horrid. They were shot in every part of the body. In one place we could witness eleven of the bodies. On one acre on our right there were 783 dead bodies, but few wounded. The battle at Fort Donelson was nothing to it.

G. A. S.

News on Lieut. Col. Charles Raymond, 7th Regt.⁶⁸⁸ May 24, 1862

THE SEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS -The following complimentary notice of the 7th Massachusetts, will be of interest to our citizens, one of whom, Col. Raymond, is Lieut. Col. of the Regiment. *The Daily Advertiser* says:

We find on every hand proofs of the steadiness and courage with which the Massachusetts regiments have behaved in all the recent actions. Thus at Williamsburg General Devens commanded a brigade in which was the 7th Massachusetts. The general in his report thus speaks of the conduct of this regiment.

"The regiment accordingly moved forward steadily in line under a severe and well directed fire of shot and shell, with which the enemy were sweeping the woods, but which became less dangerous, as the regiment resolutely and rapidly passed within the range at which the enemy were firing; and the comparatively small loss which I have to report is due under Providence to the spirit and determination with which it thus breasted the artillery fire."

Lieut. TB Atwood Recruiting New Company, 33d Regt.⁶⁸⁹ June 12, 1862

ANOTHER COMPANY TO BE RECRUITED FROM PLYMOUTH. Lieut. T. B. Atwood has been authorized to recruit a company for the 33d Regiment and has opened a recruiting office, at the Guard's Armory. The 33d is to be commanded by Col. A. C. Maggi, the "hero of Roanoke," and a universal favorite with Massachusetts troops. The men go into camp "Edwin M. Stanton," at Lynnfield, as soon as enlisted, where they remain until the regiment is full, and ready to leave for the war.

Charles H Howland New Quartermaster⁶⁹⁰ June 14, 1862

We are glad to hear by the Boston papers, that our fellow townsman Charles H. Howland, had been commissioned Quarter Master of one of the new regiments now raising to be commanded by Col. Lincoln⁶⁹¹. Mr. Howland has served the State well and faithfully in the store attached to the Quarter Master Generals Department of this State, which store has been discontinued. The same qualities that have made him so valuable in his former position will make him an admirable Quartermaster in the army, and the regiment may well be pleased to have so capable and faithful an officer.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Antipas Brigham Escapes Capture at Winchester, 1st Vermont⁶⁹² June 14, 1862

Disguised Plymouththean.

We understand that letters have been received from Mr. Antipas Brigham, of this town, who was in Co. B, 1st Vermont Cavalry, informing his friends, that in the late battle of Winchester, upon the retreat of Gen. Banks, he was separated from his company and found himself within the rebel lines. He disguised himself by wearing female apparel and was secreted by Union people there, and was upon the look out for a chance to rejoin his company. As the Shenandoah valley has again been swept clean by our forces, it is probable that Mr. Brigham has before this found the looked for opportunity.

Geo A Shaw Sends Home Trophies, 8th Wisconsin⁶⁹³ June 28, 1862

Geo. A. Shaw of this town, now a soldier of the Wisconsin Regt., composing a part of Gen. Lew Wallace's Brigade, has sent home some trophies, collected in his campaigning out West. They are, a cane cut from the tree against which Gen. Johnston leaned when he died after the battle of Pittsburg Landing; a [illegible] from Gen. Johnson's coat; a piece of the rebel flag that waved over Fort Donelson; sundry articles for rifles, and other small articles of interest.

News on Moses and Horace Bates, Baton Rouge, LA⁶⁹⁴ July 3, 1862

PERSONAL. ...

Lieut. M. Bates, of the General's Staff, was at Baton Rouge, in discharge of some duty connected with the municipal department of that city. Mr. Horace W. Bates was also there, as agent of Adams' Express. They will probable both be at home during the summer.

Letter from Carter, Cairo, IL⁶⁹⁵ July 1, 1862

Ed. *Memorial*:

Here I am again in this city of mud, mosquitoes, ague, diarrhea, bad weather and infernal hotels. Shall stay here about two weeks, then either down to Memphis and Vicksburg, or after a week or two in St. Louis, back to Chicago.

Cairo is however much pleasanter than when I was last here. The rivers are now low, the mud has in a considerable degree vanished, and even the extreme heat of the present is far preferable to the incessant storm of the past. It is not as lively here now as then. The fortifications here are only held by three companies of the 63d Illinois regiment, while Fort Holt, across the Ohio, and the works at Birds Point, across the Mississippi, look quite deserted, there being but one company of the same regiment in each.

Fort Cairo too is nearly dismantled, but three large guns remaining, one commanding the point, on the Mississippi and one the Ohio.

There is but little news here to day. The regular dispatch boat from Memphis which arrived at about 5 o'clock, and which should have brought letters and papers, had neither. Passengers this evening, however, from Columbus, report rumors there of heavy fighting at Holly Springs, Miss., by Buell's division, and that the fleet had been engaged for twelve hours at Vicksburg. The telegraph will have informed you of that, however, long before this letter reaches you.

From Arkansas we have news that the gunboats have all left the White river. The *Mound City* was the last to leave, and at Helens, two Unionists who had taken refuge on board of her went ashore for their families and were arrested by rebels, who refused to give them up until the *Mound City* had laid up before the town and threatened to shell it, when they were surrendered. Col. Fitch has also abandoned St. Charles, spiking the

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guns. Gen. Curtis is in a bad fix, supplies cannot reach him, and for twelve days has been on half rations. He is hemmed in, and his only hope is to cutting his way out.

But I should not write you this, as it is contraband, although it will probably be "safe" by the time it reaches you.

The gunboat *Little Rebel*, the flag-boat of the Confederate fleet, one of the fastest boats on the river, and one of those sunk in the engagement at Memphis, arrived here last night for repairs. She is a saucy little boat, having done all the reconnoitering while in the confederate service, and firing the first shot in the Memphis fight. The *Sumter*, another of the captured and formerly one of the most powerful towboats at New Orleans, left here today, having been thoroughly repaired, to join the fleet down the river, and in the hands of Capt. Irvin will probably do a good work against her former owners. Yet another, the *Gen. Bragg* is now undergoing repairs, and will soon also join the fleet. She was formerly a gulf steamer, running from New Orleans to Galveston, a large strong and powerful boat, and in the hands of determined men would seem capable of making a successful resistance to almost any attack. All these boats were strongly protected by railroad iron.

The work of the War Claim Commissioners, now sitting here, is progressing rapidly. Already near nine hundred claims have been presented and examined. Ex-Gov. Boutwell of your state is President of this Commission.

I must now close, as I am stringing this letter to a much greater length than I ought to have done, as I have other letters to write.

Carter

Letter from Carter, Opposite Vicksburg⁶⁹⁶ July 16, 1862

To the *Memorial*:

Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, the *Carondelet*, *Tyler* and the *Ram*, Queen of the West, left for a reconnaissance up Yazoo river. They went up the "old river" channel. About six o'clock we heard heavy cannonading, and about an hour after, the *Tyler* rounded the point, still using her stern guns at some pursuing object. Not long after, a low, rakish gunboat, painted brown, came slowly round the point. We knew at once that it was the famous *Arkansas*.

It appears that our boats had only got up the Yazoo about six or eight miles, when they encountered the *Arkansas*. A fight ensued, and our boats getting the worst of it, gradually backed down. The *Arkansas* pursued, and a running fight was kept up until they reached the mouth of the river and the *Tyler* kept down. The *Arkansas* followed the *Tyler*, and soon both rounded the point.

When the *Arkansas* came within range, our gunboats opened upon her; but, our boats lying indiscriminately on both sides of the river, necessarily hampered the gunners. As she passed the *Wissahickon*, the shots flew fast, and I think it was from the *Wissahickon* that the *Arkansas* received most damage. The *Wissahickon* was hit once, and had one man killed and two wounded. The ram fleet did not get very rampant, and mostly laid still as they were. The *Lancaster No. 3*, however, kept the current before the *Arkansas*, and her sharpshooters played havoc with the enemy's cannoneers. At last a well-directed shot from the *Arkansas* cut off the steam drum of the *Lancaster*, and she was instantly filled with steam. Many of her crew were scalded, others jumped into the river, and it is impossible to tell the real loss of life on her. Six are badly scalded certainly, and one killed.

The *Hartford*, *Richmond* and other vessels of Com. Farragut's fleet poured in a few shots, but were not in range to do much damage. As the *Arkansas* passed on, she poured one shot into the *Texas* and the *Swallow*; two into the *Champion No. 3*, and three into the *John H. Dickey*. No one was hurt on either of these

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transports. The *Arkansas* paid her compliments to the *Louisville*, on her right as passed down, to which the latter responded. The *Louisville* sustained no damage. The *Benton*, flag ship, laid behind two of Com. Farragut's fleet, and had to be towed down in order to get a shot at the *Arkansas*. Capt. Porter's *Essex* had no steam up, and could only throw in a few random shots from where she lay at anchor. The *Cincinnati* was lowest down, and poured in many a broad side, but did not seem much inclined to follow the strange monster a jot beyond the point below us.

When the *Benton* did get loose, she followed the *Arkansas*, down and was soon in range of the rebel batteries, upon which, as well as the *Arkansas*, she opened in fine style. She received about a dozen shots, one of which entered about two inches above water line, and brought up in the shell room. She had two men severely wounded.

The *Tyler* received about twenty shots, many of which went clean through her. She sustained the fight nobly, and is badly damaged. Ten of her crew were killed, and twenty wounded. The *Carondelet* received several ugly shots having been at very close quarters with the *Arkansas*. Indeed, she tried to board the *Arkansas*, but could not find a foothold or hanging on place. In the encounter she had nine killed and twenty three wounded.

The *Arkansas* drew up in front of the saw mills at Vicksburg. A good glass exhibits a big hole in hind port quarter, and she shows signs of having suffered considerably.

The fleet below steamed up and got ready for a movement in any direction which prudence dictated. The *Sidney C. Jones*, mortar boat, was blown up, her mortar and two 3 pounders having first been damaged.

The feeling of chagrin is universal here. That the commanders should have so long neglected to clear out the Yazoo – that they should have been so illy prepared as to let a single gun boat pass through a fleet of twenty-two vessels, comprising about two hundred guns – are circumstances of exceeding mortification. With few exceptions, the fleet exhibited a sad want of "get up," to use no harsher term.

The *Arkansas* does not look so large as she really is. In form she comes nearest to the celebrated *Merrimac* of anything I have seen.

Sunday not a shot was fired on either side. Weather still hot.

Among the killed on the *Tyler* is Pilot John Sebastian and Engineer Goble.

Carter

Letter from Thomas, Warrenton, VA 13th Regt.⁶⁹⁷ July 17, 1862

[We have been kindly permitted to publish the following extracts of a letter received from the 13th Massachusetts]

We started from Manassas the 4th inst., and camped in an open field that night, having marched 12 miles. The next morning started for this place, ten miles distant. Arrived in the afternoon and camped, and have remained here since. Army rations are of little account here, for the ground is literally covered with blackberries, and there are whole woods of cherry trees loaded with fruit. These form the principal part of our food.

Gen. Banks' troops are just the other side of the town, and it is estimated there are about 60,000 troops in this vicinity. The probability is now that the whole force will make a rapid march through the valley of the peninsula and reinforce Gen. McClellan. We are all anxious to go down there and take our chances to be in at the death, and our wishes will probably be granted before many days. For one I am tired of this inactivity, and long for active service. When I hear of my friends falling in battle, I feel that my life is worth no more than theirs, and that I should be willing to offer myself as a sacrifice for my country's sake, as they did. Should I thus die, I know you would feel proud that your boy died in defence of his country and his country's Flag.

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Thomas

Moses Bates Appointed Warden of Penitentiary at Baton Rouge⁶⁹⁸ July 19, 1862

Lieut. M [Moses] Bates of this town, now with Gen. Butler's army has been appointed warden of the State Penitentiary of Mississippi, situated at Baton Rouge.



Figure 49. Battle Field of Baton Rouge, LA⁶⁹⁹

Letter from Senex, Battle of Baton Rouge⁷⁰⁰ August 7, 1862

Battles at Baton Rouge – More Rebel Defeats – Death of Brig. Gen. Williams – Loss of a Steamer – Massachusetts Men under Fire – The last Rebel Ram exploded – Rebel Sympathizers Unhung – Baton Rouge after the Battle – Louisiana State Penitentiary - Personal Mr. Editor:

Though I am not included in the list of men generally invited to correspond for your paper, I may plead the fact of having been sufficiently near a battle for all practical purposes, as an excuse for my audacity in attempting to write for a newspaper, and if my attempt at description are not so vivid as more experienced writers, you shall have the satisfaction of knowing that they are, "true to the life" of what has just transpired in our midst.

For four weeks the people, or rather that portion of Gen. Butler's troops stationed in this city, have been periodically treated to a panic, relating to an attack upon our forces here, and since the futile attempts of an incompetent officer to reduce Vicksburg to an island city, the secessionists have been especially clamorous, and about three times a week we have been notified that from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand rebel forces were just ready to attack the city. At last, however, the attack has actually been made; the men who have boasted that they could each one whip five Yankees, have met our forces, upon their own ground, under the rallying cry of their General that they "must fight for their homes, and drive the miscreants from the soil," and the result is a most ignoble defeat of the rebels, they being allowed to visit their homes only as prisoners, or to lay their ashes beside those of their friends. Our forces were very poorly prepared for the attack, partly because

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the place had been held, more than months without the slightest attempt on the part of Gen. Williams, the officer in command, to throw up a single fortification; partly because the city is surrounded by a dense forest – interspersed here and there with an opening just large enough to make the thicket beyond more dangerous – with roads and paths, leading into it from various directions, and each one familiar to the attacking party; and also because the six regiments and four batteries, which constituted our entire force, had been reduced to less than half their ordinary number of active men by their exposure to the miasma of the swamps and bayous in the vicinity of Vicksburg, and their long daily exposure to knapsack drills, under the burning sun of this unhealthy clime. Aware of all our disadvantages, the enemy hurried on his attack, and at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, August 6th, commenced his fire upon the 21st Indiana volunteers, amidst a dense fog – and so complete had been his preparation that he was within the line of our camp before a gun was fired. The object was apparent, for having at least eight thousand men, he intended to outflank our forces before he had surprised our centre. As is usual with these boasting fighters, the enemy had selected his position so as to have his own men protected by the heavy wood and timber, but our men were too wary for them, and after retreating just far enough to bring the rebels into an open copse and grave yard, our men began to fight in earnest; the 6th Michigan, 30th Mass., 14th Maine, with the second and fourth Massachusetts batteries, coming to the aid of the Indiana regiment, the rebel dead were literally piled in heaps upon the ground, and there they left their own men unburied until the Union soldiers, aided by the officers of the Penitentiary, were compelled to perform the rites of sepulture for them, in the town where their parents and friends reside, an appropriate memento of Southern Chivalry. The fight lasted about four hours, most of it within eighty or ninety rods of the Penitentiary, and for hours the incessant roar of the musketry was hardly broken, while the constant booming of artillery told how fearfully the Massachusetts men were hurling destruction into the ranks of their desperate and relentless foes. Two companies of the Michigan regiment charged upon three regiments of rebels, and drove them back, to within the range of the artillery, when the havoc made in their ranks was fearful in the extreme. The Massachusetts 30th, under Col. Dudley, who in this battle has won imperishable laurels, while Nims' Battery, (Capt. Nims himself was on a sick bed) more than sustained its high reputation, though nearly one-half of the men are confined by sickness. The 6th Mass. Battery should also be reported for their brave and successful efforts to drive back the Confederates.

In the very commencement of the action Gen. Williams was shot through the lungs while leading on his men, and urging them to the combat, though from some cause he seems to have incurred the ill will of his entire command, and at the time of this engagement he had more than one-third of his available officers under arrest, all agree that he fought bravely, and died the death of a true soldier. Gen. Williams lived but about three hours after he was shot, and his remains were sent to New Orleans yesterday, on steamer *Whiteman*, which boat was run into by the gunboat *Oneida*, and the *Whiteman*, with over fifty wounded soldiers was sunk, the body of Gen. Williams going down with the rest. A large quantity of commissary stores, artillery harness, and other implements of war, were also lost.

The circumstances connected with the loss of this steamer are such as to leave no doubt that she was sunk by design of the captain and pilot, both being secessionists, whose employment by the United States Quartermaster, Col. Shaffer, has been a matter of surprise to almost every loyal man in the department, and their discharge has several times been demanded, but as often these demands have passed unheeded. How much longer the United States authorities here are to aid secession by giving rebels important places, cannot exactly be told, but probably long enough to discourage all real Union men who desire the same places.

The Massachusetts men (as indeed did nearly all engaged) are said to have behaved like veterans under fire, while the members of the 7th Vermont ran through the streets in all directions and hid in every hole they could find, even dropping their knapsacks to find a smaller place for themselves. The 30th Mass. regiment lost

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eighteen killed and wounded, among the former being Capt. Eugene Ketly of Company I, as brave a soldier and true a man as the army contained; his loss is deeply felt by his comrades.

Among the most important triumphs of this engagement has been the destruction of the celebrated "steam ram" *Arkansas*, which created such a panic at Vicksburg, and which was sent down to demolish our naval fleet while Gen. Breckinridge and his associate confederates were to destroy our army on shore. But alas for the fallacy of rebel calculations, the United States iron clad steamer *S X* sent a shell into the rebel monster, which exploded near her magazines, and every one on board made for the shore with all possible dispatch, making tracks for rebeldom without leaving their address for Capt. Porter of our navy, who remained, with his steamer and the *Sumter*, in the vicinity, until the explosion of the *Arkansas*' magazines sent her flying in all directions, another lesson for rebel enemies on the folly of building rams to destroy our navy.

While the battle was going on, nothing could exceed the hellish revenge displayed by people in this city, some of whom had professed to be just loyal enough to be fed from our stores. Confident of a rebel victory, they insulted our men, and even fired from windows upon soldiers leading back wounded comrades, while other equally disgraceful acts were committed, such as would have disgraced a Mexican bandit, or put a Dago pirate to the blush. But today these miserably substitutes for men are as supple as you please, and would fain have us believe they never had been anything but Union men, and they would take the oath of allegiance a dozen times a day if required to do so. But their hypocrisy is altogether too transparent, and I hope we are not much longer to be treated to a policy which is saving them from the gallows. There are not half as many Union men in Louisiana, as God found righteous ones in Sodom, and the sooner the Government open their eyes to that fact, the better for all parties interested. The double policy of President Lincoln, professing to favor such Generals as Hunter and Phelps secretly, while openly he is favoring protection to the institutions of the South, is fast destroying the little confidence the Union men here had in an ultimate restoration of the "Union as it was," and today an omnibus will hold every Union man in the "Confederate States." If we intend to occupy this country the United States Government has got to pay a little more attention to the wants of the "Department of the Gulf" and pay some heed to a Division which has taken and held eighteen hundred miles of coast, in the most unhealthy part of the country. To be treated in the manner Gen. Butler's Department has been by the administration, while others of far less importance have their hands very deep in the public crib, and all the forces they require, may answer in Washington, but it will hardly enable men to whip out rebels in such a country as this.

Since the battle this city has very much the appearance of a little community of sheep stealers, just unrolled from the pelts of their plunder; the brave inhabitants coming sneaking out from holes dug in their gardens, back yard, and other hiding places, from which they had hoped to greet their incoming friends, who were to take breakfast on the 6th inst. in Baton Rouge. The entertainment was provided, but the guests did not come. The battle ground itself, which up to this evening has not been cleared of the rebel dead, presents the marks of the awful battle, in a manner not easily effaced. Much of the time the enemy were within one hundred feet of our infantry fire, and even our artillery discharged some of their heaviest volleys while the enemy were not more than fifty yards distant. The effect of such shots of grape and canister can easily be imagined, but is beyond description.

The Louisiana State Penitentiary, now in charge of Moses Bates, Esq., of your town, is situated in this city, and so near to the scene of action that the rebel balls fell within the walls. The prisoners were all kept confined within their cells, and comparative good order was preserved until the firing ceased, though Capt. Lewis, Mr. Bates' first officer, actually insisted, when the firing became hottest, on opening the doors and letting the prisoners go free. Capt. Lewis is a good officer, but the excitement of the hour, hardly considered the necessity of keeping cool, when dangers were most imminent. The Penitentiary grounds comprise some twenty acres,

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situated on a level plain, with the principal building, which are of brick, three stories high, so constructed as form a hollow square at one end of the lot. At the other end, is the female department, in a separate yard, and about thirty rods to the eastward of the fence is a grove, and there the most desperate battle was fought. If the Plymouth people will just imagine a lot extending from the post office to the railroad station, with high brick walls extending down Court street the entire distance, half way down North street, then parallel to court street to the depot, and up Samoset street to the intersection, the whole comprising three hundred prisoners, male and female, and twenty-six subordinate officers, nearly all of them with families living on the West side of Court street, and then imagine a most desperate battle at Lothrop street, between foes armed with rifles, and heavy artillery, and while the dead were being piled up in heaps there was a fair prospect of an overwhelming force, (which was three to one) immediately rushing into town, to murder every one who rallied under the American flag, they can form some faint idea of the pleasure of managing such an institution as the State Penitentiary of such a State as this on Tuesday morning last. But the day is past, the victory was on the side of justice and the cause of our country, and in that lies all the honor.

About once a month I receive from some kind friend a half dozen *Rocks* and *Memorials*, and for such I am always thankful, as are the Plymouth County boys who claim the right to borrow them after I have read them. I see that my dear friend Hollis comes into the editorial harness with the facility of a veteran, though he seems to have lost none of his abolition proclivities. If he will take up his residence for a few months in this country where the mercury seldom gets below 80 degrees, and is about 90 degrees more than three-fourths of the time, and will follow the liberated darkey in his daily round of listlessness, theft, shirking, and failure to accomplish any thing, and find himself cheated and deceived whenever he trusts on of them even to black his boots, he may then go back to Plymouth and talk of the "equality of the races." It is perfectly easy to set down in the extensive village where the Forefathers' landed, and imagine the horrors of slavery, and the beauties of a system which would make a "citizen" and the ebony colored ivory owners who predominate here amongst rebels and alligators, but here the matter assumes a somewhat more tangible form, to say nothing of the flavor attending it. With the most beautiful country which the sun ever shone upon, the people here are cursed by this institution, but they have it, and can no more abandon it than they can live without their birthrights. But upon this subject I do not care to write.

Yours truly, Senex⁷⁰¹

Christopher Harris Commissioned 2d Lieut., 12th Regt.⁷⁰² August 9, 1862

We understand that papers have been received from the Capt. of Co. F., 12th Regiment recommending Christopher F. Harris of this town, to be commissioned as 2d Lieutenant.

Letter from Moses Bates, Baton Rouge, LA⁷⁰³ August 19, 1862

General Butler and the Children of Slaves

Office of Louisiana State Penitentiary

Major General B. F. Butler, Commanding Department of the Gulf:

My dear sir; I have in this institution several children, born in the prison, of female convicts, between the ages of one and ten years. By the laws of the State of Louisiana these children are State property, and the custom has been to sell them into slavery at the age of ten years, and appropriate the proceeds to purposes of State expenditure. In view of the evacuation of the city, and possibly the abandonment of this institution, it has become a serious matter what shall be done with these children. Knowing your sentiments too well to believe you will order these prisoners, who have never yet gone beyond the confines of the penitentiary, sent

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into slavery, and not caring to take a responsibility which you would so willingly assume, I ask to be directed with regard to these children of incarcerated parents.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Moses Bates,
Superintendent Louisiana State Penitentiary

Headquarters Dep't of the Gulf,
New Orleans, Aug. 20, 1862
Moses Bates, Esq., Superintendent State Penitentiary:
Sir:

I certainly cannot sanction any law of Louisiana which enslaves any children of female convicts born in the State Prison. Their place of birth is certainly not their fault.

You are therefore to take such care of them as would be done with other destitute children. If these children were born of female convict slaves, possibly the master might have some claim; but I do not see how the State should have any.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
B. F. Butler, Maj. Gen. Com.
By A. F. Puffer, Lieut. and A. D. C.

By this correspondence, which first appeared in the New Orleans *Delta*, and has been published quite extensively in Northern papers, a considerable number of children who were the property of the State of Louisiana, are made free men and women, instead of being sent, with their posterity into endless slavery. One of these children, a bright mulatto boy of ten years, Mr. Bates, Superintendent of the Penitentiary, has brought to this town⁷⁰⁴, at his own expense, and he will have the privilege of an education, and will grow up to know that through Gen. Butler's human decision he will be a freeman instead of a slave. Such are the results of a policy pursued by men, who are denounced by the abolitionists in this vicinity as "pro slavery democrats."

Rev. E. H. Hall Enlists in the 44th Regt.⁷⁰⁵ September 4, 1862

A Plymouth Chaplain.

Rev. E. H. Hall of the Unitarian Church of this town, has been elected to the Chaplaincy of the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, now in camp at Readville. His absence will be greatly regretted by his church and all classes of society here, especially the poor, to whom Mr. H. ever lends an open ear and hand. The Rev. Chaplain is a Rhode Islander and fully imbued with the patriotism of that gallant little state, having a younger brother, also a Harvard theologian, as a Lieutenant in the 3d R. I. Regiment with Gen. Burnside. Mr. H. is a student of the "physical culture" school, with fine physique and muscle, and a splendid horseman. With the noble qualities of a courteous gentleman, is united a heart of almost womanly tenderness, and no poor soldier sick, wounded or dying, could ask for a friend of deeper sympathies than the chaplain of the 44th.

Messrs. James Brewster, Wm. Hedge, Horace Holmes⁷⁰⁶ and Schuyler S. Bartlett, of this town, have joined the 4th battalion, 44th Reg., 9 months volunteers. One is a graduate of Harvard and another of Tufts College. We'll guarantee they have as much muscle for their weight, as any of their company, and can "feather an ear"

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or “skipper a sail boat to a charm.” Brewster we know to be a young gentleman of fine social qualities, and infer the others are from the fact they were born and bred in Plymouth.

Letter from Thomas, Battle at Centreville, 13th Regt.⁷⁰⁷ September 9, 1862

[The following is an extract of a letter received from a private in Co. D, 13th Mass. Regiment, giving an account of the late battle at Centreville.]

On Friday, the 28th ult., Rickett's Division was ordered on a reconnaissance to Thoroughfare Gap, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, and if possible to hold the Gap, at which place we arrived about four o'clock, our cavalry skirmishing in front. Reaching the Gap, we were formed into line of battle, and Co. D sent in advance as skirmishers. We found the enemy in force at the Gap, and commenced shelling them out of the woods, which we succeeded in doing, having lost about half a dozen of our men by fire from the enemy. At dark we fell back, fearing we should be cut off, for the rebels were in front, Jackson's force was on the right, and nothing but one of our brigades between us and the Rappahannock. We continued all that night on the battle field. The next morning we went to the centre. After a little time we were ordered to the extreme left, as a reserve. We had just stacked arms when McDowell came along and said, “Follow me, boys, and we will whip them.” We then went to the extreme left, where the battle had commenced in earnest. The wounded were being carried off by hundreds. We passed them and were soon in the thickest of the fight. The enemy were raking us at every shot. They were in the very position that McDowell had ordered us from half an hour before! We were soon obliged to leave our position. Thanks to McDowell our loss was pretty heavy. Co. D had twenty killed, wounded and missing. The other companies suffered in about the same proportion. Monday we reached Hall's Hill, 18 miles.

Thomas

Charles B. Stoddard Commissioned Quartermaster of the 41st Regt.⁷⁰⁸ September 20, 1862

We learn that Mr. Charles B. Stoddard of this town, has been commissioned Quartermaster by Gov. Andrew, and will be attached to the 41 Regiment. The 41st is the last of the three years' regiments of our state. Mr. Stoddard of late has been Assistant Post Quartermaster at Camp Stanton.

Moses Bates in Plymouth⁷⁰⁹ September 25, 1862

Lieut. Bates, of Gen. Butler's staff, arrived in town last week. He looks well and hearty, finding no fault with Southern summers and Seceshdom. He brings a pony and a young contraband⁷¹⁰, “the spoils of war” from Baton Rouge.

Dr. G. T. Perkins Wounded, 22d Regt.⁷¹¹ September 27, 1862

Dr. G. T. Perkins, of the Mass. 22d, reported to have been killed at the battles before Richmond, has arrived in Boston. He was wounded in the chest, the ball remaining there for nearly two weeks before it could be extracted with safety. The doctor, although by no means well, is anxious to return to his regiment.

Dr. Perkins is a native of Plymouth, and resided here for many years.

Thurber, Sawyer, Sheppard Wounded, 13th Regt. September 27, 1862

Wounded.⁷¹²

A singular coincidence of accidents happened to Messrs. Thurber, Sawyer, and Sheppard; who it will be remembered left us but a little while ago to join the 13th Regiment. They joined the same company and in the

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late battle stood together. A ball struck Mr. Sheppard, cutting his canteen strap, passing through his blouse, under his vest, passing out under his arm, then into the leg of Mr. Thurber who was in his rear. About the same time, while Mr. Sawyer was stooping and loading his rifle, a bullet struck him between the ear and the temple, cutting an artery and rendering him insensible for some time. Both have since joined the regiment. A narrow escape for all three.

WOUNDED.⁷¹³

Messrs. Thurber and Sawyer, two young gentlemen who showed themselves as consistent in their "Union" principles previous to volunteering in the Mass. 13 Reg't., have now proved their devotion to the Union in the field of battle. We regret to learn Mr. Sawyer was severely wounded in the head by a ball which rendered him senseless, while Mr. Thurber received two buck shot in the leg. He was not disabled so much as to prevent him with Mr. Sheppard from carrying their friend far to the rear out of harm's way. We hope soon to hear of their speedy recovery.

James Thurber Wounded 13th Regt.⁷¹⁴ October 11, 1862

James D. Thurber, of Plymouth, a Harvard graduate of the class of '58 recently resigned a \$1200 clerkship at Washington, joined the 13th Massachusetts Volunteers, got married, went to war, and was wounded in the leg in his first battle. Variety enough for four weeks. [Taunton Gazette]

God Bless the Noble Swede [Erik Wulff]⁷¹⁵ October 30, 1862

Many of the citizens of Plymouth will remember a young Swede who came to this country to fight for "Union and Liberty," and was some days the guest of John J. Russell, Esq., whose father, Capt. Russell, was very hospitably entertained by the parents of the young patriot, while trading in Sweden. Having devoted himself to the support of the government, and followed the Union army in its varying fortunes, he has fallen at last a victim to the malignant fever and lies dangerously sick at one of the hospitals near Washington. Sad indeed is his lot, bereft of friends and far distant from his own loved land, a martyr to his noble aspirations in behalf of the land of his adoption. May a kind Providence save him from a fate so wayward as to be thus untimely cut off in his youthful years. Cannot the ladies send him some special memento to cheer his lonely and perhaps dying spirit, with the blessed thought that some at least there are who appreciate and will ever remember his chivalrous devotion and self-sacrifice.

Charles Raymond Resigned 7th Regt.⁷¹⁶ November 13, 1862

PERSONAL

Lieut. Col. Chas. Raymond, of the Seventh Mass. Reg., and a native of Plymouth, has resigned his position, which resignation has been accepted and the Col. Honorably discharged. He has arrived as far as Boston on his return home. Here is our Col.

Charles Raymond Reports on the 7th Regt.⁷¹⁷ November 27, 1862

Col. Raymond makes a good report of the 7th regiment. He joined the regiment about one year ago, marched up the peninsular, witnessed their bravery at Williamsburg and Fair Oaks, skirmished before Richmond, retreated down the peninsula to Yorktown, embarked for Alexandria, marched out of Pope at Centreville, were ordered to Harper's Ferry, but after learning of its surrender, returned to McClellan at Sharpsburg, and crossed the Potomac to encamp at Berlin. Col. R. speaks in the highest terms of the skill and

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ability of Col. Russell, and thinks if real merit is the basis of promotion, he deserves a Brigadier's commission, as much as any Col. of a Mass. Reg. The Col's. health is good, though he looks weather-beaten with service. He has not been absent a day from his Reg., not having business in Washington just before each battle. Having fairly "taken the bull by the horns," he deserves to be "lionized" a little by the "Home Guard," who have "never been shot at" and don't mean to be in this war.

Letter from HH [Holmes], 45th Regt. Newbern, NC⁷¹⁸ December 12, 1862

THURSDAY

Mr. Editor:

Our Reg. was roused at 4 o'clock by the beating of the reviled, (the Capt. last night at roll call made us neat speech calling upon us to do our whole duty,) and now we are making active preparations to start, which we do after drinking hastily of a cup of coffee, at six o'clock. We entered Newbern just at sunrise, in the midst of a fog, so dense that we could see but a short distance. Turning off from the principal street we passed immense trains of baggage wagons, squadrons of cavalry, and battery on battery of artillery, nearly as far as the eye could reach, showing that the expedition was one of no common magnitude. There was one regiment of artillery, (the 3d New York,) with about 60 pieces, each drawn by 8 powerful horses; the guns were 20 pound rifled Parrots and some of larger caliber. We stopped for a while near Fort Totten, which commands the entrance to Newbern, then marched on through the woods. The roads are very bad, and our progress in the forenoon was rather slow. Owing to a creek in the road, and the difficulty in passing it dry shod, the main part of the Reg. got far ahead, and the left flank straggled very much and did not reach the main body till near noon. This straggling marching is the hardest kind of marching, as we have to hurry so much. The sun had come out in full force and was very warm, and we found our light marching order rather heavy. Hurrying on I got up with the most of our company, who were resting by a brook, then pressing on we soon overtook our Reg., which had halted for dinner. We rested an hour, then we were formed in sections and ordered by the Colonel not to go out of the way for any obstacles, and so we marched on through everything, mud and water over shoe.

The scenery along the march has not been much as the ground is rather low, but we passed some tall pines and a house here and there in a cleared place in the woods. Just as the sun was setting, we caught a glimpse of the camp-fires of the advance, and we were rejoiced that our day's work was nearly done. After some delay we were marched on to the camping ground, which was in a very large cornfield. 'Twas here that the advance had a skirmish, and just below in a deep ravine the enemy have felled trees to obstruct the advance, and now we can hear the ring of the axes of our pioneer corps, as they cut away at the large trees.

FRIDAY

The army was aroused at 4 1-2 o'clock and put in motion at sunrise, having first loaded and capped our pieces, which leads the boys to think that we will see work today. The road led us down through the ravine, which showed that the Rebs had been to work, but our pioneers had cleared the way. There was plenty of mud and water, and wet feet was the first experience. Nothing worthy of note happened through the day, and at sunset we stopped in the midst of a dense swamp as dark as Egypt. The artillery was in the mud ahead, and we were obliged to wait nearly an hour. At last the word was given to "forward," and we marched on in the dark, splashing through mud and water nearly up to our knees. After a rapid march of an hour or two we saw the camp-fires. It was indeed a welcome sight, tired, jaded and wet as we were. It was about half past nine when we arrived at our place of bivouac, which was on a large plantation, with a house in the centre. Some estimate that we have marched 20 miles today but we have no means of knowing. The boys stand it well with few exceptions.

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SATURDAY

Today the road leads us through a more cultivated part of the country, and we pass several cotton fields, which look very pretty, as the pod is full and the fields look white. About 10 o'clock we were resting, when we were startled by the report of the first cannon, which brought every man to his feet. We pushed on, and in about an hour we had another rest, when we were ordered to open right and left, and the artillery, which was in the rear, came thundering along at full gallop. It was an exciting sight to see those horses dash along with the heavy guns. Closing in behind them we pushed on, and at 12 o'clock we reached a large open field, into which we filed in battle array. We halted all the P. M. in this field, and enjoyed a good nap.

SUNDAY

We arose at 4 o'clock to witness scenes that we never saw before. But how little like the day of rest at home. At 8 o'clock we were put in motion and marched through swamps and over roads even worse than any we had passed before. At about 10 o'clock, while resting in a mudhole, we heard the first gun of the battle of Kinston. The sun was shining pleasantly and warm, the birds singing sweetly, and all nature seemed rejoicing, still we heard the roar of the cannon shelling the woods, and at the word "forward," pressed on. We are now nearing the firing, and the roar is incessant, varied by musketry firing. The batteries from the rear now pass us on the double quick to their position. We were soon ordered forward to the front, and now the boys will learn what they are made of. We are ordered to lie down and then advance, which we do steadily on our hands and knees. Reaching the edge of the woods we found that the enemy were in a large meeting house and behind a ridge, where they had us to advantage. We were just reaching the cleared place when the 10th Conn. come up to our support with a yell. 'Twas here that I was wounded. I was struck in the shoulder which knocked me over, and carried to the rear. I thought of returning, but not knowing how bad I was hurt, crept back on my hands and knees. The firing now was very hot. One ball grazed my cap, leaving a dent. The shot and shell were still flying thick, but we escaped without further injury. Getting out of the woods we passed into an open field and then into the road and inquired our way to the hospital, which was about a mile distant. It was painful to see the many sufferers on the road and in the ambulances. We found the hospital without much difficulty, which was nearly filled with wounded. On our way we heard cheering and soon after learned that the enemy were beaten and that we had captured about a 1000 prisoners. We pushed them so hard that they had no time to burn the bridge, although they had fired it, but was put out by our forces. Our Reg. behaved well, at least the old regiments give us great praise. It is strange to see with what recklessness men will rush into the jaws of death without appearing to give it a thought. I have no means of knowing how many men we have lost, but it is quite sever. We captured 16 cannon and our troops occupy Kinston tonight.

Yours, H.H.

Letter from M, 4th Regt. Camp Joe Hooker, Lakeville, MA⁷¹⁹ December 22, 1862

MESSRS. EDITORS: One of our Captains has all along predicted that we should eat our Christmas dinner at Camp Joe Hooker. Although the 4th Regiment is now under marching orders, it is not improbable, that the prediction may prove true. The time spent in the camp has been well improved in perfecting the several companies in the necessary drill. The destination of the regiment is not known publicly, except it is to go South and form a part of Bank's expedition. My impression is that we shall be sent to Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, and there brigaded, with a view of operating in any of the Gulf States, as may be required.

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The marching orders have put the men in excellent spirits, all appearing to delight in nothing more than to have a chance at the rebels. The rank and file of the regiment is of the very best material, being mostly of the old puritan stock. Such, when inspired by the great idea of conserving our free institutions, can and will fight.

Our field officers were elected with a good degree of unanimity. Col. Henry Walker was elected from the Lieutenant Colonelcy, and Lieut. Col. E.T. Colby and Maj. C. F. Howard were popular commanders of companies. They all combine with other qualifications, good habits, and are officers in which great confidence can be placed. In the Staff appointments, company I have been complimented, by making Le Baron Goodwin of Duxbury, Commissary Sergeant.

A question has been raised concerning when the nine months service of the regiment began. This is understood to date from the mustering of the regiment, or the average date of mustering the first three companies, which, was on the 14th of September last. Officers and privates, however, draw pay from the government from the time of their respective musters.

M.

Horace Holmes Wounded at Battle of Kinston, NC, 45th Regt.⁷²⁰ January 1, 1863

Mr. Horace Holmes, of this town, who belonged to the 45th (Cadet) Regt., was wounded at the battle of Kinston, N. C. He was lying down with the company under cover. Raising himself up to fire, a ball struck him in the shoulder, glanced over the collar bone, down outside the scapula, and was afterwards found in his stocking. A ball also grazed the side of his head, leaving its indentation along the side of his cap. He writes an interesting account of the battle, which we are obliged to lay over for the outside next week for want of space.

Letter from Unknown Author [Charles Stoddard], Baton Rouge, LA 41st Regt.⁷²¹ January 4, 1863

A friend favors us with the following letter from a staff officer of the 41st (Col. Chickering) Reg., with Banks' expedition.

Dear -----;

* * *

I know that after the first pangs of separation were over you too considered that you had done what was right, and that in no other way could you have done your whole duty to your country, to yourself, and to your children, who were always dearer to you than life itself. If you could see even what little of war I have seen, which does not include any of the terrible scenes on the battle-field, you would be willing to sacrifice everything that you hold dear, home and everything else, to bring about peace which should be enduring. If you believe, as I do, that we can never have a permanent peace unless we all live under one government, you would be willing to sacrifice even the whole of one generation, men, women, and children, in the war for the restoration of the government. If you could stand in the streets of New Orleans and see what a desert war has made of that once populous city, and think too that every deserted house was but a little while ago a happy home, left with all the painful feelings with which we should leave the home in which we were born and brought up, to be plundered by strangers, you would think as I do. Then if you should come up here and see even more strongly the ravages of war, you would think a peace which would not be permanent and which would be spent by both the North and South only in getting ready for a new and more obstinate struggle, one of the greatest calamities which could happen to us, involving not only us but coming generations in ruin. Since I have been here I have become more and more convinced that we must fight until the South is completely subdued, if the war lasts for years.

Other Regiments and Companies

I believe there have been some reports in the papers that the 41st had been engaged in battle. Such is not the case. There have been a few skirmishes between our cavalry and the rebels, and one or two men wounded on our side, but beyond this we have not been disturbed. Papers reach us so seldom that it is hard work to keep the run of events. The last one we had was the *Boston Journal*, of Dec. 15th, giving an account of the first day or two's fighting at Fredericksburg. Whether our forces were successful or not we are of course most anxious to know. I almost wish we could have been there and done something towards winning a victory in Virginia. I hear that Capt. Collingwood was wounded in the action.

We still occupy our old camp, but several of the regiments have been moved outside the breast-works. How soon we are to do anything I cannot tell, but unless the enemy attacks us I see no chance of anything but camp duties for some time yet. Yesterday we had some men detailed to build a stable for our horses, which we have been expecting for the last fortnight. Last evening, just as we were finishing supper, we heard a shout, that the horses had come. We all rushed out of the tent and each looked for his own. We had heard that 27 were lost on the voyage, so there was considerable doubt as to whether we owned horses or not. I soon found mine looking very well, and not much the worse for a long and rather hard sea voyage. "All here except the Major's." Horse flesh was at a premium at once. The Major's had fits during the whole voyage, and was so weak on arriving at New Orleans, that he did not consider it safe to bring him up the river until he had had a chance to rest. I took a short ride on mine today, visiting the scene of the battle last summer and one of the picket reserves. The horse has hardly got her sea legs off yet and was rather unsteady, hardly knowing how to use her feet, and evidently expecting the ground to rise up before her like the deck of a ship pitching about in the waves. I was very much relieved at finding her in such good condition and not bruised a bit. She is worth \$200 out here and could not be bought for less.

We have in the regiment now three mule teams complete, darkies and all. The 10 mules, the carts and old harnesses, look rather queer to Northern eyes, and many are the speculations as to the sensation which they would create in Boston and New York.

There are now in town over 1200 contrabands. Some of them came in from plantations 20 miles off. Several have come in wounded, having been shot by their masters while escaping or trying to elude the rebel pickets. They are all shades of color, and some of the children are as white as any Plymouth school girl.

I have been perfectly well since I wrote last. There is very little sickness here now. The place is considered the healthiest on the river, and I hope to escape without having fever and ague or any other disease. I understood that it was reported in the Northern papers that the *Wizard King* was lost. If you saw it you probably thought my horse was not to be of much service to me. They had a pretty long passage, and for 48 hours it was very rough. One night they threw 8 horses overboard.

Roses and other flowers in the gardens here are just beginning to bloom. Rather different from the skating which you are now enjoying. The climate here is very changeable. At noon it is very warm without being oppressive, but nights and mornings it is really very chilly, and three or four blankets are none too much for comfort.

Our two companies have not yet reached us. Yesterday, after an altercation in the cook-house, one of the men in Capt. Swift's company, from New Bedford, loaded his gun and shot the cook, whose name was Heft, through the body, the ball passing in at the chest near the collar-bone, and out at the back. There is little hope that he will recover. The man who shot him, named Bean, was at once arrested and confined in the Penitentiary, and will probably be brought before the Court Martial, which is to begin tomorrow.

I hear that Moses Bates is coming up here to open a store. There is a good chance to make money, especially if we get paid off as tobacco is very scarce among the men and prices are very high.

Yours,

* *

RETURN OF THE DEAD

[Author probably Charles Stoddard, only Plymouth man in the 41st Regiment]

Rev. Hall Assisting with Casualties 44th Regt.⁷²² January 15, 1863

Rev. Mr. Hall is spoken of in terms of highest praise by his friends in the Reg. Particularly noteworthy was his silent, calm, but unceasing and efficient efforts in rescuing the wounded from the flying missiles [sic], and his coolness while assisting in six amputations in one room.

William Hedge Promoted to Lieutenant 44th Regt.⁷²³ February 5, 1863

Plymouth Soldiers.

...

Sergt. Wm. Hedge, of the 44th, has been chosen 1st Lieut. by the Captaincy. This is a high compliment to a young man who has the physique, muscle and spirit to make gallant officer.

Letter from HT [Henry Tolman], Near White Oak Church, VA 7th Regt.⁷²⁴ February 16, 1863

Mr. Editors:

Having through the kindness of a friend residing at present in Bridgewater, received a copy of the *Memorial* of the 7th inst., in which I find much news of a highly interesting character; and as you seem to have correspondents in a number of the Mass. regiments, I thought that perhaps a word from the Old Seventh might not prove wholly uninteresting, at least, to some of its numerous readers.

It is just 20 months today, since our regiment was mustered into the service of the United States. It was raised in Bristol county under the auspices of Colonel, now Maj. Gen., Couch. It left Taunton for Washington on the twelfth of July, 1861, where it left for the Peninsula under Gen. McClellan. It participated in the siege of Yorktown, also in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and the seven day's fighting before Richmond. We left the Peninsula on the 27th of August last, and arrived at Alexandria on the first day of September. Here we remained a few days, and then took up our line of march for the upper Potomac.

We arrived upon the bloody field of Antietam just at the close of the fight; expecting, however, that it would be renewed the following day; but which from some reason, which I never learned with any degree of satisfaction, was not done, and the enemy was permitted to escape across the Potomac unmolested.

At Fredericksburg, our Brigade was the first to cross the Rappahannock, and the 7th was the second regiment over, the 2d Rhode Island being the first. Such, in brief, is the history of the Seventh Regiment.

Notwithstanding this regiment was raised in Bristol, it contains many men from Old Plymouth county. The Harlow Guards of South Abington are in this regiment. There is also 20 of us from Old Marshfield⁷²⁵, or rather I should say there was that number. There is, however, but 11 of us left. We have lost none in battle, and but one by desertion. The remainder have fallen victims to the various diseases which are incidental to the climate and the camp.

The regiment is now under command of Col. Harlow, who makes the fourth colonel for us; viz: Couch, Davis, Russell, and Harlow.

But as this is my first, and I doubt not but that you will think it ought to be my last attempt to write for a paper, I will bring this to a close. Should, however, you think the above worthy of a place in your valuable paper, I may write again at some future time and upon another subject.

H.T.

Co. E, 7th Mass Reg.

Other Regiments and Companies

Letter from H⁷²⁶, Newbern, NC, 44th Regt.⁷²⁷ February 17, 1863

Eds. of *Memorial*:

As a general rule, the war has, as you know, a somewhat rough way of introducing to each other different parts of our common country. It brings them face to face, knocks their heads together, very much as we do with boys who are quarrelling, and then bids them find out that they are excellent friends. Occasionally, however, it takes a gentler turn, and seems to feel special delight in establishing new acquaintances, in the most agreeable and courteous terms. Such a freak it took when it sent some of your Plymouth boys up to Plymouth, N. C., and bade them explore the old town at their leisure. Perhaps your readers will like to know what they saw.

The visit came about in this way. The 44th regiment had had the promise, as you many know, of forming part of the Great Expedition, which lately sailed for parts unknown. Just as our turn came, however, the shipping of troops suddenly stopped, and we were told to remain where we were. Whether it was in compensation for this disappointment, or whether it was solely to give your correspondent a chance to write this letter, I cannot say; but for one reason or the other, the 44th received orders immediately after, Jan. 31st, to prepare itself, at short notice, for a trip to Plymouth. We started, of course, on Sunday, as military expeditions are apt to do, left the camp by daybreak, and got on board the *Northerner*, the largest steam transport, I believe, in these waters, just before noon. We were alone, and were to have the whole sport, whatever it might be, to ourselves.

In spite of many insinuations and wholesale criticism on the part of Northern soldiers, the scenery of North Carolina is by no means destitute of beauty or variety. Nature, it is true, may have committed a gross blunder in not modeling these shores after the model of New England scenery, running the soil up into rugged hill-tops, and ribbing it with solid rock. But as she preferred to vary her types, and invent a new one for every latitude, that which she has chosen for N. Carolina cannot be pronounced the poorest or least attractive. When we passed these shores before, there were dressed in autumn tints which fairly rivaled those of our own Plymouth woods. And even now, with only the somber hues of winter around us, the quiet river is full of placid beauty. Besides, the waters that flow by Newbern are quite like those that wash the Seven Hills of Rome; and if poets have sung of the "Yellow Tiber," why may we not praise the Yellow Neuse? Then, too, we are just out of close barracks and stagnant marshes, and it is with a very keen relish that we draw in the fresh breezes that come to us from Pamlico Sound. To increase the enjoyment of our trip, we have our band with us of which we are justly proud. Formed some time after our arrival in Newbern, and drawn entirely from the ranks of the regiment, it plays already with singular accuracy, and with a purity and delicacy of tone which many long established bands might envy. In expeditions like these it fills many long hours with beautiful harmony.

Our passage through the Sounds carries us close along the shores of Roanoke Island, near enough for us to identify very easily the spot where our brave forces landed a year ago, and the little fort at which our navy pounded the whole day long. Just here, too, our voyage was varied by a strange commotion in the heavens, which, as a good New Englander, I suppose I ought to pronounce exaggerated and absurd, but which I acknowledge I thought very picturesque. Dark clouds gathered suddenly over the sky, passing rapidly from one point to another, then descending in angry whirls towards the water till cloud and water almost met, and finally hanging in ragged masses over the horizon, like an inverted forest, or like the trails of Spanish moss, which form so striking a feature in these Southern forests.

The entrance to Roanoke River is one of the most singular and picturesque pieces of river scenery I remember to have found. You might almost fancy yourself sailing along the Northern shore of the Adriatic and approaching Venice. Before you see the river, you come upon solitary trees and stumps springing out of the water on bell shaped trunks. By degrees, the trees and stumps grow thicker and become a shore, and you find

RETURN OF THE DEAD

yourself in the river, catching many a lovely vista between the little islands at its mouth. Those who are ready with the pencil, carry away from such spots little sketches more precious than any of the spoils of war.

Late Monday afternoon, we came to two or three gunboats in the stream, and were soon moored alongside of Plymouth wharf. Fortunately we found no flats to detain us till the tide should rise, nor any devious channel through which we must pick our perilous way. Nor do I remember to have noticed any massive rocks by the water side, on which the first settlers must have landed, and from which might have arisen the first prayers for freedom, and the first vows of religious consecration on the American continent. Evidently this is not the Plymouth, of the Pilgrims.

Yet a description of the place in words might make it seem more like our N. England, Plymouth than the reality warrants. Plymouth, N. C., is a snug, compact, little town, covering hardly more than a hundred acres, and nestling close down to the water's edge. Its two chief streets are parallel with the river and close by the water, containing the Custom House and stores, the other a little back, on which stand, or stood till recently, the chief residences. Still further back, less than a mile from the river, is a belt of forest trees, which the Northern pioneer is just beginning to clear away. If it were not for imparting important information to the enemy, I might also tell you of the fortifications of Plymouth, which make it so different from the home of the Pilgrims, and of the deep ditch which surrounds the town, crossed by certain roads, with barricades beyond. But for patriotic considerations, which you will appreciate, I refrain.

Plymouth has lost much of its quiet beauty since our brief visit in November. About a month after Gen. Foster and his troops left it, the rebels made a sudden descent upon it by night, took the single company which was acting as garrison, by surprise, planted artillery by the water and disabled the gunboat before she could offer resistance, drove Co. I, of the 3d Massachusetts, and the soldiers of the 1st North Carolina regiment into the Custom House, and bettered them with shell; had their own way in the town generally, and then retired precipitately, having fired all the principal dwelling houses, with the design of burning the town. The precise object of the dash it was not easy to conjecture; but it was bold and skillful, and abounded in grotesque incidents. As only one life was lost on our side we could afford to laugh about it. Whenever we wanted entertainment while we were there, we would ask some negro to give an account of the rebel attack. One old negro matron whom we met chopping wood, made herself merry over the disasters that befell her master's household when the gunboats opened fire, at last, upon the retreating rebels. Plenty of shell fell into the house, she said; but fortunately her mistress was deaf and could not hear them explode. As for herself, she said, "I took the swamp on my back and got away."

In any other service than that in which we are employed, it would have caused us some slight astonishment, on our arrival, to learn that the supposed facts on which our expedition was founded, did not exist; that the enemy who were supposed to be crowding upon the town and annoying the pickets, had not been heard from for six weeks, and that the point on which we were to advance driving the enemy before us, had been lately visited by our gunboats and found empty. In the U. S. service, however, this was all a matter of course, not worthy of surprise; and the object of our expedition being thus successfully accomplished before it was begun, we had nothing to do but to sit still and stay out our time. Just at this time, too, a heavy snow storm set in, quite worthy of New England, and helped reconcile us to our situation. The garrison of the town, which we for the time supplanted, has consisted since the attack, of a company of the 3d Mass., two companies of the 27th Mass. and small company of the 1st N. C.

The less fighting or marching there was to do the more time there was, of course, to examine the country; and we found no lack of leisure for exploring the antiquities of the town. To tell the truth, however, there was little to learn. I am afraid there is no Registry of Deeds in Plymouth, N. C. At least I found no courteous friend to take me to all the points of note, acquaint me with the traditions of the town, and every mound connected

Other Regiments and Companies

with its early history. In fact, though I was indefatigable in my researches, and infested the old houses and graveyards in the guise of Old Mortality, and subjected all the aged citizens of the place to a close cross examination, I could not even find out the origin or occasion of its name. Perhaps if the Court House had not been burned in the great fire with some of the town records, I should have been more successful. As it was, however, I got hold of some of the early records and found out that the Town was inaugurated, and the first Commissioners appointed by the general Assembly at Raleigh, in Dec., 1807. I was pleased to observe, also, that, although in Southern latitudes, the early spirit of the place was not unlike that of its Northern prototype; but that some pure Puritan breezes agitated the first atmosphere of the town. Do not these sound a little like Pilgrim statues?

“Ordered, That all free persons that are seen playing Ball, Cat, or any other kind of game in the town on the Sabbath, pay a fine of twenty shillings for each and every offence.

“That a fine of forty shillings for each offence be paid by all persons keeping an open store or shop in the town on the Sabbath.”

But in spite of my eager antiquarian researches, I acknowledge the new Plymouth interested me more than the old; the Plymouth of 1863, with happy groups in its streets, gladdened by the promise of universal liberty, than the Plymouth of 1807, with its drooping and melancholy forms looking on the chains which themselves and their children were to wear.

Plymouth has its little colony of contrabands, employed in the government service, hewing government wood and digging government trenches, and in return, fed on government tea, and helped to government corn, bread and pork. Their present condition, hatless, shoeless, coatless, and almost houseless, sleeping without bed or blanket, and drinking their pint of tea from pail covers and sugar scoops, for lack of cups or bowls, is a joyous paradise to them, in contrast with the life from which they have just escaped. Their fresh tales of injustice and wrong are full of incident and interest, and carry conviction with them by their perfect simplicity. All these in Plymouth are common field hands; yet you feel more and more deeply as you talk with them how shallow is the gaze which cannot look through the accidents of their past condition, to the human soul, with its partial development and its still greater possibilities, which are beneath. It is only echoing the universal testimony of Northern observers, to declare that the black race in these latitudes, with all its disabilities, has reached a higher intellectual and moral level than any but the privileged whites. The problem of races is an unsolved one. None is more intricate or uncertain. But it is to be solved, not by narrow and dogmatic assertions, but only by fair and generous experiments. And it is a singular privilege to stand by, as we do, and see the initiation of this grand experiment.

We spent a quiet week in Plymouth, varying its monotony only by a midnight incursion into the neighboring country, to pick up some fuel for the steamer, and see whether certain suspicious farmers were accumulating more bacon than was required for private use, and on Sunday, Feb. 8, set our faces once more towards our barracks in Newbern.

When I next go to Plymouth I will write you perhaps again.

H.

Letter from HT [Henry Tolman], Near White Oak Church, VA, 7th Regt.⁷²⁸ March 12, 1863

Mr. Editors:

You have doubtless ere this discovered that my disposition to write, far exceeds my abilities, but the fact of your having published my former communication has induced me to try again.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Since my last, the weather has been very cold and blustering, and as fuel is growing rather scarce in this vicinity, it keeps us scratching pretty sharp in order to obtain sufficient heat to keep us comfortable. When we first pitched our camp here there was nothing to be seen but one dense forest; not even the camp of our nearest neighbor could be seen; but now the woods have been so much cut off, that not only are the camps of a large portion of our army in plain view, but also those of the enemy upon the opposite side of the Rappahannock, distant some six or seven miles. In order to obtain sufficient firewood, we are now compelled to cut the stumps over, upon the ground that we first commenced to cut upon, and not bad cutting either, as they were originally cut some two or three feet high, but now, however, they are being cut so close that not even the most miserly wood-monger in Old Marshfield could find any fault with them.

But as our duty at present is not very severe, we find ample time to attend to our wood pile. Our daily routine of military duty is as follows: Roll call at sunrise, guard mounting at 9 A. M. The guard at present consist of one Lieut., two Sergeants, three corporals and thirty privates. This at the present effective strength of the regiment, brings each man on, once in every five days. Immediately after guard mounting, the police drum beats, or what is generally termed by soldiers, 'dirt come dig.' Of all the calls ever beat upon sheep skin, this to the soldier is the most disagreeable. It invariably causes him to put on a long face. This duty consists in sweeping up the camp grounds and collecting all the dirt that may have accumulated during the last twenty-four hours, and removing it beyond the limits of the camp.

But notwithstanding this is always a disagreeable, yet it is perhaps one of the most necessary duties that the soldier is called upon to perform, as the health of the camp depends in a great measure upon the manner in which this duty is performed, and judging from the immense numbers of horses and mules which are lying above ground on the outskirts of our camp, it will become necessary to perform this duty upon a much larger scale than has ever yet been done; otherwise upon the approach of warm weather, we shall be liable to be visited by a pestilence as destructive as any ever sent upon Egypt.

I have the pleasure of informing our friends in Marshfield that our box of goodies has at last arrived; and notwithstanding it was just a month to a day from the day it left Marshfield to the day we got it, everything was in apple pie order. There was not even a rotten apple among the whole number sent, while the cakes and pies were just as good as the day they were baked.

Sickness in our Division seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. Two deaths occurred in our regimental hospital last night. One of them belonged to our company, (E.) viz: Andrew Fais, Dorchester, Mass., he was sick but two days. He was a man that heretofore has enjoyed unusual good health, this being his first sickness. His disease was the dysentery.

H.T.

Co. E, 7th Mass Reg.

Horace Holmes Rejoins the 45th Regt.⁷²⁹ March 19, 1863

Mr. Horace Holmes left town Wednesday to rejoin his regiment at Newbern. His arm is somewhat stiff, but otherwise he is in excellent health.

Letter from HBM [Maglathlin], Baton Rouge, LA, 4th Regt.⁷³⁰ March 26, 1863

Editors Rock & Memorial:

Having a few leisure moments, I propose to improve them in giving you an idea of the soldier's life, by a plain narration of a week in active field service.

Other Regiments and Companies

Late in the afternoon of March 13th, the 4th Mass. Reg. had orders to pack at once and take shelter tents, and each man one blanket, an overcoat, clothes he stood in, and two days' cooked rations, and march in the direction of Port Hudson. We got under way about sunset and left camp singing the John Brown song. A wearisome march of nine miles brings us to a field in which we throw ourselves upon the ground for sleep. At 5 o'clock next morning we were again on our tramp, breakfasting as we went upon "hard tack" and muddy water. The roses on the thick hedges by the road side smelled lovingly as we went tramp, tramp. The gaudy trumpet flowers that flaunted from the entwined trunks of gigantic trees appear ready to sound a blast to cheer us on, but all was silence. We were too weary with guns and packs to be other than taciturn. We left yesterday eve singing, but now no note rings out upon the balmy atmosphere.

Saturday afternoon finds us at the cross roads some four miles in the rear of Port Hudson, with about three thousand rebels between us the latter place. We pitched our shelter tents, which afford hardly covering for more than two each.

Early Sunday morning the boom of a signal gun announced danger of being shelled by the enemy, who appeared to be approaching in force. In double quick we are up and in line ready to move to a less exposed situation. But for some reason the rebels did not advance; probably they learned we had in vicinity men enough to match them. We next prepare for a day of feasting, richly deserved as reward for severe toils. Foragers go out and obtain abundance of fresh meat, pork, beef and poultry and sweet potatoes. For the time, "hard tack" and "salt horse" were at a decided discount. The meat was broiled, the potatoes roasted and coffee extemporized by each man in his tin cup. We lived high, oblivious of hardships passed. The wasted energies of the men were in a measure regained and their condition generally much improved.

Sunday afternoon we are off to a less exposed locality and hardly pitched our shelter tents before the rain fell in torrents. The dry shelters let the water through as if they were sieves; all were drenched. One who had thought he had found a cheap house in his coop shaped tent, and could afford to get married, rather changed his mind when he found how badly it leaked. Late in the evening, as soon as the rain ceased, everybody goes for rails and broke for a bed.

On Monday we again resort to foraging with good success. But we are not to enjoy in rest our spoils, being ordered to White's Bayou. We hastily pull up and are off. Our march is by night, dark as a funeral pall. Our way is mostly through wet swamp blocked by fallen trees and obstructed by wide brooks. Officers and men struggle on against all obstacles. The Colonel was thrown from his horse and the animal lamed, also a valuable revolver lost. Others have clothing and arms damaged or lost. Oh! It was a dismal march. Late we throw ourselves down, supperless, overcome by exhaustion under the overarching firmament as our only canopy, in a wet field, to dream of festive halls and downy beds of ease. Aurora hardly streaks the eastern horizon with rosy tints, before breakfastless the tired soldier is aroused to retrace his steps and remeasure the road traveled the night before with weary steps. With all haste the regiment drags itself along. With heavy packs and wearied limbs, through mud and water, swamp and wood, onward winds the soldier throng. By afternoon we are again at the cross-roads in rear of Port Hudson. Nothing warm for supper can be had as the near proximity to the enemy will not allow for lights or fires for fear of apprising him of our location. We prepared however, as best we could, for a night of repose. But we were not long to sleep and dream. The movements of the enemy become alarming, and before midnight we are aroused and on the road to a safer place. This was found after several hours march in a swamp. We build a huge fire; some stand by it the live long night, others warm cups of coffee; most seek some log or stump to recline upon or against for rest. Several sleep by the roots of a single tree soundly though wet and cold. Early morn we breakfast and start for the Pontoon Bridge, and near by bivouac for the night. The next day there is free foraging of molasses from an abandoned plantation, and as the men get ready for candy boiling, an order comes to break tents at once. A raid from the rebel cavalry is

RETURN OF THE DEAD

threatened. The regiment filed out into the midst of a sugar field and formed into line of battle. Pickets were put out, our cavalry stationed, and several other bodies of troops so arranged that our forces could not be attacked at disadvantage. The rebels seeing we were prepared to give them a warm reception, sounded the retreat, and we had no chance to punish them. "Shall we never," say the boys "have a chance to crack at the rascals?" We try to entrap them and they us, and both are wary. Long government forage trains have been passing into Baton Rouge for several days protected by our forces, as many as ninety wagons have been counted in a single train. The forage of cotton, sugar, horses and mules from deserted estates or rebel owners has been immense. A member of Gen. Emory's staff, who is well informed, estimates the amount of the week's spoils to figure up full four hundred thousand dollars.

In the expedition besides the 4th Mass. Reg., there were some fifteen thousand other troops, including three whole divisions, and led by Gen. Banks in person. The objects of the expedition appear to have been to divert the attention of the enemy at Port Hudson, while our gunboats should run the gauntlet of its strong fortifications, and to cover with ample forces the rich forage trains of the government. These objects appear to have been fully accomplished. A fleet of gunboats passed Port Hudson and can now command the Red River, a source of rebel supplies, or go forward to operate against the stronghold at Vicksburg. We therefore returned to Baton Rouge with the satisfaction of having done some little service for our country, - an ample compensation for all the hardships and fatigue endured. Our men showed good pluck and were a good deal disappointed at not having had a chance to test it against the foe in open field.

I regret to announce the death of Private Charles E. Alden, of Duxbury, member of Co. I. He died March 9th at Quarantine Hospital, Mississippi River, of the ship fever. He was a good soldier, and his loss is deplored by his entire company.

H. B. M.

Extract of Letter from C Stoddard, Opelousas, LA, 41st Regt.⁷³¹ April 24, 1863

The following interesting sketch is an extract from a private letter of the Quartermaster of the 41st regiment. [Charles Stoddard]

Dear ---:

You will see that we are in the very heart of Louisiana, and I will say it is by far the most beautiful country I have ever seen. Southerners may well talk of the Sunny South. The country is full of cotton, sugar, molasses and corn, and starvation is one of the last things to be thought of, as the prairies are all alive with cattle, not very fat so early, yet quite good beef.

We left Brashear City on the gunboat *Diana*, in company with several other gunboats carrying Gen. Grover's division. In passing up the Lake we got aground and were left behind. Went ashore with the Maine 12th and remained all night, when we got a hawser on shore and pulled her off into deeper water.

Proceeded up the Lake arriving about one o'clock. * * *

Having crossed the Teche, we started on in the rear, but had not gone more than a mile before we heard cannon and musketry. We hurried forward but were too late to take any part in the battle, which was very severe.

The rebs were in a wood in front and on the flanks and of course our troops were pushed into the trap already for them. Our loss was very heavy considering the small number engaged: 370 killed, wounded and missing, out of a force of 2000. One regiment had 10 out of 17 officers killed or wounded. * * *

Other Regiments and Companies

DESTRUCTION OF SALT WORKS

At New Iberia we were sent off on an expedition to destroy some very important salt works, from which as much as 7500 pounds of rock salt have been taken in one day. After a long and tiresome march of 18 miles, we took what men were able at 7 P. M., to march on for the works, which were on an island about nine miles from New Iberia. There was no well-defined road across the prairie over which we marched in total darkness, and often we came to pools of water and ravines across which having passed, we camped for the night about three miles from the works.

We found on our arrival the next morning quite an extensive establishment, and large quantities of salt barreled ready for transportation. A large sign, "C. S. Saline Works," was soon hauled down from its high position on the roof of the principal building, and we took possession in the name of Uncle Samuel. After destroying the buildings, salt, and filling up the shaft, we set off on a foraging expedition to Judge Avery's plantation, where we got a full supply of chickens, geese, turkeys, and also drove off a flock of sheep with my negroes and set some of the men to killing for the regiment, which with two hogsheads of sugar procured from the sugar-house made a very good dinner.

We arrived at Opelousas the 29th of April and received orders to report to Gen. Banks. Col. Chickering has been appointed Military Governor and Provost Marshall of Opelousas, and our regiment is doing provost duty. I am acting as Post Quartermaster, having charge of large trains and teams hauling cotton, sugar, &c., getting in two hundred bales a day for the government. Besides we now run a steam grist mill; print a Union journal on housepaper. Gov. Banks takes all the contrabands for soldiers and all the horses, mules, &c., for government service. It is very late now and cannot write as I should like, for I am off at half past five to start the teams, with no rest through the day. But I have stood the march and the bivouac very well, and the ground is as soft after an eighteen miles march as a feather bed, while a chicken roasted on the coals and coffee made in a pint cup as good as can be had at "Parker's."

A good appetite is sauce enough for us. Am now quartered in a room at the hotel but shall probably leave soon.

*

Letter from Fullerton, Washington, D.C.⁷³² May 13, 1863

Ed Memorial and Rock:

Monday evening while up to the dress parade of the Mass. 39th, who are now doing provost guard duty here, the order came for them to be in readiness to march. The rumors attendant on such an unexpected occurrence were not a few. Being mounted I accompanied the Regiment up through Georgetown and did not leave them till they were well on their way to Chain Bridge, some five miles above. They were accompanied by three pieces of artillery. By dint of asking many questions, I found out that a raid was expected from Stewart's cavalry. It was reported that they were in Maryland and were making their way down, meaning to imitate Stoneman, by making Washington a visit. The 39th had only their overcoats, rubber blankets and shelter tents, and one day's rations in their wagons, thus showing that no long stop was contemplated. Whether or not they have returned has not yet transpired.

As we kept along by the river, the long roll being beat in the forts and encampments upon the other side was distinctly heard. The tramp, tramp of men and horses, the heavy lumbering of the artillery wagons, the crack of the driver's whips, with the jingle and rattle of tin cups and military accoutrements, all served to impress one with the idea that something was in the wind.

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The alacrity with which the men moved showed their discipline and that they were anxious to give Stewart a sample of Massachusetts energy.

Great numbers of strangers are in the city, searching for their relatives, friends, wounded or killed in the last battle. Among the number of applicants to consult our Hospital Directory last evening – for we keep it open all hours – was Ambrose Keith, Esq., well known as a builder in your county. It seems that Monday, A. M., he received intelligence that his son, Corp. A. B. Keith, Co. I, Mass. 7th, was wounded, had had his leg amputated, and was to be removed to Washington. With a father's feelings he made all haste and arrived here at 5 o'clock the evening of the next day; being only 23 ½ hours from Bridgewater, Mass. to this city. About as quick time as can be made. After an unsuccessful search all day through mud and rain, Mr. K., found his son at a late hour in the evening, doing well as a man could with his leg amputated six inches from the thigh.

Another Bridgewater boy – Wm. Holmes – is in the hospital here with a shattered ankle; is doing finely and thinks of going home.

Should any information be wanted concerning any boys belonging to regiments from Plymouth County, now at the fort or here in the hospital, I should be happy to obtain and transmit it.

Yours, Fullerton

Letter from H. B. Maglathlin, Brashear City, LA, 4th Regt.⁷³³ May 21, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

Since I last wrote for your paper, the 4th Mass. Regiment, which the State Adjutant General pays the high compliment of being “composed of the very best material,” has been under fire for the first time. On the 11th ult. it rejoined its brigade, under acting Brig. General Ingraham in General Emory's division, near Bethel Place, on the Teche Bayou; and was detailed at once to file through a point of woods, and act in the presence of the enemy as skirmishers. The duty assigned was promptly discharged. After passing through the woods it continued to advance deployed as skirmishers, with a view of ascertaining the rebels position by their firing. Major General Banks, also, came through with some members of his staff, and took a good place for observation. We were on the extreme left, while the right of the army and centre, were on the public road and the level ground on either side of it.

Presently General Ingraham rode hastily along our line, exclaiming, “I have always known that old Massachusetts had good pluck, but that is no reason why you should rush into the very jaws of the enemy – you are full half a mile nearer his line than the proper line of battle! Fall back near the woods – receive the hostile fire, but do not return it. Scarcely had we began to obey orders, when a shower of Minnie balls whistled over our heads; others came thick and fast, but by strange good luck, all flew wide of the mark. A big gun opened upon General Banks, killing one of his staff within a few feet of him. But the General with remarkable coolness completed his observations, carefully noticing the location of the hostile batteries and infantry.

The beautiful Sunday morn was a proud day for the 4th Regiment, recruited mostly in the Old Colony. It was esteemed no mean distinction to be among the very first to confront the foe and to receive his first salute! There was on that Sabbath in battle line, descendants of the pilgrims; stern and determined, ready to make costly sacrifice in defence of institutions founded and cherished by worthy sires.

General Banks had batteries quickly located, and troops advanced to dislodge the opposing forces from their strongholds. No light task is before our men. The rebels are sheltered behind works constructed with much military art. During the day the Federal infantry was not called much into exercise; the Mass. 4th with several other Regiments constituted a reserve.

On Monday, however, the regiment is ordered to advance in line of battle – through standing cane, deep ditches, and thick thorn hedges – an exceedingly difficult march, to the support of a battery next to that on the

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extreme left. We were assigned a position for the day in a ditch, calculated to afford a slight protection from the death dealing missiles, which might come flying toward us. Fortunately only random shot came in our direction – but these often enough, and near enough, striking frequently on either side of the ditch within a foot or two of its occupants. Probably the enemy were too intent upon silencing the batteries to aim much other than towards them. While the Mass. 4th was lucky to escape harm, it was for otherwise with the Mass. 38th, fighting gallantly on the opposite side of the Teche. Its numerous casualties have carried sorrow to homes in more than one town in your County. Three of the wounded belonged to Duxbury, have died since the engagement, and a fourth is in the hospital.

Late on Monday eve the 4th Mass. with the 110th New York, was placed in the advance, having been ordered to the “bloody ditch,” and there in silence to wait the coming morn, and then in the very face of the enemy prove that the place of danger is that of honor. About midnight, our nearness to rebel breastworks, at Bisland, enabled us to hear sounds of commotion. Shortly carts and wagons began to move continuously, and the sounds of the rattling wheels to die away in the far distance. To us all this signified retreat. So even the coming morn confirmed.

The rebels had hastily fled in the direction of Franklin. So early Tuesday morn our forces started off in hot pursuit – all along the way the vanquished were found on the road and gave themselves up as prisoners. On reaching Camps, Bisland and McDougal, Company I of 4th Mass. and a detail from each of the other companies in that regiment, all under Capt. Maglathlin of Company I, was ordered to take charge of and secure the property there abandoned by the flying chivalry! The Camps presented very much the appearance of an assemblage of huts, such as the natives of Africa are represented by travelers to inhabit. Instead of many canvas tents, there were but a few of these, the soldiers living mostly in huts constructed by fastening palms to a framework of poles. The blankets and clothes found were generally of the most sorry descriptions. Perhaps, the rebels put on their Sunday clothes for the fight; but a good many blankets of excellent make were secured.

The Quartermaster papers showed that the army bill of fare was about every day, Indian Meal and Smoked Pork Sides, with plenty of molasses and sugar. We found fresh plucked fowls arranged in neat bouquets, table knives ground into daggers to wear in a belt, some genuine bowie knives, and New Orleans papers which had been printed on the back of gaudy paper hangings, when no other material could be obtained.

The detachment dined upon a huge hoe cake baked so late the night before as not to have become quite cold, which with a plenty of eggs and sweet potatoes, made a very acceptable repast. Hastening on to rejoin the regiment beyond Centerville, a contraband pointed out a furnace on the bank of the bayou where shot and shell had been provided for the confederate army. On searching the premises besides the ordnance articles named, was found a thirty-two pounder howitzer, loaded and directed toward the bayou. The owner was arrested and taken along to Franklin and given into the hands of the Provost Marshal. From Franklin the regiment was ordered back for important duties at Brashear City, where it will probably remain until the return home.

Gen. Banks has completely routed the enemy’s forces, and prevented their gathering again in all the rich territory reaching from Brashear City to Opelousas, and from the latter place to Alexandria, restoring to the Federal control the very garden of the State, and scouring for the benefit of Uncle Sam, immense quantities of cotton, sugar, lumber and other valuables. The General believes in making the enemy expenses. He seizes all movables and takes all away, and contrabands follow. In the territory lately conquered it is computed that not less than 200,000 bales of cotton alone come to the Government. The rich and abundant bounty flows to this place for transportation to New Orleans by the Opelousas and Western Railroad, which is being taxed to its utmost capacity.

As for the contrabands, a considerable number are found useful about the levee and railroad. Others are induced to enlist in General Ulman’s colored brigade, and the balance are provided with work upon abandoned

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plantations under officers detailed to oversee them. No idleness is allowed. The personnel of the colored brigade is admirable -- only the most stalwart and intelligent being encouraged to enlist.

The colored regiments at Baton Rouge which have had some drilling appear to have taken to tactics remarkably well. They have built nearly all the fortifications, which are very extensive about that place, and thus saved the white soldier from a kind of labor he is not likely to bear up under in this enervating climate. It is proposed to raise, with every prospect of success, in this State a corps d'Afrique, to consist ultimately of eighteen regiments.

The 4th Mass. Regiment had most of its companies mustered into service the 23d of September, 1862, and, therefore, its members may be expected home in June next.

H. B. Maglathlin

News from Quartermaster Stoddard, 41st Regt.⁷³⁴ May 29, 1863

Quartermaster Stoddard of the 41st, writes that the government will realize more from cotton, sugar, &c., than will pay the expenses of Banks' expedition. He is shipping 250 to 300 bales daily. The morale of the 41st is thus given in the *Boston Journal*:

"Scarcely any sickness, not an arrest for drunkenness since their arrival, nor a single desertion."

Letter from Unknown Author, Brashear City, LA, 4th Regt.⁷³⁵ June 4, 1863

[Extract of a Letter.]

Our Reg. has gone to Port Hudson; 25 of our Co. [I] were left in camp. The rebels came down opposite to us Sunday and on Monday afternoon, drove in our pickets and shelled our old camping ground with little danger however, as all of us had been removed to this place.

The weather is very hot; the inhabitants say remarkably so for the season.

Our time expires June 26th, and we hope to reach home by the "4th of July."

Our 2d Lieut. W. F. Holmes [Kingston] died yesterday, making eight in all that have died in our company. No news from Port Hudson up to time of closing of this mail.

The 176th New York is encamped near us, and will take our place on guard here when Port Hudson is taken, and we leave for home. I saw Lieut. Frank E. Frothingham, of the Mass. 41st, on Saturday. That Reg. has been changed to cavalry and was en route for Port Hudson. They were looking finely.

Letter from E, Hospital Near Brooks Station, VA, 1st Div.⁷³⁶ June 12, 1863

Dear Hollis:

Your paper does not reach me here, but I suppose goes to the regiment; it will be of value to some one there, of our county boys, and as I do not know how long I shall have to stay here you need not alter the address.

Our regiment, and the division entire, are not in this vicinity. A severe cavalry fight has taken place beyond Kelly's Ford. The enemy were repulsed after ten hours hard fighting. They had two divisions of cavalry and sixteen pieces of artillery, en route for Maryland, as is supposed by captures made of their papers. They were to have crossed the next day, but found our troops in the way. They numbered 12,000. We had an inferior number, but at 3 P. M. the rebel's left was driven 3 miles, the right 5 miles.

Our troops are still over the river below Fredericksburg. It is generally believed here Lee has got as much as he can do to attend to this "demoralized" army, without troubling himself about Maryland.

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Quite a number of citizens manage to find their way down here of late. They are presumed not be Copperheads. If one of the latter class intends coming he had better get his life insured, for the benefit of those he leaves behind.

About 500 patients are in this Div. Hospital, a great many of whom will soon be fit for duty again, being debilitated by long marches and fatigue, but will soon rally under the change of food and a little care.

We have splendid weather. Considerable firing of heavy guns is going on this morning up the river.

Yours truly, E.

Letter from HBM [Maglathlin], Port Hudson, LA, 4th Regt.⁷³⁷ June 15, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

I send you a full list of casualties happening to the three Plymouth County companies of the 4th Mass. Reg., in consequence of the engagement with the enemy yesterday, viz:

1st Lt. H. C. Sampson, Co. I, of Pembroke, acting by detail as 1st Lt. of Co. K, and after the fall of its captain – slightly wounded in the hand by buckshot.

Act. 1st Sergt. Wm. Kaspar, Co. I, of Kingston, severely bruised on one leg by the rebound of a grapeshot.

Act. Corp. Waldo H. Peterson, Co I, of Kingston, wounded through the fleshy part of the thigh by rifle ball; not dangerously.

Act. Corp. George W. Lane, Co. I, of Duxbury, shot by rifle ball through the shoulder, and by buck shot in the hand.

Private Wm. Wadsworth, Co. I, of Duxbury, shot by musket ball through one foot; doing well.

1st Sergt. Wm. H. Maine, Co. E, of E. Bridgewater, wounded severely, but not dangerously.

Corp. J. E. Macomber, Co. C, of Middleboro, wounded severely in right arm and side.

Private Wm. Eaton, Co. C, of Middleboro, in the shoulder severely, but not dangerously.

Private Henry L. Shaw, Co. C, of Middleboro, in the side.

Private Jacob Wood, Co. C, of Middleboro, slightly in head.

Private Benj. F Hathaway, Co. C, of Lakeville, so severely that he died today.

In haste, H.B.M.

Letter from Fullerton, Washington, D.C.⁷³⁸ June 16, 1863

Editors of Memorial & Rock:

We are having stirring times now. All the Government laborers, ambulance drivers, teamsters, and the like, also the employers in the different departments, have been obliged to take oath to support the Government, and turn out in case there is a call for citizen soldiers. Arms and ammunition have been furnished them, and regular hours fixed for drilling.

In case of a refusal to take the oath, all back pay is forfeited, and walking papers furnished. There was much ill feeling at first, but on finding the Government officials firm, it soon subsided. At one time hoses and axes were kept in readiness and guards doubled to prevent the carrying out of the threats to burn the Government property. This trouble was with the rougher class of laborers, the more intelligent not taking part in it.

There is a general feeling of caution here against raids. The Streets of Alexandria leading to the piers upon which our Government stores are barricaded, in anticipation of a visit from Stewart's boys. No goods are allowed to pass out of Washington without permit from the Provost Marshall; even travel has been restricted, but at present none but suspicious appearances stop one.

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The quartermasters and other stores have been removed from Falmouth to Aquia Creek, and thence by boat to Alexandria and this city. The locomotives at Aquia Creek Station, have all been put aboard canal boats, in readiness for a move.

The Sanitary Commission has removed all its hospital supplies, wagons, horses, men, and everything to Washington. Their office presented a very lively appearance, yesterday afternoon, when the army corps of the Commission arrived. The rail in front of the office was crowded with horses, with the familiar McClellan saddle and blankets attached, while within the office, was the dusty, heated, overworked recent occupants of these saddles.

The Washington corps of the Sanitary Commission, had been equally as busy for the past three days as the other corps. Saturday night the different corps hospitals, commenced arriving. As these men were hungry and thirsty, their must needs be supplied with the where withal to satisfy those desires. Consequently the usual employees in the Special Relief Department were early on hand, but finding that the boats arrived too fast for the number engaged in relief, a telegraph was sent to the central office for more help, volunteers were not wanting, even at the late hour which the call came, and the prospect of no sleep till the next noon.

From Saturday night at 10 o'clock till the present time, there have been from 8,000 to 10,000 men fed by this Commission. A corps of workers have been kept busy night and day during this time. Fullerton volunteered his services at 12 o'clock, Sunday noon, and never got a chance to sit down five minutes, with the exception of a five mile seat in the saddle, till Monday A. M., at 7 one half o'clock. At one time there were 7 boats discharging their wounded and sick. Judge of the activity and numerical force, necessary to merely feed and give drink to these men. In many cases stimulants was given, but generally coffee was preferred, and water come next.

The bulk of the food distributed, was bread and butter, crackers, coffee, and lemonade. Men did not want meat, the majority eat and drank as they lay upon their blankets. The more severe cases were provided with mattresses; the deck being covered with straw. The slighter cases were put in more exposed positions; nearly all the transports were covered so thickly that it was almost impossible to walk amongst them. I have heard of men being so crowded, but never believed it, many times myself and assistant were obliged to move the legs and arms before stepping. In the day light it was comparatively easy, but by lantern light, not so readily done.

A number of ladies came up with their friends and relatives, who had received one of the few passes granted to females to visit the front.

The mail boat pier being covered, was used as temporary shelter for those waiting for transportation by ambulances, to the several hospitals. Those able to walk, did so' many though giving out before reaching their respective hospitals.

The assistant Medical Director superintended the transfer of the men personally, and he with his aides were prompt to caution those carrying the men, to be careful and quick to reprimand any want of kindness. Thus being closely watched, not a single case of unkindness or carelessness came under the eye of any of our corps, nor any one we have met. Never having seen wounded and dying transferred from boat to pier, or from pier to ambulance before, it surprised me beyond expression to see how carefully they were handled. I had expected to witness many unfeeling acts, when such numbers were engaged in moving, but it was far from it. Once or twice I was upon the point of making known my surprise, but thought it better unspoken.

Monday, A. M. After the wounded and sick were attended to, there arrived a body of Jersey troops, (2 Regts.,) whose time was up; result, barrels of crackers were unceremoniously knocked in the head, contents poured into large bread baskets, and empty barrels were inverted and used as rests for the said baskets; said baskets going through the same operations repeatedly, as often as they became empty. The long railing in front of the Lodge, (U. S. Sanitary Commission Lodge, No. 5,) was lined with ten corps, undergoing that

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evolution of filling and emptying, backing and filling, again and again, which so pleasing to thirsty men. Bread and butter, coffee, Lemonade and tea, seemed to vie with one another to see which could jump for basket or flow from pail, the most rapidly. All the men seemed too glad to get what they did, with one exception, and he roared for whiskey; he belonged to the notorious 11th corps.

Hoping to give you more of the results of this last move when I next communicate, I remain
Fullerton

News from Stoddard on Port Hudson and Vicksburg, 3d Mass. Cavalry⁷³⁹ July 31, 1863

Port Hudson

Lt. Stoddard of the 3d Mass. Cavalry, writes some interesting facts in relation to the surrender of Port Hudson. The garrison was suffering severely for food, mule meat being the chief article on the bill of fare.

The roar of artillery, salutes from the fleet and tremendous cheering along the whole Federal line, announced the fall of Vicksburg to the rebel garrison which soon after surrendered, to the unbounded joy of the Union forces.

His regiment is doing Provost Guard duty, and has its hands full in patrolling and guarding prisoners.

Letter from HBM [Maglathlin], Cairo, IL, 4th Regt.⁷⁴⁰ August 13, 1863

Messrs. Editors:

The 4th Mass. Reg. at last is homeward bound. Other nine months' troops have been kept, for some reason, beyond their time in Gen. Banks' Department; but none so long by many days as ours. It took its departure in steamer *North America* up the Mississippi on the morning of Aug. 4th, in the eleventh month of service. This extraordinary detention of this particular regiment may be considered as no small compliment to its good material and efficiency.

In fact, few, if any, regiments have done more hard service or been more useful than the 4th Mass. It returned from the battle of Bisland in charge of a large amount of valuable forage for the government use. From that time to the leaving on May 30th for Port Hudson, it performed with marked success garrison, provost, and fatigue duty in Brashear City and vicinity. During the entire period of that service the rich private stores and immense quantities of munitions of war there deposited were safe. These the rebels much coveted, as by them especially needed, yet they were restrained from attempts to obtain the desired booty. The regiment had at Brashear City about two hundred sick, convalescent, and daily duty men, which with all company and regimental baggage were left behind on leaving for Port Hudson. We went forward in light marching order, or with but little more than the necessary equipments and the clothes we were standing in. The regiment reached Port Hudson by way of Algiers and Springfield Landing on the evening of June 1st, and was at once assigned a place in Ferrier's brigade, of Gen. Paine's division, in the right wing of the army under Gen. Grover. The duties at first required were those peculiar to the situation, such as occupying trenches and rifle pits before the enemy's works, and the construction of roads, and planting batteries by night where it would not be sufficiently safe to venture in the day time. In the meantime preparations were being made on all sides for a second grand charge on the enemy's frowning strongholds.

The first charge, May 27th, was sadly disastrous – a vast slaughter and little or nothing to compensate. Every motive existed to have the second a success. The term of service of nineteen of our regiments would soon expire and disease of the approaching sickly season would decimate more than rebel shot the ranks of our troops – a warfare with which bravery cannot cope. It was, therefore, plain to the Generals that whatever was to be done must be done soon, consequently it was not long before officers were notified to hold themselves in

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readiness for another great attack upon the enemy – entrenched within formidable earthwork – strong by consummate art – stronger still by natural position.

The plan of attack, as first settled upon, contemplated placing the entire 4th Reg't in the front – two companies among the skirmishers four among those carrying hand grenades and the balance to carry bags of cotton. The hand grenades were designed to be thrown over the parapets, to explode upon striking, and the bags of cotton were to fill the ditch immediately outside the hostile breastwork. The programme, however, was afterwards changed, so that only one hundred picked men with the necessary officers were taken from the regiment to go to the front, and these were from companies A and K, with enough from company I to make up two companies of fifty men each. Lt. Sampson of Co. I, was assigned the command of Co. K. These were to compose a part of the hand grenade party of two hundred and fifty, or five companies, under command of Capt. Bartlett of Co. K. In the attack those bearing the grenades were to deploy in the rear of the regiment of skirmishers, about three paces, and, with the latter leading the way, after throwing the explosives, to go over the enemy's walls. Those carrying the cotton were to throw it into the ditch, and then returning to the most advanced supporting brigade, with its regiments follow up those proceeding. The supporting brigades, principally of Gen. Paine's division, were to form the line of battle. In the third line came the 4th Reg't.

Sunday, June 14th, was the day chosen for the attack, and the principal way of advance was by a road which, after some distance from our camps, ran nearly parallel with some part of the enemy's work and then neared them by a slight angular direction. The lines of battle were to be formed at early daylight. The skirmishers, the 4th Wisconsin and 8th New Hampshire, with the grenade party consisting of two companies of the 4th Mass., two of the 28th Conn., and one of the 110th N. Y., when sufficiently nearly opposite the point selected to be charged upon, filed out of the road into a field on the side opposite the enemy, and deployed behind the hedge skirting the road, and then essayed to advance in line of battle. But the nature of the hedge at once broke up the line, and upon entering the ravine below the road, fallen logs, ditches and other obstacles still further deranged the required order. Perfect silence was to be preserved; but the skirmishers, who had been plentifully supplied with whiskey, could not be restrained from shooting as they went. This, as was to be apprehended, apprised the enemy of their approach, and quickly drew forth from the parapets brave men, only to be mowed down by bullets, grape, canister and shell. The havoc was terrible. All along the lines and angles of the opposing breastwork a continual volley flew – direct fire and cross-fire – before which rank after rank were cut down and swept away like a besom of destruction. Gen. Paine at an early hour, while cheering the men bravely on, fell wounded; and the ground proved to be such that the supporting lines could not manifestly pass over, coping with its many obstacles and in face of the storm of fire, with any reasonable prospect of success. The charge therefore slackened – a few of the skirmishers reached the ditch – some ployed in but to find the earthworks too steep and too high to scale. The grenades thrown over the walls did not explode, some were caught by the rebels and hurled back to carry destruction among the assailants. Our men at length were obliged to shield themselves behind logs and stumps, and continued thus to carry on the unequal contest until night dropped its dark curtain over a gory – a lost field. The exact extent of our loss has not been, to my knowledge, published. Suffice it to say the killed, wounded and missing in Gen. Paine's division alone reached eight hundred and ninety, and the 4th Reg't, which went to battle with four hundred men, sixty wounded, six killed, and three missing. Of the latter, two it subsequently appeared were wounded, and all of the three prisoners. During the engagement the regiment was in the road, within a fair musket range of the rebels, and under both a direct and a cross-fire from them.

In consequence of other troops not having gone forward in time, our regiments with its brigade during the day occupied relatively a more advanced position than was intended, many regiments being in the rear that should have been in its front.

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Among the killed and wounded in the action were several officers who were badly intoxicated, reaping thus, perhaps, none to severe a punishment for their criminal recklessness. On the other hand there were observed numerous instances of individual bravery and self-possession. Lt. Sampson, when he found the charge abandoned, taking a gun, gathered a squad of men about him behind a fallen tree, kept up such an effective fire that unlucky was many a rebel head which happened to show itself. Private George W. Lane of Duxbury, in Co. I, whose conspicuous bravery especially invited many shots, riddling his clothing and inflicting several wounds, was promoted to the rank of Corporal in said company, in recognition of his meritorious conduct with the 'grenade party'; and for the same reason has again been promoted to the rank of Sergeant. In a general order issued by the Colonel commanding, congratulating 'the officers and men of this Regiment upon their uniform steady and soldierly conduct during the late attempt to storm Port Hudson,' there is made honorable mention of Sergeant George W. Lovering, of Co. I, who in a momentary confusion in the ranks, caused by other troops rushing in disorder upon the regiment, exhibited a calmness and determination worthy of imitation.' He was serving as acting 2d Lieutenant.

The next day but one after the battle the regiment went with a large forage train as its protectors. The expedition proved very successful, bringing to camp 147 bales of cotton worth \$40,000. Afterwards a large detail commanded by Captains McLathlin and Merrill go into rifle pits and trenches near the enemy, and ten days and eleven nights constantly hold them and give the rebels but little peace. A few hours after being relieved from this severe and protracted duty, on the third day after the nine months of the regiment had expired, another and larger detail comes for fatigue during the night. The manner in which the Lt. Col. thought proper to answer this gave great offence to Gen Grover, and led to some hasty action in regard to the regiment, which did not appear to be warranted by any act of the line officers or men. This caused an intense feeling of indignation; and the next morning Capt. Pool with Lieuts. Bragg, Monroe, Drake and Wood with about one hundred and fifty one privates taking ground that their time of service was more than out, refused further duty. These are now in the Penitentiary at Baton Rouge, with the exception of such privates as have re-enlisted.

The fall of Port Hudson, July 9th, was hastened by impending famine and the fate of Vicksburg. At the time of the surrender the 4th regiment under Capt. McLathlin, acting as Colonel, had been four days and nights continually at the extreme front, defending the advanced portion of our parallels and protecting those engaged in the work of their extension. These works in some points ran within twenty-five yards of those of the enemy, and by mining were intended to approach much nearer. The towers erected along their line gave our sharpshooters excellent command of the ground within the fort. Through the daytime continual exchange of shots were kept up. At night our advance forces and the outer pickets of the rebels were posted within two rods of each other, with a slight ridge between – each awaiting the other to open fire!

By the fall of Port Hudson the last barrier to the free navigation of the Father of Waters was removed. Of this we have had a gratifying illustration, in being able to arrive at this place without having seen on the way the slightest hostile demonstration.

On June 23d, during our absence from Brashear City, we had the misfortune to have all our company and regimental baggage stores there 'gobbled up' by the Texan Rangers. Fifteen other regiments suffered in like manner; and the government lost a full million and a half dollars worth of property of different kinds. A sad mishap, truly. The sick and others taken prisoners were promptly parolled, and those belonging to our regiment will return with their respective companies.

The regiment may be expected in Boston in about six days.

H. B. M.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from Unknown Author, Army of the Potomac, 1st Div.⁷⁴¹ August 29, 1863

Eds. Memo. And Rock:

Regularly – almost – I see your paper, and having formerly been acquainted with many of the Plymouth people, it is to be gratified and instructed to get the privilege of reading one. One is cheered when away from home, to hear from friends and know of social and business prosperity and the conditions of the town. Such, seems to be old Plymouth's fortune now, and, if speculation is not the cause, God grant it may continue until old "long wharf" is made new, and extended to twice its original length, and no noise of falling water be heard because of the hum of spindles or rattle of machinery. May I urge upon all who may read this, (I almost said to write me a letter) to think if they have a friend or acquaintance ('twould be needless to say relation) in the army they have neglected writing to, and if so, to neglect no longer. Especially to female readers do I write this. In camp life there is much time for idleness, and, we are "prone to wander" the old Dr. says and one cannot tell how much of saving influence they may exert by regular and kind letters. Don't forget the soldiers, for they fondly remember loved ones at home 'til the last.

We (the Div.) are encamped upon hills near the north fork of the Rappahannock, close by Beverly Ford. Our pickets are but a short distance off, and in sight of camp, making it tedious to be on that duty. In the first Brig. of this Division, are the 18th and 22d Mass., and in the 2d Brig., are the 32d and 9th Mass. I saw the Plymouth "boys" in the 32d today, and all were well and hearty. The days are very comfortable, and the nights very uncomfortable; so cold one can hardly keep warm under two of the U. S. blankets. Have heard many say it was as chilly and disagreeable as last winter, and I do some heavy shaking toward morning. Last night a magnificent sword, &c., was presented to Gen. Meade, which occasion was graced by the presence of the President, Gov. Curtin, and officers innumerable. Hope such things won't be overdone, and spoil the best commander all things considered, the Army of the Potomac ever had. He has proved himself able and has the confidence of officers and men. Since last Tuesday, there has been much excitement in the Division, and round-about, consequent upon the order announcing the execution of five deserters. It was to come off on Wednesday last, and that forenoon their graves were dug, and ground staked out for the Division to form on, to witness it, but more time was granted them to prepare, two of them being Catholics and one a Jew, access was not easy to their spiritual advisers. Today has witnessed their execution and (I can hardly believe it, but 'tis true) I witnessed it without a single regret. Since I have been old enough to think reflectingly, I have been opposed, and am now to capital punishment, but today, could I by the turn of my head have stayed their death, I would not have done it. Had such things commenced two years ago, how much different would been the condition of the army today ah! Who can tell. It would astonish people at home to know of the percentage of the army who have deserted, and the still larger per ct. who have straggled and "shirked" their duty in time of battle. It was the saddest, most solemn time I ever saw. The graves were dug across a rivulet in a hollow, and the Division was drawn up by regiments closed mass by Division, the lines deep, on the rising ground facing the hollow and graves, the rise of the hill being sufficient for all to see. The prisoners had been brought to headquarters by the 2d Brig., near and opposite to their graves and when all was ready, the procession passed around the flank, and between the 1st and 2d lines, the 1st facing about so that they and all had a fair view. First came the Provost Marshal, then a band playing a dirge, then the detachment of the Provost Guard who were to do the shooting; then the prisoners dressed in military pants, white shirt, and forage cap, handcuffed; their hands behind them. Each was preceded by his coffin borne by four men, and had a guard on either side with fixed bayonets. One marched first, with his spiritual adviser, the other four followed in twos in the order, one file with a Catholic Priest between them in his white surplice, and the other file with a Protestant Chaplain. After them followed those to fill in the graves, with shovels on their shoulders, then came another detachment of the Provost Guard with fixed bayonets and behind them walked several surgeons whose duty it was to

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pronounce the bodies dead. Thus they marched along the entire line and around the further flank, back along to the centre, then across the brook and to the right again until in front of their graves. The coffins were put near the graves, and the foot pointing toward the troops so that as the prisoners sat upon the foot end they faced the multitude. After some time spent in conversation with their spiritual advisers, and in prayer, the bugles sounded and the shooting detachment moved up nearer, eyes were bandaged, and for a minute they were left alone sitting there upon their coffins (an awful sight.) Then came the order, Ready! And the click of the locks could be heard, so still was it and so regular were the motions of each man made; Aim, Fire! And 'ere we could hear the report we saw them fall backward upon their coffins, pierced by 9 or 10 balls each. Just before having their eyes bandaged, two of them arose and one coming to the other kissed each other several times. During their march they were quite firm, except one Catholic who wept piteously and after sitting on the coffin, one was either overcome and crying, or going through religious confession causing him to appear like that. After being shot, the surgeon examined the bodies, found no need to call on those who had been reserved with loaded muskets. The burying party now moved up to do their part, and to the lively sound of drum and fife the troops filed off and returned to quarters. It was a sad sigh, but sadder that it was necessary. I regret it not, as I said before the occurrence, but O, sincerely and most sadly do I regret it must be. God grant and good men pray it may not happen again.

In a hurry, Yours, ----

Letter from Unknown Author, Army of the Potomac, 1st Div.⁷⁴² September 9, 1863

Eds. Memo. And Rock:

Is it possible that you have so cold nights, as we are here? I had supposed it was merely a cool report of weather which would soon be followed by the usual temperature, but for a month I have lain cold nearly every night. Last year I laid with less protection, and in the open air, as late as the 25th inst., and had nothing to complain of. How thousands of soldiers get along with but a piece of shelter tent, or a painted poncho I don't see. There never was an army so well cared for, in clothing, tents, rations and everything – but good Surgeons and Chaplains – as the army of the Potomac. But the men on long marches and in hot weather, will throw away one thing after another rather than “tote” it, trusting to accident to make out without it. Many do it for the very laudable purpose of keeping up on a march, but for too many because of indifference, laziness or ignorance. When the army moved from Falmouth last June, it was ordered, and no doubt each man had his knapsack, blanket, and piece of shelter tent, or rubber, or painted blanket, (and great coat, if they had not been sent to the rear and stored.) First, surplus clothing and knick-knacks are thrown away to lighten the load; then clothing is reduced to the least quantity, then away goes the knapsack; and the blanket or piece of shelter tent is made into a roll, the two ends tied together and thrown over our shoulder and under the other arm; if they can't stand that, you will see them cutting their blanket in halves, and the last thing is to throw away the kept half, and the Union soldier, a dandy perhaps at home, goes singing and joking along, his haversack, canteen, and tin pot black with service, slung safe to him, and his greatest fear is he will be obliged to “lug” more than three days rations. They can't see the necessity of being required to carry eight days' rations.

Do you know where the volunteer army fails, if it fails? It is in not obeying orders without question. It is a common thing even now among those who have been two years in the service, to discuss the propriety of this or that, and while the hands are engaged doing what is required, the tongue is denouncing and criticizing the order. But can you name the army that ever done better, all things considered? It is marvelous how soon after troops go into camp they make themselves comfortable, and not only that but combine in profusion the picturesque. One day happening to cast our eyes in the direction of the camp of the 2d Brigade, we were

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surprised to see a beautiful pine forest or rather nursery, where the day before was a blackberry pasture, save the immediate ground occupied by tents. Riding over there we found the wagons had brought the pines and cedars from the neighboring woods – going several miles for part – and each company's street had its row, and headquarters and other tents were beautifully embowered, and the ground in and about the camp cleaned or being cleaned of briers, stones, &c.

Col. Switzer of the 62d Penn. is in command of the Brigade and is as watchful of his command in camp as he is able and fearless in battle. He is complained of on the march, for making too long on rapid marches with scarce a halt, but while the men and officers complain, they boast with pride, of beating this or that command, and the good time or distance made on a certain day.

Today is Saturday, and regulation provide for cessation of usual drills, and a general cleansing of clothing, quarters, &c., preparatory to Sunday morning's inspection. The men are to be seen along the streams and beside springs, or with tubs near their quarter, washing their clothing and persons. Many are bare backed washing their only shirt -- they don't love to "tote" extra clothing – other are similarly situated with pants, while some not wishing to do things by halves are temporarily drest in a piece of shelter or grain bag awaiting the drying of both shirt and pants. If any of this army want for things comfortable after getting home from the war it will be from laziness rather than necessity.

Everything is quiet and no excitement since last Saturday's execution. I hear in the second corps they fired three times at a deserter and then he kicked. It must have been an awful sight, but it may be the restraining effect is better, for our execution was so neatly and successfully carried out, we may not realize sufficiently its horror. It is said fifteen are to be shot in the first corps. Should it prove like hanging in civil life let there not be any more than enough to prove the fact before it is forbidden. Had this been done at the outset – "Bring up a child in the way he should go" &c., is as applicable to the army as the domestic circle.

No enemy reported as far as Culpepper C. H.; are they retiring to invade Richmond, to occupy that last ditch? We shall see. Lieut. Col. Stephen Thomas of the 18th Mass., has been obliged to resign, on account of ill health – not getting leave of absence -- and started today for home. He was a reliable, thorough soldier and has been in the bloodiest fights. The Col. is a corpulent man, and at the last Bull Run battle he was Maj. Commanding the regiment, and when ordered to retire, not only retreated in good order, but being on foot and tired, stopped to rest in the open plain, the enemy firing from three rods upon them. So far he had steered clear of wounds and it is to be regretted he could not have seen the play out, and the loss his absence will be to the service.

Yours, ---

Letter from David Willis, Gettysburg Burying Ground⁷⁴³ October 6, 1863

To his Excellency A. G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania

Sir:

I have been in communication with the Governors of the States interested in the Soldiers' Cemetery at this place, about the arrangements for the consecration of those grounds.

They have all most cordially united in this selection of Hon. Edward Everett to deliver the oration on that solemn and important occasion; and, in accordance with the unanimous wishes of the chief Executive of the several States, I addressed a letter of invitation to Mr. Everett to deliver the address at the consecration of these ground on the 22d of this month. He replied that his engagements were such that he could not possibly make such preparations as would enable him to do justice to the interesting and important occasion and meet the expectations of the multitude that will assemble. But if the day could be postponed to Thursday, the 19th of November, he would cheerfully undertake the honorable duty.

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The proposition to postpone the time has been acceded to, and therefore this burial ground will be consecrated and set apart to its sacred and holy purposes with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th day of November next.

Mr. Everett suggests that "the ceremonies would be rendered more interesting if deferred till after the removal of the soldiers. All references to their self-sacrificing bravery in the cause of their country would be far more effective uttered over their remains than if only pronounced on a spot to which they are here after to be removed."

The removals of the dead will be commenced about the 26th of this month, and a large portion of the bodies will be interred in the cemetery before the 19th of November.

Mr. William Sanders, the rural architect in the employ of the Agricultural Department at Washington, is here now designing and plotting the grounds preparatory to the removal of the dead.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient servant,
David Willis

Letter from Murray [John Murray Atwood], Crab Orchard, KY⁷⁴⁴ November 4, 1863

The following letter from one of our citizens belonging to the "Large class in Geography," alias the Ninth Army Corps, shows some features of a soldier's life not often exhibited in the published pictures of campaigning. It is a graphic sketch of the way our boys adapt themselves to all sorts of business.

Dear Parents:

As I have a little leisure time this morning, I thought I would improve it by writing a few lines home, just to let you know that I am alive and where I am at present. Since I last wrote you I have seen pretty tough times, and I expect to for the next three weeks to come, for I am driving, or at least I am helping drive, a mule team. That is the only way a man can get to his regiment⁷⁴⁵ in this part of the country, for there are no railroads. I started from Camp Nelson last Friday, and went back about three miles, to where the teams were, expecting when I got there to find an old team to go with, and to start out that night; but on arriving there, instead of finding everything ready for the journey, I found a team of six green mules, that had never been harnessed, and all green teamers, that had never drove a mule in their life, as well as myself, and if I ever get through with this alive I will never drive another.

On Saturday morning we commenced breaking our mules, and an awful time we had of it. In the first place, after we got the harness on them, which took nearly all day, we hitched them to an old log and drove them around the fields. I guess you would have laughed to have seen us go it. There is six of us on our team, and I guess we have all been kicked more than a dozen times. We are all so stiff and sore we can hardly get around. Samuel Wright, of my company, is with me, and the first time we harnessed them into the wagon they ran away and smashed up the wagon and everything else, and liked to have killed Sam. All the six mules ran over him, and just as the wheel mules jumped over him one of them kicked him in the side and knocked him out on the side of the road, just in time to prevent the wagon from running over him. All the way we could their harness on or off was to take a long rope and throw over their heads and draw them down to the wheels of the wagon. On Sunday morning we started to get our load that we had to carry through, and we got stuck in the mud with an empty wagon and had to get another team to pull us out. After getting out of the mud we drove to Camp Nelson and stopped for the night. We stopped there until about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when we harnessed up again and took twelve bushels of oats and started on our journey. We drove

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about twelve miles and stopped for the night. I forgot to say that while we were crossing Hickman's Bridge one of the teams got frightened and started and run. I looked around just in time to prevent a smash-up with us, and jumped off and ran ahead of them and with my whip managed to stop them. I think if they had ran into us both teams would have gone off the bridge together, for there was not room enough for them to get by.

We started again on Monday morning and drove to where we are at present. We arrived here about three o'clock that afternoon, which is about thirty miles of our journey. We have got only two hundred and fifty miles more to go, and an awful road it is, too; over mountains and through mud up to the hubs of the wheels a great part of the way, and over the mountains they say there is some places where it is almost straight up and down. I don't believe we shall get more than half of our train through, for the mules are so green and wild. We are expecting to roll a good many of them down the mountains unless they act better than they have done yet.

Today, Tuesday, we are changing off some of our poorest mules and getting better ones in their places. I change four of them on my team. Tomorrow morning we are going to take in another lot of oats and start on our journey. We have a regiment of cavalry with us for guard, as there are a great many guerrillas in this part of the country. I don't know how we shall get along, but I expect we shall have a pretty exciting and tiresome time of it before we get through. When we get to our journey's end I will write and let you know how we got along, though I do dread the journey, but then that is the only way a man can get to his regiment.

In the different hospitals here there is about forty of my regiment, and among them is two of my company, Benj. Bates and Wm. Nickerson, but they are neither of them very sick, though not fit for duty in the regiment.

Murray⁷⁴⁶

Letter from Murray [John Murray Atwood], Cumberland Gap⁷⁴⁷ November 19, 1863

Dear ----:

Here we lay under the mountains just below the Gap, and the lord only knows how long we shall stay here. We arrived here four or five days ago, and were ordered to stay here until further orders on account of the guerrillas being so plenty between here and Knoxville. We had an awful time getting here as I expected we should. We capsized our wagon three times and smashed up considerable, but as good luck would have it none of us were hurt by the operation.

If you could see the roads we had to travel, you would say that it would be utterly impossible for any man to drive a team, especially one with six green mules, as we had; but we were told to put them through, smash or no smash, and we did put them through and smashed three times.

We had an awful time getting over the Wild Cat and Three Log mountains; for in some places it would be nearly straight up and down with the mud up to the hubs of the wheels and the road full of rocks. I can't begin to give you any description of it, for I could not describe it half bad enough.

We stopped at one house on the road where a "secesh" lived, and you better believe the boys were not many minutes in cleaning out everything he had, both to eat and wear, and nearly everything else they destroyed. He said he thought it was rather hard for a poor man to be used so.. All the satisfaction he got was a cursing, and was told that he might think himself very lucky that his house was not burned to the ground. He kept pretty still after they began to hint about burning his house.

We lived pretty well on the route, for there was plenty of poultry and hogs to kill. I killed four hogs myself for our mess. There was eight in it. I shot one that weighed two hundred pounds after it was dressed. We are now beginning to come short on our rations, and expect in a few days to live as the army does on half rations.

We all hitched up this morning and expected to start again on our journey. We all got harnessed up and ready when the order came to unharness again and stop where we were, for there had been fighting in

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Knoxville, and Bragg's army was coming around in the rear of us in order to get possession of the Gap, which is an awful stronghold. I should certainly think that 10,000 men could hold it against 100,000.

I suppose that my corps will be here in a few days and that I can join my regiment here and save the trouble of marching so far. Things are beginning to look rather dark about here. Since I have been writing this letter the news has come that they have been fighting since Sunday, and the rebels have drove Burnside and he is getting back here to the Gap as fast as possible. I think things begin to look rather blue, for it is bad enough to go ragged and hungry without getting whipped. I suppose our regiment has seen the elephant again by this time, for they are there somewhere.

Murray

Letter from Murray [John Murray Atwood], Cumberland Gap⁷⁴⁸ November 26, 1863

[Extract from a private letter.]

Dear ----:

As today is Thanksgiving, and I have no turkey bones to pick, I thought the best way that I could while away the spare time would be by writing home.

About two weeks ago the wagon train that I came with went back and the most of the soldiers were left, excepting just enough to drive the teams. We stopped at the foot of the Mountain in about two days and then moved up. I am camped with eight other boys on the side, about a mile and a half from the bottom. It is awful cold here nights, but there is one blessed good thing: we have plenty of wood to burn; it is large timber that the rebels cut to keep our forces from charging on their breastworks and rifle pits; so you see there is no need of our going cold a great while.

We are now seeing what you would call pretty hard times I suppose, but then we manage to live by stealing a little, and you can't call it stealing either. I will tell you just all we have now. In the first place we draw half rations of flour, and then have the bread to bake ourselves, and I guess you would laugh to see us bake it. We take the flour and mix it with water and sometimes a little salt when we have it, and no rising; after we get it well mixed we take it and throw it into the ashes, unless it is sometimes when we are lucky enough to get a mess pan from some of the other troops, but that we can't always do. Sometimes it is baked pretty well, and another time it is either all burned up, or else it is all raw in the middle; but then we always eat it, because we obliged too, or go without anything. We draw quarter rations of sugar and coffee and that you know is nothing but just an aggravation, and then the Quartermasters try to cheat us out of half of these. We draw fresh pork every two days; that is half rations, and half rations of salt; so you see it takes about all our salt for our pork. We don't draw any salt meat at all.

I will now tell you what comprises our rations. We get half rations of flour, quarter rations of sugar and coffee and half rations of fresh pork and salt. That is all we get, but then we have no reason to find fault as long as we get that, for only thirteen miles from here, three quarters of the time they get nothing but just parched corn. In the first part of my letter I spoke about stealing; now what I mean by that is, whenever any of us see any corn around any of the teams we always take a pocket full to parch, and we have had it every day since we have been here, and that helps fill up considerable and keeps us from getting quite as hungry as we should be without it. That you know was what the soldiers of the Revolution had to eat, but little did I ever think that our soldiers in this war would ever have to do it.

We are expecting to have a battle here pretty soon for our pickets are so very near together that they are firing upon one another every day and killing a number of each side. This is only thirteen miles from the Gap.

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This is not where the main army is; it is only a part of the rebel army that has got between Burnside and the Gap. I heard today Burnside had been reinforced from Chattanooga and was wiping out rebels at Knoxville. I hope it is so, but then we hear so many different stories I don't pretend to believe anything. If there are any reports that are true we don't know whether to believe it or not. I don't know how long we shall have to stay here for there is no such thing as getting through to our regiments at present. They are offering \$500 to any man that will go through to Knoxville and back again to get the news; there has more than fifty tried it and only two succeeded in getting through and back. If my time was not quite so near out I would try it and run the risk, but the worst of it is if a man should try it he would be kept a prisoner a long while. This, I believe, is the last Thanksgiving I shall be in the service, but then I have no reason to find fault for my life has been spared and I have been through a good many hard battles and never received a wound.

Murray

Letter from Semloh [Horace Holmes], Washington, D.C., 45th Regt.⁷⁴⁹ April 18, 1864

Messrs Editors:

Washington has been overflowing with excitement during the past week over the resolutions offered in the House of Representatives for the expulsion of Mr. Long of Ohio and Mr. Harris of Maryland for using words in debate calculated to give encouragement to the enemy. On Friday, the 8th inst., Mr. Long made a speech in which he boldly asserted his sympathies for the rebels. On Saturday, the House being in committee of the whole, Mr. Rollins of N. H. in the chair, Mr. Speaker Colfax, offered a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Long for uttering treasonable sentences on the floor of the House. As exciting debate followed, during which Mr. Harris went farther than Mr. Long in a speech much more treasonable in its character, in which he declared defiantly, that "you have not subdued the South yet, and I hope to God Almighty you never will." A resolution was immediately offered for his expulsion, but not being able to get the two thirds vote required, it was not passed; but a resolution was passed censuring him and declaring him an unworthy member of the House. The debate on Mr. Long's case was then resumed, continuing all day Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings included. I had the good fortune to be present on Monday eve. The galleries were soon literally packed with an eager, excited crowd. Members moved nervously about on the floor discussing the events of the day, or preparing for the evening debate, while the soft, mellow light shining from above through the panes of rich glass, on which are painted the coat of arms of the States, all combined, presented a scene of beauty that is not often witnessed.

...

One needs but to visit the well regulated Hospitals in this city to assure himself that the Government takes good care of its sick and wounded heroes. One the finest and best conducted is the Campbell Hospital, situated on the extreme northern borders of the city, in a very healthy location. Its ordinary capacity is about 600, but is now being enlarged by the erection of tents so that it will be able to accommodate 1200 patients. The grounds are neatly laid out; some portions devoted to flower beds and others to the raising of vegetables for the use of the hospital. Its internal arrangement is such as would make a mother's heart leap for joy could she witness all of the many devices to interest and benefit the soldier. Everything is as neat and orderly as your own parlor. They have a large library of well selected volumes, and a reading room in which can be found many of our Northern papers and magazines; also a large concert room, in which entertainments of a dramatic nature are held every Friday evening by the inmates. I found Plymouth represented here by the efficient steward, George Wood, who by his superior, and the love and esteem of all under his care, and well deserves the promotion that many a less competent man receives.

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Another point of interest connected with the army is the Soldier's Rest, near the depot, through which all soldiers pass to and from the front. They have large barracks in which five thousand men can be accommodated at nights, and a large eating-room in which seven hundred can be supplied at one time. Twenty thousand men have been fed in this room in one day. All soldiers returning from furlough have to report here to receive transportation to the front, and at an early hour every morning it is one of the most busy places hereabouts. Sergt. Wm. C. Holmes of your town is stationed here, who by his kindness to the soldier and his sterling intensity and discriminating judgment as Chief Pass Clerk of the post, has won the confidence of all.

...

A new paper has been started here called the "*new Era*," to be devoted to the interest of Mr. Chase as candidate for the President. It is hardly supposed that he will allow his name to be used; if not, Fremont is their second choice. Gen. Grant who was in town a few days since has returned to the front, and we expect as soon as the mud dries up to hear the echo of his cannon as he takes up his line of march for Richmond. Spring is advancing here, the farmers are at work, peach trees are in blossom, and Plymouth's favorite flower, the trailing arbutus, is found in the woods.

SEMLOH.

Charles Stoddard in Fight at Red River, 3d Cavalry⁷⁵⁰ May 13, 1864

Quartermaster Charles Stoddard, of the Mass. 3d Cavalry, was in the thickest of the fight at the first defeat and rout on Red River but escaped unhurt, and was last heard from at Alexandria.

Letter from Semloh [Holmes spelled backwards], Washington ⁷⁵¹May 14, 1864

Mr. Editor:

The week just past, one of the most eventful in the history of our country, has been one of excitement. Saturday eve tidings reached us of a great battle in Virginia. All day Sunday rumors were flying about of every kind, but all of a hopeful nature. Crowds gathered about the bulletin boards and eagerly seized the "extras" as they were issued. Every one was anxious, but hopeful and confident of success. Monday and Tuesday we were a little doubting, fearing, that as we heard nothing direct from Grant, that it might be the Old Wilderness fight of a year ago with like results; but when the news came in better and better, that we had driven Lee out of the Wilderness, and the pithy dispatch of General Grant that "he intended to fight it out on that line if it took all summer," and later that we had captured 50 pieces of cannon and 10,000 prisoners, every loyal man seemed to be elated with joy, and walked the streets with a firmer and more elastic step than ever. Truly, in the language of one of the despatches from the front, "the world never saw fighting before." For eight days our brave boys have hurled themselves upon the foe with an impetuosity that could not be resisted. Today an official bulletin from the War Department informs us of the success of Sherman, of Butler and of Sheridan – surely the army must feel by this time that it thunders all around. The present week must bring us tidings of yet greater victories; for what can stand against our noble army, now flushed with victory, and under a leader who knows no such word as fail. The War Department are exerting every energy to reinforce Gen. Grant, and troops are pouring down to him in one continuous stream; every man that can be of use is not absolutely wanted elsewhere is sent to the front. Cavalry regiments arriving here without horses are supplied with muskets and sent forward as infantry; the artillery regiments from the forts are served in the same manner. The hundred day men from Ohio are expected in daily, while rumor says that Gen. Pope is on his way with his forces from

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the northwest. It is believed here that Gen. Grant's force is as large now as when he commenced his movements.

While the result attained is glorious, there is yet much more to be accomplished, and the sacrifice is appalling. We can ill afford to lose such brave spirits as Generals Sedgwick, Stevenson and Hayes, and a host of others who have fallen in this conflict. All the week the wounded have been brought in by the steamer from Aquia Creek; but there wounds are mostly of a slight nature thus far, the more severely wounded being left behind at Fredericksburg. Some of those coming up I am sorry to say, are not hurt in the least, but the worst kind of shirkers. So common had this become that they were obliged to put a guard on the landing and examine each man as he came off, which has resulted in the return of a number on each steamer, notwithstanding their heads might be neatly bound up in white cloth, but which on being taken off showed a head without a scratch. A number of officers, were found in this category, who were arrested and sent to the Capitol prison to be court-marshaled, while others were handcuffed and sent to the front.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions are doing a vast amount of good in relieving the suffering of our wounded heroes. A vast amount of stores have been sent to Fredericksburg, with a large number of delegates to attend to the wants of the sufferers, while here among the hospitals their agents are ever busy.

It arouses the indignation of every heart to reflect upon the outrages committed upon our wounded soldiers on their way to Fredericksburg by the guerrillas who fired upon them and took many of them prisoners. Lieut. Bond's case, who is of the 20th Mass., is one that illustrates their character. He was wounded in the jaw, had the ball extracted at Fredericksburg, and was on his way to Bell Plain in an ambulance, when he was fired upon and shot through the left lung and in the lower part of the back, and left by the roadside, where he was found by his father, who came on in search of him when he heard of his first wound. He now lies in a critical condition in this city. While we read of such an outrage as this, we have to reflect that the mayor of Fredericksburg who took 300 of our wounded men prisoners and sent them South, is simply confined in a guard house. Is there not an officer with nerve enough to execute justice on such fellows? If there was a tree or rope handy he should have been allowed to test it. They deserve no mercy.

We have been having very heavy rains for the last two days, which may impede army movements somewhat.

Semloh

1st Mass. Regt. Returns Home⁷⁵² May 27, 1864

If any regiment in the public service has earned an honorable discharge, and a title to the pride and gratitude of its State, that regiment is the First Massachusetts, just arrived home, having fully completed its three years' term. This was the first three years regiment that left the State, and the first in the service of the United States. In its original composition it was chiefly made up of the First Regiment, M. V. M., of which Col. Cowdin was the commander, who went out in command.

The regiment left Camp Cameron for the seat of war on the 15th of June, 1861. It marched through Baltimore on the 17th of June (the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill), being the first regiment that had passed through that city since the attack made on the 6th Mass. regiment on the 19th of April previous.

We know not how many of the 1000 stalwart men who formed the regiment when it left the State are now living. Over 2000 men have been connected with the regiment since its organization, and we are told that but 300 return with the regiment.

These war worn veterans are the representatives of the long line of untried men whose glittering muskets and tidy uniforms and soldierly appearance excited the admiration of our citizens when drawn up on Boston Common three years ago. Upon them and their comrades who have been honorably discharged for disability,

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rests the honors of the regiment. And what a roll of honor it is! The first to open the serious fighting of the war on the day before Bull Run, it has participated in nearly or quite every battle of the Army of the Potomac. It was at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Glendale and Malvern Hill on the peninsula, Kettle Run, Second Bull Run, Chantilly and Fredericksburg in the year 1862, and Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg in 1863. In every battle the Massachusetts First has acquitted itself creditably and its colors have never been touched by a rebel hand. It has suffered severely in killed and wounded in almost every battle. The following is a list of the Field, Staff and Line Officers at present:

Col. N. B. McLaughlin
Major, Gardner Walker
Surgeon, Edward L. Wheston
Adjutant, Charles E. Mudge, wounded
Quartermaster, Miles Farwell
Assistant Surgeon, Isaiah L. Pickard
Chaplain, Warren H. Cudworth
Captains, Ebenezer W. Stone, Charles M. Jordan, Frank W. Carruth, John McDonough, John S. Clark
1st Lieutenants, George Myrick, John S. Wiley, wounded, Frederick F. Dolbeare, William E. Hayward,
George L. Lawrence, William H. Fletcher, William P. Drury
2^d Lieut. Nathaniel Averill

The regiment went out 1046 strong, and has received nearly 1200 recruits. There are now present for duty 21 commissioned officers and 444 enlisted men; present and absent – 30 officers and 565 men, showing a loss of over 1600 men killed, wounded, missing and discharged since the 23rd of May, 1861. The history of the regiment will probably be written, and a concise statement of its achievement be made as soon as possible after it is mustered out.

Letter from Semloh [Horace Holmes], Washington, D.C.⁷⁵³ May 28, 1864

Mr. Editor:

The lull in the operations beyond the Rapidan caused the past week to be one of comparative quiet and free from the excitement pertaining to the movements of the week previous. Some who believed that Grant was going into Richmond without much difficulty are disappointed. Grant has been largely reinforced and is not the man to be turned from his course while there is a chance of success. Every confidence is felt that he will succeed in his object. Lee's retreat across the North Anna indicates that he fears the strategy of Gen. Grant as well as his stubborn fighting qualities.

All the wounded men are being brought up from Fredericksburg, and the most common sight now is a maimed soldier with limbs bandaged. You see them on the streets, on the avenue, at the hotels, in the cars, in the church or theatre; you cannot go amiss of a wounded hero anywhere. Those on the streets are of the slightly wounded, while the hospitals are filled with cases more or less severe, and long trains of ambulances are constantly wending their way through the streets in mournful procession with their precious freight of agony to the hospitals. Mingled with this we have the stirring notes of the drum and fife and the tramp of the stalwart men of Ohio as they march to the front to take the place of those that have fallen or to garrison the forts about the city, thus relieving men who are better schooled in the art of the soldier. The "hundred day men" from Ohio, New York, and other States have been rushing through here with great rapidity. All the heavy artillery from the forts have been sent down, as well as the able bodied in the Veteran Reserve Corps, and the force that Grant now has under him must be even larger than when he commenced his movements.

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[There is more in this letter regarding meeting a friend who was a prisoner of war. This part of the letter can be found in the chapter on Prisoners of War.]

Semloh

Letter from F, Chickahominy, VA, 5th Mass. Battery⁷⁵⁴ June 9, 1864

Near Sumner's Bridge

Memorial and Rock:

The following is the killed and wounded in the 5th Mass. Battery, during the month of June:

June 2d – Frederick D. Alden, killed; Wm. J. Reynolds, wounded

3d – Wm. H. H. Lapham, killed

8th – Wm J. Shurgold, killed; Charles P. Carling, do.' Henry D. Crapoo, leg broke; David Maxey, wounded; Edward F. Smith, collar bone broke; Pasiello Emerson, hand

The battery has seen hard service during the recent engagements and performed its part to the honor of the State.

F.

Letter from Unknown Author, Washington, D.C.⁷⁵⁵ June 16, 1864

Messrs. Editors:

Every loyal person in this city is pleased at the action of the Baltimore Convention in giving us Lincoln and Johnson to rally around in the Presidential contest, now fairly opened. Their satisfaction displayed itself in the grand satisfaction meeting, held on Wednesday eve at the south front of the Patent Office building. It was the greatest demonstration that we have had here for a long time. At an early hour the street in front of the building and all the streets leading thereto from which the speakers could be seen, were filled with an eager and enthusiastic crowd. The whole south front of the building was brilliantly illuminated as was also the post Office building opposite – shedding a light as bright as day upon the sea of upturned faces. The Patent Office is one of the finest and best proportioned of all the public buildings, and when seen by moonlight cannot fail to excite the admiration of the beholder; but when we add to that of the moon the light blazing from every pane of glass in the entire front, it affords a sight truly magnificent. The left of the steps which was used as a rostrum for the speakers was decorated with American flags. Over the heads of the speakers sprang an arch bearing in jets of flame the word Union. Across the lofty pillars of the portico hung emblazoned the names of Lincoln and Johnson; beneath hung graceful festoons of evergreens and flags. On the left was the motto, "I propose to move immediately on your works." Behind the speakers were, "if slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong," - Lincoln. "You should be treated as traitors, tried as traitors, and hung as traitors." – Johnson. On the right of the steps the band was stationed, while the steps were filled with ladies, which added to the beauty of the scene.

The time of commencing was announced by the firing of cannon, the flight of rockets, and fire balloons, and music from the band. The speaking was excellent, by Senator Lane, Gov. Randall of Wisconsin, and others – the audience in good humor and the weather delightful. It was a noteworthy fact that those sentiments were the loudest and most enthusiastically applauded that were for the vigorous prosecution of the war till every rebel was subdued, and slavery, the cause of all our troubles, wiped from the land. The most radical expressions were endorsed the most heartily, and this in this city, where three years ago I was hardly safe to

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speak a word against the peculiar institution. The meeting was held under the auspices of the citizens of the place. The various Union Leagues of the different States are making arrangements for another grand meeting in a short time.

The people are thoroughly aroused to the importance of re-electing Mr. Lincoln, and will enter into the canvas with a determination to win. That the contest will be a severe one is shadowed forth in the position the opposition are taking. Nothing would be too low or mean for them to attempt. They have already invented some of the vilest slanders against the candidates that no respectable man would harbor for a moment.

Grant is still thundering at the gates of Richmond. Today the cheering news reaches us that he has successfully crossed the James, captured Petersburg, and is approaching the doomed city from the south. Those friends of General McClellan that were continually harping that Grant was compelled to approach the city on his old line, are a little disappointed and taken aback by this last move. Every one here is confident and hopeful.

Yesterday this whole community was shocked by one of those dreadful catastrophes which [s]lapped the stoutest hearts, but which of late have become so frequent. About noon an explosion was heard at the United States arsenal, at the foot of 4 ½ street, and the buildings were soon wrapped in flames. The scene that presented itself was heart-rending in the extreme. Many persons leaped from the windows, breaking their limbs as they fell; some badly burned ran wildly for a place of safety, while the friends of those who were in the burning pile, ran frantically about striving to gain information of their friends and relatives, who were then in agony of death.

As soon as the fire was subdued, workmen commenced moving the debris to find the bodies of the unfortunates. The bodies of twenty young ladies were taken from the ruins but so burned and charred as not to be recognized.

The cause of the accident was the explosion of some stars for rockets that were placed in iron pans in the sun to dry. The fire quickly communicated to the room where seventy young women were employed filling cartridges, which immediately exploded with the above results. The coroner's jury have rendered a verdict that it was the result of gross carelessness.

Congress is now holding night sessions, striving to finish up the business, that the members may go to their homes, that this extreme hot weather remind them of. They succeeded in repealing the fugitive slave law, but the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery failed to receive the two-thirds vote necessary in the House, and is therefore laid over for the present.

Isaac Perkins, from your town, of the 23d regiment, is at the Campbell hospital, wounded in the shoulder, but doing well.

Charles Stoddard Promoted to Captain, 3d Cavalry⁷⁵⁶ June 24, 1864

We notice among the appointments made at the State House the last week the name of Lieut. Charles B. Stoddard, of Plymouth, to be captain of the 3d Mass. Cavalry. It will give the friends of Lieut. Stoddard pleasure to know that he has filled the arduous duties of Quartermaster with success, and great satisfaction to his regiment, and that his promotion to a captaincy was recommended for special merit in the field.

Our Wounded⁷⁵⁷ June 24, 1864

Since the death of young [John K., 36th Regt.] Alexander our wounded in the recent battles have been doing well, many of them rapidly.

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James Holbrook [36th Regt.] had a "lively time" exchanging half a dozen shots, while skirmishing, with sharp shooters in a tree. When lying on his back he raised foot to "draw fire," but not getting it down quick enough the reb put a ball through it. Holbrook kicked some and secesh thought he was used up when coming out from his cover Holbrook shot him dead, besides two other telling shots after he was wounded. In some of the charges at the Wilderness, our men, having lost their guns in the fray, pulled the rebs out of the trenches by their hair and punching them senseless with their fists threw them one side to grab another.

Alonzo Perry [58th Regt.] passed through all the battles safe, but was shot while on picket duty. The captain writes that though severely wounded he staid at his post long enough to kill the reb sharp shooter who winged him first.

Jonathan Parker, of Plympton [58th Regt.], was shot through the hip and was left in the swamp among the dead, dying and decaying bodies of his comrades for two days. The horrors of suffering he witnessed are beyond description. He is in a Washington Hospital and doing well. Collector Loring visited him in answer to a summons by telegraph.

Death of Edwin F Hall, 58th Regt., Co. D⁷⁵⁸ June 24, 1864

A YOUNG HERO. Edwin F. Hall, son of Mr. Eber W. Hall, was but sixteen years old last February, when he earnestly desired and gained the consent of his parents to enlist in Co. D, 58th Reg't Mass. Vols. He nobly performed his duty in several battles, but fell a youthful martyr in the recent severe battle of Shady Grove church, near Richmond.

[Shady Grove church was part of the Battle of Cold Harbor]

Antipas Brigham Missing After Skirmish, 1st Vt Cavalry⁷⁵⁹ July 22, 1864

Antipas Brigham, formerly a resident of our town, is missing from the – 1st Vermont Cavalry, since its return from Wilson's raid to the Danville Railroad. He was last seen in the middle of a bridge over which our squadron made a desperate charge to prevent being surrounded. Mr. Brigham has distinguished himself for bravery and coolness through the whole war, and in him the country loses a brave and fearless defender. He had long been clerk of the company, and was held in high regard by his comrades.

Update on Charles Stoddard, 3d Cavalry⁷⁶⁰ August 5, 1864

Capt. Charles Stoddard has arrived at Bermuda Hundred as acting Brigade Quartermaster of Gen. Molineaux's Brigade, in the 10th Corps.

Capt. S. writes that his regiment, the 3d Mass cavalry, are on their way, and overdue, with horses and equipage. The Government seems to be transferring all its available forces from Bank's Department to the Army of the Potomac.

Letter from EML [Edmund Leach], Fort Berry, VA 3d Heavy Artillery⁷⁶¹ August 9, 1864

Head Quarters 3d Unattached Co.

Mr. Editor:

This company left Fort Independence on the 3d of May, having been ordered to report to Washington, and arrived in Washington on the 6th, and immediately went into Barracks No. 2. Ordered soon to Fort Foote, which is one of the defences of Washington and Alexandria, and is situated on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Our stay here was of short duration, for we were ordered to report at the Arlington House, the headquarters of De Russey's division, to which we were attached. From there we proceeded to Fort Barnard, where

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we were detained a few days, and then removed to our present position, Fort Berry, which is one of the pleasantest places on the line. Berries of all kinds grow in abundance, and we are surrounded by orchards of apples and peaches, which are free for the boys to gather, and they are not slow at picking them, I can assure you. The forts on this line are principally garrisoned by one hundred days men, mostly from Ohio. Our drill is somewhat different from what we were accustomed to in Boston Harbor, being similar to light artillery in the field. The company have taken it up with a will, as if determined to learn it, and have succeeded far beyond the expectations of our officers, and gained the name of being the best drilled of any along the line; also, of having the cleanest fort, and being the cleanest company of any whereabouts.

At the time of the raid into Maryland, we received orders to be in readiness for attack; and like good soldiers from the old Bay State, we were in readiness, and the rebels would have received a warm reception from Fort Berry, if from no other place; but they did not come this way, so we had no chance to try our fighting qualities. But Massachusetts will never have cause to be ashamed of the 3d Co. H. A. [Heavy Artillery]; for, although we do not by right belong out here, but were enlisted for Boston Harbor, yet we came without a murmur, and have tried to do our duty. We expect to be ordered home soon, for we consider we are out here for only one hundred days, and the boys are in high spirits in anticipation of soon being at home; but I fear we shall be disappointed, and be obliged to stop a hundred days more, if not the remainder of our term of service.

It is quite uncertain when we shall be paid off, but hope it will be soon.

E. M. L.

Death of Horace Holmes, 45th Regt.⁷⁶² August 26, 1864

We were pained to hear of the sudden death of this estimable young man at Washington last week. We was seized with the prevailing complaint of the season while engaged as clerk in the Quartermaster's Department in that city. During his stay there, our readers frequently read his notes over the signature of Selma [Semloh?]. He served nine months in the 45th Regiment, at Newbern and vicinity. He was disabled from further active service by a bullet through the shoulder, at the battle of Kinston.

[Semloh is Holmes spelled backwards]

Letter from EML [Edmund Leach], 3d Heavy Artillery⁷⁶³ August 31, 1864

Headquarters 3d Unattached Co.

Mr. Editor:

There is no news of importance here at present, but the latter part of last week there was quite a stir, caused by a rumor that the rebels were within eight miles and marching in the direction of this line of forts. So the assembly was beat, and again the 3d Co. manned the guns, ready for action; and you can rest assured that if the rebels had made their appearance, they would have met with a warm reception from us. But the rumor was not altogether unfounded; for it was Mosby, with 300 men and two pieces of artillery, trying to dislodge a portion of the 16th N. Y. Cavalry, who were defending a stockade at Anandale. The fight continued for three-quarters of an hour, when Mosby retired. After remaining at our guns for a half an hour, we were ordered to remain in camp and be ready for any emergency. But quietness soon reigned in our midst, which has not since been broken.

The paymaster has been here, and "greenbacks" are quite plenty just now; but they will not last long, save with a few, for here, as in many portions of our army, gambling seems to be the chief amusement of many, for some time after pay day. And here let me remark that its ruinous effects can be seen even in our midst. Young men who would be ashamed to have their parents know how they spend their time and money, can be seen on

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a beautiful Sunday morning wending their way to a grove close by, to gamble. And these young men, no doubt, before they left the parental roof, promised a fond mother they would never gamble or desecrate God's holy day. To be sure, we have no chaplain here, yet I think the Sabbath could be spent to more advantage than quarrelling over the gaming board.

The health of the company is not in all respects so good as usual. There is a few cases of intermittent fever, though not serious. There have been two cases of light typhoid fever; one is at the post, and the other was sent to the hospital yesterday. But humor-sores seem to prevail to a great extent, caused no doubt by eating fat pork, which is served out to us by government, and which we are obliged to eat or go hungry.

We have a temperance society organized here. It is called the Bay State Volunteer Temperance Society No. 1, a branch of the U. S. A. Temperance Union. Our society has been formed about four weeks, and numbers forty-five members, who seem determined that temperance shall rule this company, and already a great change has come over it for the better. We meet every Monday evening to transact business and do whatever may tend to help along the cause, and we trust that when we return we shall be a company of teetotalers, and do credit to the State whose name we bear. But we need one thing more, and that is an anti-gambling society. Then it could truly be said of us – that is a model company indeed.

E. M. L.

Kenelm Robbins Wounded, 2d Cavalry⁷⁶⁴ October 7, 1864

Lieut. Kenelm Robbins, of the 2d U. S. Cavalry, was severely wounded in the neck and hip in one of the recent battles in the Shenandoah. We understand he is now at home and doing well. Lieut. R. graduated last year at West Point, and immediately joined Sheridan's command, sharing in all its daring raids and gallant charges.

Death of Lucien Perkins, Newbern, NC⁷⁶⁵ October 28, 1864

As we go to press, news comes of the death of Lucien Perkins, brother of C. A. S. Perkins, at Newbern, of yellow fever. Mr. Perkins was Captain of Co. H, 3d Mass. Infantry at Fortress Monroe. He afterwards volunteered and was commissioned as Adjutant of the 3d Regt. at Newbern. He was a young man of fine address and superior abilities, whose death darkens the gloom already shrouding the hearts of his afflicted parents.

Charles Stoddard Courage in Battle, 3d Cavalry⁷⁶⁶ November 18, 1864

Deserved Thanks.

We have seen a Special Order from the Comd'g General complimenting Capt. Charles Stoddard, Brigade Quartermaster, for his coolness, energy and courage in saving his entire train from capture by the rebels during the route of our forces, in the morning, at the battle of Cedar Creek.

Capt. S. had his train parked near the front, and rode out with the staff, finding the enemy in full force. Riding hastily back, he ordered the train to retreat, but it encountered a train of rebel cavalry which had flanked them, who commence shouting at the mules. Capt. S. drew his pistols from the holster and shot the leader, and our infantry checked them until he made a detour of the town, filled with the enemy, and regained the main road two miles to the rear, losing but one wagon.

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Kenelm Robbins Commissioned 1st Lieut., 5th Cavalry⁷⁶⁷ November 25, 1864

PROMOTED. Lieut. Kenelm Robbins, of the 5th Regular U.S. Cavalry, has received a commission as 1st Lieutenant in the same Regiment, (Colonel Emery, now Brigadier General of Volunteers.)

Lieut. Robbins has seen more service than usually falls to the lot of a West Pointer, in the first year after graduation, having followed Sheridan in all his campaigns with the Potomac Army. Promotion in the regular service comes by merit, and not from influential or political friendship.

Death of Joseph Burgess, 5th NH⁷⁶⁸ December 22, 1864

RASCALLY PROCEEDING. A few weeks since, Joseph Burgess, a well-known, inoffensive, simple-minded young man, was decoyed from home by some villainous substitute runner, and enlisted in the 5th Reg. N. H. The kidnapper took all his bounty and pay. Last week, his parents received a letter from the Chaplain of the Regiment informing them of his death at Mount Pleasant Hospital, in Washington. We hope the rascal will be ferreted out, force to disgorge his ill-gotten gains, and severely punished. His sickness was caused by sudden cold from exposure, while with the regiment.

E L Robbins Appointed to Commissary Department, 19th Army Corps⁷⁶⁹ December 22, 1864

Lt. Edward L. Robbins, has been appointed to the Commissary Department of the 19th Army Corps, 1st Division, now with Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah. The sudden death of his father-in-law, Mr. Wm. Paulding, prevented his reporting for duty on the 17th inst.

Buck, Brigham, Crandon, Walcott Return Home⁷⁷⁰ January 13, 1865

Home Again.

Lieut. Frederick Buck arrived home on Saturday last, on a furlough, having been severely wounded in a skirmish near Chapin's Farm, on the James River.

Lieut. Buck enlisted in the Fourth Mass. Cavalry, but was promoted, and transferred to the 1st U. S. Infantry (colored) and is much respected by officers and men.

Our old friend, Antipas Brigham, of the 1st Vt. Cavalry, is in town, looking bright and cheerful as usual. He gives an account of the rebel prisons at Andersonville, Ga. where he was imprisoned for a long time. Acting Sergt. Major Sanford Crandon of the 38th Mass. Vol., is at home on a ten days furlough. We hope soon to see him mount the shoulder straps. He has fairly earned them.

We had the pleasure of an introduction to Capt. Walcott, of the 16th Illinois Cavalry, who was taken prisoner at Jonesville, Tenn., January 3d, 1864, and from thence taken to Savannah, and from there to Charleston, and was exchanged November 10th, 1864. He is now on a visit to his friends in town, trying to regain his health. The Captain does not look as if he would be fit for duty very soon. The last year must have been to him a year of suffering such as but few men experience.

Death of Charles Wadsworth, 12th Regt.⁷⁷¹ February 10, 1865

A True Patriot

Mr. Editor:

In the long list of victims of cruelty and oppression in rebel prisons we doubt whether there has been a more earnest and devoted patriot than Charles Wadsworth, information of whose death has recently been received. Having had the best opportunity of knowing the spirit with which he entered the service of his country, we cannot allow the announcement of his death to pass without a slight tribute to his memory. He

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was one of the only three men who have been drafted from Plymouth into the army. Of these, Wadsworth and Bumpus have died, and the third, a slave recently released from captivity [Thomas Dexter⁷⁷²] at the time of his draft, has not for many months been heard from.

In the many conversations, which we had with Wadsworth at the time of his draft, we felt that he was imbued with the truest republican spirit. Letters which we had the pleasure of receiving from him while in camp breathed the same noble enthusiasm and these we shall take pleasure in perusing as records of the convictions of a genuine republican soldier. He had no desire to enter the service as a volunteer; but as a citizen he considered it his first duty, if required, to defend his country. Under our form of government he believed every man to be a soldier when his flag was in danger; and though he would not offer his services, he was ready when his name was called. He was not a young man of rugged constitution, and he believed himself unfit to encounter the exposures and hardships of the camp and field; but his sense of duty forbade his questioning the decision of the examining surgeon, and if pronounced by those in authority fit for service, he was ready and willing. With abundant means to commute his draft or purchase a substitute, he was unwilling to attempt any escape of his duties as a citizen, and it is our firm conviction that he left his family and friends and the scenes of his childhood and youth with no expectation of ever revisiting them.

For some months after entering the service he was employed at Galloupes Island, under the direction of General Devens, then in command, in the execution of duties requiring a faithful and vigilant man. It is a source of no little satisfaction to the writer of this notice that he was instrumental in detaining him for so long a time from the more arduous duties in the field, to the performance of which he was satisfied that his physical strength was unequal. A positive order from the War Department, finally compelled the General, against his own inclinations, to forward him, with all other drafted men, to the front, and he was assigned to the 12th Regiment of Massachusetts, then in front of Petersburg. In one of the any attacks and counter attacks made by the opposing forces during the last Fall, he was taken prisoner, and sent to Salisbury, N. C., from which place news of his death was last week received. The sacrifice of such men, which every community is called upon to deplore, impresses us more and more with the religious seriousness of the struggle in which we are engaged, and our only consolation is the hope that the thoroughness of our final triumph with its attendant result of freedom, peace, and a sanctified Union shall be such that the sacrifice shall not have been made in vain.

Tribute to Charles Wadsworth, 12th Regt.⁷⁷³ February 10, 1865

We call attention to the friendly tribute to the memory of another victim of savage Satanic barbarity, young Wadsworth. We knew him well, and his noble brother, who has gone before him. Well did he merit the words of praise from the pen of one who has had more intimate relations with our soldiers in the field, knows more of their circumstances, their character and brave deeds, and has burdened his leisure hours with more unpaid services in behalf of their families, their business, promotions, pay, bounties, and pensions than any other, and we may safely say all other, citizens of Plymouth together.

Young Men's Literary Institute Tribute to Wadsworth, 12th Regt.⁷⁷⁴ February 17, 1865

A Tribute to the Memory of Charles Wadsworth

Members and friends of the Young Men's Literary Institute:

The past week has brought to us tidings of national redemption; has heralded the day of a glorious peace, which when achieved shall be enduring, because founded upon eternal justice; has given us great cause for gratitude, and with all our loyal countrymen we give God thanks. But to us as a society, and as individuals, yet other messages have reached us, messages of saddening import from the land of sorrow, of cruel suffering and aching hearts. That day which heralded the gladsome joyous tidings of a regenerated people, brought to us the

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announcement of the departure of one whose great heart had ever beat responsive to true words in defense of those eternal principles, and whose vigorous arm had performed manly deeds for his country and his God.

All or nearly all of us knew him well; but to those of us whose privilege it was to enjoy a personal friendship, and who for so many years have met him in the Institute, to us who knew the truth, the hearty earnest purpose of our friend and brother, to us who had seen and felt and known so well that genial, noble, brave and loving heart, this blow has come, leaving us in gloomy shadow, and we can but feel in our inmost hearts the poet's words most keenly, and say to the dear departed as we see him in every waking moment,

“Gone before us, Oh! Our brother,
To that better land;
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.”

How, during the past five months have we waited in expectancy and hope to hear tidings of his return or release from that bondage of barbarism. How as each day has brought before us the daily record of passing events, we have strained our eyes to behold his name among the released, exchanged, or paroled, and as day after day we have laid it down with minds unrelieved, how earnestly have we hoped that the cruel bondage and torture of hunger and suffering might prove unequal to the task of destroying that familiar form and silencing his manly voice. And now at last, the sad words reach us, and as once more we read his name – now among the long list of martyrs – our hopes depart, and leave us the saddening thought that no more on field, in wood, in boat, in shop, home, of hall of Institute shall we share the companionship which it was so long our privilege to enjoy with him; and these thoughts follow us and will not away, even could we desire it. What a manly life was his, we inwardly say, and repeat again and again. How often has the demon of intemperance felt his indignant protest and rebuke. How have oppression, intolerance, selfishness and miserly covetousness been made the theme of his earnest remonstrance and denunciation. And now "Where's Wadsworth" we shall hear no more. We need not to ask, for all who believe that rewards hereafter awaits the truly just, feel that his mansion is known indeed.

One whose eloquent words were often the theme of our friend's remark and conversation said of a departed co-laborer in the cause of freedom words which may we not fitly quote: "He has passed on we linger! That other world seems more and more near to us as friend after friend enters it. Soon more are there, than on this side; soon our hearts are more than half there. God tenderly sunders the few ties which bind us. So live that when called to join that other assembly we may feel that we are passing from an apprenticeship of thought and feeling to a higher teacher above."

Members and friends, with thoughts and remembrances like these crowding thick upon us, we submit this, with the subjoined resolution to your action:

Resolved, That in death of our brother Charles Wadsworth, we of this association have lost one of our most devoted and earnest workers, a community a most valued member, a family one of its brightest ornaments, and our country a noble, true, brave and Christian patriot citizen and soldier.

Resolved, That to the family which has so recently experienced so much affliction we tender our earnest sympathies, feeling that in some degree we may be able to understand and appreciate their sorrows, and can most deeply know the grief which it has been their lot to bear, especially in this bereavement which so deeply concerns us as a society and as individuals.

Resolved, That the foregoing be entered upon the records of the Institute, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of our friend.

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Charles Stoddard Promoted, 3d Cavalry⁷⁷⁵ February 24, 1865

We understand that Lieut. Charles B. Stoddard, of the 3d Cavalry, has been nominated by the President as Assistant Quartermaster with the rank of Captain. The Lieutenant has won his promotion by gallantry in the field.

Men Serving in the Navy

Chapter 10

Men Serving in the Navy

Introduction

Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War⁷⁷⁶ introduces the role of the Navy in the war as follows: “The expansion of our Naval establishment immediately after the outbreak of the Civil War demanded a correspondingly large increase in its officer personnel. Hundreds of ships and craft of all kinds which could be converted into war vessels were secured by purchase or charter or otherwise and added to the Navy. Each vessel so acquired demanded its full complement of officers and men. The seamen were secured by enlistment, the officers by appointment, and as temporary volunteer officers they had the term “acting” prefixed to their rank.”

Plymouth received credit against their military quota for 177 men in the Navy. Fifty-two of those men are named in this Chapter were mentioned in Plymouth newspapers (Churchill, Ransom, and Wright being from other towns). Another fifty-five Plymouth men are named as serving in the Navy by William T. Davis in *History of the Town of Plymouth....*⁷⁷⁷ In addition to these 104 men, Plymouth received credit for seventy-two men in the Navy whose town of origin is not Plymouth. The list of all 177 men can be found in [Appendix B](#).

Several letters discuss the capture of ships running the naval blockades and the prizes taken as a result of the capture. One account of the capture of the *Swan* by the *Amanda* projects that Nathaniel Goodwin would receive about \$10,000 as his share in the sale of the *Swan* and its cargo. The following describes how captured ships were processed by prize courts⁷⁷⁸:

“When a ship was captured... [the ship and crew] was physically escorted to the nearest location in which a prize court might be sitting [New York, Key West, and New Orleans].

“... If the prize court held the capture to have been lawful... the consequence was that the ship, together with all of its cargo, was confiscated, with legal title passing to the captor state.”

List of Men in the Navy

A Roll of Plymouth Volunteers in the Navy.⁷⁷⁹

[See Appendix B for entire list of men serving in the navy.]

Name		Rank	Ship
Allen	Sherman	Mate	Powhatan
Ashport	Albert	Seaman	USS Constellation
Atwood	Alexander B.	Mate	<i>Chocorua</i> (gunboat)
Baker	Edward	Act Lt, Master	Pocahontas (gunboat), Kennebec
Bartlett	Cornelius	Ensign	Sagamore, Saginaw
Bartlett	Victor A.	Sailmaker	USS Housatonic
Brown	William	Seaman	USS Constellation
Campbell	Charles W.	Mate	USS Valley City

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Chandler	John Brown	Seaman	Brooklyn
Churchill	Alexander L.	3d Asst. Eng.	USS Emma
Cox	William R.	Mate, Ensign	Richmond, Amaranthus
Dunham	Robert	Ordinary Seaman	Ohio
Field	James	Seaman	
Finney	Alvin	Master	Racer
Finney	Elkanah C.	Mate	Ship Santiago de Cuba
Finney	George	Master	St. Mary's
Finney	Robert E.	Mate	Kensington (gunboat)
Fisher	John	Seaman	
Fuller	Augustus H.	Mate, Ensign	San Jacinto (sloop of war), Roebuck, Magnolia, Hendrick Hudson, Honduras
Goodwin	Ezra S.	Master	JL Davis , St. Lawrence, and flagship Hartford, Diana, Kansas, Atlanta, Canonicus, Mohican
Goodwin	Nathaniel	Act Lt	Amanda (gunboat), So. Carolina, Cimarron, Monadnock
Gray	William	Seaman	
Hathaway	Edward W.	Seaman	
Holbrook	Eliphalet	Mate	South Carolina
Holmes	George H.	Master	St. Mary's
Howland	Lemuel C. Jr.	Mate	<i>San Jacinto</i> (sloop of war)
Hoxie	William	Mate	Maratanza
Jenness (Jennen)	George H.	Seaman	Hartford (Flagship Mississippi)
Leach	Franklin S.	Mate	Kensington (gunboat), Clover
Leach	Phineas	Master	Wachusett (Sloop of war), North Carolina
Leonard	William W.	Mate, ensign	Chocorua (gunboat), Crusader
Lunan ^{780,781}	Amos	Landsman	USS Constellation, St. Lawrence
Lynch	James B.	Seaman	USS Sabine
Manter	Everett	Mate	Racer (schooner), Mortar fleet, Iron Age, Montgomery
Maxey	William H.	Seaman	
McGann	Owen	Seaman	
Melix	Bache	Seaman	
Morrissey	John	Ensign	Chickasaw
Morse	John A.	Seaman	
Morton	Frank T.	Assist Pay	Gunboat Ino, Princess Royal
Parsons	John	Seaman	
Ransom	Harvey C.	Master's Mate	Onward, Antona
Rickard	Henry	Captain	
Sears	Thomas B. Jr.	Acting Master	Chocorua (gunboat), Ethan Allen, Owasco
Sylvester	William	Seaman	USS North Carolina, USS Richmond
Townsend	E. F.	Seaman	
Turner	E. S.	Pilot, Master, Act Mstr.	Wanderer
Turner	(Stevens?)		
Turner	Frank W.	Mate	Ottawa, Sumter
Whiting	Adoniram Jr.	Mate	Katahdin (gunboat), Potomac
Whitmore	Henry C.	Mate	Racer, Don
Whittemore	John	Master	USS Kinso
Wilson	Joseph H	Seaman	USS Constellation, USS San Jacinto, USS St. Lawrence

Men Serving in the Navy

Wright Joseph Seaman Sloop of war *Brooklyn*

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth (misc. Companies)

The Plymouth men from who were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner while serving in the Navy:

Bartlett	Victor A.	Prisoner	Aboard <i>Housatonic</i> , Ft. Sumter,	Sept. 8, 1863
		Died	Salisbury Prison, NC	Mar. 25, 1864
Dunham	Robert	Died	Alexandria, VA	Nov. 10, 1861
Hathaway	Edward	Wounded	Aboard <i>Sciota</i> , Vicksburg, MS	June 28, 1862
Turner	E.S.	Died of paralysis	Aboard <i>Relief</i> , Rio De Janeiro	Aug. 28, 1864
Turner	Frank W.	Prisoner	Aboard <i>Sumter</i>	May 11, 1862
Whittemore	John	Died from yellow fever	Aboard Rhode Island	Aug. 29, 1862

Letters and Articles from the Navy

E S Turner and Edward Baker Appointed Acting Masters⁷⁸² June 1, 1861

Capt. E. S. Turner, of Plymouth, has been appointed Acting Master and Pilot in the U. S. Navy, for the mouth of the Mississippi, and the coast of Alabama, and West Florida. Capt. Turner left home yesterday morning for New York, from which place he will probably sail in a few days.

Capt. Edward Baker, of Plymouth, has also been commissioned Acting Master in the Navy, and is to be detailed for the Transporting service off Washington Navy Yard.

Phineas Leach Appointed Master⁷⁸³ August 31, 1861

Capt. Phineas Leach, of this town, has been appointed Master, and attached to the steamer *Mercedita*, now fitting for sea at New York.

Nathaniel Goodwin Appointed Acting Lieut.⁷⁸⁴ September 7, 1861

Capt. Nathaniel Goodwin of this town has been appointed acting Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and is to command one of the vessels recently purchased and which is about to leave New York.

Letter from EB [Edward Baker], Aboard Steamer *Pocahontas*, Port Royal, SC⁷⁸⁵ Nov. 9, 1861

Letter from the Naval Expedition

Dear -:

As I have a little news to communicate which I know will do you good, I propose to let you know how the old flag is behaving down this way. I have, as you see, left that detestable Potomac river. I should have been sorry indeed to have seen the river closed, with all those armed vessels on it, before I got off. We went off in dashing style. Drayton, our captain, is the bravest of the brave. He is a South Carolinian, but hates slavery as much as you do. Coming down the Potomac, (he having just joined the ship) we slammed away at Evansport, dropping a ten inch shell right into the port. We ran down to Maryland Point, when hearing firing astern, turned and ran up river again till we met the *Seminole* with mizzen mast gone, main stay shot away, and hulled in several places. We had "stirred up the monkeys" truly, but they were not ready for us, and could not fire before we were out of range. Poor old *Seminole*, she started ahead of us that morning, we passed her, run her out of sight, firing on the enemy all the way down, where they were reported to be at work, we could not see

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them, and she took all the blows. Many a jolly laugh we had at her expense afterwards, and the best of it all was, nobody was hurt.

We went down to Hampton Roads, and stood picket guard several nights off Sewall's Point, when all things being ready, we, in a fleet of about fifty vessels, of almost every kind, from a steam frigate to a ferry boat of steamers; and of sailing vessels, from the *Great Republic*, to schooners, sailed for some unknown destination. No one on board but the captain, knew where we were bound, I am confident. We had very heavy weather, got separated from the fleet, and did not make the land till the morning of the glorious 7th of Nov. (we sailed on the 29th ult., from Old Point.)

At daylight on the 7th, we were off Tybee Tight, entrance to Savannah river. A schooner was in the offing standing in, and a steamer saucily flying that detestable Secesh rag, would most undoubtedly have taken her a prize, had we not been there, as it was nearly calm. The schooner stood off on and on, and the steamer ran in under the land, so we turned our attention to the former. As we ran up the stars and stripes, she paid no heed to it, which looked queer to us, and every one was on tiptoe on board. We beat to quarters, and fired a 32 lb. shell across her bow. She did not seem to care much for it, but bent on her colors, hoisted them in such a manner that we could not make them out at all, and she ran directly for us. The captain gave me orders to fire my little rifle gun at her, which I did, but did not hit her. She seemed bent on closing with us, a fine large schooner – and just then as we gave her another 32, the flag blew out, and showed the stripes instead of the bars. The captain sent me on board to look at her papers, and it proved to be the "*Western Star*," Capt. Crowell, a Boston vessel belonging to the squadron. He seemed very little concerned, and is a nice fellow, but he very nearly got a 32 lb. shell in his vessel. He was below, and his mate did not call him. We took the schooner in tow and commenced coaling ship as we were nearly out of coal; but as we ran up the coast, we heard the boom of heavy ordnance, and soon the white smoke of battle became visible in the distance. No more coaling ship then, I assure you. The schooner was cast off immediately, boats got alongside and run up in a twinkling, our tow was dropped, and every pound of steam put on. Officers and men fearful we should be too late, all eager and expectant; I thought we should get as big a slice as we wished for before we got through, and expressed such an opinion to the rest, but I wouldn't have had the *Pocoy* [*Pocahontas*] turn back for anything; still I tell you, as you approach in the distance in plain view of a battle, and see a fleet of ships belching forth death, and receiving the same coin back from two powerful forts, one on each side of the river, it makes one think of his friends. Still I did not see one cheek blanch among our wardroom officers, or see any sign whatever of fear, that I am aware of. All were eager to get there, and soon we passed the fleet of transports, which were anchored outside, and out of range of the guns, receiving as we dashed past, the cheers of 15,000 troops. The little *Pocoy* must have looked pretty, as she sprang forward to face that fire. She is a perfect yacht of about 700 tons, but so symmetrical in build that she looks little over half as large.

The fleet were inside all of them firing at long range. They had passed this galling cross fire together, but we were alone, in view of both fleets, and as we approached they held their fire in the forts on both sides of the river. We didn't wait on the "let us alone" principle, but as soon as we could bring our ten inch pivot to bear, pitched into fort Walker, which held its fire till we came right in good range, when they most incontinently pitched into us, showering grape, rifle shot, &c., around us in a most *dodgical* manner. (This is an original word, but very expressive of the sensation created in the muscular part of us poor mortals, when we first come under fire.) There is no cowardice or fear in it, but you hear a ball whizzing right for your head; in this case we didn't know which side they came from, but our natural senses are rendered so acute at such a time that we can tell just when it is near us, just when to dodge, and all who are not working guns (all at first) dodge low just when it passes overhead. I was astonished to see the perfect indifference displayed, or rather delight, of my guns' crew. I have in my division three guns – two 32s and a rifle Edgcombe. The captain of my 3s is as

Men Serving in the Navy

brave, and as cool as a lion, and active as a tiger. He fired better than any one else on board, and the Commodore complimented us on making the best shooting of any vessel in the fleet!

One rifle shot struck our mainmast, taking half of it away, but providentially it did not fall, but threw a shower of splinters among us. Had it gone an inch more forward, I think the mast would have fallen directly on my guns' crew; we stood directly under it. We had our main boom topping hit also shot away and foretopmast staysail halliards. We were probably ten or fifteen minutes under this galling fire, during which time we blazed away defiantly from both sides. Capt. Drayton stood on the poop, watching the shell as they struck, and calling out "a little higher," or "a little lower," "that's a good shot," perfectly delighted as the latter expression escaped his lips, of course.

We cannot always see the shell when they burst, on account of the smoke not blowing clear of the muzzle of the gun in time. As soon as we got inside, out of range of the fort on Bay Point, starboard entrance, we hauled in so near the Hilton Head for, that we got ground for a few minutes, and then we made some of the prettiest firing that day. We could see all the shell when they burst, we got a perfect range, and although late, we got the last heavy work from fort Walker. They sustained our fire awhile, (there were three gun-boats with us, but we were nearest as we came in last and took the liberty to take the inside position, as the flag ship let us go where we pleased,) when we saw them dodging behind the trees, running at top speed, and soon we saw a large squad, probably half a regiment, flouncing through a marsh in a most unchivalrous manner, perfectly unmanageable – just like sheep. I really pitied the poor fellows. But the most romantic part of the whole thing was, that Captain Drayton's brother had command, - Gen. Drayton. A cousin or nephew of his was colonel here, and another relative was here beside! Isn't he a patriot, to come thus to his own home? After the fight was over I felt glad to offer up a fervent thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, who had not permitted a man to be injured on board.

Throughout the fleet about seven men were killed, and several wounded – I don't know how many.

I have not time to write much more now as the mail leaves this afternoon, but the result of the action was truly the beneficial of any yet. We took on fort Walker seventeen splendid guns, two of them were cast in Richmond this year; on the opposite side of the river we took seven splendid, very heavy guns, and yesterday the soldiers took the flying artillery and a few prisoners. I talked with some of them yesterday. They left everything in their fight in the forts, tents, camp equipage, gold watches, swords, money, and important letters. They knew we were coming to this place, two weeks ago – knew the day we intended to attack the place. Ah! Treachery! Where is it?

But I must close with the hope that I may be enabled to hear from you before long.

Yours truly, E. B.

Frank W Turner Appointed Master's Mate⁷⁸⁶ November 23, 1861

Frank W. Turner, son of E. S. Turner, of this town, has been appointed Master's Mate in the Navy.

William W Leonard Escapes from Secessia⁷⁸⁷ November 23, 1861

Mr. William W. Leonard, of this town (Chiltonville) arrived home last week, from the coast of Texas, where he was stationed on board a light ship, previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, and from whence he was obliged to flee or join the rebel army. He made his escape one dark night in a small sail boat, and succeeded in getting safely aboard the U. S. ship *South Carolina*, then employed in the blockade.

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WW Leonard Appointed Master's Mate⁷⁸⁸ December 5, 1861

W. W. Leonard of this town, has been appointed Master's Mate, in the Navy and will sail from the Charlestown Navy Yard in one of the new gun boats.

WH Maxey Injured Aboard *Essex*⁷⁸⁹ February 15, 1862

SCALDED - Wm. H. Maxey, formerly of this town, was badly scalded in the gunboat *Essex*, at the engagement at the capture of Fort Henry. We hope to learn of his speedy recovery.

Navy Assignments⁷⁹⁰ February 22, 1862

IN THE NAVY - Thomas B. Sears, acting master, William W. Leonard and Alexander P. Atwood, master's mates, have been detailed for duty on board the gun-boat *Chocorua*. F. S. Leach and Robert Finney, master's mates on board the *Kensington*. Phineas Leach, acting master, on board the *Wachusett*, and A. H. Fuller and [Lemuel C.] Howland, master's mates, on board the *San Jacinto*. All these are Plymouth men who will make their mark.

Holbrook, Whittemore, Allen Appointed Acting Master's Mates⁷⁹¹ March 29, 1862

PERSONAL - Eliphalet Holbrook, John Whittemore, and Sherman Allen of this town, have been appointed Acting Master's mates in the U. S. Navy.

Capt. Henry Rickard Home on Furlough⁷⁹² April 5, 1862

Personal.

Capt. Henry Rickard, of this town, who has been acting as pilot in the expedition of Gen. Burnside, returned home on a furlough of a few days last week. He describes the storm at Hatteras as being terrific. The boat upon which Capt. Rickard was at the time, worked so that steam escaped from the seams of her boilers. Capt. R. has done good service in his capacity as pilot, and as an evidence that he was appreciated he was refused his discharge when many others were dismissed in the same service.

Letter from Ezra S. Goodwin, Mississippi Squadron, Aboard *Hartford*⁷⁹³ June 5, 1862

Mr. Perkins:

Sir:

Thinking perhaps the friends of those belonging to Plymouth, now in this fleet would be happy to hear from them, after our fight on the morning of the 2d of June, I hasten to give you a short sketch.

On the morning of the 2d of June at two o'clock, signal was made for the fleet to get under way, and advance on the city Vicksburg, (the last resting place of the rebel flag on the Mississippi River.) This ship leading the way, at four o'clock we opened fire on the city, and for two long hours our ship was under a most tremendous fire from the rebel forts. At the end of that time we had passed the city, and now lay above Vicksburg. We have the sloop of war *Richmond* and four gunboats with us, and the sloop of war *Brooklyn* with two gunboats, below, besides Porter's mortar fleet shelling the town.

Vicksburg is on a high bluff 200 feet above the river. They mount 100 guns, and have some 20,000 troops. We shall soon try them again. Vicksburg must fall, sooner or later.

Foote's or Davis' fleet is at Memphis; some of them have been down here and communicated with us. I sent some letters home by them yesterday, by the way of Memphis.

Men Serving in the Navy

Yesterday we were employed burying the dead; today we are employed repairing ship, sending down yards and rigging that were shot away. Such is life in war times on the Mississippi River in the month of June, 1862. Thermometer standing at 90, in the shade.

Now then for the killed and wounded, fifteen killed and thirty wounded, in the fleet. This ship had three killed and twelve wounded, and was cut up more than any other ship.

Young [Edward] Hathaway of Plymouth, in the gunboat *Sciota*, lost his left arm, above the elbow. His captain told me he was a noble boy and fought well. His mother should be proud of him. Capt. Donelsen said when his arm was shot off, he walked up to him and showing him the stump, asked him what he thought of that. Our fleet surgeon who is in this ship, tells me he will be sent home. He is doing well. I have not yet been able to see him, but shall the first chance. I hear from him every day. Please tell his mother I will do all I can for him, and have no doubt she will soon welcome him home once more.

George Jennis [Jenners or Jenniss], of Plymouth, belongs to this ship and to my Division. He is well, and was not hurt. Joseph Wright and a young man by the name of [John Brown] Chandler, also of Plymouth, belong to the sloop of war Brooklyn. As yet I have not heard from them. That the Brooklyn had none killed, am in hopes to hear before I mail this letter.

I received a wound in the left leg, was knocked down the hatch, but am getting better fast. So far I have been very lucky. At Baton Rouge, some three weeks ago, I received a slight wound by a shot, in our attack on the town. Please excuse the liberty I've taken in writing.

Yours in haste, Ezra S. Goodwin

Acting Master, U.S. Flag Ship *Hartford*

P.S. One of our gunboats received a shot in her boiler, killing eight men, and twenty jumped overboard. I have just heard from the *Brooklyn*, none killed and none wounded.

Davis' fleet came down the river today and are now at anchor with us, above Vicksburg. Our flag officer (Farragut) is the oldest one afloat, and of course flag officer Davis had to come on board here to see him. We were all glad to see him.

E.S.G.

Frank Morton Appointed Acting Paymaster⁷⁹⁴ June 14, 1862

Personal.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Frank Morton of this town has received an appointment as Acting Paymaster, in the Navy. Mr. Morton, since his admission to the bar of the Courts in this town, has been in a law office in Boston, and leaves a good situation to enter the service of the country. With his perseverance and energy, we think he will make an excellent officer. Success to him in his new duties. The "mess" that gets Frank will not be dull one any way.

Nathaniel Goodwin Share in "Prize", Capture of *Swan*⁷⁹⁵ June 14, 1862

A Plymouth Naval Officer in Luck.

The bark *Amanda* mentioned in the following account at a prize capture, is commanded by Lt. Commanding Nath'l. Goodwin, of this town⁷⁹⁶. His share of the prize is estimated to amount to \$10,000.

THE BEST PRIZE TAKEN IN THE GULF. On the afternoon of the 25th ult., the steamer, *Swan*, a Mobile cotton boat, steamed in at Key West, loaded with one-thousand bales of cotton and eight hundred barrels of rosin. She was captured by the United States brig *Bainbridge* and bark *Amanda*, on the afternoon of May 24, thirty-five miles south of Tortugas, and was from Mobile bound to Havana. She is the best prize taken in the

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Gulf since the commencement of the war as she must, vessel and cargo, bring the sum of at least two hundred thousand dollars.

Frank W Turner Taken Prisoner⁷⁹⁷ June 14, 1862

Another Plymouth Prisoner.

We learn by letters received in town to the family; from the paymaster of the gun boat *Sumter*, that Frank W. Turner, Master's Mate of the *Sumter*, with other officers of the vessel, while the ship was lying in Warsaw Sound, S. C., took a boat for the purpose of going to Fort Pulaski about ten miles distant. It coming on foggy they lost their way in the numerous creeks and inlets of the shore, and were captured by the rebels and carried to Savannah. The paymaster writes that they are well and it is hoped they will soon be exchanged.

[See letters from Turner about his time as a prisoner in the chapter on Prisoners of War.]

Edward Hathaway Loses Arm⁷⁹⁸ July 12, 1862

By letters received in town, we learn that one of our townsmen, Mr. Edward Hathaway, lost an arm, in the engagement at Vicksburg, while on board the Gunboat *Sciota*.

Letter from Ezra Goodwin to Edward Hathaway's Mother⁷⁹⁹ July 1862

MR. EDITOR: The deep feeling of sympathy that runs through the following letter, is a sufficient apology for giving it to the public at this time. We feel our hearts overflowing with gratitude to Mr. Goodwin for his kindness to our son, in his hour of sorrow and affliction, and if the time should ever come to him, when he would desire the presence and assistance of a friend in his hour of sorrow, may he find one as readily as our poor boy has found one in him.

EDWARD HATHAWAY

U.S. FLAG SHIP, *HARTFORD*, ABOVE

VICKSBURG, July, 1862.

MRS. HATHAWAY: I hardly know how to address you, yet I consider it my duty to do so. Saturday morning, June 28, 1862, at two o'clock, signal was made from this ship for the fleet to advance on Vicksburg. At eight o'clock this ship, with the Sloop of War, *Richmond*, and five gunboats, anchored above the city, the rest of the fleet falling back below, not being able to pass. Among those that are now at anchor above, is the *Scotia*, in which is your son. I am sorry to say he lost his left arm above the elbow, fighting nobly for his country. Capt. Donelson, his Capt., told me that he had not a braver man on board. I called on him to-day and asked him if he wished me to write to you, he said he did as he was not able to write himself. God knows although I am but a poor letter writer, I am willing to do anything I can for him, or you. I found him lying down on deck, a young man fanning him and reading to him at the same time. He told me he suffered no pain, and I am in hopes he will soon be able to walk home from the depot in Plymouth. Our fleet surgeon told me he would send him home the first chance.

Dr. Gibson, who studied in Boston, tends him. I know him well, he was at this ship a long time; he is a fine man, and will take good care of him.

EZRA S. GOODWIN, Acting Master,

U. S. Flag Ship, *Hartford*

Men Serving in the Navy

Mr. Hathaway has written a letter to his father, from which we make the following extracts:

“Our rifle gun had just been disabled, and the officer of the division told us to lay down the gun, when a solid shot came in and struck the carriage, and sent splinters in every direction, killed one man instantly, shattered my left arm, and wounded most of the gun’s crew. I run right aft with my arm in my right hand, and got the doctor to take it off. I did not take anything to put me to sleep, but was as sensible as ever I was. It is not such a hard thing after all. Seven days after I was hurt, I was sent up the river.

“I sit up now the greater part of the day, and walk around considerable. I have not had to be carried since I was hurt. One good thing here, is the Sisters of Charity, they comb our hair, mix us nice cool drinks, give us ice cream &c.”

Letter from J. Harrison’s Landing, Fortress Monroe⁸⁰⁰ July 23, 1862

Friend Perkins:

I have been up the James River as far as Harrison’s Landing, where McClellan’s army is encamped. I had the pleasure of seeing the General himself, and his entire army; we laid here a week, and I had the pleasure of cruising around the camps as much as I pleased. It is a sight worth seeing, I can tell you. Went on board the “*Monitor*” and “*Galena*” and had a look at them through and through to my satisfaction.

Finally we had orders to go up the river with a “flag of truce” as far as “City Point,” fifteen miles below Richmond, and get a load of sick and wounded prisoners. We arrived there all right. The rebels boarded us with a flag of truce, and ordered us to haul alongside the wharf, and wait the arrival of the train from Richmond.

After getting every thing all right, I went on shore and had a look around, among the secesh, who seemed to be very much pleased with our company. We laid here nine hours. Several secesh officers were on board all the while we lay here making themselves very sociable and agreeable.

The train which brought the soldiers consisted of 28 freight cars, and when they came in sight of our steamer such a shouting and hurraing was never heard before. All that we have got on board are wounded. I don’t believe there is one in the whole crowd but what has got a wound somewhere; we have got about five hundred in all; they are all in good spirits, and anxious to do more fighting.

Things ain’t high nor nothing in secesh – flour \$40 per barrel in Richmond, lemons \$1.00 apiece, [that is high, Johnny, what do you make punch of?] sugar 40 cents per pound, butter \$1 per pound, and if you want to get a decent pair of shoes, you have to pay about \$18.

The soldiers (secesh) themselves are about half starved, and without uniforms; they are dressed in all kinds of shapes, and they say they wish the war was over. I was round among them and had a chance to learn a little something myself. Several of the soldiers dined with us, and the way they put the grub out of sight was a sin to Crocket.

Respectfully yours, J.

Letter from Ezra S. Goodwin, Aboard the *Hartford*, Mississippi River⁸⁰¹ August 9, 1862

Dear Rock:

We left Vicksburg on the 24th of July, I am sorry to say, still standing, though I expect not in such good condition as before we attacked it, the flag officer having received orders to leave the river at once. We have lost many of our best officers and men while at Vicksburg. Capt. Donelson, of the *Sciota*, has gone home; young Hathaway has been sent to Memphis. When he is able to travel he will be sent home, perhaps ere this he has already arrived in Plymouth.

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We have lost an officer in this ship, in my division killed, Mr. Lonsbury, master's mate. He had his head shot off so that we could not find a lock of his hair. The same shot killed two men and wounded another officer, Mr. Hoffman. He was sent home in the *Sally Wood* up river and was taken by the rebels. Mr. Traber, Master, also in my division, has been sent home sick, he belongs in New York.

Ere we left Vicksburg we were surprised one morning to see the *Arkansas* ram come flying down the river, and for the first time since leaving home we had no steam up; however we gave her one dose that she could not get over. That night the fleet were under way to attack the city and cut out the ram, but it was so dark we could not find the ram, although the shot from her was the one that killed the master's mate in my division, passing across the berth deck.

Arriving at New Orleans, we were all looking forward anxiously to the time when we should be out on salt water once more. But on the night of the 5th of August, while laying snugly at anchor in New Orleans, we received news that the ram was at Baton Rouge, fighting our gunboats and the rebel troops were attacking the town. We were under way at once for Baton Rouge, leaving word for some others of the fleet to follow; that night we anchored above Donalson a small town on the river, and soon after coming to anchor heard heavy firing there. Some half hour after that a river steamer, the *Sally Robinson*, (one that for a short time I had the pleasure to command) had been fired into. At the same time we spoke the *Sally Robinson*, the steamer *Whitman* came down the river with Gen. Williams' body. He commanded our troops at Baton Rouge, and was killed in the first of the fight. There were also on board some forty wounded and quite a number of other passengers. That night she ran into one of our gunboats coming up the river; she sank at once, and out of the forty wounded but thirty were saved. Of course the dead bodies went down in the steamer. But what seems most strange to me is that the captain and both pilots of the *Whitman* walked on board our gunboats without even getting wet. I expect if the truth was known they sank her intentionally.

On the morning of the 6th we arrived at Baton Rouge, found the ram had been blown up, and the rebel troops, 25,000 had been repulsed by 5000 of ours, and we still held Baton Rouge.

On the 7th, I walked over the battle field in company with Moses Bates, of Plymouth, Warden of the state penitentiary of Mississippi, situated at Baton Rouge.

On the morning of the 9th, we got under way and proceeded down the river. At 12, noon, rounded to off Donelsonville, the place where they fired into our transports. I was sent on shore with a boat's crew to destroy the town, (the women and children being ordered away the day before). After setting fire to some half dozen houses to the windward of the town, I found it would soon burn down. I returned on board, but was sent back with some notices from the Flag Officer to deliver to any one in town I should meet, informing them that if they fired on any more of our ships we would burn every town on the river. I had no sooner arrived than I captured a servant of the noted guerilla chief Philip Langdon, who informed me his master was then in his house with some three men trying to save what he could. At that time I had only six men with me. I at once started after him, in fact just then he came out so I could see him. But I had no sooner started after him then they called me back to the ship. As soon as I arrived on board I informed the Flag Officer. He started me back at once with two boats and all the mariners in the ship. On landing I charged at once on his house, but the bird had flown. I destroyed everything on his plantation, except one chair in which I am now sitting.

We arrived in New Orleans this morning at 9 o'clock, and expect to leave tomorrow for Pensacola.

Yours in haste, Ezra S. Goodwin

William Brown, Acting Master, Off to Join Gunboat⁸⁰² September 11, 1862

Capt. Wm. Brown left town yesterday to join one of the new gunboats as Acting Master.

Men Serving in the Navy

Death of John Whittemore September 20, 1862

We regret to announce the death of Acting Master John Whittemore of this town, from yellow fever, while a passenger on board the U.S. Steamer, *Rhode Island*; on his way to take command of a new gunboat. Mr. Whittemore was a brother to T. O. Whittemore, Esq., our late Representative to the State House of Representatives. He was an energetic, capable officer. His loss will be deeply felt by his family and friends.⁸⁰³

DEATH OF ACTING MASTER WHITTEMORE⁸⁰⁴

Again Plymouth adds to her quota of the brave departed. We are sorry to learn that Mr. John Whittemore of Chiltonville, Acting Master of the U. S. Gunboat *Kinso*, died from sickness incurred on the Mississippi, near Vicksburg. He was a passenger on the *Rhode Island*, going down the river to take charge of a new gunboat at the time of his death. Mr. W. was a brother of our Representatives to the General Court, and leaves a wife and two children with a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

Leach Leaves for Brooklyn Navy Yard⁸⁰⁵ September 25, 1862

Acting Master [Phineas?] Leach received orders on Monday, from Secretary Welles, to report immediately at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and left the same afternoon.

News from Frank Morton⁸⁰⁶ September 25, 1862

A letter from Assistant Purser Frank Morton, of U. S. Ship *Ino*, reports her as having taken the crew of the wrecked gunboat to Port Royal, and would sail for New York.

Letter from Ezra S. Goodwin, Aboard *Harford*, New Orleans, LA⁸⁰⁷ October 11, 1862

Dear Rock:

My last letter was written in haste and sent in haste.

The temperature continues, if possible, to augment in altitude, and every day seems to be more burning and melting than was its predecessor.

The excessive heat and sultriness have their effect upon the officers and sailors of the fleet, as may be supposed, and the sick list is still steadily swelling.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARKANSAS

I will now give you particulars of the destruction of the ram *Arkansas*, of which I spoke of in my last letter. The ram was lying several miles above Baton Rouge, with the view of drawing the fire of U.S. Gunboats, to prevent them from joining in the battle between the land forces, on the morning of the 5th of August. The Gunboat *Essex*, seeing the condition of things steamed up towards the Confederate monster for the purpose of giving her battle. The ram was around the bend, and immediately made headway towards the *Essex*, as it was thought, with a view of running into her, but when within a half mile, the ram changed her course, and ran into a bight or eddy, on the right bank of the river, where she remained stationary. The *Essex* then opened with her three bow guns; the ram replied vigorously with broadsides; soon a rifle shot from the *Essex* struck her amidships, tearing up a portion of her sheathing. Capt. Porter of the *Essex*, immediately fired a incendiary shell, which was seen to burst directly on the spot at which it was aimed.

Immediately a cloud of flame and smoke appeared to burst from the doomed vessel, and great confusion was observed on board; some were seen to get into a boat and make for shore; the ram soon drifted out into the current. At this time but few persons were on board; they were afterwards taken and brought down to New

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Orleans in this ship. One hour after she was struck, the fire reaching her magazine, she blew up. The Union troops have buried four hundred rebel soldiers, who had fallen within our lines at Baton Rouge, up to Sunday, August 10th.

RAPID TRAVELLING

You have heard of the Baton Rouge fight. The time made by Breckinridge's shoddy followers on the morning of the 5th, in their retreat from Baton Rouge, deserves public mention. They began the retreat at ten o'clock and at twelve they were ten miles distant from the scene of their inglorious repulse. This is certainly the best time on record; Mr. Breckinridge always ran well before the people. He understands running. On this occasion he ran to fight another day, perhaps.

Just think of it, he had fifteen regiments of infantry, a body of cavalry and ten pieces of artillery, and yet was pushed off the field, leaving four hundred killed, say nothing of the wounded and prisoners. He has lost three Brigadier Generals killed, wounded and prisoners, many Colonels and field officers; he has more than a thousand killed and wounded, by a force not one fourth his numbers. In my opinion, this fight at Baton Rouge is in its results, one of the most signal victories of the war, which will be the total rout of the ragged starvelings of Breckinridge. The day deserves to be remembered.

DEATH OF CAPT. WAINWRIGHT

I have now the sad duty to inform you of the death of our noble and brave Capt. Richard W. Wainwright, of Philadelphia; he died Sunday, Aug. 10th, 1862. He has ever since the entrance of the fleet into the Mississippi River, overworked himself, and this too, against the advice of his Chief, and his constitution become so exhausted, that he yielded suddenly to a fever contracted at Vicksburg. Capt. Wainwright was one of the best ordnance officers in the United States navy, and a most able, energetic and zealous sailor. He was about forty-two years of age. He leaves a wife and four children.

Wednesday, Aug. 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M., we left New Orleans and shaped our course down the river. At four in the afternoon we sailed over our old battle field once more, the wrecks of the rebel gunboats and rams still strewn along the shore on both banks of the river. At 5 P.M. we anchored between forts Jackson and St. Philip, tow boats were pulled away, with leave granted to all officers to visit the forts. Fifteen minutes after coming to anchor, our officers in company with our Rear Admiral, David G. Farragut, the noblest, bravest and best commander that ever led a fleet into action were within the forts.

PILOT TOWN, AUG. 14, 1862

Here we are once more at Pilot Town, a small place at the entrance of the S. W. pass of the Mississippi River. Five months ago we anchored here, since then we have been five hundred miles up the Mississippi, fighting every mile of the way; our dead lay buried from the island at the entrance of this pass, (young Tariton, of Boston, died yesterday morning,) to five miles above Vicksburg, both sides of the river; some have died at Memphis on their way home, some by rotting in prison at Vicksburg, and our Captain is now on his way home; but I will not complain; we have done much work; much good work. None will ever know how many of the enemy we have killed, but one thing I can assure you, we have killed ten men to their one, destroyed all their rams, and some 30 gunboats, and taken some 6000 prisoners, besides one of the finest cities in the South.

October 16th. This morning we left Pilot Town; after thumping over the bar, we are at last outside in salt water, bound to Ship Island, where we expect to arrive to night.

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SHIP ISLAND, Sunday, Aug. 17th.

We arrived here this morning, having anchored last night. I was on shore for a short time, found the Island had improved very much, where once was the white tents, now fine houses turn up, yet it is very sickly here.

Monday 18th. The *Rhode Island* has just arrived here from Boston; I found on board a Mr. Whitmore, Acting Master, from Plymouth, although I never met him in the old town, I must say I was glad to see him out here. 19th, left Ship Island this morning for Pensacola, 20th, arrived here this morning, after communicating with the fleet off Mobile. How long we shall remain here is more than I can tell; one thing I will say and that is, it will not be many weeks.

Yours in haste, Ezra S. Goodwin
Acting Master

Cornelius Bartlett and Harvey Ransom, Aboard *Macedonian*⁸⁰⁸ October 30, 1862

The U. S. Frigate *Macedonian* Lieut. Comd'ng. Stone, is now stationed at Charlestown as a School Ship, for gunnery practice. She has about fifty Master's Mates and Ensigns on board, among whom are Cornelius Bartlett, of the is town, and Harvey Ransom, of Kingston, two as fine specimens of the hardy Yankee sailor as Uncle Sam could wish to employ.

Frank Leach and Robert Finney Aboard *Kensington*⁸⁰⁹ November 15, 1862

We take the following account of one of the many gallant exploits of our noble navy from the *Traveller*. Some of the officers of the *Kensington* are from Plymouth. We believe the following Plymouth folks are on board of her. Frank S. Leach, Robert Finney, Masters Mates. It is our impression that some other of our citizens are in the *Kensington* but we cannot read their names.

Our sailors can do anything, and do it nobly, too. When *Sabine Pass* was captured by the *Kensington*, *Seamen*, and *Jones*, under Pennington and Crocker, fifty men were landed, who actually marched five miles into the country, and there charged and routed almost 200 cavalry, destroyed the rebel camp, and did the enemy much miscellaneous damage. Captain Crocker then went on an expedition with 25 seamen, in a steamboat, and defeated 1000 rebels, of all arms, and who held a strongly fortified position. Landing with 12 of his men, Capt. Crocker was attacked by the rebel horsemen, whom he beat off, and took several prisoners, among whom was a Southern Colonel. This gallant naval officer has done the enemy immense damage, having, besides his land exploits, taken several vessels from them.

Edward Hathaway Home⁸¹⁰ November 27, 1862

Welcome Home

...

And here comes another Plymouthean, Mr. Edward Hathaway, with honorable wounds. The patriot's sacrifice - one arm for his country! Is a genuine "cross of honor," and hereafter to be the American patent of nobility. This young man has been on the Mississippi in the smoke and roar of Gunboats and conflicts. He is still weak and emaciated, but we hope he'll soon regain his usual health under the kindly influences of home and friends.

Here, friends, are patriots at your own doors quite as worthy of your kind attentions as are the rebel prisoners of Fort Warren.

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Frank Turner Leaves for Navy Yard⁸¹¹ January 22, 1863

Personal.

Mr. Frank Turner, Master's Mate, U. S. N., is ordered to report to the Commandant at Charlestown Navy Yard, and leaves town to-day.

Ezra Goodwin Home on Furlough⁸¹² March 12, 1863

Capt. Ezra S. Goodwin, of the gunboat *Dianna*, is at home on a short furlough. Capt. Goodwin has distinguished himself by his energy and courage in trying emergencies and secured the marked favor of his commanding officers.

Letter from Capt. A. H. Lucas on Loss of Ship *Redgauntlet*⁸¹³ July 14, 1863

The following letter from Capt. Lucas of the town, giving an account of the loss of his ship, the *Redgauntlet* we take from the Boston Post;

(The subjoined letter has been kindly furnished to us for publication. It will conclusively show what security a British cargo receives from Capt. Maffit.)

On Board Brig "*Duo Fratelli*," for Antwerp,
Francis Boyd, Esq.

Dear Sir:

I regret to write you that the *Redgauntlet* was captured by the Confederate steamer *Florida* (otherwise the British steamer "*Oreto*") on the 14th of June, when twenty-three days out, in lat. 8 deg. 30 min. N., long. 34 deg. 50 min. W. We first discovered her at half-past five in the morning, about seven miles off, two points on the lee bow, and standing towards us; escape was impossible on account of scant wind and our position; they had the British flag set, came up with us under canvas and steam, passed us, then tacked ship, furled sails, fired a shot across our bow spoke us, and sent a boat on board. The moment the officer stepped on deck the Confederate flag was set and the British flag hauled down. He demanded the ship's papers, examined them, and said that the ship was a prize. I told him our cargo was principally British, and called his attention to the Consular certificate. He said that made no difference, the ship was a prize, and I must get my wardrobe ready and go on board the steamer, adding at the same time that the boat was ready, and in five minutes from the time we were boarded all hands were transferred to the steamer. As soon as I was aboard the *Florida* I went to Capt. Maffit and told him our cargo was principally British, and asked him to bond the ship and let us proceed; but he refused decidedly, saying that "since Lincoln had decided that the bonds of the *Ariel* were null and void, he had determined to bond no more ships; that he should destroy them all, and if British merchants shipped goods in American ships they must run the risk of losing them." I asked him what he would do if he should come across an American ship under British colors with a register from a British Consular? He said that he should take them as prizes unless they had a British register in due form from a British custom-house. They commenced plundering the *Redgauntlet* at the moment of capture, and in smooth water plundered her from day to day. On the 18th of June, I, with ten others, were put on board the Italian brig *Duo Fratelli*, from Montevideo for Antwerp. We saw the *Florida* and *Redgauntlet* last on Friday, June 19th, in lat. 15 deg. 40 min. N., long. 40 deg. 00 min. W., both standing to the northward. They were only waiting for a smooth day to finish plundering the *Redgauntlet* before destroying her. She was pretty well plundered before I left the *Florida*. The provisions put on board for us were two bbls. of beef, thirty tims of crackers, ten lbs. of coffee, one half bushel of beans, and 20 lbs. sugar. We have been abroad 25 days and the prospect is that we may

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reach port in ten more, and we are now short of provisions. No water was put aboard, the captain of the brig being told that if he wanted any he must send his casks for it; he was also told that they would compel him to take us whether he was willing or not. They took my nautical instruments, books and charts, and a variety of articles, amounting in value to \$900. I saved nothing except what was already in my trunks, as I was hurried off so quick. I trust that you had a war risk on the ship, and was not deceived as I was by the idea that a British Consul's certificate would prevent the destruction of the ship. As others had been bonded, it was reasonable to suppose that they would bond the *Redgauntlet*. On Tuesday, June 16th, they captured and burned the ship *B. F. Hoxie*, of Mystic, from Alanta (West Coast of Mexico) bound to Falmouth, England. They took from her silver in bars of the value of \$95,000. They had taken previously the ships *Crown Point*, *Commonwealth*, *Oneida*, and *Southern Cross*, brigs *Clarence* and *Estelle*. We left on board as prisoners nineteen from the *Redgauntlet*, twenty-three from the *B. F. Hoxie*, and seventeen from the *Southern Cross*. They were all handcuffed, and kept on deck day and night, rain or shine. Five of the *Redgauntlet's* men shipped on board the *Florida* two days after their capture. The discipline on board the *Florida* is bad, but probably as good as can be enforced under similar circumstances. The officers, with the exception of the first Lieutenant, are a young inexperienced set of men; the chief engineer is a very efficient man, and everything appears to be well conducted in his department. Her armament consists of six 68's and two 120's, all rifled, and of British manufacture. I think they trust more to running away than they do to fighting, within their undisciplined crew. When I see you I will give you all the particulars, as I am under great disadvantages in writing this even. I shall send you this the first chance I get, and after arrival in port shall make the best of my way to the United States as quick as possible. You may not hear from me again till I reach the United States. With the exception of being plundered, I was treated with courtesy by Capt. Maffit and his officers. All hands except the mate and myself were let out at times, until the *B. F. Hoxie* was captured. I shall write to you before I leave for the United States.

Yours truly, A. H. Lucas

VA Bartlett Missing at Attack on Fort Sumter⁸¹⁴ September 25 1863

Missing

We are sorry to see in the list of missing among those in the late boat attack upon Fort Sumter the name of V. A. Bartlett.

Mr. Victor A. Bartlett, son of Capt. Andrew Bartlett of this town, entered the Navy a little over a year ago, in the capacity of sail maker. At the time of the attack he was on board the *Housatonic*, one of the attacking squadron. The time of his service was about expired, and he was looked for home by his family, when the news came of the attack, and his name appeared in the list of those missing. As a large number of prisoners were taken at that time, we hope that some tidings of him will be heard before long; suspense under such circumstances is worse the saddest reality.

[See letter from VA Bartlett in chapter on Prisoners of War]

Extract of Letter from Unknown Author, Blockading Squadron⁸¹⁵ December 18, 1863

[We have been favored with the following extract from a private letter.]

Once more the bombardment has been renewed and with it the train of trials, difficulties and privations. How many homes are now to be made desolate time only can tell. I hope we may now be successful in capturing the city. As it is, it lies altogether in the power of Gen. Gilmore to burn it or let it stand. In many of

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my letters from Northern correspondents I find a universal desire to have the city reduced to ashes as being the only method of bringing the people under subjection and make them release the advantages they have been making the best use of for the last two years. This, in my opinion, is a most absurd theory. Charleston is the principal city now in their possession. The harbor in time of peace is worth millions. The defences are principally natural ones and where artificial ones were needed, they were built, the material found where the defences were needed and no practicable theories were left untried to test their strength in resisting what armed forces might be brought to bear against them. The principal fortifications are on Sullivan's Island and seemingly they could defy the strongest batteries afloat. Their advantage, in this respect is not in the superiority of their ordnance (for our guns are equal and it is safe to say, in most cases superior to anything in the Confederacy), but in the concentration of their fire. In the last engagement Moultrie and Bee were the principal forts which were engaged.

Near Fort Moultrie stood a large hotel which previous to the war was frequented by the people of the South who wished to spend the summer months at the sea-side and who preferred to remain in the South near their homes rather than go to the watering places in the North. Moultrie House also served since the war as a guide to blockade runners. In the engagement it had a yellow flag floating from the cupola indicating that it was being used as a hospital. This might have been the case, and indeed seemed plausible enough. Large, airy and near the sea-side, where the sick and wounded could enjoy the sea breeze and be out of the line of fire from the city and the adjoining fortifications were all that could be desired for a permanent hospital. In consideration of these facts it was allowed to stand, as whatever we might do in honorable strategy, the sick should be treated humanely and the few comforts they possessed not be taken from them. The rebels thinking also that strategy was honorable, kept the yellow pendant afloat and under the mask of humanity built a fort behind the house which apparently is equal to any other in size and strength in this vicinity. When they had accomplished their object which was but a week ago, they tore down the house and for a day or two were busy in trying the range of their guns on the channel. Should this fort prove a success it will be found a difficult task to reduce it, as sand batteries are next to iron in efficiency when required to operate either on the offensive or defensive. These are built principally to operate seaward and it is a question of time whether we take them or not.

In a narrow channel less than a mile wide and less than a mile in length there can be brought to bear at least 300 guns. In addition to these guns are a great number of mortars which are the best of guns where they can be used, but their shape prevents them from being used to operate upon a fleet, or a vessel acting singly. * *

As for the obstructions they are yet to be found, and it is my opinion they are more a bugbear than anything else. The channel has no doubt been filled with torpedoes, but they amount to comparatively nothing when under water for a week or two. If Charleston is to be taken the army will have to do it, or wait until we have iron clads enough to silence their guns and take their places by storm. This is not speaking in very flattering terms of my own profession, yet it is the opinion I have found after long deliberation. The iron clads can burn the city, but what use is that? This would be laying waste millions of property and virtually accomplishing nothing. It is the city in connection with the harbor and the railroad which we want, and anything short of that will not be capturing Charleston and the less private property laid waste the better the generalship.

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Letter from B [Edward Baker], Off Mobile⁸¹⁶ January 12, 1864

EDITORS MEMORIAL AND ROCK:

Although a blockade is a dry affair at best, still as many Plymouth people are engaged in the business, perhaps a few items would not be unacceptable. On the 9th of December the "*Kennebec*" captured the schooner "*Marshal J. Smith*," with 260 bales of cotton. She had left Mobile about three hours before she was captured, and was eighteen miles eastward of the fleet, so the vessel which captured her had no one to share it with. She was soon turned over to the Prize Commissioner in New Orleans. Value of vessel and cargo over one hundred thousand dollars.

In New Orleans I saw the former editor of the *Rock*, and right glad was I to meet him. I don't know of anything in New Orleans that looked more like old Plymouth than Moses Bates, Esq. We had a cozy chat at the St. Charles, toasting our shins at the red-hot stove, and parted for our cotton operations, he one way - up river, and I off to Mobile. I hope next time we meet 'twill be in Plymouth. I also saw Acting Master Thomas Sears, Lieut. Morton, and A. A. Paymaster Morton.

On the 30th of December, on a dark and stormy night, we chased the steamer "*Grey Jacket*." Saw her as she ran out, by the flashes of lightning. We never saw her after we slipped our cable till the morning of the 31st, at about 9 o'clock, when we fired a gun across her bow. She stopped, and we took possession of her. She had 440 bales of cotton, some turpentine, resin and tobacco, was new steamer, had no papers, nor name on her stern, and half her cargo belonged to the rebel government. Capt. T[?] Meagher owned and commanded her, having built her to run two hundred thousand dollars. Took her into New Orleans on the 3d. They had thrown overboard 60 bales when we captured her.

On the 7th, at 2 A. M., picked up a rebel pilot, alone in a boat, nearly exhausted; blowing a norther at the time. He said that he piloted a schooner out the night before at about 7 o'clock. We immediately gave chase, and at about 8 A. M. made the schooner, running the course as ourselves. She sailed very fast, and while the breeze was fresh we could not gain on her. She threw over cotton as she ran, about forty bales, but 'twas of no use. We fired on her as fast as we could from our Parrot rifle till she stopped. She was a beautiful yacht of 90 tons with 115 bales of cotton and some turpentine. Had some of the 'fancy' on board, gamblers, and such 'decks,' with everything comfortable, plenty of liquor, which was immediately committed to a (salt) watery grave. Sent her to New Orleans on the 8th, towed by "*Colorado*." We have taken since, Dec. 9th, two schooners, one steamer, 815 bales of cotton, worth about \$350,000, 100 bales have been thrown overboard, making about 915 bales this vessel has stopped. No other prize has been taken in that time, and no one shares with the *Kennebec* in either of the three prizes, the two last ones being each forty and fifty miles southward of Mobile, of the blockading fleet. A steamer was discovered on shore on the 9th, near Fort Morgan, and the fleet shelled her during the greater part of the day, old Morgan answering quite pettishly. In the evening, the *Kennebec* and *Albatross* went in and shelled her, in the dark. A return shell from the enemy hit the latter, but did no harm. During the night she got off. We have had most miserable weather recently, either raining or freezing. I send you a few extracts from rebel papers of prices current.

Extract from the Mobile Daily Tribune, Dec. 30, 1863.

"Prices are falling, and no mistake," Prints 3.75 to 5.40 per yard, in round lots. Cases of celaines ...

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Captain ES Turner Home Convalescing⁸¹⁷ January 29, 1864

We were happy to shake hands once more with our patriotic neighbor, Capt. E. S. Turner, who is steadily recovering from his recent severe shock of paralysis. He was unconscious about three days, during which he was taken up to Washington by a steamer and conveyed to the Naval Hospital on Anacosti Heights, opposite the Navy Yard. Here he received the constant aid of the best medical skill united with kindest care and nursing, by means of which he is so far recovered as to return home comparatively comfortable. Capt. T. Speaks in the most grateful terms of the unremitting attentions and sympathy of the surgeon, chaplain and hospital steward, and assures his brother officers of the navy they will never suffer for want of care if consigned to the tender care of the Hospital on "Anacosti Heights" and the favorable influences of its beautiful location.

Letter from W, *USS Pursuit*, St. Joseph's Bay⁸¹⁸ March 14, 1864

MEMO & ROCK:

The blockade is dull music up this region, laying at anchor, seeing nothing but the supply steamers *Union* and *Honduras* - the former from the North with the mail and fresh provisions, the latter from Key West about once a month with ship supplies and what mail matters that had collected at that port for the squadron while the *Union* has gone North. We were visited some three or four weeks ago by an old man from St. Joseph's, which is some 17 miles from here. He is not a Union man, nor yet a secessionist, but upon the fence ready to jump either way. From him we gained information in the prices of a few things, hogs, live weight, 100 lbs., \$100; corn, \$80 per bushel; flour \$125 per bbl, that is in Confederate money. The men comprising the Coast Guard are deserting. Out of a company of 94 men 54 deserted. This we know, for we have four of them shipped on board of this vessel, but most of them went to Key West as refugees. We have two white men shipped here and two contrabands, the contrabands seem to be the most intelligent of the two.

W.

Letter from JB, Aboard Steamer *Pursuit*, Gulf of Mexico⁸¹⁹ March 21, 1864

Mr. Editor:

With the impression that a few words from the blockade may not be unwelcome to you, and may interest your readers, I pen a few lines this evening for the old paper at Plymouth. You will hardly look for actual news, as this is an article that does not reach blockaders until it has circulated for about three weeks through the rest of the civilized world. But little occurs to break the monotony of this kind of life, save the arrival of the mails, and the reception of refugees, deserters, and escaped Union prisoners. From all these the testimony is uniform, that the power of the rebellion is waning; that the hopelessness of their cause is becoming more and more apparent to the rebels themselves; that the suffering of the poorer classes is extreme, and getting to be almost intolerable; and that the blacks, though entertained by their masters with the most gigantic falsehoods with respect to the intentions of the "Yankees," yet have some slight appreciation of the nature of the conflict, and a dim foreshadowing of what is to be the result.

We have abundant evidence direct from Secessia that dissatisfaction in the rebel ranks is very great and very general; that desertions are frequent and numerous, and that the woods abound in deserters, who are fully determined never again to enter the rebel service; that corn bread is almost the entire ration of the rebel army; that no attempt is now made to uniform the men, but each wears whatever he can get, and the feeling is gaining ground that they cannot hold out another year.

The negroes tell us that they used to hear "master talk about one Southerner whipping five Yankees, but dey don't say nuffin 'bout that now. Dey say at first dat Yankees neber fight, but now dey think rebellion 'bout played out. Dey tell us dat de Yankees want to catch nigger and bore his tongue and cut off his ears and sell

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him at Cuba, but we know all the time dat's nuffin but heap ob lies." Said one old negro, "I 'spected dese times; dis just what I been praying for dese twenty years." In short the blacks of the South seem to see through a glass darkly that the day of their redemption is at hand and the year of jubilee in near.

I have alluded to the sufferings of the poor people of the South. I am told by a Union man of Florida that he has seen families subsisting solely on the roots of the palmetto tree, and that is far poorer fare than the stalk of our common cabbage. My informant was worth twenty thousand dollars when the war broke out, yet for months he could place nothing before his family but corn bread. A deserter from the rebel army in Alabama assured me that he had paid thirty dollars for a breakfast in Mobile, and that too while he was serving in the rebel ranks for eleven dollars a month. The following are the prices of some articles in this part of the so-called Confederacy: Flour, \$125 a barrel, and very difficult to procure at that; tobacco, \$4 a pound; letter paper, \$1 a sheet, common calico, \$12 to \$15 a yard; coffee, not procurable at any price – browned corn meal is used as a substitute. If any man at the North imagines that he feels the weight of this war and is disposed to grumble, I can recommend as an unfailing specific for his disorder, a short residence under the iron government of the Jeff Davis despotism.

PRISONER ESCAPE

A few days since, we had the pleasure of welcoming to our ship D. R. Streeter, of the 100th Reg't Ohio Vols. He had been for some months a prisoner at Richmond. About a month since was removed to Americus, Ga., from which he escaped and made his way to this point. He fully confirms the accounts, a thousand times published, of the sufferings of Union prisoners at Richmond. Only about two-thirds of them had tents. The remainder were provided with no shelter whatever. They were thus exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and that, too, without blankets, save those supplied by Northern benevolence. Their food consisted of corn bread and pea soup; the latter a miserable, dish-water compound, of which about one pint was furnished daily, and one half a pound of corn bread. This ration did not differ from that of the rebel soldiers, save in quantity.

Our friend assures us that during his sojourn he exchanged all the money he had with him at the rate of one dollar, "greenback," for sixteen dollars, rebel currency, and that the rebs themselves improved every opportunity to make these exchanges. This condition of things in the very capital of Secessia, speak volumes in favor of a speedy collapse of the rebellion.

Several thousand Union prisoners have already been removed from Richmond to Americus, Georgia, and it is said those remaining are soon to follow in the same direction. The rebels are evidently making preparation to evacuate Richmond should the exigencies of the coming campaign require it.

The Union man has now abundant reasons to be of good cheer. We have only to fill our ranks quickly and follow our advantages promptly, to satisfy the world and to convince the rebels themselves that the unrighteous rebellion of 186 against the best government upon which the sun ever shone, is completely and forever crushed. Then will sweet peace again smile upon our land, and our government commence a new career of unexampled prosperity and increased power. God speed the day!

J. B.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

AH Fuller Aboard *Honduras*⁸²⁰ August 19, 1864

Master's Mate A. H. Fuller has been transferred for U.S. steamer *San Jacinto* to the gunboat *Honduras*.

Letter from B [Edward Baker], Aboard *USS Kennebec*, Mobile Bay⁸²¹ September 27, 1864

Editor *Memorial and Rock*:

Thirteen months have rolled past since I ceased to be a temporary loungee in Plymouth. During that time how many changes have taken place around you.

I should feel lonely, I am sure, on Main street, never to see the kind, genial countenance of A. L. Russell; ever delighted he was to hear of any successes to our arms, and ever showed himself a true, earnest patriot. It seems hard that he should be taken just now, but 'twas for the best. God alone knows when to call us hence.

I have seen life of a different kind, since I left Plymouth, from what you have, dull, very dull this blockading, but it has its incidents. I think I wrote you about our captures of the "*Grey Jacket*," "*M. J. Smith*," and "*John Scott*." Since then, you are aware, we have had more war-like work. In the fight at Fort Morgan, of Aug. 5th, we passed through a new baptism of fire, and after getting past, had a separate bout with the "*Tennessee*," having an officer – H. L. Tinkham, formerly of Middleboro, and six men wounded, one mortally, by a shell from her. Our casualties during the fight were eight.

We also chased the "*Morgan*" in her race for Dog River bar, firing on her for over an hour in the dark, starless night which followed. She ran in very shoal water, never fired back, and finally escaped. She was iron clad, had twice as heavy a battery as we had, but thought her feet would serve her best. Perhaps they did. We hit her. But these are old stories.

We have captured but few rebels since the reduction of the forts, but on the 15th we got Fort Morgan, nearly thirty miles from Mobile city. A skiff was seen drifting past with a man lying in it. Sent a boat, and towed her alongside, and a greyback, with Louisiana State buttons on his clothes, came on board. As usual, he presented a sorry appearance, being in rags, and under the most favorable circumstances the rebel uniform is the most unbecoming dress I have ever seen on a white man.

He immediately apologized for his dress, saying a man could not expect to look well after being in the "Confederate" army three years. This rather surprised me, for they generally seem to have on about as good clothes when they come on board as they are in the habit of wearing in peace times. However, he said afterwards in the course of conversation which followed, that he had been an officer and had been cashiered for drawing his sword on another officer. He had volunteered in 1861; had served his three years and more; had lived on bacon and 'corn-dodgers' about all the time; had been whipped at Atlanta with Hood, the brigade to which he belonged losing three hundred men, and about five hundred now remaining. He had suffered everything, and his family came to visit him at Mobile, a few days ago, but he could not get leave to go and meet them, so they went back to N. Orleans; yet notwithstanding all this, he was not yet ready to desert. He said he had become perfectly reckless of danger, and I presume this to be true, as far as danger on the field was considered, but he was afraid of being swamped in his little skiff. His companion he said fell overboard last night.

I asked him why, if he intended to leave the rebel army soon, as he said he did, he had not now deserted. He said he only waited to the result of our election! That's the story! That's what all unite in saying. They will try to hold out till then, but he said he "was not going to hold on to the tail of the Southern Confederacy much longer." He had come fishing, and the northern blast, the first "norther" of the season, had driven him down the Bay. He said the rebel soldiers would not vote for Jeff. Davis again, but he thought the greater part of them would vote for McClellan if they could. I asked him why they liked McClellan. He said they thought he would give them terms upon which they could come back into the Union. Said I, "What better terms can he give than

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Lincoln's? Slavery is killed, and can never be restored." He answered, "We don't care for slavery, but we don't think McClellan has so black a heart as Lincoln." I told him Lincoln was one of the noblest hearted men living. He, like Jeff, in his interview with Gilmore, "looked incredulous," said he would vote for Mac, but wouldn't for Jeff.

He says that Johnson is a far better general than Hood, that the latter is a good corps commander, very brave, and likes to fight, but Johnson is a splendid general to manage a retreating army, never losing a man. Thinks Sherman had better remain at Atlanta, as he may get into a trap if he doesn't. Has a high opinion of Sherman and his army, but says he believes Hood willfully throws away the lives of his men in his charges. He is using his army all up, and he doesn't believe he has any Georgians left. Said old Bragg used to shoot a man for stealing a chicken, but such was not now the case, and consequently "chickens is stole," to use the southern vernacular.

This man is a New Orleans creole, "keen as a briar," borrowing again from our wayward sisters' children, and shows good sense, no whining, and is evidently undecided whether to give up the whole thing before election, or not. This seems to be all that now keeps the rebel army together.

[illegible] army even when his time is out, even if the soldier is over the conscription age. This, I can see, from what he says, is a dangerous game for the rebels to play. I believe if this war is vigorously prosecuted, our army kept full, and Abraham Lincoln again elected, that ere another 4th of March this rebellion will have been crushed. God grant that this may be. I wish that I could cast another vote for "H. O. A. [Honest Old Abe]" I was in Washington, a part of the spring and summer of 1861, and it then seemed to me as if no human hand, or earthly skill could again bring order into the head city of our once proud Nation, and unconditional loyalty into its Councils; but I felt there was a God in Heaven, and hoped He would not utterly destroy us. What man ever sat in the Presidential chair, under a tithe of the difficulties which beset the path of Abraham Lincoln, when he entered upon duties which might well cause the stoutest heart to quail; and ever, ever toiling, earnestly, honestly, days, weeks, months, and years; the lines in his earnest countenanced lengthening, and deepening; a powerful foe, ever at the gates of the Capitol, sneers from traitors at home, and traitors abroad; the most ingenious billingsgate continually heaped upon him by the vilest press the world can produce, Jeff Davis' Richmond claquers, whose slang is caught up by the London Times, and other of its confreres, in the face of all this, and a thousand times more, he has, supported by the noblest patriots on earth, made us the most powerful nation now in existence! I believe what I say to be true. I believe that, single handed and alone, if the full resources of this nation were developed, the whole world beside could not prevail against us, a united people. Is this simply the work of man? Is not the finger of God so plainly visible, that look where we will, we cannot fail to see it? Has He done all this for us, made us strong and powerful as we are, even at the cost of rivers of blood, which has consecrated our land anew to freedom – immediately upon our cutting off the gangrened limb, Slavery, with such powerful foes on every side, when with peace and Slavery, we had nearly lost our place among nations? And shall we throw all this away or hazard it even, by placing the control of National affairs in the hands of one, supported by men who have not failed continually, to strike heavy blows at the heart of our country.

I say, No!! I have fought against this curse since the war began. I voted against it, for the first time, in 1860, and I wish I could vote against it again, by throwing a second vote for Abraham Lincoln; and am still ready to fight, to uphold that privilege of a free ballot, the first and best of the many great privileges of an American Citizen. This, too, is the tone of a majority of the most loyal men, with whom I come in contact, engaged in this great struggle for freedom and nationality. McClellan has good men among his friends, some of the best, but by far the majority of those I mean are for "H. O. A." His supporters are all true; there are many for "Mac," who are anything else. Let us make no fatal mistake now, when all looks so promising, but be

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true to ourselves, our flag, and our country, and close this war before another summer. I want to see the end of it, about as much as any one, I believe; but I want to see the cause removed first. Is Plymouth still true to herself? Is there need of a watchful Sentinel to keep her up to the mark? I trust there is no need of none.

I see Morissey often. His friends will be glad to hear that he is in excellent health, and spirits, as usual, and in a fair way for promotion.

B.

P.S. – We learn by the latest refugees, that were the war to close even now, the utmost efforts of Northern philanthropists could not prevent much starvation during the coming winter. The women in Mobile, backed by the soldiers, are said to be creating a riot. As far as we hear from rebeldom, all looks blue for the secessionists.

AH Fuller Promoted to Ensign⁸²² October 7, 1864

A Secesh Victory

A. H. Fuller of this town has been promoted to an Ensign and recently joined a new gunboat on the Southern blockade. The Commander was reconnoitering up one side of the bayous, when, in company with Ensign F. they traversed the neighboring fields, shooting cattle. A huge secesh bull made a desperate attack, though severely wounded by a minie ball as he approached. He caught the Captain on his horns and threw him into the air, and then hastened to pay his respects to the subordinate, giving him a terrible pitch into the bushes. By good dodging he regained the boat, pleased to find his Captain safe, though sadly bruised. They beat a hasty retreat leaving “secesh” undisputed master of the field.

Letter on the Death of Captain E.S. Turner, Boston⁸²³ October 19, 1864

Mr. Editor:

* * * * *

In the death of Capt. E. Stevens Turner of the U. S. Navy, the department loses an earnest and energetic officer, the Government a staunch supporter, the community a worthy citizen, and a family one whose loss is saddening indeed. Yet while his loss is thus deeply felt, must it not be a consoling thought, aye, even more an honest pride to know that he who bade farewell to scenes of earth, far from home and family, left them the priceless heritage of an unquestioned, unchanging love of country, an unextinguishable detestation of traitors. Let the memory of patriots, who, like him, spurned place and power to defend the flag which they loved, be kept forever green.

* * * * *

Yours,
M-----R

Death of Capt. E.S. Turner⁸²⁴ October 28, 1864

We hastily announced last week the death of our esteemed fellow townsman, Capt. E. S. Turner. Capt. T. was for many years a skillful and efficient ship master in our merchant marine. At the commencement of the war he offered his services to the Government, with Capt. Edward Baker, and was among the first volunteer officers accepted in the new Navy. He was placed in command of a dispatch yacht, on special duty between the Atlantic and Gulf Squadrons and Key West. Last winter he was ordered to the Potomac, when the great change in climate brought on a paralytic attack. From this he recovered, and after a furlough, was placed in command of the U. S. Steamship *Relief*, bound to the East Indies. The day before entering Rio Janeiro, he had another

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attack, which prostrated him, and he was taken ashore to the Misericordia Hospital, where every attention and kindness was shown, but he rapidly sank under his disease, until his death, as announced by the following letter:

U. S. Consulate, Rio De Janeiro

August 30, 1864

Mrs. E. S. Turner:

Dear Madam, I have a very painful duty to perform, and I pray that our Father in Heaven may give you grace to bear all the trials that his providence has brought upon you.

About two days since, your husband was afflicted with a second stroke of paralysis, after which he seldom spoke. He did not appear to suffer much pain, and seemed very quiet and composed. I can bear witness that the physicians and nurses at the Hospital did all in their power for his comfort and he was never left alone for a moment, night or day. He gradually grew weaker, until Sunday, Aug. 28th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., when he gently passed away. His funeral was attended yesterday, at 3 ½ o'clock. He was buried in a beautiful Protestant Cemetery in the suburbs of this city.

Rev. Mr. Simonton and Rev. Mr. Fletcher, both Presbyterian ministers from the United States, performed the religious services at the grave, which consisted of reading of the Scriptures, prayer, and remarks.

The grave will be so marked that it can be distinguished at any future time.

* * * * *

Allow me, dear madam, in conclusion, to express to you my sincere regard, sympathy, and condolence for your bereavement.

May God bless and sustain you.

Yours most sincerely, James Munroe

Elkanah Finney, Aboard *Santiago de Cuba*⁸²⁵ November 11, 1864

The Gunboat *Santiago de Cuba* has captured another valuable prize [blockade runner *Advance*?]. A son of Elkanah C. Finney, Esq., of Plymouth, is a Master's Mate on the ship. Glad for his good luck.

Exploits of Alexander Churchill, Aboard *USS Emma*⁸²⁶ December 21, 1864

Mr. Editor:

A few days ago the newspapers published the information, communicated to the Navy Department by Admiral Porter, of the burning of the blockade runner *Ella*, off Wilmington, by an expedition from the U. S. Steamer *Emma*. She was loaded with arms and ammunition, and bound to Wilmington. The expedition was composed of six men, under charge of Acting Ensign Sampson, assisted by Acting Third Assistant Engineer [Alexander L.⁸²⁷] Churchill, of this town. Engineer Churchill is a son of Mr. Alexander Churchill, and he has written home a detailed account of the affair, which I send you for publication, although it was intended only as private letter to his friend. In the letter he says:

"I will now tell you of an expedition which I went on. Last Saturday, Dec. 3d, about five o'clock, we sighted a blockade runner creeping along close in shore. All hands were called to quarters, and we were in chase. We fired a few guns, and in a few minutes we run them ashore under one of the rebel batteries. We blazed away at them, and they at us. We attempted to send a small boat to board her, but as daylight was fast approaching, gave it up. Our Captain then run out to the fleet, and reported to the Fleet Captain. He gave him permission to go and shell the batteries and blockade runner, which we did, and there was brisk firing on both sides. Soon

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the whole fleet were engaged, and the rebs opened on all quarters. This lasted until about one o'clock, when the fleet went to their anchorage to plan an expedition for the night to destroy the runner. This expedition consisted of a small boat from each vessel. The whole number of men were ninety-six, with twelve officers; but the night being rough, it was postponed until the next. When the next night came, it was not thought expedient to go, considering the danger attending it, and that also was given up. The next day Mr. Sampson and myself volunteered to go and destroy the runner. The Captain accepted our proposition, and we found six as brave men as ever walked who were willing to go on the expedition with us. This was the extent of our force, some smaller than the first, which was twelve officers and ninety-six men. That night, Monday, the fifth, about one o'clock, we bid good-night to all on board, (and some sad good-byes there were, for said they, 'we shall not see you again.') 'All right,' we answered; 'better men than us have been sacrificed.' We took with us eight pistols, six rifles, six cutlasses, two battle-axes, three shells loaded with powder, spirits of turpentine, a signal light, and compass. These were our implements. We proceeded until we could see the runner distinctly, then went very cautiously until we were directly under the rebel batteries, and could hear the rebs talk very plainly. Then we went round the runner three times, each time going nearer to it. We felt sure all was still on the vessel; then went alongside, and boarder her, and lost no time in executing our work. We placed our shell, and arranged for firing. All the time we were at work, we could hear the rebs conversing. After we had completed our work, we left for our vessel. In two hours after we were on board the runner, she was in flames. It was a glorious fire, and I am naturally fond of fire, you know, but I think a fire never looked better to me than this. It lit us on our way to the vessel while the rebs saluted us with shot and shell; but they had better save their powder, for the shot is not made to shoot us with yet. They dare not go near the runner for the shell had begun to burst, doing its duty as we intended. We then made signals to our vessel that we were safe, and about six o'clock in the morning we were safe on board our vessel. The Captain and officers shook us by the hand, and congratulated us for the good we had done."

P.

Baker, Thurber, and Goodwin Home from the Wars⁸²⁸ June 30, 1865

PERSONAL. -

Capt. Edward Baker, of the Navy, greets us on the streets with his hearty cheer, looking none the worse for long service on the Blockade.

Capt. James Thurber is also among the welcomed home from the wars.

Lieut. Com. E.S. Goodwin arrived home this week on a four months' furlough.

We see many of the old veterans from the different regiments recently mustered out, now enjoying a respite from the fatigues and dangers of the camp, the march and the battle.

Prisoners of War

Chapter 11

Prisoners of War

Introduction

List of Prisoners of War

Bartlett, Victor A.	Navy	Served on USS Housatonic. Taken prisoner September 6, 1863. Died March 25, 1864 at Salisbury, NC. ⁸²⁹
Bradford, George F.	29th Reg., Co. E.	Missing June 1862, Peninsular Campaign. ⁸³⁰ Taken prisoner July 29, 1862, (exchanged). ⁸³¹
Brigham, Antipas	1st VT Cav.	Prisoner, Andersonville, GA 1864
Collingwood, Thomas	29th Reg., Co. E.	Missing June, 1862, Peninsular Campaign. ⁸³² Captured at Savage Station. ⁸³³ Died Sept. 21, 1864.
Davis, Joseph	9th NH	Taken at Crater Fight, VA Died of disease Danville, VA Jan. 11, 1865
Duffy, John, Jr. ⁸³⁴	32d Reg., Co. C	Prisoner Oct. 31, 1864; exchanged March 10, 1865.
Edes, William	11th Reg., Co. F	Prisoner Locust Grove, VA Died Andersonville, GA Aug. 30, 1864
Fuller, Theodore S.	23rd Reg., Co. E.	Taken prisoner near New Berne Oct. 10, 1864. ⁸³⁵ Died Aug. 13, 1864 at Andersonville Prison. ⁸³⁶
Goldsboro, John F.	4th Reg., Co. D	Prisoner, Gainesville, FL Aug. 17, 1864
Kincaid, John R.	58th, Co. H	Prisoner Sept. 30, 1864, Poplar Grove Church, VA
Kleinhans, Charles E.	29th Reg., Co. E.	Missing June, 1862, Peninsular Campaign. ⁸³⁷ Captured at Savage Station. ⁸³⁸
Lanman, Hiram T.	23rd Reg., Co. E.	Prisoner April 29, 1862, on picket at Batchelder's Creek, N. C. ⁸³⁹
Nickerson, William P.	29th Reg., Co. E	Prisoner March 25, 1865, Fort Stedman, Va. ⁸⁴⁰
Perkins, George T.	22d Reg., Hosp. Steward	Prisoner June 27, 1862, at Gaines' Mill, VA. Released Aug. 1, 1862.
Quinlan, John	23rd Reg., Co. E.	Prisoner May 16, 1864, at Drury's Bluff, Va. ; exchanged Feb. 25, 1865. ⁸⁴¹
Shannon, John	29th Reg., Co. E.	Prisoner, July 30, 1864, Petersburg, Va., exchanged Feb. 22, 1865. ⁸⁴²
Sherman, Winslow B.	4th Regt., Co. C	Prisoner, Brashear City, LA June 23, 1863
Smith, Edward	23rd Reg., Co. E.	Plymouth, listed on Training Green monument. Prisoner April 29, 1862, at Batchelder's Creek, N. C. Died of disease, Nov. 17, 1862, at Annapolis, Md. ⁸⁴³
Swett, Sylvester R.	4th Regt., Co. C	Prisoner, Brashear City, LA June 23, 1863
Swift, William	29th Reg., Co. E.	Missing June, 1862, Peninsular Campaign. Taken prisoner July 29, [1862], exchanged Sept. 14, [1862]. ⁸⁴⁴

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Sylvester, John	1st Cavalry	Prisoner April 2, 1864, Palatka, Fla. Died of disease, Nov. 16, 1864, Andersonville, Ga. ⁸⁴⁵ (Grave # 12053) ⁸⁴⁶
Taylor, John	23rd Reg., Co. E.	Captured at New Berne. POW 5/10/1862 OCM. ⁸⁴⁷
Tillson, Charles E.	29th. Regt., Co. E	Prisoner, Jany., 1864. Died July 24, 1864, Andersonville, Ga. ⁸⁴⁸
Turner, Frank W.	Navy	Steamer <i>Sumter</i> ; captured May 11, 1862, ⁸⁴⁹ released 10/1862.
Wadsworth, Charles	39th Reg. Co. B	Prisoner Aug. 19, 1864, Weldon Railroad, Va. Died Nov. 10, 1864, Salisbury, N. C. ⁸⁵⁰
Whittemore, Benjamin	58th, Co. D	Prisoner Sept. 30, 1864, Poplar Grove Church, VA
Williams, David	29th Reg., Co. E.	Missing June, 1862, Peninsular Campaign. ⁸⁵¹ Captured at Savage Station. ⁸⁵²

Images of Men Who Were Prisoners of War

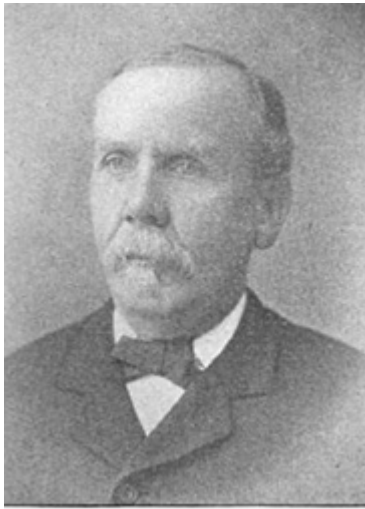


Figure 50. John Shannon 29th Regt., Co. E

Letters and Articles from the Prisoners of War

Letter from G.T. P. [Perkins], Taken at Battle of Richmond⁸⁵³ October 11, 1862

Mr. Editor:

In compliance with your request I will endeavor to give you a slight sketch of my capture and imprisonment among the rebels. In order to do so, it will be necessary for me to carry you back (in imagination) to the 26th of June, the commencement of the seven day fight. On the evening of the 25th we received orders to be ready to march the next morning at 4 o'clock, A. M. Accordingly by the hour appointed, we were all in line ready to start, having previously received three days cooked rations. When the orders came, we moved in the direction of Mechanicsville, a distance of about six miles, where we arrived about noon. We took up a position to the right of the above mentioned place. Very soon we heard firing upon our left, which

Prisoners of War

every moment grew more and more rapid and distinct. We soon received orders to move to the scene of action, where we were immediately detailed to support a number of batteries already engaged with the enemy. There we remained until night-fall. Thus ended the first day. At an early hour next morning we took up our line of march back to camp, where we consigned to the flames everything we could not conveniently carry with us. We were then ordered to fall in and proceed to Gaines Mill, about three miles in the rear, where we took up our position and waited for the enemy to appear.

Our regiment was placed on the left of the line near the top of the hill, behind a breastwork consisting of knapsacks, and rails collected from the neighboring fences. From this place they could fire upon the enemy without being exposed to any great extent. Upon our left and rear ran the far famed Chickahominy river, with a single bridge of logs across it, our only means of retreat. After getting all things in readiness for battle, our men laid down to rest for a short time, and very short it was, for the enemy soon made their appearance in overwhelming numbers, forcing back our skirmishers at a rapid rate. After allowing them to get within proper distance, we opened upon them one simultaneous discharge of artillery and infantry from the whole length of our line, which we kept up for five hours without intermission, but we were at last overpowered by their superior numbers, and obliged to give way. It was at this time I received my wound, from a Minnie ball. I immediately started with all the strength I could muster, to get out of the way of the artillery and cavalry which were then retreating rapidly. I ran but a short distance when I became exhausted from the loss of blood, and fell down by the roadside. I lay here until our regiment passed by, and helped me along. When we had gone a short distance, a horse came along without his rider; they caught him and placed me on his back, one holding me on, while the other led the horse; in this way I reached a hospital near the bridge, where I had my wound dressed and remained over night. The next morning I was carried across the river to another hospital, from which place I was taken in an ambulance to Savage Station, about nine miles from the city of Richmond, and placed upon a train of cars already loaded with the wounded waiting to be carried to White House Landing, then to be sent to the different hospitals north. We lay upon these open cars exposed to the rays of a southern sun for some hours, when news came that our retreat was cut off and it would be impossible for us to escape. The feelings of these hundreds of poor wounded and dying soldiers can be better imagined than described, when they were told that they were to be left to the tender mercies of the rebels. It was scene that I can never forget. We were then carried from the cars into tents, where we remained without being disturbed, until the next day (Sunday, June 28th) when, just at dark, the rear guard of our army and the advance of the enemy came in collision, where they had a short fight. Our hospital lay between the two armies, the shot from each passing through the tents and killing one man. This was done before they were informed that it was a hospital, as soon as they knew of it they stopped firing into it. Our troops drove the enemy back some three miles and in the night marched off carrying everything with them.

On Monday the enemy took formal possession of the hospital and its inmates numbering some two thousand sick and wounded. A few of our surgeons were left with us, also some men to take care of the sick. A few of the rebels were inclined to treat us roughly, but the majority used us as well as it was possible for them to do. They placed a guard over us and then moved on, leaving our own surgeons to take care of us. There I remained for five weeks, the most of that time confined to my bed, said bed being a blanket laid upon the ground, upon which I sat, my back leaning against the tent pole, the nature of my wound preventing my getting in any other position. In a few days I was removed from the tent to a house, where I remained until I went to Richmond. Our food was very poor, but it was the best they had, so we ought not to complain. We fared as well as their own troops. Those who were provided with money had the privilege of buying eatables at enormously high prices. We had quite a number of visitors from Richmond to look at the yankee prisoners, some spoke to us kindly and pleasantly, others cast looks of contempt upon us. While at the Station not a day

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passed without some heartrending scene taking place. Men dying away from home and friends and every thing dear to them. In connection with this I will tell you of one death I witnessed, one of many. A volunteer surgeon that was taken prisoner with us, as he was not wounded or sick, he of course helped to take care of the sick. One morning, after he had visited the different wards and seen to the sick he had in charge, he came in and laid down on a bed beside the one I was on, or to speak more correctly, on a blanket laid on the floor. He seemed rather exhausted while talking with me. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and fell back. I did what I could for him, but it was of no use; his spirit had gone to a better and happier world. His death was caused by want of food, actual starvation! He was one of the many that died from the same cause.

We had some few medicines with us, and some of them attracted the curiosity of the confederate soldiers. Among these articles was a jar of simple cerote, which they took charge of, and spreading it on their bread it formed (in their opinion) a very good substitute for butter. This novel style of using cerote rather annoyed our surgeons who needed it for another purpose.

After remaining at this place about five weeks, we one evening received orders to start for Richmond, on our way homeward. Such a scene of excitement has been seldom witnessed. The thoughts of getting home made every one wild with joy. At four A. M., we were all ready to move, and the cars started for Richmond, where we remained a few hours, and then left to City Point. There we were placed on board the transports, and once more safe beneath the Stars and Stripes, which I had never expected to see again. In due time we arrived at Fortress Monroe; from there with all the speed I was able to make in my weak state, for my wound was not yet healed, I joined my regiment at Harrison's Landing, and remained with them until a few weeks ago, when I got a furlough and returned home. The quiet of home, and by proper care of my wound, I hope soon to be able again to return to my regiment.

G.T.P.

Letter from Camp Parole [David Williams], 29th Regt.⁸⁵⁴ October 12, 1862

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following from [illegible] in this town, from [a paroled?] soldier of Co. E, 29th Mass. Reg.

My D— W— [Dear Wife]:

I am afraid you have worried yourself out of health, wondering what had become of me. Overjoyed indeed was one poor fellow to hear from you and learn that all were living, though sorry to hear of brother T's affliction. Can hardly realize it, for I have become so hardened to sorrow that I don't know as I can ever shed another tear. I am too sick to try to tell you, nor could I if well; what I have suffered since we were captured, but will attempt to explain to you as well as I can what we have been through. When the d—d rebels overhauled me on the 29th of June, I had thrown away my knapsack, haversack and canteen, with the hope of escaping, but these Ashby's fellows were too much, for although I put the contents of my rifle through the foremost horse's shoulder, then finding I should be taken, spoiled it for further use by a blow around the butt of a tree. They marched me 18 miles on foot to Richmond, and plunged me into a filthy tobacco house, where for three days I was unable to raise my head from the hard floor. Thirteen days of starvation were passed here when we were sent to Belle Isle, or as the boys called it, H—l Isle, after what we experienced there. I sold my shoes the first week for bread, and often we were so hungry we could not sleep. Had the scurvy so bad I lost most of my teeth, and now it is worse, as I hankered so after salt that I could help using it, though the doctor cautioned me against it as my gums would cleave from my teeth. Have not had on a pair of shoes, stockings, drawers, undershirt, or coat, for three months, only a shirt with the sleeves worn off above the elbows and ragged pants, and it is so chilly here nights in this open field, where we sleep unprotected on the bare wet

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ground. How long this is to last, or how soon we shall get some clothes, God only knows. I do not write to complain, for I suppose government is doing all it can for us; but if Massachusetts people could see how her boys suffer, it would be remedied; but we can bear anything now that we have escaped from slow starvation, and thankful than we can tell you. Clinhaus [Charles Kleinhans], Burt and Thomas Collingwood, were on the island. The cripples and sunken cheeks are plenty here. We did hope to get a furlough for a short time, but have orders to join our company soon, which we shall rejoice to see and with whom we have taken so much comfort. There is one satisfaction, the hope of getting revenge on the rebels for our treatment at Richmond. Hope we shall get paid off soon, as I have not seen a cent of money for weeks, and begged ten days to get this sheet of paper to write you. Chinhans [Kleinhans] will get his discharge and Burt has the scurvy very bad. Think it hard. I cannot get a furlough after being in the service so long and suffered so much, when I long to see you. But good bye, and write me often.

Your affectionate husband⁸⁵⁵

Letter from H [Hiram Lanman], Camp Banks, Camp of Exchanged Prisoners⁸⁵⁶ Nov. 19, 1862

Near Alexandria, VA

Friend *Rock*:

No doubt common place letters from the army are stale matter after eighteen months of war, and perhaps a letter from the camp of paroled and exchanged prisoners will be no intellectual treat. But whether it be a treat or a nauseating compound of worn out facts and folly, I am tempted to send one to your address.

Neither of the camps Parole have been deemed places of sufficient importance for the visits of those argus-eyed gatherers of news for the greedy public, newspaper correspondents, yet a ready writer with an eye for the ludicrous, might have sent many a humorous letter from a place of so little real importance as Annapolis, Md. Camp of Paroled Prisoners.

Every one has a pretty good idea of a soldier on duty. He is known to be one of the most docile, obedient, civil, patient beings that walks erect upon the earth. But the soldier on parole is a very different specimen of the "genus homo." Like most of the untrammelled citizens of this free and independent republic, he stands up with great boldness for what he considers his rights, and complains loudly of his supposed wrongs.

When we first went into parole camp, Col. Stanton, with great consideration and kindness, placed very little restriction on our movements, providing we did not enter the town. There the provost guard was ordered to arrest all soldiers. Outside the town we roamed at will. The guard around our camp made no attempt to keep us within the lines, and probably they were not required to make the effort. After enjoying a few weeks of unrestrained freedom at home, we could not with a good grace have endured the ordinary confinement of the camp, much less confinement at Camp Parole, where we lived in utter idleness. We esteemed the privilege of passing the lines very highly, and thanked Col. S. in our hearts for his kindness.

After being there about a month our camp was removed from close proximity to the town, a mile into the country. We were there also allowed all the liberty we wanted. The guard still walked their beats around our extensive camp, but they seemed to be there for our protection and not for our confinement.

Prisoners arrived at Annapolis so fast that they were not supplied with tents, blankets, or clothing. During the hot weather of August and the cool weather of September, hundreds of prisoners were under the open sky day and night. This was endurable while the winds blew soft and warm, for during the heat of day they could get under the shade of the trees, and sleeping under the heavens on pleasant summer nights, is not considered a great hardship. But when late in September those thousands from Belle Island piled into camp, then we saw some sights that seemed a little hard even to a soldier's eye.

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On Belle Island our soldiers underwent all the horrors of prison life. In the long list of sufferings that had been experienced in other prisons, was added starvation. These half-starved, ragged, dirty, sick and used up prisoners came into camp when there was nothing for them but rations, the thing most needed, but not the only thing needed by a great deal. Some of the men, who had a little strength and energy left, made themselves brush and weed tents to break off the cold night winds, but the weakest and sickest ones had only their rags and the cold sky to cover them. They would curl over the camp fires until sleep overpowered them, the cold wind all the time nipping their feet and fluttering their rags.

Happily for them and for the honor of those who had them in charge, they were not left thus many days. About the 1st of October nearly all the prisoners in Annapolis were sent to this place, and provided with tents, and in a fortnight after with plenty of clothing. From that time the prisoners have not had much reason to complain.

Three weeks ago all the prisoners belonging to McClellan's army were ordered away from those who went, many returned in a few days. Some of these were Western Virginia men, and should not have been sent with the others.

There is a surgeon in camp giving discharges for disability. There are one hundred and nineteen men in this camp, and thirty papers are now in the Captain's office to be filled out.

This is an extremely dry letter, I know, and my only excuse is that I wanted to give you a general idea of like at a parole camp.

Yours truly, H.

FW Turner Exchanged Prisoner⁸⁵⁷ October 18, 1862

We are glad to learn the Act. [?] Master Frank W. Turner, of this town, who was taken by the rebels some five or six months ago, and who has since been held a prisoner in Richmond, has been exchanged, and is now at Fortress Monroe.

FW Turner Six Months in a Southern Prison⁸⁵⁸ November 6, 1862

We shall publish next week the first of a series of articles gathered by "six months in a southern Prison," by a naval officer who was captured last Spring near Fort Pulaski, and was imprisoned and exchanged with Gen. Prentice, and recently arrived home to relieve the suspense and make glad the hearts of those who have suffered much anxiety on his account.

FW Turner, Navy, Six Months in a Southern Prison (1 of 5)⁸⁵⁹ November 13, 1862

On the afternoon of the 11th of February, the United States Steamer *Sumter* sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard and dropped down to Staten Island to leave the sick at the hospital. [illegible]

Glad to see Plymouth friends, Wm. Morrissey and John Morse. Boarded the *Constitution* and saw Moses Bates, Esq., also Capt. Samuel Doten on the express. This meeting home friends away from home is one of the bright sunbeams that cheer the gloom of absence. Rode out a heavy gale which moderated on the 25th, at 3 P. M., got our anchors and steamed away for the sandy coasts of South Carolina. Ship rolled heavily in the sea, but made good work of it arriving at Port Royal on the night of the 28th, stood in at 5 A. M., by the light ship *Relief*. Reported to the Flag ship for orders. Took pilot and run up to the mouth of Snake river off Charleston harbor to relieve the *Pocahontas* on board which we met Capt. Edward Baker of Plymouth, as brave and jolly a "Master" as there is in the fleet.

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February 7th, the *Penguin* signaled for us to cruise off shore with the *Roebuck*. Gave chase through the night to a light on our larboard bow, which proved to be a gunboat going South. Sunday, Feb. 11th, watched a suspicious sail through the forenoon; she hoisted U. S. flag and kept on to the northward. Had services on the gun deck. Next day run in and took provisions from the *Rhode Island*, also letters from home. Feb 15, with the *Restless*, burnt two schooners up Bull Bay, and brought one in. Feb. 25th, sailed on a cruise, spotted five ships and several schooners, also a large English steamer going into port. Saw nothing contraband and sailed for Port Royal. With this brief introduction which will serve as a brief outline of the outward trip, and ordinary operations of a blockading gunboat, for the satisfaction of many who have friends on board one or another of this large fleet, we pass over the intervening time, till the evening of the 8th of May, when the *Sumter* dropped her "mud hooks" under the battered walls of Fort Palaski [Pulaski], still grim and frowning midst the smoke of recent battle. Sunday, May 11th, broke fine and clear, soft and balmy the breeze came off the land, and as the sun climbed up the Eastern sky, a light wavy haze lent an additional dreamy influence to the genial southern clime.

About 8 A. M., the barge was ordered away with a party of officers to visit the Fort, and notice the effect of the different kinds of guns and shells used in the bombardment. I had been up to the Fort once before, but had not examined the works, being left in charge of the boat, therefore was one of the party consisting of fifteen persons, seven officers and eight men. We left the steamer in fine spirits and in unison with the day of peaceful rest, we had laid aside swords, revolvers and guns, not supposing any hostile relations with the enemy to be among the possibilities of the excursion. Our pilot was formerly with the "coast survey" schooner, and familiar with the intricate channels, but had recently been put in irons, and was heard to swear revenge against one of the officers, a common threat under such circumstances, and therefore scarcely noticed, but afterwards remembered to our sorrow. We kept the starboard bank, looking for a creek which came into the main channel at a sharp angle, and not to be seen until well by. In the mist our pilot dodged this and took us into another, farther up, very like it. I thought it looked different and mentioned it, but he said it was all right, and as the banks were so high we could not see much beyond, our suspicion was allayed. After gliding silently up the creek a mile or so, still uneasy, I got up in the stern sheets to look, but dropped in the bottom quicker, singing out "Boys we're gone up, the secesh' have us." Acting Master Crowell immediately ordered the boat under cover of the bank, safe from a sudden fire upon us. When the officer of the picket guard whom I had seen on his beat along a line of breastworks came up, having ordered his men into line, held a parley, which ended by his ordering us on shore, as it was his duty to take us prisoner, and march us to the headquarters of the Georgia 13th regiment volunteers. It was all courteous and gentlemanly, and we submitted to the aggravating necessity with as good grace as possible. Our voyage from Whitemarsh was up. In a twinkling we were changed from a party of self-complacent and somewhat proudly uniformed naval officers, to a file of downcast and mortified confederate prisoners, taken with[out] a blow like a set of "nonresistance" Quakers. But we stood on our dignity and were determined to command respect at least. We were marched about a dozen miles to Savannah to Gen. Lauton, who treated us with much consideration and gave us our supper from his own house. We were sent on the same evening under Capt. Hall, a fine specimen of Southern gentleman, to Macon, where we arrived about 8 o'clock A. M. But from fear of our escape if we were to get to near the coast, and after refreshments, we again are on the train for Atlanta. Our way lay through a fine level country, already far advanced in summer foliage and bloom, but could not notice much until we arrived at Atlanta, and here booked at the Atlanta Hotel to await further orders as to our treatment, which had thus far been highly satisfactory considering the circumstances.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

FW Turner, Navy, Six Months in a Southern Prison (2 of 5)⁸⁶⁰ November 27, 1862

Atlanta

The next morning after our arrival, our friends threw in the local paper, with the following news for our entertainment at breakfast.

Federal Officers Captured

On Sunday last, the pickets of the 13th Reg. Ga. Volunteers, near Savannah, captured 15 men – mostly officers – belonging to the United States Navy while going in a barge from Whitemarsh, aiming to get to Fort Pulaski. They by some means took the wrong channel, which led them in the way of our men – said to be four in number; and being unarmed, were easily captured. They all belonged to the U. S. steamer *Sumter*. Their names are as follows:

Levi Crowel, Acting Master; Chas. G. Stevens, Engineer; Warren Ewen, Engineer; Robt. F. Russ, Master's Mate; Frank W. Turner, Master's Mate; Alfred W. Minor, 2nd Steward; W T. Sprague, Coxswain; John Miller, Seaman; Henry Statler, Seaman; John E. Ward, Seaman; James Denham, Seaman; Oliver F. Stone, Ordinary Seaman; Wm. J. C. Mac, Ordinary Seaman; David Wooster, Landsman; Thomas Fay, Landsman.

The first six on the list are now at the Atlanta Hotel in charge of Capt. Edward Hull. They arrived here last evening from Savannah on the Macon train. The remainder were left at Macon."

But if this was a fair sample of prison life, we had little reason to complain. We were at Atlanta Hotel, six officers having two rooms with three beds and the neatest of linen.

After a few days high living under the care of that true Southern gentleman, Capt. Hall, we were removed to more permanent quarters in a large three story factory building, with good accommodations. Here we made up our minds to vegetate during the war. We laid out our plan of the campaign. First to command respect by standing on our dignity, arrange our own dress and toilet with the utmost punctilio, and in every way presume upon our claim to proper treatment as officers of the U. S. Navy. We received all our visitors who treated us well with the same formal etiquette, our superior officer introducing each with our particular grade in the navy. Many well-bred people came to see us, and we have here to say that the people of Atlanta are worthy of all praise for their kindly regard and delicate consideration of our position. Many were the presents of strawberries, bouquets, and other marks of sympathy. To those who insulted us we replied in most indignant terms, bestowing upon them some compliments more severe than polite.

May 16th was the appointed Fast, and was very generally observed. Two ladies, Misses Lloyd and Wilson, expressed their sympathy for us, and almost daily we had evidence of latent Union feelings from those who passed our window. Commenced our card parties which with letter writing, singing and window gazing, took most of our time. What little of the town and country we could see, gave us the impression that it would be a delightful place to live under more favorable auspices. The depot was near by, and the daily arrival and departure of trains loaded with soldiers, served to wear away the time. I kept a list of the names and numbers of the locomotives as they came and went, numbering about thirty, from "Fire Eater" the first, to "New Republic" the last, with all the spiteful, comet-like names, also those of distinguished men, local names, &c., and what seemed dearest to us were those of "New York" and "Philadelphia." These were always welcomed as friends, and gave rise to pleasant thoughts of distant homes. We knew also they were all from New England and built by Northern hands.

May 19th. A Miss Watkins came with our old friend Miss Wilson today, and as usual enjoined the Captain of the guard to treat us well. The result was, the next day we were permitted to walk about the town. These attentions of the real Southern property owners and first families, excited the ire of the editor and low trash,

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who are half poor Northerners, and now rule the wealthy, who threatened our friends with the following significant paragraph which we copy to show why no more Union sentiments are shown by the people.

Messrs. Editors:

I was not a little surprised, a day or two since, on being informed that several ladies of this city, of respectability, had been to visit the Yankee prisoners, and that some of them had sent the prisoners bouquets, and others had treated them to strawberries. Is it possible this can be true? If so, by what motives could the ladies have been thus influenced? If the prisoners had been sick and in a suffering condition, they might have been inexcusable in sending delicacies; but I am informed they are in perfect health and seem to enjoy themselves by playing whist, backgammon, &c.

They must have been influenced by curiosity or sympathy. Curiosity might have induced the ladies to visit them, if they merely wished to get a sight of a live Yankee; but it hardly would have caused them to send the prisoners bouquets and strawberries. If the sympathies of the ladies are so much excited at the appearance of a few Yankee prisoners, what effect do you suppose would be produced upon them by the arrival of Picayune Butler with his vandal army, inflamed by lust and encouraged by their commander? Would they not bid their commander? Would they not bid him a hearty welcome, his general order to the ladies of New Orleans notwithstanding.

VERBUM SAT.

FW Turner, Navy, Six Months in a Southern Prison (3 of 5)⁸⁶¹ December 4, 1862

Atlanta

June 1st. – With but little change in the monotony of our daily routine, the time hung heavily as day by day of our sullen solitary life passed, bringing but little hope of exchange or release. It is true we were often deluded with such hopes by good natured friends calling or some kind-hearted guard who had heard or read of such an order. Callers had been frequent, and many marks of favors were bestowed upon us such as books, bouquets, papers, and the usual supply of strawberries. Take for instance my diary of May 25th, which illustrates our daily life.

A newspaper thrown in with an article scored relating to exchange. Several gentlemen and ladies called in, among whom were A H. Stephens and Capt. Hull, bound to Richmond. Rev. Mr. Scott, who was with the Provost Marshal, presented each with a Bible. The ladies brought several books which add much to our entertainment. At 11 A. M. went out shopping and kept our legs moving fast to make the most of our time. Mr. Euting stopped us and spoke kindly to us and of the old Union. After dinner, sat down as usual to our cards and storytelling. Heard of Jackson's victory and the re-capture of the Emily St. Pierre. Federal victories grow small and beautifully less before they reach this latitude, while rebel successes are inflated to an equal degree. Little do we hear of the first, while the last is talked over by the guard, cried into the windows by the boys, and dilated upon by the local paper until we are expected to believe the Union cause has "gone up." Had an unusual supply of strawberries and a hot supper sent in. We knew who to thank, though the guard did not. Large number of Federal prisoners passed through the town to Madison, also great bodies of troops for Richmond. Thus the time passed till June 1st, when a change was manifest in our treatment. Orders for more vigor in our treatment were received, our visitors and presents cut off, out of door exercise denied us, hints of hanging or being shot to save expense, thrown out, &c. Certain it was that large additions to their prisoners scarcity of provisions, and increased boldness from success, had produced a radical change in policy. A new guard was placed over us, and further exasperation occurred by a curious episode at the R. R. station. A lot of

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Ohio and Iowa prisoners recently captured near Chattanooga, were brought in on the train when all the guard and engineers left the train to talk with friends. An Ohio engineer jumped on the engine, put an all steam, and away went train, prisoners and all, minus the guard. They hear the train 30 miles hallooing and singing, much to the terror and wonder of the natives. "Ohio" run his train on the "lightning express" principle, till wood gave out, then they left for the woods, but unfortunately run against a body of rebel troops and were re-captured. Secesh was tearing mad.

June 7th – The hurry and bustle before daylight attracted our attention and excited suspicion. At half-past five Andrews and his brave comrades were led out to execution. How our hearts pitied them. The morning broke fine and beautiful, everything made this world attractive. Like us they thought of home and friends who would look in vain for their return. Soon the return of the guard told us it was all over, and often during the day the bitter devils would yell in at the window "don't you worry my covies, it will be your turn soon."

June 9th, 10th and 11th, fires occurred each day, accidental we think, but serving to kindle the nervous and excitable community with fears of slave insurrection or Union "traitors."

There are but few inmates of prisons who are not daily readers of the Bible. With all the hilarity and temptations of a soldier's life, we doubt whether an equal number of men at home are more constant in their "daily chapter." They realize the uncertainty of life and dependence upon Divine Providence. Sudden death and terrible mutilation is ever around them, the injunctions of mothers and the promptings of conscience exert their silent power in the "long hours." Having today finished my Bible, and re-commenced its sacred pages, give rise to these suggestions.

June 14th – A new era in our associations commenced today, by the arrival of General Prentiss, the Western hero of many battles, with fifty prisoners from Corinth. We had an interchange and exchange of friendly conversation and intercourse, and were admonished at the wonderful cheerfulness and impartible good nature of the men. He is the life of his fellow prisoners, slight made but wiry, muscular, commanding and energetic, unflinching and unbending in his intercourse with the rebels, both in manner and expression of opinion, never forgetting to remind them that they were rebels and berating them in unmeasured terms of indignant protest at any ill treatment of his men.

June 15 – We were all put into the Town Hall, where we had a "gunboat" fight with the land forces under Gen. P., with our pillows. The Gen. procured supper for us all at the "Gem," after which we camped on the floor with blankets. A Mr. Johnson sent us in breakfast and dinner, after which we messed with army officers on army rations, good biscuit and bacon, with mattresses to sleep on, made us comfortable quarters.

FW Turner, Navy, Six Months in a Southern Prison (4 of 5)⁸⁶² December 11, 1862

June 21. Left Atlanta in the morning and arrived at one P. M. at Madison, where our whole company were turned into a filthy thread factory. It needed by a glance at our new quarters, without beds or conveniences of any kind, to see that we had the most gloomy prospect before us. The commandant of the prison, Capt. Calhoun, was the very reverse of all the officers we had hitherto seen. A regular Southern hater of Northern men, in principle and practice. If any doubt existed as to the new policy of the treatment of prisoners, it was settled by the following paragraph from the Atlanta paper, which accounts for the change of location.

"Yankee Prisoners. Yesterday morning Gen. Prentice and the other Yankee officers who have been here for some time prisoners of war, were sent to Madison for safe-keeping. Our Government is getting too many Yankee prisoners on their hands – more than accommodations can be found for.

We think the President should make a direct issue with Lincoln, that if he does not agree to, and faithfully carry out, an equitable system of exchanging prisoners, they shall all be shot. This of course would subject our

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men in their hands to a similar fate. Be it so; their losses would be far greater than ours. Then, in future, no prisoners would be taken. The Yanks in every fight would keep out of our way.”

But if our troubles commenced so did our amusements. In Gen. Prentice we found a friend full of resources for keeping up the spirits of the men. During the whole of our horrible confinement, that sharp, quick eye never quailed before the insulting captors, that small wiry form never succumbed to the sickness and fatigue that broke the health of so many, neither did his courage ever fail him or his spirit droop amid our hardships, hunger, filth and vermin. For the least ill-treated of his men he visited officers and guard with the severest rebuke; for any insult to himself he hurled the most scathing reproach and fearless rebuke that had the effect to relieve him from many petty annoyances. A theatre was organized, drill parties formed, and every method our limited room and means would allow, was employed to keep the minds of the men from ennui. Singing patriotic songs was a common amusement of his, and one day Capt. Calhoun sent his Lieut. to order Gen. Prentice to stop that noise. “Tell Capt. Calhoun,” said Gen. P., “if he wishes to communicate, with a Maj. Gen. of the U. S. army to send a commissioned General officer.” “Boys! give us the ‘red, white and blue.’ We were not troubled again that day. On one occasion, when he had formed us in line, he requested the sentinel not to leave the door to go down stairs as some thought of escaping and it would only subject them to capture and worse treatment. Sentinel touched his hat and thanked him for the confidential news and paced in front of the door. Gen. P. then had a hole sawed through the floor by the men with a compass saw, owned by one of them, and let each one through by a rope, formed them in the hall below and marched them up the stairs to the astounded sentinel, requesting him to open the door and allow his “column” to pass in.

FW Turner, Navy, Six Months in a Southern Prison (5 of 5)⁸⁶³ December 25, 1862

Of course the main effort of all was to keep up good spirits and exercise his wits to break the monotony, and consequent depression of prison life as much as possible. Much relief was afforded in this way by purchasing bone of the slaves, who came in to supply our demand and working it into little knick knacks, such as knives, forks, tooth-picks, rings, spoons, &c., and several of the men attained great skill in this art. But Capt. Calhoun soon felt uneasy from our enjoying too much in this way, and showed his malicious spirit by issuing an order June 27th, against either buying or selling any articles of our manufacture, which cut off our little income, which enabled us to buy some little luxuries and additions to our spare diet. Through the month of July we were continually tantalized with promises of exchange, many a day being set as often to be disappointed.

Our Sunday services were quite interesting. Sermons by Rev. J. Kaufman and Lieut. Greer, who spoke with much feeling and interest. July 8th – Major Ward of an Indiana Reg., and others were brought in prisoners from Tennessee. July 10th – Ninety-seven Shiloh prisoners arrived from Macon, making us pretty well crowded. July 12th – Two hundred Tennesseans released, and a certain assurance that we should go in a week was given us by Capt. Gregg, one of the commissioners. July 18th – Major Jordan of the 9th Pennsylvania cavalry, was brought in with prisoners captured by Gen. Morgan. We were now so thick as to be allowed the yard in the afternoon. About this time, Gen. Prentice and a number of men secreted themselves in the cellar, before the hour for going up to quarters, and were not missed. They had nearly worked a hole through the wall, when the sentinel heard the noise and called the guard. A search was made and Major Ward with several men first found, who endeavored to make them believe there were no more. But the officer was not satisfied, and said, if there is anything of this kind Prentice is in it. Soon the whole number were found under the cellar floor, and had to get into close confinement.

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Col. Caddis was a fine draftsman, and covered the white walls of one room with some skillful sketches, representing various rebel retreats, the different points of which General Prentice took pleasure in explaining to every rebel, who came into the "picture gallery" as it was called. One sketch represented a cornucopia labeled Southern Confederacy, from which different bundles were shaken out, marked treason, treachery, starvation insult, halts, Calhoun, &c., &c. Gen. Prentice had a company of western men, who could imitate all the wild and domestic animals and fowl of the West. When any depressing news came such as a prospect of hanging or shooting us, or disappointment in being exchanged, the sullen silence would be broken by his shrill voice from his bed, "Call out the animals." Then would come a mingling of howls, yells, barks, hoots, cackles, crows and jabberings that would make night hideous, and set the whole company, guards and all, in an uproar of laughter followed by jokes, stories, wit and songs, that would change the whole current of feeling.

August 28th – Lieut. Eckles of the 14th Iowa Reg., died after a long sickness, we were all present at the funeral. The officers of the Iowa 16th, followed his body to the grave, attended by a long guard. A quotation from my diary will show how systematic is the deception in respect to news, and how we suffered from constant reports of the kind. Sept. 7th – News just thrown in by the guard that Gen. McClellan died of wounds yesterday at Washington. Washington was captured and the northern papers were suing for peace. Sept. 13th – Held a meeting and voted to send Capt. Gregg and Andrews to Washington, to represent our condition, and get us clothes and money. 14th – Letter writing limited to 15 lines per letter. 19th – Commander of the Post promises we shall be on the road Monday. Bah! The hundredth time yet still here, and like to be till peace. 20th – Thirty-five Tennesseans brought in from Cumberland Gap, we welcomed them with three cheers. 22^d – Cartel signed two months ago today and yet prisoners, what negotiations. Has our government forgotten us, we are willing to fight, but to rot out here is too much.

Frank Turner Paroled⁸⁶⁴ January 15, 1863

A cartel has been signed by which about 20,000 land and naval prisoners now on parole, have been exchanged. This will add quite a reinforcement to the army. Mr. Frank Turner of Plymouth is put on the active list.

Letter from VA Bartlett, Taken Prisoner, Columbia, SC⁸⁶⁵ September 21, 1863

The "Missing" Found

Capt. Andrew Bartlett has received a letter from his son, Victor A. Bartlett, who it will be remembered, was one of a boat's crew from the steamer *Housatonic* in the attack on Fort Sumter, of which no tidings were heard for some time; the following extract from the letter we find in the Journal:

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 21

This will inform you that I am well, and have been in this city a week tonight. F. A. James, (of East Boston) our carpenter, is with us. All our boat's crew, numbering fifteen, and two officers, are well, and were not injured at all. We were in Charleston jail four days.

Chaplain H. C. Turnbull of the 10th Conn. preached to us yesterday.

There were ninety-six men and fourteen officers taken at Sumter on the night of the 8th of September. We think we shall be exchanged and sent home by way of Richmond in a few days. We enjoy ourselves singing, &c., and have the liberty of the yard all day long."

Another letter from another member of the boat's crew says they fare well and are in good health.

Prisoners of War

Only those who wait with the “hope deferred” that “maketh the heart sick,” for news from the “missing,” can realize how such a letter can convert despondency into joy, and make hearts that were as lead seem like the thistle down.

Letter from Semloh [Horace Holmes], Washington, D.C.⁸⁶⁶ May 28, 1864

Mr. Editor:

[There is more in this letter regarding meeting the wounded around Fredericksburg. This part of the letter can be found in the chapter on Correspondence from other Regiments and Companies.]

...

The other eve I chanced to meet an old friend who had just arrived from a 17 months confinement, as prisoner, in Dixie. He was taken with the 42 Mass. Reg't. at Galveston, Texas, when the ill-fated *Harriet Lane* was captured, and since has been closely confined. Not a word has he heard from friends since he left Massachusetts, 21 months ago, while they at home are mourning him as long since dead. You may imagine the meeting was a joyful one, the more so to him as I gave him the first intelligence that he had heard from his friends though all these weary months. His narrative of their treatment at Houston, Texas, and at Camp Gross, where they were confined a year, and where his comrades died like sheep around him for want of care; of being obliged to walk 300 miles to Shreveport, La., in the month of January through pitiless snow storms, bare and bleeding feet, hatless, and their clothing in tatters, sleeping at night without any covering save the trees in the forest; their small portion of meat given them uncooked with only two small mess pans, among 700, to cook it in 'while they half famished waited their turn; of his providential escape with two comrades on the morning that the rest of the prisoners were marched back to Texas, for fear that Gen. Banks would reach Shreveport; his laying in the swamp 27 days while the whole of Dick Taylor's army marched by within sight; fed at night by a Union man in Confederate uniform; patiently waiting all that time the expected advance of Gen. Banks. At last after hearing of his defeat, starting upon a most vain attempt to reach the Union lines over 300 miles distant, travelling by night guided by the stars, passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers at the houses in order to procure something to eat, the occupants of some of which proved to be good Union people, who directed them to the best route and where they could find other Union people; arrested at one house where they [were] stopped by 8 rebels who took them to the rebel General; when hope was almost gone they deceived him by a cool Yankee trick, presenting a worthless parole and requesting a pass through the lines which he gave them much to their surprise. This caused them to make rapid tracks for fear that he would discover the trick when they were again arrested by a party of guerrillas who threatened to shoot them and were only restrained by their lieutenant. He sent them on their way, kindly (?) directing them in a direction in which they would fall in with another party who make it a point to kill every Yankee they meet to whom they sent word that these Yankees were coming that they might be in readiness to shoot them. This danger they escaped by a Union man coming out and meeting them about a mile from the place where the rebels were concealed and telling them how matters stood and the way to avoid them; of their climbing into trees to escape bloodhounds; of the joy they felt when they saw the old flag floating over them, and felt that under its protecting folds they were safe again. Their description of all their sufferings and hair breadth escapes is highly interesting and would fill a volume. Seven weeks they were on the road. They report a strong Union sentiment all through that country which only wants the presence of a Union army to make itself felt. Many were so confident of Banks' success that they came out and boldly expressed their real sentiments, thus exposing themselves to great danger when Banks was defeated. They found a great many soldiers in the rebel uniform who were longing to escape from the despotism that there reigns. Every man is in the army there of all ages and descriptions. The destitution is

RETURN OF THE DEAD

great. The prisoners there are suffering everything, many of them with no covering for their bodies save a piece of old blanket tied about the waist, and there they linger, their time long since expired, and no efforts made for their exchange. As brave men as ever Massachusetts has sent to fight the battles of the Union.

Washington is now luxuriating in quietness, hot weather, green peas and strawberries.

Semloh

Death of Victor A Bartlett Death⁸⁶⁷ July 8, 1864

A Young Hero Gone

Nothing gives us such a painful realization of the horrors of this struggle as the constant calls upon our attention and sympathies to the oft repeated tale of bereaved fathers and heartbroken mothers of heroic sons mangled on the battle field or dying of silent suffering in the hospital and the tortures of Southern prisons.

Among recent deaths is that of Victor A. Bartlett, who, although his time was out, volunteered in the disastrous assault on Fort Sumter by boats manned from the navy. He was taken prisoner and wrote home afterwards cheerfully. But Southern barbarity accomplished what hardship and service could not – his untimely death. He was well known in our midst and much respected, and his memory is dear to the home circle he was so soon to have joined.

Letter from Unknown Author, Charleston, SC⁸⁶⁸ October 10, 1864

Our Prisoners

The following letter was received by one of our citizens recently, from a young officer now in a southern prison. It was smuggled through the lines by an army surgeon, and tells its own story of indescribable suffering, and heroic endurance. Neither Dartmoor prison, nor even "Old Jersey," bring down to us through the traditionary history of passing years, so dark and dismal a record of human suffering and cruel barbarity.

First South Carolina Hospital

My Dear Sisters:

No tidings yet from home. I have not received one word from father, mother, brother, sister or wife, since last April. Well, this too seems to be one of the fatalities of war, and I must put it beside my other misfortunes and make the best of it, though it seems very hard. But I will proceed, upon the supposition that you may have received some of my communications. I have now been an inmate of this Hospital about two months; was in a like place at Savannah, about one month, quite long enough. I have been sick but am now doing well; but mine have been light, compared with the sufferings of thousands of others around me. Sometimes, when I gaze upon my poor, helpless and decaying brothers, and contemplate the past year, I cannot but think, that I have thus far been providentially carried through the storm of battle, and preserved from contagious and deadly disease and death in a strange land.

No human pen is adequate to describe the mental, as well as the bodily anguish, the acute pain, and prolonged agony of these poor suffering mortals of God's creation. All manner of loathsome diseases prevail among them, to an alarming extent, superinduced by want of shelter, clothing, and food; they have no blankets, and many of them are nearly naked. At Anderson, the past summer, they had to burrow in the sand, day and night under a scorching sun, with not so much as a leaf to shelter them from the burning heat. Would that their true condition could be brought in thunder tones to the ears of our rulers; to the dying wail of the many thousands that have been sacrificed the past year, they have been deaf, heeding not the cries of the poor fellows for release from their horrid situation.

Prisoners of War

As this is a hospital for both officers and men of the Federal army, I have had a good opportunity to see and learn a good deal of their condition. Fifteen thousand will not cover the deaths of our soldiers in southern prisons, the past summer. Of my own splendid company, there are not twenty left. One of them died here, but he was able to give me a correct account of the company before he departed. When they were brought from Anderson to Charleston, those that the authorities took a notion to shelter, in hospitals, were piled into old lumber and farm wagons, and thus transported from the cars to the places of shelter. I have seen on their legs scurvy sores, alive with maggots. But I will quit this sickening subject directly, as I fear your patience is already wearied.

No doubt the lives of many have been lengthened by the hope of an early exchange; but disappointed time after time, they at last gave up in despair, and as a leaf withereth and falleth to the ground and perisheth, so they, confined in their loathsome prison pens, far away from home, strangers in a strange land, with no acquaintances or friends to minister to their wants, and no means of communicating with, or hearing from home or kindred, pine and wither from earth, and the grasp of their enemy, death, alone comes to their relief, and sets the captive free, and sends his weary spirit back to God who gave it.

Now, I want to know what you folks up north there think of this bogus, rickety, rotten concern down here? Why do you not send men down here, and crush its life out at once? It can be done, and that right speedily. Only call for the men and the job is finished. A great portion of their army, perhaps a majority of it, are ready to quit now; but they cannot, because they are held by the iron grasp of the most thoroughly coppered and copper fastened despotism that exists on earth. Russia does not for a moment compare with it. But I trust the day is breaking. On the 8th of next month, I hope the north will give an emphatic declaration of what they mean to do, by the unanimous re-election of old Abe. This will go far towards squelching them. As I write, Foster is thundering at the city, with his two and three hundred pounders; and although they are four or five miles away, they rattle the glass fearfully in this old building.

* * * * *

Letter from John Shannon, Danville Prison, VA⁸⁶⁹ October 13, 1864

The Captured Men of the 29th Reg't.

The following letter from Sergt. Shannon to a friend, will be read with interest, as being a reliable statement of the real condition of our prisoners:

Dear Sir:

As there is a detachment of sick going to leave tomorrow for the Union lines, I thought I would write you a note to let you know that I am in Danville Prison. I was captured Saturday, July 30th, when General Bartlett ordered the surrender of the fort. There are five of the 29th here. They are all well, and in good spirits, considering how we are treated. Our rations are of inferior quality, and very small and not half cooked. Our daily rations are as follows: 1 lb. corn bread, 1 pint of bean soup, and about one half pound of beef or bacon once a week. We are suffering for the want of bed clothes. What we did have were taken from us. They took all the blankets, overcoats, rubber blankets, shelter-tents, haversacks, canteens, jackknives, watches, and everything we had.

Please tell Sergeant B. to write me. He will put ten cents inside the letter, or put on a Confederate postage stamp; and be sure and do not write more than one sheet, or it will be considered contraband. I received a letter from Corporal [Samuel] Wright. I would answer it, but have no material to do it with. Please read this to the company, and tell them never to allow themselves to be taken prisoners, if it should cost them their life.

John Shannon, 2st Serg't.

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John Shannon Exchanged POW⁸⁷⁰ March 10, 1865

Exchanged –

We are glad to welcome Sergeant Shannon, of the 29th Reg't., from the privation of Danville prison to the hospitalities and best regards of the people of Plymouth, who acknowledge their obligations to a brave and faithful soldier.

Letter from HLC, Camp Parole, Annapolis, MD⁸⁷¹ April 10, 1865

Mr. Editor:

Agreeable to promise I write you a few lines, and only a few for want of time. In the service of the United States Christian Commission I was sent to Annapolis to labor among our paroled soldiers. Camp Parole is situated two miles west of Annapolis, on the railroad that connects with the Baltimore and Washington road, and about forty miles from each of the two cities last mentioned. The camp ground covers an area of twenty acres, level and made hard by the constant tramp of soldiers. There are fifty-two barracks beautifully arranged, all well whitewashed and kept neat by an efficient police system. There are in camp about four hundred soldiers at present; but they are coming and going daily. All that come here have been in southern prisons, and nearly all who are paroled by the rebels are first, sent here, and then being stripped of their prison rags and having passed through a flood of waters, they are clothed again in Uncle Sam's best. Western troops are then forwarded to Camp Chase, Ohio. Eastern men are furloughed for thirty days, and then detained here till their time expires, or they are exchanged and sent to the front. Hundreds die on their way here, and large numbers soon after their arrival, sometimes fifty a day. In the hospital here there are now only about 400, and comparatively few deaths, perhaps four or five daily. They receive every care which love and ample means can furnish. It is very affecting to notice the disappointment of the friends who have come from a distance to see loved ones, whom they find in the "Dead House." But yesterday a man from New York found his only remaining child (and himself a widower) lifeless and cold. The poor man's heart seemed crushed. A very touching incident occurred in church yesterday – the meeting of husband and wife – after long separation. He was from New York, she from Plymouth, N. C. (Her father lost all his property and his life on account of his loyalty.) They had been married but a few weeks when he was ordered to the front and soon to prison. They could hear nothing of each other. At length in despair she began to search through the hospitals of the North. She came here, and could hear nothing of him. He had been in camp but a day or two. But a kind Providence inclined them both to attend morning services at the chapel. As the audience rose for the benediction, their eyes met, and with a shriek of joy she started forward, and they rushed into each other's arms. There were few dry eyes in all that assembly. But near them stood a beautiful young widow, who that morning came into camp searching for her husband, and found him in the "Dead House"! Such scenes are of almost daily occurrence.

There has been, and still is a good deal of religious interest in camp. The chaplain told me that there had been about five hundred hopeful conversions during the last ten months. We have at this moment received news of Lee's surrender. It would do your soul good Mr. Editor, to hear the "boys" shout! The roar of artillery is incessant. The ground trembles as in an earthquake. We hear the distant thunder of the cannons at Baltimore and Washington. Everybody is jubilant at the prospect of peace! The back-bone of rebeldom is broken! And before you get this, peace and universal eternal freedom may be proclaimed throughout all our beloved, bleeding country. Believing that God will thus answer a nation's prayer, I remain,

Yours truly, H. L. C.

Prisoners of War

Article on William Nickerson, Libby Prison⁸⁷² April 13, 1865

Mr. William F. Nickerson, of this town, member of Co. E. 29th Mass, arrived home on Monday, having been taken prisoner at the attack on Fort Steadman, and paroled by the rebels just before they left Richmond. He was in the famous Libby Prison six days, and thinks that six days' experience is enough to satisfy any one of the beauties of rebel prison life.

Theodore Fuller Prisoner at Andersonville⁸⁷³ February 10, 1865

THE DEAD ALIVE AGAIN

Capt. Bassett has received a letter from his son, in co. E, 23d Mass, now at Newbern, stating that news has been received by the company that their old comrade, Theodore Fuller, is still alive, and a prisoner at Andersonville. We hope this may prove true, as it will be remembered that young Fuller disappeared suddenly from camp two years ago, while stationed at Newbern. It was supposed that he was drowned in the river.

John Shannon, Danville Prison, Exchanged⁸⁷⁴ March 10, 1865

EXCHANGED.

We are glad to welcome Sergeant Shannon, of the 29th Reg't., from the privation of Danville prison to the hospitalities and best regards of the people of Plymouth, who acknowledge their obligations to a brave and faithful soldier.

Chapter 12

Surgeons, Stewards, Nurses, and Veteran Relief Corps

Introduction

List of Surgeons, Hospital Stewards, and Nurses

(Regiment is Massachusetts unless otherwise noted)

Blackmer, John	Born in Plymouth	Surgeon	47th; 3d; US Navy
Bradford, Charlotte	Duxbury	Nurse	
Bradford, Lucia	Duxbury	Nurse	
Brewster, Lizzie	Kingston	Nurse	Lovell Hospital, RI ⁸⁷⁵
Jackson, Cornelius S.	Plymouth	Surgeon	30th
Kendall, Julia	Plymouth	Nurse	Union Hosp., Georgetown, DC
Misner, (?) ⁸⁷⁶	Plymouth	Nurse	
Mitchell, Henry H.	East Bridgewater	Surgeon	5th and 39th Mass.; 11th NY; 36th US Colored Inf.
Morse, Charles P.	Plymouth	Hosp. Steward	17th
Perkins, George T.	Born in Plymouth	Surgeon	22d; 32d; 26th
Sever, Martha	Kingston	Nurse	Died of influenza in 1864
Wiswell, Rebecca	Plymouth	Nurse	Seminary Hosp., Georgetown, DC
Wood, George F.	Plymouth	Hosp. Steward	35th Mass.; US Army

Veteran Reserve Corps (VRC)⁸⁷⁷

The Veteran Reserve Corps, formerly the Invalid Corps, was established to utilize soldiers unfit for combat due to wounds or disease in garrison or other light duty. There were two battalions established with duties dependent upon the nature of the disabilities. The following from Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines...⁸⁷⁸ provides a description of the two battalions:

“the First Battalion including those whose disabilities were comparatively slight and who were still able to handle a musket and do some marching, also to perform guard or provost duty; the Second Battalion being made up of men whose disabilities were more serious, who had perhaps lost limbs or suffered some other grave injury. These latter were commonly employed as cooks, orderlies, nurses, or guards in public buildings.”

Name	Resident or Credit to Plymouth Res.	Regiment	Company
Bancroft, Arvin M.	Res.	9th VRC	H

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Bressingham, Dennis	Res. and credit	6th VRC	D
Coogan, Timothy	Res. and credit	19th VRC	C
Gay, Timothy E.	Res.	13th VRC	K
Green, William H.	Res.	24th VRC	F
Hagan, Patrick	Credit	Unassigned VRC	
Holmes, Joseph Jr.	Res.	10th VRC	H
Howland, William H.	Res.	2d VRC	K
Klinhaus, Charles L.	Res. (credit Lynn)	13th VRC	G
Leahy, John	Credit	Unassigned VRC	
McDonald, James	Res. and credit	Unassigned VRC	
Morton, Isaac Jr.	Res.	101st VRC	
O'Brien, Joseph	Credit	13th VRC	G
Paine, Thomas	Credit	13th VRC	I
Pratt, James H. W.	Res.	22d VRC	K
Quinn, Bernard T.	Res.	13th VRC	I
Ransom, Levi Jr.	Res.	30th VRC	
Reed, Alonzo	Res. (credit Charlton)	13th VRC	C
Reed, Elbridge	Credit	13th VRC	B
Russell, George B.	Res.	7th VRC	
Sanborn, John D.	Res. (credit Littleton)	18th VRC	H
Savery, Nehemiah L.	Res.	52d VRC	
Sears, Horatio	Res.	VRC	
Taylor, John	Res.	8th VRC	E
Vaughan, Leander M.	Res.	32d VRC	
Vaughan, Levi C.	Res.	3d VRC	H
Whiting, Joseph B.	Res.	7th VRC	G

Images of Surgeons, Stewards, Nurses, and Veteran Reserve Corps



Figure 51. Dr. John Blackmer⁸⁷⁹



Figure 52. Nurse Rebecca Wiswell⁸⁸⁰

Letters and Articles from the Field

Extract of a Letter from HH Mitchell, New York, 5th Regt.⁸⁸¹ April 21, 1861

Head Quarters Staff

12 o'clock P. M.

We arrived here about 9 o'clock this evening, having left Boston at 5 1-2 this morning. Our entire route was one of the grandest nature. The populace of the whole country were strewed along the route and at almost every depot, military and music were assembled to greet us, even at places where we did not stop. At Meriden, Ct., the whole town turned out and were at the station in the morning awaiting our arrival, refusing to go to church, and the ministers came to the depot and held services. Everything in the refreshment line was ready for us wherever we stopped. We leave tomorrow night (Monday) for Washington, accompanied by Governor Sprague and his Rhode Island troops on board a fleet of steamers chartered for the purpose, convoyed by the "U. S. Cutter, *Harriet Lane*."

M.

Letter from HHM, Washington, 5th Regt.⁸⁸² May 9, 1861

Treasury Department, Washington

I had the pleasure of attending an amateur concert given by the 71st New York Regiment, at their quarters at the Navy Yard, in this city this afternoon, and was highly delighted with the performance, the programme of which I herein enclose. The hall or barracks were beautifully and tastefully adorned for the occasion, by a committee of members of the regiment. Among the distinguished guests present were the President and lady, Hon. Wm. H. Seward, and many of the Diplomatic Corps. The President reviewed the regiment and was highly pleased with the entertainment.

The 5th, had a grand turn out and drill on the Avenue, and went through, with the different tactics with great precision. While on the march on the Avenue we formed the hollow square for the repulsion of cavalry charges, and went through with the different Hardee tactics with such precision that we elicited the encomiums of the Washingtonians and multitudes who witnessed the performance.

Great credit is due to Col. Lawrence, Lieut. Col. Green and Major Keyes, the field officers, for the proficiency of the regiment. The 5th stands decidedly A, No. 1 of our Mass. regiments.

The President has a levee this evening, and I must therefore close, as I am about to attend it with the staff.

H. H. M.

Letter from HHM, Washington, 5th Regt.⁸⁸³ May 12, 1861

Treasury Department, Washington

I have just returned from the camp of the 7th N. Y. Regiment, where I attended service this forenoon. They are encamped on Georgetown Heights, and are having remarkably fine times and living like Princes, the citizens of New York having supplied them with plenty of the needful, and a large stock of hermetically sealed meats and vegetables, with wines, segars, &c. The occupants of each tent have dug a cellar under their tents, which they have boarded over, having a trap door as access. Here they keep their stores in tolerably good shape. A serious and fatal accident happened to one of their number on Thursday. He was washing himself near a stack of arms, when through some accident they fell one exploding, the ball passing through his arm and chest, entirely through his body and out at the back, killing him instantly. An accident of the same nature occurred at the Relay House last week, and in fact we have had at least a dozen cases of accidental shooting in

RETURN OF THE DEAD

the different regiments lately. There is nothing of particular interest to write today. The same old routine every day, eating and sleeping, is about all our men have to do, with the addition of a few hours drill.

H. H. M.

Letter from HHM, Washington, 5th Regt.⁸⁸⁴ May 24, 1861

Treasury Department, Washington

I suppose you have heard by telegraph ere this, that 11,000 U. S. troops took possession of Alexandria and the heights on the Virginia shore around Washington, and of Col. Ellsworth's assassination. The facts of the latter tragedy I obtained today from one of his aids who brought the body to this city. It seems that between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning, Col. Ellsworth after taking possession of Alexandria with three of his companies, entered the hotel accompanied by three of his men, and ascended to the roof and pulled down the Secession flag which has been flying there for weeks past, and descended, winding the flag about his body. When near the lower floor the proprietor of the hotel, named Jackson, stepped before one of the Zouaves and pointed a shot gun at him, intending to shoot him, which he knocked up with the bayonet of his rifle. The man then presented it at Col. Ellsworth's breast and fired. The gun was loaded with two slugs. The Col. sprung and fell dead, exclaiming as he fell, "Oh, God!" One of the Zouaves immediately fired at this Jackson, and shot him through the head, and as he fell, thrust his sabre bayonet into his body, the others thrusting theirs into him at the same time. The Zouaves outside rushed in and commenced running their knives into his body, when the wife of Jackson came out and asked them "for God's sake" to desist, which they did, but would not allow any one to remove the body from the place where they killed him.

The secession forces retired when the U. S. troops entered the place. There were about 800 there. A squadron of cavalry were taken prisoners. Our forces are fortifying the heights on the Virginia shore. It was a beautiful sight to see the troops leave here during the night. Officers say that 11,000 troops were never thrown across a river with such rapidity, or with so little noise as last night. We expected to leave here for Virginia this week. We may be ordered at any moment.

H. H. M.

Charles P Morse Appointed to Surgeon General's Office⁸⁸⁵ September 28, 1861

PERSONAL. Mr. Charles P. Morse, of this town, has received an appointment in the surgeon general's department, and left this week for duty on Col. Upton's staff, 25th [17th] Reg., now in camp at Worcester. Mr. Morse is a promising young man who has many friends in Plymouth and vicinity that will congratulate him on his appointment in the line of his chosen profession.

Letter from M [CP Morse], Newbern, NC, 17th Regt.⁸⁸⁶ April 20, 1862

Burnside's Div., Head Quarters Med. Dpt.

Friend Rock:

Everything is quiet in this locality, the rebels seeming to have changed their leave us alone policy to that of letting the Yankees alone, only giving note of their presence by an occasional shot at our pickets and by burning all the turpentine and cotton in the country round about, in order that it may not fall into our hands. Indeed we should hardly know that we were in the enemy's country were it not for a friendly shot now and then or the advent of some forlorn looking picket escorted by our skirmishes.

We are located in the advance on the Trent road about six miles from Newbern which as well as the whole of Craven Co. is completely deserted by the richer class of inhabitants, who I observe are invariably the

Surgeons, Stewards, Nurses, and Veteran Relief Corps

secessionists; nearly every house is occupied by soldiers, some of whom have made rich prizes in the shape of plunder.

Secessia is the most forlorn, desolate looking land I ever saw. Nothing but interminable stretches of sand and pine woods, varied to break the monotony, with an occasional swamp. Brown's Island at low tide is a paradise, compared to it. The inhabitants are on a par with the scenery, ignorant to the last degree, scarcely any of them being able to write.

Yesterday afternoon a vidette came rushing in with information of an attack on the pickets of the right wing between here and Trenton. The whole detachment were called out, and after a toilsome march of some ten miles at double quick, under a burning sun and through sand which rivals Cape Cod in depth, it was discovered that one of our cavalry pickets had been surprised and captured. This morning one of our lieutenants and ten men are missing, and fears were entertained that they were taken prisoners. Those videttes are no more than a nuisance. Armed with nothing more than a revolver they are in no condition to face an enemy, and are continually rushing into camp giving false alarms. They should be abolished and more efficient men put in their place. The other night, for instance, the whole five companies were kept under arms from 9 o'clock until 6, in consequence of one of them seeing what he supposed were rebel horsemen in a corn field between us and Newbern, but which afterwards proved to be a few old stumps. All our work is not quite so harmless; however, as now firing can be heard on the right wind, who are probably having a skirmish.

The 17th, 23d, and 25th have been brigaded under the command of Brig. Gen. Amory, formerly Col. Of the 17th. I visited the 23d the other day and found the Plymouth boys all well, in good spirits and anxious for a fight. Capt. Alexander has not entirely recovered from the effects of a wound received at Newbern. Plymouth need never be ashamed of her sons as long as Co. E hails from there.

Should any thing of importance transpire, will write and keep you posted up.

M.

Letter from M [CP Morse], Newbern, NC, 17th Regt.⁸⁸⁷ May 12, 1862

Head Quarters Med. Dpt., 1st Brig., 1st Div.

Friend Rock:

The great event of the week in this locality has been the capture of Yorktown. Long expected and anxiously waited for, it has come at last and set all the cannons roaring and bands playing in the city. For the rest we have been unusually quiet, and with the exception of a thunder storm that took occasion to strike several vessels in the harbor and tear things up generally, everything has been very still.

The 23d regiment, which went out on picket when I wrote last, have been ordered in and are now guarding the city in place of the 25th. Orderly Sergt. Josiah R. Drew, who has recently been promoted to a 2d Lieutenancy, was agreeably surprised a day or two since, by the presentation of a sword and regulation belt of the new pattern by members of the company. The speech was made by one of Co. E boys from Carver, and was responded to by Lieutenant Drew in a few appropriate remarks.

One of the Plymouth men was shot recently while on picket, and mortally wounded [Edward Brailey, 23d Regt.]. His last words to the guard who came up in time to see him die, were "Tell them at home that I died at my post." All honor to such men who can tell thus in defense of their country. Plymouth may well be proud of them. Corporal Lanman and Privates Smith and Taylor were taken prisoners at the same time. One of the 17th boys who was taken a short time previous, was returned a day or two since on parole, and reported them as being treated well. They will probably be released soon. Capt. Alexander has entirely recovered from his wound. I saw him on duty yesterday as Officer of the Day.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

There is evidently going to be a move somewhere, and that soon. We have been recently reinforced by the arrival of one or two regiments of cavalry, and judging from appearances there is something up. What that something may be I should be happy to hazard a guess were I not afraid of a permanent residence in Fort Warren, the attractions of which place are so ably set forth by your correspondent there.

The weather still continues to be warm. Thermometer up somewhere among the nineties. Strawberries and cream ripe and no prospect of a cold snap.

M.

Letter from M [CP Morse], Newbern, NC, 17th Regt.⁸⁸⁸ May 16, 1862

Head Quarters Med. Dpt., 1st Brig., 1st Div.

Friend *Rock*:

The something about to happen that I spoke of in my last has not yet taken place, but that there will be an advance soon no one doubts. In the meantime the impatience of the men when the news of Yorktown and Williamsburg reach them can scarcely be restrained. Nothing discourages a soldier so much except actual defeat, as the monotony of dress parades, guard mountings and drills, when not enlivened by any more active service.

Newberne is ahead of the world in one particular, and that is in dogs of every grade of color, species and variety. The far famed hounds of Constantinople are not a circumstance to them. Every night the streets are made vocal with their howlings. Indeed they have become such a nuisance that the Provost Marshal has taken the matter in hand and every day bands of young contrabands with a halter over their shoulder, "United States Service" on their hats, and a calm, but determined expression on their face, may be seen patrolling the streets seeking dogs whom they may slay.

GENERAL BURNSIDE

May be seen almost any day dressed in an ordinary blouse, with boots reaching two-thirds up to the waist and always muddy, surmounted by a U.S. hat with the brim turned down at all sides, and a don't-care-what-people-think appearance generally. He is a universal favorite with the men, and since he has made his appearance in this style of costume, muddy boots and slouched hats *a la* Burnside, have been the prevailing fashion.

I notice that you have a Relief Association in Plymouth. As the 23d regiment contains one of our companies and is in the first brigade, any donations forwarded to my address would be gratefully received and properly appropriated. We are most in need of bandages and dressings of every description, and any articles to relieve the unavoidable monotony of hospital diet. It is impossible to tell how soon an engagement may take place, and the supply of such articles from the Government is very small. Books, too, from any one who may feel inclined to give, of the right sort, not the "blood and thunder" school that I have seen scattered round the wards to a hospital, but works of the right class. It is a great mistake to suppose that soldiers do not properly appreciate such gifts. It may be so in the field surrounded by camp life, but when in the hospital the man has nothing to do but think, and the result is far different. I have witnessed the distribution of hundreds of testaments &c. to sick and wounded men, and in no case were they any other way than thankfully received. Should anything turn up, will let you know in time.

M.

Surgeons, Stewards, Nurses, and Veteran Relief Corps

Nurse Rebecca Wiswell at Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D.C.⁸⁸⁹ June 26, 1862

We have received a letter from Miss Rebecca Wiswell, of this town, who is one of the nurses at Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C. She speaks very highly of the accommodations of the hospital and of the kindness of the Surgeons and attendants. The Hospital has been open nearly a year, and during the time there have been received into it 3040 patients, of whom 138 died.

The secessionists in that vicinity she says, are quite plenty, and some of them are in U.S. service. They are especially jubilant when our troops meet with a repulse, and are so bold as to occasionally flaunt the rebel flag.

George Wood Appointed Hospital Steward 35th⁸⁹⁰ August 18, 1862

Mr. George T. Wood of this town, who has been studying medicine with Dr. Hubbard for nearly three years, has been appointed Hospital Steward to the 35th Regiment.

Charles Morse, 17th Regt., Home on Furlough⁸⁹¹ August 28, 1862

PERSONAL. Mr. Chas. P. Morse, hospital steward, of the Mass. 17th Reg., is at home on a furlough. He reports the Plymouth boys at Newbern, in very good health.

Nurse Rebecca Wiswell, Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D.C.⁸⁹² September 20, 1862

We have received a very interesting letter from Miss Rebecca Wiswell, nurse in the Seminary Hospital at Georgetown, D. C., giving an account of the poor suffering soldiers under her charge. She says that however badly they are wounded, they are all in good spirits and anxious to return to the field. After the recent battles the Hospitals were filled to overflowing. Fifty, Miss Wiswell says, came in in one night to her ward, and they were obliged to lay mattresses upon the floor. All who know Miss Wiswell, know that those under her charge will have good nursing, and we believe that the nurses, as a body, are the best that can be procured. If our limits would permit we should like to give more particulars which Miss W. has sent us, but we are unable so to do.

Letter from CEA, Hilton Head, SC, Med Purveyor's Office⁸⁹³ September 27, 1862

Mr. Editor:

Perhaps it may be of interest to hear of Port Royal and its doings. As you see by the Port Royal sheet of last week, Gen. Mitchell has arrived and already won the hearts and confidence of his small force on this Island. He recognizes his success depends on his men, and the men feel he is not one of our former Generals sect, who smile on a "woolly" and frown on a private soldier, or as Gen. Hunter did, personally interfere in a fight with two darkies and a white man, - took the white man off of one of the darkies on whom he was making what impressions on his skull he could, confines the white man in the Provost Guard House, and sympathizes with the poor black wretch. Although Gen. Mitchell is a Republican, yet he thinks a white man a little above the n----, and he assures the soldiers he does not want to see them doing what the n----- can and must.

We look for a little more stirring times, and trust slightly to a rumor now circulating around the headquarters, that Gen. M. is to be strongly reinforced. This may be like the majority of rumors we hear daily, but we look forward to winter quarters at Charleston or Savannah with quite a degree of certainty. Our young but growing city of Hilton Head, is assuming a more extensive and pleasing aspect under the rule of Capt. Garrison, Post Quartermaster. Old buildings are being removed and new ones rise up in their places. Sutler's stores formerly scattered here and there, are consolidated, and form what we term sullers row, making it convenient for the ladies of Hilton Head to do their shopping with less running about than formerly.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

But the greatest improvement now going on under his supervision, is the laying of a railroad track from the end of the dock to the forage buildings, commissary stores, &c., thereby saving much labor for man and beast, rendering it perfectly easy for half a dozen men and horses to do the labor of six times the number, when all freight from the steamers had to be loaded on to wagons and then drawn through sand where it is quite an effort for a pair of horses to move an empty wagon, to say nothing of the thousands of tons that arrive here weekly. The new forage house is quite an imposing structure, reminding one of the extensive freight-houses of the Western Railroads. Our track runs through it, and with platforms on either side, the cars are easily loaded and unloaded.

Many other improvement are going on under his directions, such as the building of a respectable house for worship, a work that has too long been neglected, the building of comfortable barracks for the men employed in his department, new cook houses with all the conveniences of a New York restaurant, besides many other improvements too numerous to mention, but of great convenience to the community at large.

We have a new appointment of a Major in Reg. Lieut. John Frieze jumped over all the ranking Lieuts. and Captains, and was appointed Major undoubtedly through the influence of Lyman, the Adj. Gen. of R. I. Col. Sewell, of the N. Y. Engineers, has been restored to his Regt., much to the disappointment of many of his line and field officers, but generally thought to be beneficial to the Regt. and department in general. He has taken hold of the laying of the R. R. track, and it is progressing rapidly under his superintendence. The medical board, of which body Dr. Craven is President, still continue their daily sessions, and most of the cases that are really entitled to it, receive their discharge, while many sham cases are detected and sent back to their regiments wiser men. The health of the men here is excellent, and the hospital returns show a decided decrease in the number of deaths in this department. It was reported we had several cases of yellow fever in the General Hospital, but if so it was kept secret, yet I do not doubt there were several deaths among those who came from Key West, caused by yellow fever. I saw one case myself where the body was as yellow as gold from head to foot, and who died very suddenly, that I think it would hardly pay to question the cause of death. Dr. Craven's wife and daughter arrived in the last steamer "*Ericsson*," and it is quite a luxury to have an opportunity to enjoy the society of ladies once more. Mrs. Craven is a very pleasant looking lady, and I trust her looks are a reflection of her disposition. Miss Anna Craven is very intelligent for one of her age. I am made thrice contented with my lot by having a horse to ride when I like, and the rides outside the entrenchments beyond the pickets, visiting the old plantations up the beach for three or four miles at low tide, &c., are all enjoyed hugely by me, and am growing fat on it. But I must close or you will have to wait another mail for this attempt at a letter.

C. E. A.

P.S. The *Rock* is a welcome visitor here, and after being closely scanned here it goes through the company, so I hope you will not fail to send a copy weekly, and thereby make glad the hearts of your friends in the army of the North.

Surgeons, Stewards, Nurses, and Veteran Relief Corps



Figure 53. U.S. General Hospital, Hilton Head, SC⁸⁹⁴

Letter from Dahlgren, Hilton Head, SC⁸⁹⁵ October 14, 1862

Dear Brother:

I was very glad to receive your letter, for it assured me of the safe arrival of mine, for which I had some anxiety, as I sent it by a Doctor, on board of a yellow fever ship bound for N. Y.

The health of our small force is pretty good, except some twenty cases of fever, which might be properly called Yellow Fever. When it was discovered by Dr. Craven, he immediately ordered all threatened to be taken to the General Hospital, and four or five of them, have since died, two or three very suddenly. One fine young man from Newark, who used to be in my place quite often, died yesterday, and I have just been copying a letter of condolence to his parents and sisters. There are no fears of its becoming infectious, for it is too late in the season.

We are just about drawing supplies for 12,000 men for six months, which will fill up our store-house to its greatest extent, and make our department the most extensive medical store in the army, Washington and Fortress Monroe not excepted. Uncle Sam could not entrust this branch of his business in better hands than Dr. Craven, while his kind care and attentions to the afflicted is generally commended, and the suffering ones detached from their regiments are sure to find in him a sympathizing friend. Dr. Crane, of the regular army, is very efficient in his duties, and has a wonderful faculty of placing the right men in the right place.

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But enough of the Medical Department. The Quartermaster's Department has just undergone a change. Capt. Elwell has just been relieved by Capt. C. E. Fuller, who formerly filled the office, and was relieved on account of some difficulty in connection with his cash accounts, but they have been satisfactorily settled and he is reinstated, and the duties of the Quartermaster's Department are carried out with admirable dispatch and general satisfaction.

Our Railroad is a perfect success, and steamers are discharged and ready to return in 48 hours, where as previous to our R. R., they were kept at dock a week or more. The general appearance of Hilton Head is improving fast, and a person would hardly recognize the swampy place, so easily taken from the hands of the rebels. Our regiment still remains here, although we were ordered to be ready at half an hour's notice to leave. The expedition to Florida was a perfect success, the rebels skedaddling and leaving a fine battery for our occupation. A gunboat will protect the place from farther molestation of the rebels.

We conclude from the orders received, that another expedition is on foot, and feel curious to know what disposition Gen. Mitchell intends to make of such small forces as he is able to spare from this post.

Col. Brown of our Regiment, has been promoted, and now occupies the enviable position of Chief on Gen. Mitchell's staff. Lieut. Col. Bucklin has command, and the boys begin to acknowledge the good qualities of Col. Brown, just as he is about to leave us. His place is now filled by Col. Frasier, of the 47 N. Y. as Commandant of the Post. One grand improvement established since Gen. Mitchell has come among us, is a church at Headquarters. The contrabands have been far ahead of us in respect to religious privileges, for while they have an organized church and services every Sunday and twice during the week, the men have never had a place to worship. Several officers of our regiment, with the approval of Gen. Mitchell, have furnished a comfortable room over the Post Commissary, where every Sunday we have a good sermon from one of the many Regimental Chaplains. Last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Strickland, from Fort Pulaski, officiated, and his remarks were listened to with interest until near the close of the sermon, when one head was stretched forward, and looking closely out to sea. Soon another head was turned from the sacred desk, and gazed long and in the same direction, when it began to noise round through the congregation that a steamer was coming with mail colors flying at the foremast. Now as we had been patiently waiting and anxiously expecting a mail for two weeks, and none arrived, it is not to be wondered at that it was of more interest than the sermon, which soon came to an end. The congregation soon received intelligence that 40,000 letters were on board to gladden the hearts of this insulated garrison.

Dahlgren

Letter from Dahlgren, Hilton Head, SC⁸⁹⁶ October 28, 1862

The Pocotaligo Expedition

Dear Editor:

I hasten to enclose for mail by steamer *Connecticut*, a correct account of another disastrous expedition; a fitting sequel to the fatal attack on James Island. The expedition comprised nine gunboats, seven transports, and 4500 men, under Gen. J. M. Brannan, of [illegible] ...

The fleet sailed at midnight, Tuesday, Oct. 21st, and arrived at McKay's point twenty miles up Broad river, at its junction with the Pocotaligo. After landing, the forces were divided into three divisions. The first under Gen. Brannan, to destroy the bridge over the Salkehatchie, about eight miles further inland. The second division, under Gen. Terry, was to reach the Pocotaligo bridge, while Col. Barton, with the 48th New York, 3d R. I., Lieut. Henry's U. S. Battery, and Lieut. Phoenix's Howitzers, for the Wabash, were to force their way to the R. R. bridge over the Coosawatchie.

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Capt. Gray of the 7th New Hampshire Regiment with a small force of men in boats, had been sent in the night to surprise and capture the rebel pickets stationed at McKay's Point. He failed to accomplish his purpose, however, and the picket fled to give the alarm of our approach. The landing commenced at 7 o'clock and by 10 o'clock Gen. Terry's brigade was on the march and following Gen. Brannon who was in the advance. The day was fine and the road good, but our progress was slow, frequent stoppages being made while the scouts reconnoitered in front. Everything appeared dead and going to decay; not a human being was to be seen; nor a living animal to give animation to the dreary landscape. After three hours' marching, we had penetrated some five miles into the country, when upon emerging from a wood into an open space, fire was opened upon the advance by a battery, in good position, and hidden by the tall rank grass which fringed the road.

The 47th Pennsylvania Regt., Col. Good, which was in the advance, immediately formed in line and after delivering a well-directed volley, charged upon the battery, cheering in gallant style; while the 4th New Hampshire regiment, Col. Bell, which followed them, deployed on either side as skirmishers. The rebels made but a short stand here, retiring after a slight resistance, to the woods just in their rear, where they took up a still stronger position. Here, protected by the trees and the thick brush, and having in their favor all the advantages of the ground and position, they made a bold and determined stand; but they were soon obliged to give way. Our troops successively charging upon them and dislodging them, in this way drove them a distance of nearly four miles, to the bridge which crosses the Pocotaligo river, but a short distance from the village, the rebels doggedly contesting every inch of ground. Here they managed to make good their retreat across the river and destroy the bridge after them, thus rendering the passage of the river, which, though narrow, is some fifteen feet deep, impracticable to our troops. The shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard amid the booming of the cannon, and bursting of the shells, and the ring of the musketry -- and sixteen cars loaded with troops were seen coming into the village Pocotaligo, only a short distance beyond the scene of the conflict. The rebels were reinforced, but our brave troops, held their ground with admirable bravery, until nightfall, when their ammunition being all expended, they were ordered to retreat. The 47th Pennsylvania and the 6th Connecticut regiments protected the retreat, and displayed undaunted heroism and bravery throughout the whole affair. The 47th Penn. Regiment being in the advance, suffered severely, but their excellent behavior on the field drew forth general admiration. The 76th Pennsylvania and the 7th Connecticut also acted with exceeding bravery and coolness. The retreat was made by our troops in excellent order, and reflects credit, not only on the troops, but also on Gen. Brannon. The rear guard did not leave the field until midnight, and gained McKay's point towards morning.

During the progress of these operations at this point Col. Barton, of the Forty-eighth New York regiment, with 300 of his men, and 50 men of the 3d Rhode Island Artillery, under Capt. Gould, made his way, on the steamer *Planter*, up the Coosawhatchie river, and landed at 2 o'clock, on the left bank of the river, within two miles of the town of the same name. Upon approaching the railroad the whistle of a locomotive was heard, and they hurried forward and reached the line of the railroad, just as a train loaded with troops was passing. They delivered a volley with musketry and with their howitzer at the cars, killing the engineer, and creating great confusion and consternation among the passengers. They were unable to stop the progress of the train, however, and immediately set to work to tear up the track and cut the telegraph wires. Col. Barton, now fearing that a long delay would render him liable to have his retreat cut off by a force from Grahamville, made the best of his way back to his boat pursued by cavalry, who boldly followed them down to the bank of the river and fired upon them, severely wounding Lieut. J. B. Blanding, 3d R. I. Artillery. Col. Barton succeeded in re-embarking his men and rejoining the fleet at McKay's point, without the loss of a single man -- bringing with

RETURN OF THE DEAD

him one prisoner, 30 muskets and the colors of the Whippy Swamp Guard, (S. C. V.) taken from the color bearer, who was shot, and fell from the cars.

Some of the officers cheer the men for the loss of their dear old comrades, with the assurance that the expedition was not barren of good results, but all the advantages I know of was the proof of the splendid fighting qualities of the men in a fearless charging of rebel batteries for five miles, a severe contest with Beauregard's army, an orderly retreat, bringing off three or four hundred killed and wounded on stretchers and in blankets on our shoulders, and a reconnaissance in force which proves the day of grace has gone by for inland expeditions, except by a large and well appointed army. We have been very busy since caring for the wounded and identifying and burying the dead. It is thought here a great blunder to risk so small a force thirty miles from our base line and supports, when a few scouts might have discovered a large army in front.

A young friend of mine, an officer in Co. M, was badly wounded by a ball through the left lung and lodging in the back. Thought to be too far gone to take to the Hospital, I took him to my room, and through careful attention hope to save him, as he has regained strength, courage to have the ball extracted. The prisoners have just passed my door to the steamer bound North.

Admiral Durant has arrived with news of reinforcements. Hope they may arrive before we are again marched to destruction only to prove our bravery.

P.S. My young friend died in my bed this morning. He was a fine young man and had many friends here. Lieut. Manton, of our Reg., died last Saturday night, and was buried Sunday, nearly the whole regiment following their generous and well beloved officer to the grave. Thus Rhode Island leaves many a noble spirit, a costly sacrifice to this unholy rebellion. Heaven pity any leading traitor who falls into the hands of the 3d, for there is something that brooks not trifling in their stern faces as we turn from the too frequent graves of our lamented brothers-in-arms. You know young Manton, and Ives were the idolized heirs of two of the oldest and wealthiest families in the State, who would have given millions of money rather than these. But while those honored sires will mourn with broken hearts the loved and lost, yet in the true spirit of the "Old Rhode Island Line," will they exclaim with the old Roman.

"Thanks to the Gods! My boy has done his duty,
Welcome my son, There sit him down my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth! What pity 'tis
That we can die but once to save our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brow, my friend?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in time of civil war."

Dahlgren

Letter from Dahlgren, Port Royal, Medical Purveyor's Depot⁸⁹⁷ November 17, 1862

Hilton Head, S. C.

Dear B[?].:

We are still here and the general health of the post is improving, there being no yellow fever cases during several days. I suppose things in general at the North remain about the same, yet we know very little of what is going on, for a month has nearly ... since we had a mail. How the sections have gone, we are in the dark, and whether has taken it upon herself to settle up our affairs – as rumored here – we are in ignorance.

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Whether the “290” has stolen our mails, and scared our sea captains off the track, is also a mystery. One thing we know and that is, our provisions are getting short, and were it not the wild beast and fowl are flush here, starvation would stare us in the face. Deer, wild cattle and fowls in abundance, rush through the swamp and forest, but are wise enough to keep at a distance. Co. Seabrook’s secesh packs of hounds scare them up occasionally, and furnish a change for the officers’ table.

We are on our last weeks supply of rations, and the last beef was knocked in the head a week ago. Capt. Scull of the quartermaster’s department, has repeatedly sent for fresh supplies, but they don’t come, and his last requisition amounted to upwards of two millions rations.

All eyes are turned wistfully seaward, until a wisp of curling smoke is seen on the distant horizon, and then commences the commenting on what steamer it is. All are certain it is a mail, but imagine our disappointment when it turns out to be gun boat from the blockading fleet, with no news. Such disappointments are of daily occurrence.

On Saturday the steamer *Massachusetts* left our harbor bound north, with a mail and Gen. Mitchell’s staff, that is the remnants of it in a convalescent state. Yesterday morning she hove in sight again, having broke her couplings, and the Northeast storm drove her in to port. She leaves again this afternoon, and I entrust this letter to the fortunes of the worn out old craft. Good luck to her, and may Gen. Mitchell’s followers once more have the pleasure of shaking hands with friends in a civilized country.

Gen. Mitchell’s son, still low with the same disease which took his father from us so suddenly, goes north in her, and the doctor has gone aboard on his final visit to his patient. Many probably owe their lives to the sanitary skill and unremitting efforts of Dr. Craven to those afflicted and to prevent the disease from spreading. Don’t fear on our account, as Jack Frost has come and yellow fever left, a blessed exchange.

Gen. Brannon is in command until we get a new general and those everlasting reinforcements which have been coming ever since James Island battle, when we shall establish our quarters at Charlestown and visit Savannah.

How joyfully could we welcome peace, but the general voice of the troops is to battle “conditions” at the point of the bayonet, rather than seal humiliating compromises with the blood of our absent comrades, which will then have been shed in vain. But the signal gun calls me to dine – so good bye.

Dahlgren

Letter from JH Allen, Mass. Sick and Wounded Soldiers⁸⁹⁸ December 12, 1862

State House

Friend Hollis:

We have just received this day, a list of Mass. men sick and wounded in the hospitals at Philadelphia, to the number of 135, dated Philadelphia, Dec. 10th. I give you the names of those in Plymouth County: H. J. Raymond, Co. E, 32 Reg., Plymouth, St. Joseph hospital, Hernia; I. F. Perry, Co. G, 12 Reg., Hanover, Chester, PA. wounded in thigh; M. Standish, Co. E, 29th Reg. Plymouth, Broad St. hospital, debility; A. B. Warner, Co. E, 29th Reg., Broad St. Hospital, debility; Serg. J. M. Atwood, Co. E, 29th Reg., Plymouth, Broad St. Hospital, diarrhea; G. F. Pierce, Co. E, 26th Reg., Plymouth, Broad St. hospital, hepatitis.

Yours, J. H. Allen

State House, Dec. 15, 1862

Friend Hollis:

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We received at this office Saturday eve., Dec. 13, a report from 2 hospitals at Fortress Monroe, dated Dec. 10th. Number of soldiers in said hospital, 1768, of whom 145 are Mass. men. The list of Mass. men are open to the public at this office.

Yours, Jas. H. Allen,
Surgeon General's Office

George Wood Sick, Hospital Steward 35th Regt., Washington⁸⁹⁹ January 8, 1863

Mr. Geo. F. Wood, Hospital Steward of the 35th Reg., has been confined by sickness at the Hospital in Washington for some weeks.

Letter from John Blackmer, 47th Regt., New Orleans⁹⁰⁰ January 26, 1863

From Bank's Expedition

Mr. Editor:

Presuming that you have not many correspondents in the Army of the Department of the Gulf, I take the liberty of sending you a line. Although I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance personally, yet I do know your paper well as I first opened my eyes upon sublunary things, and spent the first 15 years of my life, in old Plymouth

Our regiment (the 47th Mass.,) left New York on the ever memorable 22nd of December, thinking of course of the Pilgrim fathers and praying that our enterprise might be as productive in glorious results as was theirs. We had a most delightful passage out. Only for one day during the entire trip did we find it difficult to keep our spirits up, and I dinners down, and even then most of us succeeded.

Arrived at New Orleans Jan. 1 and went into camp at Carrollton, a few miles above the city. Since that time we have moved about once a week, but have not yet moved against the enemy. When we shall do so I would not tell you if I could, and I could not do it if I would. A liberal supply of Union troops are now scattered along the banks of the river from this place to Baton Rouge, (some 140 miles distant.) During our stay in and near the Crescent city, I have moved about among the people somewhat and had some opportunity to observe the different shades of sentiment among the different shades of people, white, black, and yellow. I had in the north, heard much, and I believe in the existence of that dominant Union sentiment which was to be developed as soon as the opportunity presented itself. I confess some degree of disappointment in this direction. There are some strong, earnest, devoted union men here, but the majority are not so, especially is this latter remark true of the wealthy class. Notwithstanding the business interest of this once flourishing city have been ruined by this unrighteous rebellion – the river, once crowded with steamers, is nearly undisturbed by navigation, the levee, once crowded with merchandise, is vacant, the warehouses, once filled with the products of the soil, are empty, place of business are closed, even the plantations up and down the river in many cases, deserted, many hot stores are closed in the morning on account of that they can share never again to be filled; yet there are not a few who still cling to the fatal delusion which is caused this blight, and is still bearing its legitimate fruit of desolation and death. Among the poorer classes is found more Union sentiment. This may be due to the fact that more real patriotism, deep, fervent, undying love of country, actually it just in these classes, or it may arise from the fact that this is the rich man's, not the poor man's war; that it was first incited and has been carried on by the wealthy aristocrat, not the poor laborer. The latter has been used as a tool, but he did not inaugurate, and he is not sought to prolong the contest, or it may be attributed to the course of the Union commander here, of levying upon the rich to feed the poor; but I think the solution of this question is found in the real cause of the war, the origin of the difficulty; these: the institution of slavery. The man of wealth is deeply interested

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here. To save and perpetuate and strengthen this institution, he inaugurated this contest. He revered the stars and stripes until beneath their folds he anticipated trouble with his darling system; but when he thought he discovered danger here, he spat upon the flag to which he owes all that he possesses and raised the greater verse emblem in its place. But the poor man if he did not despise the system which bore so heavily upon him, at all events did not feel that he must sacrifice everything that is dear to her patriot's heart, for the purpose of enabling his wealthy neighbor to oppress the black man.

I trust that no one of your readers will suppose that I am taking a partisan view, I am not a Republican, have never voted that ticket and cannot say that I ever shall. I simply give you I've impressions derived from actual observation upon rebel soil.

Now allow me one word with regard to the black. Some of them are stupid and indifferent and quite contented with a condition as slaves; but a very large proportion, so far as my observation extends, are not only eager to gain their freedom, but are hoping for it and expecting it. Many of them have much clearer ideas of the causes and the probable consequence of this war, then most of the northern people imagine. The following actual conversation will show the feeling of many:

"Are you a slave?"

"Not now,"

"Where's your master"

"He in the rebel army,"

"Do you expect again to be a slave?"

"Tink not,"

"Why not"

"I tink when once president break slave chain de South never weld it again."

"But suppose the North do not succeed in this war?"

"I hope and pray they will 'ceed and have faith to believe it."

Similar feelings you'll find in hundreds of cases if only the slightest effort is made to draw them out.

One thing, however, puzzles them exceedingly; indeed it puzzles many Anglo-Saxon, as well as Negro, brains, and that is the philosophy of the Emancipatory Proclamation of the President to see that worthy functionary declaring all slaves free in those sections where he has little or no control, and still holding them in bondage in those places where he has full power, is somewhat bewildering. I asked a slave today, as he was laboring upon his master's plantation: should you like to be free "guess I would," he replied. I added, the most of your colored people have recently been declared free. "I hear so," was the response, "but I don't see why one nigger made free, and another nigger kept slave," I confess that rather staggered me, and I was quite unable to explain the matter. If the proclamation was expedient and just, it should've included all the seceded states. Do you say that a portion of several of those states are now loyal I replied that their allegiance being compulsory, there is no reason why they should profit by it. Slaveholders hear a loyal because we constrain them to be loyal. Take off the pressure of our army here and they will burst out into full-blown rebels at once.

I intended to have added a few lines respecting the arming of the blacks, but have not time at present. I will only add that the weather here is delightful; roses are blooming in the gardens, overcoats are discarded, and we can hardly realize that Jack Frost is playing his pranks about our friends at home, in the merry jingle of sleigh bells falls upon the ears.

We trust that soon the chimes of our voices will be heard by the loved ones at home, and peace and prosperity shall again rain throughout our land.

John Blackmer

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Letter from James H. Allen - From the Surgeon-General's Office⁹⁰¹ January 28, 1863

STATE HOUSE,

FRIEND HOLLIS

The Surgeon General has received a list of mass. soldiers now in, discharged from, and those who have died in Hammond Hospital at Point Lookout, Md. Whole number in said Hospital, 191; discharged, 30; deaths, 11; now in, 150; 2d Reg., 3; 9th, 16; 10th, 1; 11th, 3; 12th, 1; 13th, 3; 15th 3; 16th, 2; 18th, 18; 19th, 9; 20th, 9; 21st, 1; 22d, 14; 28th, 41; 29th, 4; 32d, 9; miscellaneous, 14.

[Listing of men from Plymouth County]

... T. E. Gay, Co. E, 29th Reg., Plymouth, general debility...

Also he received a list from Newbern, N.C., today, containing 310. They are in three different hospitals, namely, Academy Green, Foster, and Stanley. As the residences are not given in this report I cannot tell how many belong to Plymouth County.

3d Reg., 24; (No doubt quite a number of this 24 belong to our county.) 5th, 21; 8th, 9; 17th, 5; 23d, 78; 24th, 10; 25, 16; 27th, 40; 43d, 20; 44th, 28; 45th, 17; 46th, 16; 51st, 26.

Respectfully yours, JAMES H. ALLEN

Update on George Wood, Hospital Steward⁹⁰² February 5, 1863

Plymouth Soldiers.

...

Hospital Steward George F. Wood, is still sick and helpless at the hospital in Baltimore, having patiently borne a long confinement. His services are indeed a loss to the poor sufferers without friends, for in him they found one who would sympathize with all their bodily and mental troubles.

...

Letter from John Blackmer, New Orleans⁹⁰³ February 14, 1863

Mr. Editor:

You shall now have another line from the Gulf Department, although I may as well confess at the very commencement, that I have not much news to communicate. There has been but very little shaking among the dry bones here, since last I wrote you, and the indications of speedy activity are not so striking as we would like to see them. The splendid winter months which this latitude affords, are even now nearly spent. Spring is close at hand — summer will soon be here, when activity in this department will be impossible.

I have been taught somewhere that in a judicious division of time, "we find eight hours for our usual avocations;" but the heads of Department here, act upon a different plan, and only devote three hours to such duties. Their offices being opened at eleven o'clock and closed at two. Whether this is as it should be in times of war, when the government is struggling for its existence, I leave for wiser heads to determine.

I wonder if your readers are familiar with the modus operandi for procuring army supplies. I dare say they are not, and as it is a very interesting process, I will give it. In the first place the volume entitled 'Army Regulations,' is consulted; that informs you that it is necessary to make a requisition on Moses for the article desired. You do so accordingly and Moses sends you to Aaron, Aaron sends you to Peter, Peter sends you to Paul, and Paul sends you back to Moses again. This consumes the first day. The next day you try again; Moses now looks at your paper and says it won't do, you have not crossed your t's, and you should have named the quantity instead of the weight of the article desired. The third day you try again with every I dotted and every t crossed. Moses now approves and sends you to Aaron. Aaron looks over your document and says the signature is not in the right place. It would be unpardonable to issue on such a requisition, and you must make

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another effort. The fourth day Moses approves again. Aaron pronounces all right and sends you to Peter, but Peter is off on a furlough. The fifth day you call again. Peter assures you that the article desired is in readiness, but you must go to Paul for transportation. You go to Paul; his teams are all engaged, but he will attend to the matter tomorrow or next day, which means any time next week. In the mean time your regiment is ordered to move; you pack up and start, with the pleasing consolation that the same farce is to be re-enacted at another locality.

Now one word with regard to the inevitable negro; the innocent cause of all our troubles, and thus far the insurmountable obstacle to a final adjustment. An important scheme to substitute free for slave labor on the plantations in this vicinity, has already been devised, and arrangements are now being made to carry it into execution. The plan is this: The U. S. Government through an agent appointed for that purpose, is to contract with the owners of plantations in this wise: Said owners to carry on their plantations by the employment and payment of such negroes as are willing to remain for pay. If any difficulty shall arise between the negroes and the planter, it shall be settled by a military commission appointed for that purpose. The advantage of this plan to the planters, is that he will thus be enabled to keep the negroes upon his plantation, which he cannot otherwise do, and at the same time secure a valuable crop, which in the present state of things he cannot otherwise secure. The advantages to the negro are, that both planter and negro will thus become initiated into a system of paid labor, and the latter will feel that he is working for himself and not another.

The fourth regiment of negroes is now being raised here. There has been much division of sentiment as to the propriety of mustering in the negroes to fight the battles for the Union; but while my faith is small in the courage and efficiency of the black man just emerging from the state of slavery, yet I would give him a fair trial, and if he proved valuable, would use him freely. No one can doubt that he has been a source of great strength to the rebel movement, and if we call him into requisition we shall certainly deprive the enemy of one of his supports. It must now be clear to the most obtuse intellect that we have treated this rebellion with moderation until mildness ceases to be a virtue. Some sage has remarked that "easy blows kill the devil," but it is very evident that said worthy author had never met with a secession devil. It is only earnest and severe blows that will destroy the latter. The leaders of secession must be convinced that we are fully determined to crush out the heresy, cost what it may, and that each successive blow will be more and more stunning, until the Union is fully restored, and the honor of our flag completely vindicated. Heaven grant that this glorious result may soon be accomplished.

J. Blackmer

James H. Hall - Hospital Report April 17, 1863⁹⁰⁴

STATE HOUSE,
MESSRS. EDITORS;

The Surgeon General has received a list of sick and wounded Mass. soldiers at Point Lookout, Md., containing 57 names. 9th regiment 8; 11th, 1; 13th, 2; 15th, 1; 16th, 1; 18th, 7; 19th, 3; 20th, 3; 22d, 7; 28th, 18; 29th, 3; 32d, 1; miscellaneous 3.

R.F. Wright, Co. C, 18, Plymouth, wounded in the head... T. E. Gay, Co. E 29th Plymouth general debility.

List No. 2, from Frederic City, Md., containing 54 names. 2d regiment 8, 12th 11, 13th 4, 15th 6, 19th 7, 20th 2, 21st 2, 22d 1, 28th 1, 29th 3, 32d 2, 35th 1, 37th 1, miscellaneous 6.

... B. Dunham, Co. C, 29th, Plymouth...

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List No. 3, from Annapolis, (Paroled Camp) Md.; whole number 63. 1st regiment 1, 2d 4, 3d 12 5th 1, 6th 1, 7th 3 9th 10, 12th 4, 13th 4, 15th 1, 16th 1, 17th 1, 18th 6, 19th 2, 20th 2, 21st 2, 22d 3, 24th 1, 27th 1, 28th 4, 32d 3, 33d 1, 37th 1, 41st 1, 1st mass. cavalry 6, absent without leave 21.

Of the 3d I find the following names belonging to Co. I, Capt. B. Ewer, Fairhaven; J. A. Purrington, L. C. Sears, J. L. Nye, R. Smith, W. H. Ingraham, C. W. Clifford, E. R. Hiller, G. B. Braley, D. L. Ellis, T. C. Crowell, L. E. Pierce, B. D. Burt.

Yours, JAMES H. ALLEN

Patriot Ladies June 19, 1863⁹⁰⁵

Miss Julia Kendall has returned to her self-denying duties at one of the hospitals near Fortress Monroe, notwithstanding only a partial restoration to health.

Miss Charlotte Bradford and miss Lizzie Brewster, of Duxbury, are also caring for the sick, and soothing the last hours of the dying soldier.

Miss Alcott's experiences in 'Hospital Sketches' on our outside, gives a glimpse as to what the female heroines are doing in this great conflict of ideas. We knew of one whose delicate sensibilities and nerve tension was so great that she went to Boston to "take lessons" at the Massachusetts General Hospital, preparatory to volunteering as nurse, and fainted away at nearly every operation, but persevered and disciplined herself to an entire mastery of her sympathies. There is heroic courage of the highest type.

Letter from Dhalgren, Medical Purveyor's Office, Hilton Head, SC⁹⁰⁶ June 26, 1863

Dear -----:

I have just been reading the "*Rocks*," of which I found quite a pile on hand, accumulated since my absence.

It has been a beautiful day, opening with a fine shower in the morning; the air is clear and very cool for this climate, and it was a luxury to take a ride over the Island about sunset. The Island never shows off to better advantage than at present; yet I could not help wishing to be once more in New England. One day in sight of Narragansett or Plymouth bay, is worth more than a month's pay in South Carolina.

The general health of the troops is good and if we had a few more under Gen. Gilmore, we would make Charleston tremble; but it will hardly warrant a movement on the stronghold with so slight a force, yet Gen. Gilmore is so ambitious and determined, you may possibly hear great things from this diminutive branch of the great army of the North. The defences and preparations on Folly Island are still progressing, and the rebels on Morris Island may find themselves some fine day, in the situation that they did in Fort Pulaski on a time when General Gilmore knocked at that door demanding entrance.

We expect soon to lose the valuable services of Dr. Crane, who has been Medical Inspector in this depot since its establishment, and has certified the Sanitary measures with such general satisfaction, as to merit the appreciation of all interested. Dr. Wirtz, an old army surgeon, is to be his successor, and his long experience leads us to believe he will meet with equal success in this important branch of the service. Dr. Crane leaves on the next Steamer, and his many friends, both in and out of the Medical Depot, will regret his loss.

There are but few of the Mass. boys in this Depot. One battalion of the first Mass. cavalry, and the 23d Mass. Vols., are the only remaining representatives of the Old Bay State. The cavalry boys seem to be quite a fixture, as they, like the 3d R. I., have been here ever since they entered the service, and they bid fair to serve the balance of the 3 years on this Island. Let us hope though, we may spend a few days in Charleston, before leaving. Many of the boys have called in to see me, and my album was searched eagerly for familiar countenances from the Old Colony and Providence plantations. These photograph collections are invaluable, and many albums have found their way down here. You would be surprised to notice thoughtful faces, so often

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bent over their fringed collection, drinking in the pleasure of communion with those features, so life like and familiar, as if one almost expected them to speak.

The best photographers in all parts of the North, are here represented, but Whiting's pictures are much praised for their superiority; indeed I doubt if any here are of equal clearness, or more fully bring out lineaments and lines, toned with more harmonious, ground shade. Many express the wish, that theirs were as uniformly perfect, as the variety from his rooms in my collection.

General Hunter's order, compelling all persons engaged in civic operations in this Depot, shall join some Regiment or leave the Depot, takes effect this month, and there has been quite a thinning out of sutlers and clerks lately. Dr. Craven has many applicants for examination, and one can easily detect by the length of their countenances, whether they have their exemption papers in their pockets or not.

Col. Montgomery of the 2d S. C. Vols., deals with his deserters in a manner that will be apt to lessen desertions among the "Sons of Africa." Yesterday a "skedaddler" from his Regt., was caught, and an order issued that the next morning at nine o'clock, he was to be shot in presence of the whole Reg. I trust he will scare the dusky heroes into fidelity, without many such summary examples. Taps remind me that lights must be out, so good night.

Yours &c., Dhalgren

Letter from a Massachusetts Nurse, Washington⁹⁰⁷ July 2, 1863

Hospital Life

Messrs. Editors:

Your paper of the 19th ult., was handed me today, and it is so seldom I see one from Massachusetts, that I greeted it as a friend from home. "Hospital Sketches" on the first page [Louisa M. Alcott], caught my eye, but I read it with no little pain, and was tempted to give you some of my own experience, it has been so different from the feeling expressed there.

I have been a nurse in hospitals in or near Washington for nearly a year, and have heard much said about self-denial and self-sacrifice; but my motives I must confess were not of the self-sacrificing sort. I had no great ideas of the good that I could do, for I have no doubt there are many women at the North who would be glad of the privilege of coming, who could do more and better than I can; but I have a great love for taking care of the sick, and a strong interest in the war, therefore I came; and I cannot recall a year of my life that I have passed more pleasantly. It is not, I think, that I have been favored in the choice of hospitals, for I have served in six different ones, including some of the worst as well as the best. I have eaten off tin plates nothing but army rations and sometimes without a knife or fork. But what of that? I fared the same as the soldier, and preferred that to partaking of the nicer viands from the surgeon's and steward's table. But I am blessed with a good appetite, and it was rather an amusement and difficult to realize that I was sitting in the cellar of the capitol, eating off an unwashed table, or feeding in this primitive style in its magnificent apartments above stairs. Let no one criticize even that hospital too severely. It was temporary, in a building entirely unsuited to the purpose, excepting in its fine and spacious rooms for the patients to lie in.

When it comes to preparing food for a thousand men, one should wait until he has been behind the scenes and seen what it invokes, before he finds fault. A hospital is a vast machine that requires many springs to be put in motion before it works evenly and smoothly. In Armory Square Hospital, which Miss A. [Alcott] seems to consider a model, I have, not a year since, lost the better part of many a meal for not going at the first sound of the bugle. I have eaten after the surgeons as well as before and found how essential it was to my comfort that they should be punctual at the first meal. But what are such petty annoyances to one who has the pleasure

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of going into a ward in the morning and meeting the smile of welcome that greets her from so many pale faces. I have always heard it said that men did not know how to be sick, had no patience, but I was soon convinced of the fallacy of that doctrine. I never saw such patience and fortitude as shown by our soldiers; indeed the cheerfulness and even fine spirits of the wounded are almost proverbial. I have in my mind's eye a young man who had lost altogether the use of his lower limbs, could not even sit up in bed, but as he lay on his back, or leaned on one elbow, his face was radiant with smiles. I at first thought he must have heard some pleasant news. I shall never probably see him again, but if ever I am sick and inclined to be impatient, I believe that face will be a lesson to me. Then how pleasant to go round with the dressing tray, and as one after another receives the refreshment of clean water and bandage, to watch from day to day the gradual healing of the wound, and listen to their kindly, pleasant talk, for they are all your friends. The sorrow is of the hundreds you may watch and tend you will probably never see them again; but I have met some curious instances showing that the smallest act of kindness is appreciated. One day a young man came and spoke to me, whom I did not recognize. "You may perhaps remember," he said, "I am the one to whom you gave two soda crackers one day, because I could not eat any dinner."

I do not doubt there is much profanity in the army, yet in the hospital I have rarely, except in delirium, heard a soldier utter an oath, and in the few instances, it was always followed by, "I beg your pardon, I did not know you were there."

I must not forget the pleasant though sadder task of administering to the wants of the sick. To bathe the aching head, or moisten the fevered lips, or even to speak a kind word are trifles but they are a solace to the sick and worn out soldier. I have seen the tears glisten in more than one manly eye at a kind word.

A word with regard to the male nurses. All who have worked with both I believe are agreed that the convalescent soldier is far superior to the contract nurse as a general thing. I know there are exceptions, but the convalescent has been through the same himself and knows how to sympathize with his patient. But there is a third class that I think the government has made a mistake in not employing more in their hospitals. I refer to the colored people. With some one to give the medicines and direct them, they make the most gentle and patient nurses.

What an opportunity one has for learning something of human nature. I have had in my wards men from almost every State in the Union, and from several that call themselves out of it; from Canada, England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Denmark; of each of the learned professions, and most of the trades, with a constant variety of character, but ever the same enduring patience, excepting in a few instances; I have been sick myself also in a hospital, not able to leave my bed for two weeks, but never been discontented but once, and that was on being removed from a hospital where I had thirty-five patients in six different rooms, with two colored hags as assistants, thus requiring my whole attention, to where I had only six that needed care, and I was expected to sit in my room and only walk out occasionally to give medicine, or food and see that the ward was clean. That did not answer my idea of nursing, so I speedily got relieved. But I will close this long letter, lest no one will reach the end of it if I do not soon.

A Massachusetts Nurse

Letter from LEB, McDougal Hospital⁹⁰⁸ August 5, 1863

Mr. Editor:

Since the middle of last April I have been trying to write you a letter worthy of print; a letter so filled with interesting remarks and piquant speeches, with choice language and well-rounded sentences that the writer would have become almost, if not quite, immortalized; but all such vain dreams have been at every attempt abruptly interrupted. If at any time secure in the quiet of my own room, I took pen and paper, composed all

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wandering thoughts, and was about to commence, a gently knock would be heard at the door. Unwilling to move, I would only say, 'Come in' – of course it was one of my nice nurses; all praise be to them, they are the kindest and best of men 'Will Collins,' says 'the old man,' for this was the appellation we gave our sickest German, 'wants clean sheets.' 'Take them, they are on that shelf.' The door closes and I return to my manuscript. The ink is dry on the pen point, and as it dips thoroughly into the bottle a spirit in bodily form raps at the door again. This time it is Barnes. 'Would I direct a letter for him?' Before the Mrs. Susan – is quite complete, somebody is in need of milk punch. Once in the ward and one has a headache, another must have his medicine, a third wants a letter of importance to be written for this mail, going in fifteen minutes. We are always resigned when the Fates fairly master us, so, far in the distance fades all thought of our late approach to perpetuity, and at night there stands pen and ink just as it was left for one moment.

But today, time is my own, and behold the result. Since the soldiers from the battle of Gettysburg came to us we have been more than busy, but in the last few days order seems in a measure restored to us. The wounded have been classified and placed in their different wards, the well ones sent to their regiments and we are now waiting the arrival of the transports sent down for the lately wounded at Hilton Head. The soldiers will be well cared for, as Government for once did right and sent competent surgeons and nurses down in the boats. I speak from experience, as the surgeon in charge of my own ward was one detailed to go. The worse wounds we have come from Fort Wagner, and the sickest men from Baton Rouge, those poor nine months soldiers; and let me add a nine months' soldier in a ward of three years men is much to be pitied, he must not express his opinion on the war at least.

I think very few realize the suffering they have been subject to. For a short time I have been in a ward where many of them lay at the point of death, and even could I tell you how thin, how emaciated these poor creatures were you would not believe me. Taken prisoner at the outset, these men had never, many of them, heard a cannon fired. For five days after their capture they were left without food, and then the unwholesome quality and meager quantity completed the destruction of many a strong constitution. Within a week and a half four have died in this ward, as many or more the week previous. One, a delicate boy, for if he had approached to a manly age he seemed but a boy still, was called to a heavenly home on his twentieth birthday, and exactly a year from the day he enlisted; an only son and the eldest child. His mother came a week before he left us, and the story of her coming may perhaps interest you and your readers.

She was a brave woman, and on hearing that her son was left in Baton Rouge too ill to be moved, started to go to him were it possible to reach there. On the route from her home to Boston, learning that he had been brought with his comrades and left at our hospital, she immediately proceeded here. Stopping at the New England Rooms in New York, she found his name upon the list of dead, and came on to view the spot where he had breathed his last, and see those who had cared for him in his final hours. Only one wild wish was in her heart; if she could only have seen him to have given a parting kiss, but that was passed. On reaching here the medical director, as humane a man as you would find the world over, walked down by the ward with her, and pausing before an occupied bed, remarked, 'I think this is the boy you are looking after,' and she found him, not dead but lying very low. She wrote immediately for her husband and daughter, and the anxiety was great as we watched his daily increasing feebleness, and the dear ones did not come. Every one was kind to the bereaved mother. When William died, with a prayer on his lips, and the body packed in ice remained two days, then came the soldiers and wrapped it in his country's colors; with inverted arms and mournful dirge he was carried to the boat. This was at eight. At eleven, after the landing of the Government boat, a young lady and gentleman entered our ward. They never spoke to any one, but walked with confidence to the upper end and stopped before the bed so lately occupied by the living son and brother – an empty cot, how much it said to

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those and hearts. Their grief was for a time beyond control. This sadly smitten parent and sister left us again at one, in the hope of joining the mother in New York, before she proceeded homeward with the body.

Let me add one word in regard to the far southern hospitals where these poor fellows were, and they all told the same story. They said the men suffered greatly for want of care, they might go all day in need of water, and if they asked for it, be turned off with curses. One remarked that it seemed like gaining Paradise, reaching here. Another, who left us two days after, was now but eighteen, the eldest son, and a good, affectionate brother. His poor father told me as we watched together over his feeble couch, how that only the week before, he had buried his youngest child, a little girl, and now to be called to give his eldest son, was very hard. The last who died was a strong, staunch Scotchman. How true a Scot you can tell by his name, Donald McDonald. He wrestled long with disease, and till the very last we did not know but his stern determination would achieve victory, and cheat the Death angel who for so many days hovered over him. Although worn to a shadow and suffering from a number of different diseases until within a few moments of the last his strong nerves allowed him to carry a glass firmly to his lips.

If I have written a letter of no interest, do not blame me, as that talkative Sergeant who has seated himself outside my door has talked me almost crazy.

Yours &c.,

L.E. B.

Letter from Dahlgren, Medical Purveyor's Office, Hilton Head, SC⁹⁹ August 23, 1863

Dear ----:

Fort Sumter was not taken up to noon today. It is hardly battered, and we expect to hear of its surrender hourly. It is probable the rebs will abandon it, and leave us to bang away at it as long as we like. They use but two or three guns, and a very small force occupy it. We have played upon it with 200 pounders for two or three days, and those who have been near it say that it resembles a pepper box. The old flag still floats over it, and they manage to fire the sunrise and sunset gun daily. We lose in killed or wounded some fifteen or twenty daily – an increase, as the boys in my regiment manning the batteries are getting careless and do not dodge the shot and shell so carefully as heretofore. The Headquarters are on Morris Island, and most of the heads of the Departments are there, as well as the Medical Director.

I have been enjoying myself a little this afternoon after it cooled off, that is to say just after sunset. Two of my fellow clerks and myself took the horses and started for Pope's plantation, about seven miles from the post. Arrived out there toward sundown, and as Old Isaac 'was expecting us' we found a regular bang up dinner set for us on the front stoop or piazza of the mansion. Now Old Isaac is a worthy contraband of some three score years, whose curly locks are sprinkled o'er with grey. He was Esquire Pope's head man before the Esquire 'vamosed the ranche,' He prides himself of having received an education at the college at Columbia, but come to pin him down he allows that he was at Columbia once with Massa Pope, and had charge of his horses. He saw the college there, and as it is a sight that most of the common niggers have never been favored with, he thinks he does not stretch it much when he brags of a college education. Well, Old Isaac is a favorite of Dr. Cravens. When the Yankees first landed the Doctor used him as a guide around the Island, so they have a great liking for each other, and many vegetables, fish, etc., find their way from Isaac's kit to the Doctor's table, while Isaac feels fully repaid on receiving a bottle of castor oil or a box of salts to cure the ills of the common folks on the plantation. Of course he sometimes receives something a little stronger, to be used in desperate cases. Singularly enough, he alone is afflicted with 'desperate cases,' and they occur very often which he has the 'medicine.'

Our dinner comprised all manner of vegetables, chickens, eggs, fish, fritters, cake and rice pudding. After eating as much as we could, Old Isaac removed the cloth and sat on a bottle of his wine, (native) and with our

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cigars we managed to view the setting sun with as much complacency, and in as luxurious a manner as though we were Esquire Pope and guests instead of Old Isaac and Yankee invaders.

The mansion stands in a grove of large trees just on the banks of Broad Creek, (a large stream running into the sea) and commands a fine view of the river and surrounding country. The stream is well stocked with a variety of fish, and a boat lies moored just in front, now used by Isaac and his friends. The grove is filled with the fragrant oleander trees, which are in full bloom just now.

We enjoyed the comfort until the sun's disappearance behind the Palmettos in the distance reminded us that we had a ride of seven miles before us, and that before the countersign was given, for passes are not good after dark.

Dahlgren

Letter from Dahlgren, Medical Purveyor's Office, Hilton Head, SC⁹¹⁰ February 15, 1864

Dear Brother:

* * * * *

Our work increases monthly. Our new Medical Director, Dr. Swift has already established a printing office in connection with the Medical Purveyors, and a brewery and bakery are under way, as well as a farm of 60 acres, all under supervision of Medical Purveyor. He (Dr. S.) is a driver, and is remodeling the General Hospital, attaching a garden, and is to introduce gas in and around the building. Our printing press is very small and the type limited, but I think a larger one will soon relieve the smaller. (I suppose by virtue of rank.)

Gen. Gilmore occupies a large portion of Florida. Last Friday he embarked some five or six thousand troops and landed them at Jacksonville without opposition, and the Mass. cavalry have already advanced some 40 miles into the interior, capturing some artillery, with rich forage – driving General Finnegan before them. There have been three of the cavalry killed and twenty wounded. Colonel Henry with the 40th Mass. Mounted Infantry took another course, and have advanced into another quarter of the State. The Floridians hail them with great joy, and rush forward to take the oath. They hate Finnegan, who has been in command of Florida, and would greet the rule of Satan himself as a relief.

The weather has been remarkably warm here, but we have a change today that reminds one of the north winds and snow-banks. The boys write up from Florida that the fruit trees are in full bloom, and vegetation is in fine growth, and they are delighted with everything they come in contact with, especially the fair daughters of Florida, after three years absence from the privileges of social life. Foraging is profitable, and I guess the cavalry boys improve the opportunity, they being in the advance.

Two thirds of the 24th Mass. Reg't. left here yesterday on the "*Atlantic*" for home, they having re-enlisted. Veterans are numerous, in fact re-enlistments have far exceeded the expectations of all.

You will notice the arrival recently in New England of one of the ablest Colonels in this department. His resignation was accepted after being summoned before a court-martial for trial. With all the aids of high culture, social and family distinction, and the best military reputation in the department, he fell, and sad indeed was his disgrace. Social dissipation did the work.

I wrote you some items from St. Augustine in regard to this interesting old town, also respecting our operations in that locality, but it seems they did not come to hand. Master's Mate Frank Turner and a brother officer of the gunboat *Ottawa* are my guests at present.

Dahlgren

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Letter from Dahlgren, Fort Pulaski, GA⁹¹¹ March 8, 1864

DEAR ...

I believe I wrote you I had been ordered to this post, and reported accordingly. Have been here a week and I like much. Major Bailey and Lieut. Wilcoxson are able officers and whole-souled men, and make everything as easy as possible. My quarters are comfortable and it is a healthy spot, there having been but one death here in six months, and that occurred last Saturday. The whole garrison joined in the funeral procession, and appropriate remarks, with an original ode by the chaplain, and the accustomed salute at the grave, concluded the exercises. The garrison have subscribed \$400 to his mother in Providence.

Fort Pulaski mounts about 60 guns, 30 casemated, with as many more on parapet. The parade ground enclosed in the Fort will accommodate a regiment on parade or a light battery on drill. One side of the fort is fitted up for officer's quarters. Our office is a fine room, about twenty feet square, ten or fifteen feet high, with hard-furnished walls, light and airy. Our sleeping rooms are also pleasant, and from our window we can fish or bathe. A moat some ten feet wide with six or eight feet of water surrounds the fort, and furnishes a supply for the condenser. Cockspur Island is about three miles around, and dock is two sided. In fact, Fort Pulaski is a pleasant spot. I am in possession of a good horse, a small boat and a good sized sail boat. I took a trip out to sea in the "*Zephyr*," and she worked well.

A BIG HAUL.

I suppose you have heard of the capture of a blockade running schooner by our pickets. On Friday night last a schooner of 35 tons went ashore on Tybee Island, and the picket guard of Co. F seized her with the captain and crew. She proved to be loaded with whiskey, high wines and specie. The cargo was valued at \$20,000. We took her cargo off on the following night, and next day transferred it across Tybee Island in teams, then boated it across the river to the fort. You may easily imagine the trials and troubles in removing a cargo of contraband liquor some 40 miles with a detail of soldiers proverbially weak on this point. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the officers many barrels were tapped and several cases of "Old Bourbon" suddenly disappeared. The teams would become separated, and by the time the officer could come up, he would find a squad around a barrel filling canteens, bottles, basins, pails, or themselves. On the dock while loading one barrel a squad would tap another, and before they had a chance to turn round he would find a perfect swarm of blue jackets sipping the nectar. It was finally, housed, and the custom house depot relieved us of the charge. The schooner will probably go to pieces before she can be got off. The navy are indignant because she was captured by the soldiers and they lost the prize money as well as the credit. After the capture they offered to take charge of her, but Major Bailey politely informed them that he would not trouble them to interfere.

CONTRABANDS.

Deserters come in here almost daily, mostly contrabands, and such a sight as they present on their arrival is pitiful in the extreme - men and women escape from Savannah, wade through swamps, swim creeks, and during the day secrete themselves in marshes, and travel by night, passing several days with no substances but what is offered in the woods and swamps. I have seen them arrive here with sacredly a rag of clothing, and completely covered with mud from foot to head, having crossed the creeks and Savannah river on planks with a child on their back. One poor fellow who had given pretty nearly out and concluded to give up, after wandering through the night, caught sight of our flag waving over the fort, which inspired him with new life, and he made up his mind to make another attempt. His strength held out long enough to enable him to attract the attention of our pickets, who picked him up in a boat more dead than alive. Many of the contrabands come down the

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river in the night. Some are successful, while others less fortunate are fired into by the rebel pickets, and boat loads of men, women, and children have gone to the bottom in sight of our flag. On reaching our shore they fall on their knees and thank their "Preserver" in their humble manner. Who shall say liberty is not precious and appreciated by these poor slaves after running such risks. There are many soldiers among the deserters. Recently a Sergeant with a detail of men sent out to sink a torpedo in the river, finding themselves out of reach of the rebel pickets, came down to us, bringing boat, torpedo, and all hands.

Last night the steamer bringing us the mail from Hilton Head, brought along a party of pleasure seekers from the Head. Several [?] were included in the party, and our "Eagle Opera Troupe," gave a performance for their benefit. They were pleased with the talent of the troupe, and laughed heartily at the original jokes of the knights of burnt cork. After the performance the troupe furnished music for a dance, and the time flew so rapidly that "Old Sol" arising from his nap still found them enjoying the festivities. Such occasions are like an oasis in the desert, of an officer's life in garrison. As the army correspondents keep you posted on Florida fighting I will not attempt to add anything in that line. Everything is quiet on the Savannah, and I suppose we shall have nothing unusual to record until another blockade runner tries to escape the vigilance of our guard.

DAHLGREN

Letter from Dahlgren, 3d RI, Morris Island⁹¹² April 7, 1864

Memorial and Rock:

I am settled for the present in a sand hole on Morris Island. It makes me think of borroughing, for sand hills rise on each side of us, and only by mounting one of these can we see outside our little camp. The policy in such camping sites is that the rebels on James Island may not see us, for did they know our exact location they might get too good a range on us. Today there has been a little firing from James Island. They were shelling a fatigue party at work on a bridge leading to the "Swamp Angel," but no damage was done, for strange as it may seem the boys have got so used to the shell that they can calculate pretty closely on the range, if it is not on a good line they do not notice it, and if it looks like a good shot they generally have a place to cover. It is singular how indifferent they have become to the shot and shell.

Our camp is about the centre of the Island, and one company live in Wagner (now Strong) and another man the guns in Gregg (now Putnam.) There are some 2000 Infantry on the Island. We fire no shots except when men appear in Sumter, and our range is so correct that we can drop a shell into the fort anytime. We have fired a few shot at Sumter today just to keep them from repairing the Fort. The sea wall and side facing us is a complete pile of ruin and to look at it one would not suppose it a fort. Only the side facing Charleston is of any use to them. The *Monitors* and *Ironsides* lie just off Wagner and nothing denotes their waking from their lethargy. Yet rumors prevail of the coming of the "*Dictator*," when they will once more try to reach Charleston. We drop a shell into Charleston occasionally, just to let them know we still live, and but for the woods intervening we should have a good view of the city. From our lookout we can tell the time of day on church spires in the city. I am quite comfortable here considering that I am in the field and have hardly anything to do but eat, sleep and read. Don't know how long I may remain here as rumor says Gen. Gilmore will take the 3 R. I. with him into another department, but the probability is we shall stay here until Charleston is taken or the war ended.

Dahlgren

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Nurses Misner, Kendall, Bradford, and Brewster⁹¹³ February 10, 1865

Hospital Patriotism

The death of the lamented Miss [Martha] Sever⁹¹⁴ while at her self-devoted sacrifice of toil and patient care, has attracted attention to the fact that a larger number of noble-hearted ladies have gone from among us than the public are aware. From Plymouth, we have Miss Misner and Miss [Julia] Kendall. We have the Misses Bradford⁹¹⁵, of Duxbury, and the Misses Brewster, of Kingston. Miss Lizzie Brewster is now matron at the important hospital at Portsmouth Grove, where she been with her sister for a year past. She was transferred from a New York hospital to this post, with high recommendations from the surgeons in charge.

Letter from Dahlgren, Charleston, SC⁹¹⁶ April 19, 1865

Office Act. Ass't Quartermaster

Dear Memorial and Rock:

Just returned from an expedition of four months into the interior of the State. I had a pretty rough time on the expedition, but some things were very pleasant. Was kept waiting a month at Combahee Ferry thirty miles from the city for transportation. Expected a steamer for transportation of Quartermaster's property daily, but the supply of coal gave out in the Department. Took a schooner and loaded with forage, Capt. Burlingame (a Cape Codder) and myself. Got under weigh and worked the schooner down the Combahee River some forty miles. The river was very crooked, and hardly twice the schooner's width from bank to bank, so you can imagine we had a pretty hard time working her down. We were five days getting to Charleston, decidedly surprising the Post Quartermaster by sailing into harbor, for he knew nothing of our undertaking, and being no communication between the two places by land. Had about a hundred captured horses and a lot of other secesh property.

I am now living in clover in Charleston. Our office is in the Bank of Charleston, and a splendid building it is. My private residence is at 26 King street, a large three-story house with half an acre of garden, filled with flowers and fruit trees, richly furnished apartments, and everything denoting the wealth and luxury of Mr. Hugenin, the owner.

Charleston is sadly used up, between our shells and fires. The lower part of the city is almost a complete ruin, and there is hardly a building but what bears a mark of the 3d R. I. shells from Morris Island; still there is enough left of the city to furnish us with comfortable quarters. There were but a few that left the city when they were allowed to stay, and the society is still agreeable and pleasant. All the residents are taking the oath, and seem to like the Yankee rule much better than Secesh.

We have captured an immense amount of land transportation. The horses and mules are in abundance.

I have just returned from a ride with a fine buggy and the horse. We rode out to Magnolia cemetery, which is a beautiful spot and a credit to Charleston. In one tomb, with a glass door, lies the remains of an old Navy officer with the old Stars and Stripes still covering his coffin. This is probably the only instance of the old flag being displayed in this city for the past three years. Another old sea captain has his wife's remains covered with shell and glass work, with a model of his old ship over the grave. It is impossible to give you an idea of the work the old man has laid out on her grave, but it is magnificent and worth going many miles to see. He spends all his time at the grave, and many nights are passed in the company of the departed. I met the venerable lover to day, and he never tire of recounting the many virtues of his wife, with whom he lived happily for nearly fifty years. I shall never forget the spot. There are many fine monuments. Among others, that of Col. Washington, a Revolutionary hero, with his sword on his monument. I thought if he could have risen from his grave, he would have grasped his blade and struck a blow for the old flag.

Dahlgren

Chapter 13

Plymouth African-Americans

Introduction

Slavery effectively ended in Massachusetts by Article I of the state constitution of 1780. In 1781 Elizabeth Freeman (“Mumbet”) and a man named Brom brought and won a suit against John Ashley to gain their freedom arguing that slavery was “inherently illegal” under Article I.⁹¹⁷ Article I stated:

“All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness.”⁹¹⁸

The earliest history of Plymouth African-Americans has been documented by Pilgrim Hall Museum in an article “*Long Road to Freedom, African-Americans in the Old Colony*.”⁹¹⁹ Plymouth historian William T. Davis in his book *Plymouth Memories of an Octogenarian*⁹²⁰ identifies many of the slaves and slave holders in Plymouth prior to the end of slavery in Massachusetts. In another book by Davis, *Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth, Part II. Genealogical Register of Plymouth Families*,⁹²¹ Davis genealogy includes slaves: Cato and Jesse; Cuffee and Nanny; Dick and Phebe; Dolphin and Flora; Ebed and Betty (Cunnett); Ereck and Rose; Ginney and Hager; Jack and Patience; Quamony and Kate, Quamony and Mary Hampshire; Quash and Phillis; Silas and Venus; Brittan Hammond and Hannah; and Nero.

U.S. Federal and Massachusetts Censuses

Additional information about African-Americans in Plymouth beyond that on the Pilgrim Hall Museum website, was obtained from the U.S. Federal Censuses and the 1865 Massachusetts Census. U.S. Federal Census records from 1790 to 1940 as well as the 1865 Massachusetts State Census are available on the web to subscribers of Ancestry.com. Ancestry.com was the source used to compile the information in the lists that follows and for the information in Appendix C. The censuses up through 1870 were used in this book. The censuses enumerate “Free Colored” people living in a household. “Free Colored” people combine all people of races other than white. For Plymouth, a Free Colored person could be listed as B - black, M - mulatto, I or Ind for Indian, and there is also an Asian from China listed in 1870. In some instances, this creates problems as the same person could be listed as B, M, or Ind in several censuses. An example of this is Alice (Elsa) Chummuck whose race was listed in the U.S. Federal Censuses as M (1850), Ind (1860), and B (1870). The Massachusetts Census of 1865 lists Alice’s race as M. As a result of these differences, it is impossible to determine with 100 percent certainty the total number or race of specific individuals in Plymouth.

1790⁹²² U.S. Federal Census through 1840 U.S. Federal Census

The only names appearing in these censuses is the head of the household through the 1840 U.S. Federal Census. For the census records of Plymouth, alongside the head of the household are columns age-grouping

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the total number of white males and females, and the same for Free Colored males and females. The following is a summary of the data that could be obtained from the censuses on the Ancestry website:

<u>Census Year</u>	<u>Free Colored</u>	<u>Free Colored Households</u>
1790	54	(2) Cato Howe; (8) Prince Goodwin; (3) Plato Turner
1800	9	Unable to identify
1810	34	(2) Prince Goodwin; (3) Priscilla Hall; (2) Cato Howe; (3) America Pierce*; (1) Violet Phillips; (2) Quado Phillips; (1) Plato Turner
1820	-	Unable to identify
1830	43	(3) Cabb Harden; (7) John Leonard; (1) Benjamin Crandon; (1) Nathaniel Goodwin; (5) America Pierce
1840	25	(6) America Pierce; (4) Plato Turner; (5) Lucy Francis

* America Pierce - last name is difficult to determine. Pierce is best guess.

1850, 1860, and 1870 U.S. Federal Census and the 1865 Massachusetts Census

From 1850 on, the censuses expanded in include the names of all members in the household with other information such as their age, and where they were born. Of interest here is the increase in the number of Free Colored people and that many have come to Plymouth from southern states. It is unknown how many of these people might have been fugitive slaves. William Davis of Plymouth had to return a Delaware slave George Thompson in 1812⁹²³. In the list below, Virginia and Maryland numbers are combined because the same person was often identified as being born in either state depending on the year of the census.

NOTE: See Appendix C for an Index of Plymouth African-Americans listed in the 1850, 1860, 1865, and 1870 Censuses.

<u>Census Year</u> ⁹²⁴	<u>Free Colored</u>	<u>Where born if not Massachusetts</u>
1850	110	VA (7); State not identified (12); ME (3); CT (1)
1860	91	VA or MD (21); GA (1); PA (6); CT (2); NY (1); Africa (1)
1865 ⁹²⁵	115	VA or MD (18); LA (1); NC (1); TN (1); Washington, DC (1); PA 6); CT (2); State not identified 2)
1870	142	VA or MD (27); DE (1); NC (2); PA (3); CT (2); China (1); Nova Scotia (1)

Emancipation of the Slaves September 27, 1862⁹²⁶

By the President of the United States. A Proclamation:

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the Constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose at the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States, so-called, the people whereof they not even be of rebellion against the United States, and which State may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits, and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent, or elsewhere, with the previously obtain consent of the government existing there will be continued; that upon the 1st day of January in the year of our Lord one

Plymouth African-Americans

thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall be then, henceforth and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, or any of them, in any effort they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will, on the 1st day of January aforesaid, by proclamation designate the States or parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States; that attention is hereby called to an act of Congress, entitled "and not so make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figures following:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such.

Article - All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by court martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from and after its passage."

Also to the 9th and 10th section of an act entitled An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes, approved July 17, 1861, and which sections are in the word and figure following:

"Section 9. And be it further enacted, that all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States and all slaves of such persons found on being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, that no slave escaping into any State, territory, or District of Columbia, for any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the persons claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall under any pretense whatever assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service."

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above received; and all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion shall, upon the restoration of the Constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States

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and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States eighty-seven.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By the President,

WM. H. SEWARD,

Secretary of State.

Published in the Old Colony Memorial on September 27, 1862

Published in the Plymouth Rock on September 25, 1862

Emancipation Proclamation January 8, 1863⁹²⁷

By the President of the United States of America

- A Proclamation

Whereas, on the 33d day of September, in the year of our Lord 1862, a Proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing among other things the following, to wit:

That on the 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be henceforth & forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any effort they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at election, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated shall in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore, I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested, as commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States and as a fit and necessary war measure do, on this First day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are, this day, in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bouve, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia, except the 48 counties designated as West Virginia and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and which accepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

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And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid; I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free., and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons; and I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence. And I recommend to them in all cases when allowed they labor faithfully for reasonable wages, and I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service. And upon this act, sincerely believed in to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington this first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State

Colored Volunteers⁹²⁸

The colored population of Plymouth is quite limited, yet they are nobly represented by eleven as active, spirited and patriotic men as can be found in any quota. Several of them are old veterans in the cavalry service.

Anti-Slavery Meeting January 8, 1864⁹²⁹

The Plymouth County Anti-Slavery Society held a session at Davis Hall on New Year's Day. Bourne Spooner esq., President, presiding. Wendell Phillips addressed the meeting in the afternoon, and Hon. Samuel May. In the evening Parker Pillsbury delivered a senseless diatribe on the American Church, followed by an interesting address by Wendell Phillips, replete with history, dates, facts, and personal references. The half hour's entertainment from the "silvery tongue" of the latter was dearly bought by the hour sacrificed to the bitter sarcasm and senseless adjurations of the former. The attendance was rather light, considering the reputation of the speakers. Resolutions were passed memorializing Congress to abolish slavery throughout the United States dominions.

Black Soldiers and Sailors from Plymouth or Credited to Plymouth

The following information was compiled from Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War⁹³⁰, supplemented by information from William T. Davis History of the Town of Plymouth: With a Sketch of the Origin and Growth of Separatism.⁹³¹

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Officers of United States Colored Troops

Plymouth Officers Serving in United States Colored Troop Regiments⁹³²

The following are excerpts from Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War:

"During the last two years of the Civil War about one hundred and sixty regiments of United States Colored Troops were organized, some in South Carolina, some in North Carolina, some in Louisiana, and others in various States both North and South.

"The commissioned officers in these colored organizations were almost without exception white men who had distinguished themselves while serving as soldiers in white regiments and had won promotion to commissioned rank."

List of Plymouth Officers⁹³³

Buck, Frederick W.	2d Lieut.	1st U. S. Col. Infantry
Drew, Josiah R.	1st Lieut.	18th U. S. Col. Infantry
Morton, Howard	1st Lieut.	73d U. S. Col. Infantry, Co. D
Thurber, James D.	Captain	55th, A & F

United States Colored Troops⁹³⁴

Soldiers Serving in United States Colored Troop Regiments

The following are excerpts from Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War:

"Of the 2300 or more men serving in different units of United States Colored Troops to the credit of Massachusetts almost all were enlisted in the southern States under authority granted in Section 3 of the Act of Congress approved July 4, 1864, which section reads as follows:

"Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for the Executive of any of the States to send recruiting agents into any of the States declared to be in rebellion, except the States of Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana, to recruit volunteers under any call under the provisions of this act, who shall be credited to the State, and to the respective subdivisions thereof, which may procure the enlistment."

"The authority given in this Section was promulgated through the War Department by General Orders No. 227, dated July 9, 1864. Advantage was immediately taken by Massachusetts, and General Order No. 27, A. G. o. Mass., dated July 14, 1864, outlines the method to be followed in securing recruits under this law."

"The number of recruits recorded as having been secured at each of the agencies is here given: Washington, D. C, 25; Fortress Monroe, Va., 209; New Berne, N. C, 182; Hilton Head, S.C., 491 ; Nashville, Tenn., 77; Vicksburg, Miss., 1370; making a total of 2354. The small number secured at Washington, D. C, is explained by the fact that that city was flooded with recruiting agents from all the loyal States all of whom were after recruits for their respective States.

"The apportionment of recruits to the various municipalities in this Commonwealth was made in the following manner: Cities and towns desiring to obtain recruits under the law were allowed to deposit with the Treasurer of the Commonwealth to the credit of the Provost Marshal of the Commonwealth sums of money equal to \$125 for each recruit desired, but no city or town was to be allowed a number exceeding twenty-five per cent of any existing quota assigned thereto."

Plymouth African-Americans

“It was provided by General Order No, 27, above referred to, that any person not required by law to perform military duty but who desired to furnish a representative recruit might do so by depositing with the State Treasurer the sum of \$125 as above. Of the entire number of men secured by Massachusetts under the Section above quoted 586 were representative recruits. Several were furnished by patriotic women.”

List of United States Colored Troops Credit Plymouth

Name	Residence	Credit	Regiment	Company
Bagley, Daniel	Marietta, Ga.	Plymouth	2d U. S. Col. Lt. Arty.	Unassigned
Cole, Burton	—	Plymouth	1st U. S. Col. Cav.	E
Goodwin, Windsor	—	Plymouth	1st U. S. Col. Cav.	B
Grain, William	—	Plymouth	1st U. S. Col. Cav.	E
Jenkins, Henry	—	Plymouth	21st U. S. Col. Inf.	Unassigned

Colored Troops in Massachusetts Regiments

The men in this section enlisted in the Massachusetts 5th Regiment, not United States regiments. The following are excerpts from *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*:

5th Regiment Mass. Volunteer Cavalry⁹³⁵

“The 5th Regt. Mass. Vol. Cav. was the only cavalry regiment from Massachusetts composed exclusively of colored men. It was organized at Camp Meigs, Readville, during the autumn of 1863 and the winter following...

“The regiment returned to the Petersburg front in time to participate in the closing campaign of March and April, 1865, remaining in camp near that city until June when it was ordered to Texas.

“The prospect of trouble in Mexico having ended, the regiment was mustered out of the Federal service at Clarksville, Texas, Oct. 31, 1865, and immediately started for Massachusetts, making most of the trip by steamer. On arriving in Boston Harbor the regiment was landed at Galloup's Island where it remained until the latter part of November when it was paid off and discharged.”

List of Soldiers 5th Regiment Cavalry, Credit Plymouth

Name	Residence Mass. Soldiers...	Residence W.T. Davis	Company
Allen, Charles B.	Baltimore, Md.	Plymouth	A
Brown, Ellis E.	Lancaster Co., Penna.	Plymouth	A
Goodwin, Amos	North Carolina	Plymouth	A
Hall, George A.	Baltimore, Md.	Plymouth	A
Mills, Lewis F.	Nantucket	Plymouth	A
Pugh, Thomas	Baltimore, Md.	Plymouth	A
Thompson, George H.	Plymouth	Plymouth	M

William T. Davis⁹³⁶ also writes “For the purpose of enabling the selectmen to secure recruits to fill this quota ... the following recruits were obtained [5th reg.]”

Name	Residence Mass. Soldiers...	Residence W.T. Davis	Company
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Cosby [Crosley], Henry	Boston	Recruited	L
Page, Abraham	White House, Va.	Recruited	K
Henry, Robert	Philadelphia, Penna.	Recruited	Unassigned
Johnson, William R.	Taunton	Recruited	G
Williams, Charles E.	Roxbury	Recruited	Unassigned

54th Regt. Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry⁹³⁷

“The 54th Regt. Mass. Vol. Inf. was the first military unit composed of men of African descent to be raised in Massachusetts. Twenty-seven men, the nucleus of the organization, assembled at Camp Meigs, Readville, Feb. 21, 1863. The companies were mustered in on various dates between March 30 and May 13, the recruits coming from all parts of Massachusetts and many from outside the State. As more enlistments were secured than were needed, the surplus became the nucleus of the 55th.

“Captain Robert Gould Shaw, an officer in the 2d Mass. Inf., was commissioned colonel of the 54th...

“Near Secessionville, July 16, the Federals were attacked by a force under General Colquitt, and in the battle which followed the 54th lost 14 killed, 18 wounded, and three missing...

“Ordered to report to General Strong on Morris Island, July 18, it was there assigned to lead the attack on Fort Wagner the same evening. In this disastrous assault the 54th lost Colonel Shaw, Captains Russell and Simpkins, and over 20 men killed, Lieut. Colonel E. N. Hallowell, ten other commissioned officers, and 125 men wounded, and over 100 missing, many of the latter being killed...

“On Feb. 20, [1864] it was engaged with the enemy near Olustee, Fla., while covering the retirement of General Seymour's force from that place, losing 13 killed, 66 wounded, and eight missing...

“At Boykin's Mills, April 18, [1865] the 54th was engaged with the enemy, losing three killed and 24 wounded, one of the killed being 1st Lieutenant Stevens of Brighton, Mass. On April 25 the regiment returned to Georgetown, the close of hostilities having been announced four days previously.

“Returning to Charleston, May 6, a large part of the regiment was distributed at various points in the State until Aug. 17, when it was assembled at Mount Pleasant, and mustered out Aug. 20. Embarking on the following day on the transports *C. F. Thomas* and *Ashland*, it reached Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, Aug. 27 and 28. The men were paid off Sept. 1, and on the following day, after being reviewed by the governor, and having paraded in the vicinity of the Common and Beacon Hill, the regiment was disbanded. “

55th Regt. Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry⁹³⁸

“The 55th Regt. Mass. Vol. Inf. was the second military organization composed of men of African descent to be raised in Massachusetts. Its nucleus was the men left over from the recruits of the 54th. The recruits began to arrive at Readville early in May, 1863. Five companies were mustered in May 31, two more on June 15, and the remaining three June 22. Lieut. Col. Norwood P. Hallowell of the 54th was commissioned colonel, and Capt. A. S. Hartwell of the same regiment, lieutenant colonel...

“The 55th was variously engaged on the islands south of Charleston until July 2, [1864] when it was heavily engaged at James Island, losing 11 killed and 18 wounded...

“On Nov. 30, the 55th was engaged with the enemy at Honey Hill, losing Captain Crane, Lieut. Boynton, and 31 men killed, and Colonel Hartwell and 108 officers and men wounded, several mortally, the heaviest loss of the regiment in any one action...

Plymouth African-Americans

“Six companies started for Boston, Sept. 6, [1865] on the steamer *Karnac*, arriving at Galloup's Island on the 13th. The rest of the regiment sailed Sept. 14, on the *Ben Deford*, arriving Sept. 23. On the 25th the entire regiment was paraded on the Common and disbanded.”

List of Plymouth Soldiers 54th and 55th Regiments Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry

The following list combines data from *Massachusetts Soldiers...* with information provided by William T. Davis. Davis states that these are “Plymouth men”⁹³⁹ enlisting in the 54th⁹⁴⁰ and 55th⁹⁴¹ Regiments:

Name	Residence	Regiment	Company
Dexter, Thomas	Plymouth	54th	C
Endicott, Henry C.	Plymouth	54th	I
Hill, Charles Mekin	Plymouth	54th	H
Robertson, George	Plymouth	54th	E

Plymouth Man in Navy

Lunnon, Amos	Plymouth	Navy
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Amos Lunan, age 17, credit Plymouth, appears in men enlisted in the US Navy in *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*.⁹⁴² William T. Davis lists an Amos Lonnon age 19 as being in the Navy.⁹⁴³ The 1860 US Federal Census lists an Amos Lunnon age 15 as a black man.⁹⁴⁴ The author presumes that this is the same man in all instances.

Casualties and POWs from Plymouth in Company B

The men who were killed, wounded, or died of disease (none taken prisoner) while serving with the United States Colored Troops or with Massachusetts Colored Regiments:

Buck, Frederick	1st U. S. Col. Infantry	Wounded ⁹⁴⁵	Chapin's Farm, Va.	
Cole, Burton	1st US Col. Cav., Co. E	Died of disease	Fort Powhatan, Va.	Dec. 23, 1864
Hill, Charles M.	54 th Regt., Co. H	Died of disease	Washington, DC	Oct. 12, 1864
Pugh, Thomas	5 th Regt. Cav., Co. A	Died aboard ship	On route home	Nov. 18, 1865
Thurber, James D.	55 th Regt., Co. F	Wounded	James Island, SC	July 2, 1864

Letters and Articles from the Field

Proud of Our 54th Colored Regt.⁹⁴⁶ July 31, 1863

This regiment, hardly away from our shores, new and raw troops, have already won imperishable renown, and vindicated by a bloody and most glorious record the credit of their race. On James Island, at Fort Wagner, the 54th have shown themselves worthy to stand by the side of the bravest white man, shown that the same spirit that filled the 1st Kansas, 2d Louisiana, and the rest of the dark skinned heroes of this war, swelled in their bosoms. Massachusetts can point to none of her sons with more pride than these. Noble have they upheld the honor of their state, nobly have they fallen.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Howard Morton Promoted, 30th Regt.⁹⁴⁷ October 6, 1863

Promoted

Mr. Howard Morton of this town enlisted in the 30th regiment and has served faithfully as a private from motive of pure patriotism in the same through the war. Recently he was ordered to Port Royal, and there found a commission awaiting him as 1st Lieut. in the corps d'Afrique of Gen. Banks' army.

Buck, Brigham, Crandon, Walcott Return Home⁹⁴⁸ January 13, 1865

Home Again.

Lieut. Frederick Buck arrived home on Saturday last, on a furlough, having been severely wounded in a skirmish near Chapin's Farm, on the James River.

Lieut. Buck enlisted in the Fourth Mass. Cavalry, but was promoted, and transferred to the 1st U. S. Infantry (colored) and is much respected by officers and men.

...

Thomas Dexter Letter to Col. Raymond, 54th Colored Regt.^{949, 950} February 17, 1865

Col. Raymond receives letters frequently from Thomas Dexter, the colored man who came home with him from the war. He is in the 54th Regiment, now with Gen Sherman. He writes in good spirits, and says he is bound "to see Sherman through to Richmond." He is proud of having marched through the heart of slaverydom as a free U. S. soldier.

Chapter 14

Plymouth Home Front

Quotas, Bounties, Pay, and Donations

The call for Troops April 20, 1861 ⁹⁵¹

Requisition was made by the President, through the war department, on Monday, upon several States for their quota of the seventy-five thousand volunteers to be called into immediate service. The demand upon Massachusetts was for four regiments of Infantry, each regiment to consist of ten companies. Gov. Andrew, with the advice of various military officials of the State, ordered the third, fourth, sixth and eighth regiments to assemble Tuesday forenoon upon Boston Common in order that twenty companies, the number required from Massachusetts, might be selected therefrom.

...

Company B, Plymouth, Lieut. Charles C. Doten, 64 guns.

...

New Military Company April 25, 1861 ⁹⁵²

Old Plymouth Awake!

\$1,000 SUBSCRIBED TO UNIFORM IT.

An enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Plymouth, assembled at Town Hall, Saturday evening last, in response to an anonymous call, for the purpose of forming a new military organization to act as a "home guard," and "to petition the Governor to restore our field pieces and be ready to repel any invasion, whether by open enemies or secret traitors." The meeting was called to order by B. H. Holmes, Esq., and organized by the choice of Maj. James Bates, Chairman, and C. A. S. Perkins, Secretary.

On motion of Wm. T. Davis, adjourned to Davis Hall.

Capt. George Simmons moved to proceed to form a company from the ages of 18 to 45, to be ready for service at a moment's call from the Governor. Carried. Also voted that another company be formed from men of the age of 45 years and upward to act as a home guard.

C. H. Howland, Esq., stated that gentlemen were in the Hall who had enlistment papers from the State authorizing the formation of a volunteer military corps, and moved that they be laid before the meeting for signatures.

Capt. S. H. Doten presented the following paper, and the annexed names were subscribed:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

We, whose names are hereunto affixed, do severally consent, and by our signatures hereunto made, do agree, to be enrolled into a Company of Volunteer Militia, to be raised in the town of Plymouth and vicinity, subject to orders of the Commander-in-Chief; and in consideration of arms and equipments to be furnished us by the Commonwealth, we do hereby agree to serve for the period of five years unless sooner discharged,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

agreeably to [illegible] and this enlistment we enter into with the full understanding that we are liable at any moment to be ordered into active service under the government of the United States.

[Illegible] Chas. H. Howland, Cornelius Bradford, Thomas May.

Voted that these signers be a Committee to circulate the roll and solicit signatures. On motion of Hon. Wm. T. Davis, (who offered to head it with \$5,) voted, that a subscription paper be circulated in the meeting to raise means to uniform and equip the new company.

C. G. Davis, Esq., thought it needless to take up the time of the meeting in soliciting subscriptions, as it was unlikely the town would allow the company to leave without being fully equipped, and offered to give \$1,000 for this purpose.

This generous and patriotic offer elicited thunders of applause, and the circulation of the subscription paper was immediately stopped.

Voted to reconsider the vote whereby the ages of the Home Guard was fixed at 45 years and upwards.

Messrs. B. H. Holmes, Nathl. Brown, F. W. Robbins, George Simmons, Jr., Chas. G. Davis, Joseph W. Collingwood, and James Bates, were chosen a committee to enlist members of the Home Guard.

Voted to accept all from the age of 18 upwards.

Hons. John Morrissey, E. C. Sherman and W. T. Davis, were chosen a committee to wait upon the Governor, and request that the field pieces formerly used by the Plymouth Artillery, be returned to this town for the use of the Home Guard.

Voted to adjourn sine die.

Presentation May 4, 1861⁹⁵³

Hon. Wm. T. Davis forwarded by steamer Cambridge, a fine revolver for Capt. Charles C. Doten of the Standish Guards. Hon. E. C. Sherman and Mr. J. Morrissey sent to Capt. Doten by the same conveyance a pair of Epaulettes, suitable to his new rank as commander of the company.

We hear that Mr. Charles G. Davis also sent a revolver to one of the Lieutenants of the same company.

Donation May 4, 1861⁹⁵⁴

Hon. Wm. T. Davis received on Monday last a check for \$150 from Hon. Chas. H. Warren of Boston, for the benefit of the Plymouth volunteers. Judge Warren also sent a fine revolver to Fort Monroe for Lieut. Alexander of the Standish Guards.

Artillery May 4, 1861⁹⁵⁵

Two brass six pounders belonging to the State, were obtained at Northampton on petition of the Selectmen of this town, and brought here on Wednesday by Mr. E. H. Holmes. An Artillery company will be organized immediately, forty persons having already signed the roll. The company will act as Coast Guard, an important service at the time, in view of the exposed condition of Plymouth harbor.

Donations May 18, 1861⁹⁵⁶

We understand that Dr. L. B. Russell of Boston, has presented \$50 to the new volunteer company formed in this town, and the amount together with the gift of Hon. Charles H. Warren, has been expended in equipments for the company.

Plymouth Home Front

Military Contributions May 18, 1861⁹⁵⁷

We understand that William H. Whitman, Esq., presented one hundred dollars to Capt. Samuel H. Doten for the use of the Plymouth Rock Guards, and that Martin L. Hall, Esq., of Boston, presented him with twenty-five dollars, for the same purpose. Several other presents of money were made by different gentlemen, which we trust will contribute to the comfort of our patriotic volunteers.

Soldiers Pay May 23, 1861⁹⁵⁸

We desire to state in answer to inquiries on this subject, that the monthly pay of volunteers in the service of the United States, as far as we have been able to learn, is as follows:

Col. Receives	\$209.00
Lieut. Colonel	185.00
Major	166.00
Captain	109.50
1st Lieut.	100.50
2d Lieut.	94.50
Orderly Sergt.	20.00
Other Sergts.	18.00
Corporals	13.00
Privates	11.00
Musicians	12.00

With regard to volunteers from Plymouth, those belonging to the Standish Guards, under command of Capt. C. C. Doten, have enlisted for three months, and will then be allowed to come home or enlist for three years. They receive monthly pay according the above table, and the families of such as are needy are provided for by a special vote of the town.

Those under the command of Capt. S. H. Doten have enlisted for three years, and receive pay according the above table, while in addition the town have voted to pay the sum of six dollars per month to married men with families, and four dollars per month to single men; but the bill now before the Legislature, and already passed by the Senate, will if passed by the House, cut off the monthly bounty of six and four dollars from the town. That bill provides that no city or town shall give to any volunteer any compensation in addition to the regular pay of the army. But it allows towns and cities to aid the families of volunteers and provides for the reimbursement of said towns and cities by the Commonwealth, to the extent of one dollar per week for the wife of any volunteer, and each child under sixteen years of age, and the like sum for each parent, brother, sister or child of any volunteer, who at the time of his enlistment was dependent upon him for support.

Thus if this bill becomes a law, the town of Plymouth cannot pay a bounty but may aid wives, and children under sixteen years of age, and such parents, brothers, sisters or children as were at the time of enlistment dependent upon them for support. The town will be reimbursed by the State to the extent above mentioned. Such volunteers as have no wives, nor children under sixteen years of age, nor any parent, brother, sister or child dependent upon them for support, will receive nothing in addition to the regular army pay of \$11 per month.

With regard to bounties from the general government to soldiers, or their heirs, we believe no general law exists, but Congress provides for this additional payment for services rendered by special enactment after the close of the war.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Advantages of Enlisting November 7, 1861⁹⁵⁹

The bill recently passed by Congress raising the pay of our volunteers to \$13 per month, board and clothing fund, makes soldiering not very bad business, viewed in a pecuniary light. The pay amounts to \$156 a year, with \$41 for clothing; making \$198 a year, with rations fund. To this must be added the \$100 bounty and the land warrant. If the war should last but one year, reckoning the 160 acres of land at \$1.5 per acre, the pay would reach the very respectable sum of \$468, for the year and the rations. Many a young man out of employment would jump at the chance of making so good a salary.

Bounties January 25, 1862⁹⁶⁰

The Custom House and vicinity presented a lively scene last Saturday, in consequence of the announcement that the bounty money was ready for delivery. This money, together with that received from Capts. Doten's and Alexander's companies recently should make "change" a little more plentiful for a while. The sum paid for bounties, some \$15,000, is not so much as last year, but we hope another season will find Plymouth entitled to more.

A Bounty for Recruits June 26, 1862⁹⁶¹

Order to Encourage Enlistments.

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 21, 1862.

Pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress to encourage enlistments in the regular army and volunteer forces, it is ordered that a premium of \$2 shall be paid for each accepted recruit that volunteers for three years or during the war, and every soldier who hereafter enlists either in the regular army or the volunteers for three years or during the war, may receive his first month's pay in advance upon the mustering of his company into the service of the United States, or after he shall have been mustered into and joined a regiment already in the service. This order will be transmitted to the Governors of States and recruiting officers.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Bounty on Enlistments July 10, 1862⁹⁶²

Hereafter, a bounty of \$2 will be paid for each recruit for the regular army or for any volunteer corps, to the person bringing such recruit to the rendezvous. A month's pay in advance will also be received by each recruit on his muster into service, and \$25, of the \$100 bounty, making \$38 advance pay.

More Troops July 12, 1862⁹⁶³

63 Men Wanted

The quota of Plymouth for the new levy of 300,000 troops, is sixty-three, we believe that they can be found and that without much trouble. We believe that our town, full of sacred associations to prompt the love of country, hatred of tyranny, stern, unwavering endurance under reverse and disaster, will not be found wanting under this new call. We have given freely before; our young men have hastened at the sound of the drum beat to lay aside work, in whatever business they have been engaged, and gone at their country's bidding gladly and willingly. From the best information we can get, we believe there is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty of our citizens now in the army and navy. This is not doing very bad for a "slow" place, as some of our neighbors call us. We have not been "slow" in sending men to fight for the cause of liberty and

Plymouth Home Front

humanity, nor do we believe we shall be slower than other towns to answer to this new call. Can we not be the first to send on our quota? Let's try.

Call All July 12, 1862⁹⁶⁴

It will be seen by a notice in another column, that the Selectmen have called a public meeting at Davis Hall this (Saturday) evening, for the purpose of taking measures to furnish the number of men required of the town. We hope that the hall will be filled to overflowing. Let all come and make a hearty enthusiastic meeting.

Ladies, don't think that you have no place there; come and lend your presence; come and bring your husbands, sweethearts and brothers. We cannot be the first to give our number; the noble town of Stoneham has won that renown, but we can be in the front. Come one! Come all!

Selectmen's Notice July 12, 1862⁹⁶⁵

Citizens of the Town of PLYMOUTH!!

You are able with pride to say that you have already more than three hundred of your number gathered around your country's flag. You have contributed your share of a quota of fifty thousand men for the Commonwealth. But neither your patriotism nor your ability are yet exhausted.

His Excellency, the Governor, calls upon you for yet more men to fill up and increase the ranks of our armies in the field. Sixty-three is the number which Plymouth has been called upon to furnish, and you are earnestly urged to use every exertion to complete the list without delay.

Recruiting officers will be appointed to receive enlistments, but in the meantime names of volunteers will be entered by the Town Treasurer, and all necessary information communicated by the Selectmen.

Volunteers will be at once sent into camp, receiving pay and rations from the date of their arrival, and in addition to one month's pay of \$13 in advance, they will receive a bounty of \$25 when the company to which they may be attached is filled, and a further bounty of \$75 at the end of the war. The Selectmen will guarantee, in all cases contemplated by law, State aid to families, so that volunteers may enlist, with a distinct understanding of the privileges belonging to them.

Citizens of Plymouth! the number of men required of you must be furnished. Let it be your glory to say that they were raised without draft or compulsion. The crisis of the war has been reached and a single vigorous effort is required to terminate it with triumphant success. After months of careful but energetic preparation the armies of the Union have met the enemy at all points and driven him at last to the narrowest limits of operation. His struggles are now the struggles of a desperate foe, and only one more grand uprising of patriotism is required of us to crush him forever.

Young men! Come at your Country's call, and show by your acts in this her hour of need, that the fire of patriotism still burns where our Fathers first kindled it, on the Rock of Plymouth.

In order that every exertion may be made to answer the requirements of His Excellency, the citizens of Plymouth are invited to meet at DAVIS HALL, on this SATURDAY evening, 12th inst., at 8 o'clock. Every earnest lover of his country is expected to be present.

Selectmen of Plymouth
WM. T. DAVIS
F. C. TURNER
THOS. B. SEARS
LYSANDER DUNHAM
HOSEA BARTLETT

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Plymouth, July 11, 1862

Military Notice July 12, 1862⁹⁶⁶

The Selectmen have received from His Excellency, the Governor, the necessary papers authorizing them to raise a company of volunteers for one of the new regiments to be raised under the call from the President of the United States. The number of men required from Plymouth, Kingston, and Carver, is ninety-seven and it is expected that the Selectmen of those towns will co-operate and raise a company worthy of the Old Colony.

After enlistment the men will be subsisted in Plymouth, at the expense of the Government until fifty have enlisted, when they will go into camp under the charge of a Lieutenant, who will then be commissioned.

The officers of the company will be selected from the towns above mentioned.

Enlistment rolls are now ready at the Town House in Plymouth, and recruits are requested to call at once and enter their names.

Selectmen of Plymouth
WM. T. DAVIS
F. C. TURNER
THOS. B. SEARS
LYSANDER DUNHAM,
HOSEA BARTLETT
Plymouth, July 11, 1862

Citizens Meeting July 17, 1862⁹⁶⁷

The action of the "Citizens' Meeting," on Saturday evening, had but few of the elements of popular enthusiasm, and resulted in nothing that could not have been accomplished by any seven citizens. We hope no further damage was done to the patriotic feelings of our citizens who are expected to recruit the army, than that of disappointment with the whole tenor of the proceedings, and that on the "sober second thought" they will conclude that upon the whole the result is "not so bad as it might be." For the honor of the town, we hope the appropriation will be made, and that some arrangement will exempt soldiers now in the service from their proportion of the additional tax necessary to pay the bounty. It would be but a simple act of justice, if the town is to pay one recruit a premium for enlisting, that it should pay it to all, but this is out of the question, in the present state of our finances, and our brave fellow citizens now in arms must console (!) themselves with the reflection that this partiality of their fellow townsmen, is but another illustration of the usual practice of mankind, to pay best those who do the least.

It will be noticed that the Selectmen promise the Bounty, or enlistments here will not be binding, and it is presumed that if the town refuses to vote the bounty, the better plan of individual subscriptions will be resorted to, and we have no doubt of its complete success.

A good beginning of recruiting has been made, by Albert Mason, Esq., who heads the list, followed by his brother Charles, who is always ready, and two or three others. If a few others of our influential men would follow his example we think there would be no trouble in getting our quota, bounty or no bounty.

Recruiting July 19, 1862⁹⁶⁸

The Recruiting office has been opened at the Town House and some signatures have already been placed upon the roll. The first to sign was Albert Mason, Esq., Trial Justice for the County. Mr. Mason leaves a

Plymouth Home Front

lucrative practice in the law, and ties of family, to go at the call of his country, whose claims he considers paramount at this time to all others.

The next signer was his brother, Charles, who when the first call was made for the three months men, left his Ambrotype saloon without even turning the key, to hasten to join his company.

From present appearances we have no doubt but that the quota of Plymouth will be forthcoming in due season.

Your Country Calls July 24, 1862⁹⁶⁹

YOUNG MEN TO THE RESCUE!

The selectmen of Plymouth have received authority to raise a company of volunteers from Plymouth and vicinity. Every care will be exerted to make it such a company as will be worthy of the Old Colony.

Volunteers will receive

Advance Bounty from the United States	\$25
Advance Bounty from Town	\$100
Advance Wages	\$13
Bounty at the close of the war	\$75
State aid guaranteed	\$2 will be paid to the person bringing in a volunteer

Young men from Carver, Kingston, Duxbury, Plympton, Marshfield, and other towns, are invited to enlist and credit will be given to their respective towns for their enlistment.

Recruiting Office, at No. 8 Davis Building, Plymouth,
Selectmen of Plymouth
Wm. T. Davis,
R. C. Turner
THOS. B. SEARS
LYSANDER DUNHAM
HOSEA BARTLETT
Plymouth, July 15, 1862.

Citizens Meeting July 29, 1862⁹⁷⁰

The meeting called at Davis Hall on Saturday evening to take measures to aid in raising the number of men called for from this town was fully attended, the hall being filled.

Hon. Wm. T. Davis called the meeting to order, and after offering some remarks upon its objects, submitted the following list of officers to the pleasure of the meeting, and it was adopted. President, Hon. Jacob H. Loud, Vice Presidents, Alex. Jackson, Elliot Russell, C. A. S. Perkins, E. C. Turner, Geo. H. Jackson, E. F. Sherman, G. Fuller, E. B. Hayden, A. Cornish, Secretaries, Albert Mason, Esq., Wm. T. Hollis.

Upon taking the chair Mr. Loud was warmly applauded; he made a short but stirring speech upon the necessity of the new call, what the town had done and what he believed it would do, and declared the meeting open for business, and invited an expression of sentiment from all.

Wm. H. Whitman, Esq., then offered the following resolutions, with the proviso that they were not entirely his own, and that perhaps he might express his ideas in the course of the meeting.

RESOLVES.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Resolved, That the citizens of Plymouth, heartily respond to the Executive of the nation, and the Governor of this Commonwealth, in the call for more men for the army, to save the country, in this, its time of peril.

Resolve, That we recognize the obligation, and discern clearly the duty of each and all of us to share the burdens this crisis of the nation imposes.

Resolved, That in order to encourage the prompt enlistment of men, and to secure as soon as may be, the quota to be raised in this town, the Selectmen be requested to call at once, a meeting of the town, to see if the town will offer a bounty of \$75 to each man who will enlist, under the requirements of the law, till our number of men is full.

Resolved, That the crisis of the country requires, and true patriotism demands, that all should be liberal, to the full extent of their means, to aid their country, through the various channels which are now wide open to every man and woman.

Hon. R. B. Hall was then called upon, and responded to the call. He thought we had sadly underrated the resources and endurance of our enemies; that those who were loyal when the war broke out were now embittered against us, and hated us as heartily as the rest. He thought there was little chance of the rebellion being quelled soon, that prompt action was necessary, and we should use every exertion to uphold the government.

Rev. E. H. Hall was next called upon, and made an earnest and eloquent address, showing why we were so unprepared for war, and therefore we had much to learn of the method of carrying it on. That after we had obtained our independence, the first thing to be done was to decide upon the policy to be pursued, whether it should be like that of European nations, a war policy or a peace, a mind your own business policy, and adopting the advice of Washington, the latter was chosen and had been pursued, consequently when this war broke out, we were unprepared for its emergencies. He closed by saying that we were now undergoing the trial of our Government, and success was necessary to make it a success.

Hon. John Morissey was next called upon, and made a "telling" speech. He commenced by saying that he almost felt ashamed to speak in favor of other people enlisting when he had not himself, and that many times he had almost made up his mind to do it and did not know but that he should do so yet. He was in favor of the resolutions, and thought it the duty of all to aid in the manner they best could, to put down this rebellion. He was frequently applauded, and touched the feelings of the meeting more than any other speaker.

Hon. C. G. Davis was then called upon, and addressed the meeting. He had some doubts in regard to the method of raising the bounty, but was entirely in favor of its being given. He thought the additional draft upon the resources of the town would bear hard upon the poorer tax payers, yet, he asked what had any of us done so far, to bear our portion of the hardships of the country. He thought there should be some way devised so that the additional tax should not be laid upon those of our citizens already serving their country. He counseled liberality on the part of our monied men, and hoped as our fathers poured out their blood and treasure, we should do likewise, and concluded by offering to subscribe enough for the bounty of one recruit. The Resolutions were adopted and after a vote of thanks to the Band, which had played so finely, the meeting adjourned.

Drafting August 2, 1862⁹⁷¹

The matter of giving bounties to recruits, grows more and more serious in its effects. The New York Committee, who conferred with the President Wednesday, gained the executive consent to stop bounties on the 18th inst., and resort to drafting if necessary. The Governor of Iowa has been authorized to draft at his discretion, and the Governor of Ohio will stop bounties on the 18th and draft if necessary; and although the President states that the reports from the different States are favorable, yet he is not adverse to a draft if the

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new levy is not forthcoming. Michigan has filled her quota, and from present appearances Maine bids fair to be second in the field.

Drafting August 7, 1862⁹⁷²

In the fullness of time has come an order from the Secretary of War for a draft upon the unrolled militia of the States. As the number required by the draft, (300,00) is the same as under the recent call for volunteers, it is probable that the proportion from Massachusetts will be about 115,000, and consequently that each town will have to raise, under both demands just double the number required by the Governor's recent apportionment.

It will be seen by the order that the drafting is to commence as soon as the War Department can make and issue the necessary regulations for the purpose, and that if the 300,000 volunteers are not all enlisted by the 15th inst., a special draft will be made for the deficit, so that it behooves every man who has any idea of having a hand in the overthrow of the rebellion, to enlist previous to the 15th, and thus avoid the liability to draft. Under draft it is not probable that men will be held for more than 9 months, and it is hardly less probable that volunteers will be held for a longer period. The war, it appears to us, must end within a year, and if so the advantages of a volunteer soldier are decidedly superior to those of a drafted one.

All the movements of the administration indicate that the time has arrived when the war is to be prosecuted with all the energy of 20,000,000 Yankees, and that power we believe to be irresistible.

All sorts of opinions are ventilated and discussed as to the method of drafting, and who are the exempts, but no one seems to know anything about it, and cannot until the Secretary of War issues his programme, which no doubt will conform as far as possible to such U. S. Laws as are applicable.

War Meeting August 7, 1862⁹⁷³

The second rally of our citizens in the encouragement of enlistments, took place on Wednesday evening of last week, and Davis Hall was filled to its utmost. E. C. Turner, Esq., one of the Selectmen, called the meeting to order and submitted the following list of officers, which was adopted:

President, Albert Mason. Vice Presidents, John J. Russell, Thomas B. Sears, Joseph L. Weston, Nathaniel Brown, Samuel Harlow, Jess Harlow, Barnabas Churchill, Lemuel Bradford, Josiah D. Baxter, Warren Macomber, Francis M. Vaughan, Samuel O. Whitmore. Secretaries, Thos. Prince, Stephen P. Brown, Jr.

Upon taking the chair Lieut. Mason made some appropriate remarks, and stated that the enrollment papers were on the table and that neither of the speakers would consider it an interruption should members of the audience come forward and sign at any stage of the proceedings. After music from the band, he introduced Judge Russell, who made one of his most effective speeches, which aroused the patriotism of our somewhat sleepy citizens to a healthy enthusiasms. He repudiated entirely the idea that the war should be conducted with any especial view to the overthrow of any institution, but the institution of rebellion, and thought it would be time enough to talk about what to do with the rebels and their slaves when we catch them. The cook-book policy of making a rabbit pie, he thought a good one for the prosecution of the war - "First catch your rabbit," &c.

John L. Swift was the next introduced, and his remarks, though somewhat limited, by the lateness of the hour, were well put, and had the additional efficiency of being backed up by example. Instead of saying to the audience "go," he could say "come and follow me" - he having abandoned a good fat berth in the custom House, an interesting family, &c., for the glory of serving his country as a private in the Roxbury company. John is

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doing his country more service than usual in his harangues, and as an aid to recruiting we doubt if he has an equal.

At the close of his remarks the chairman extended another invitation to sign the roll, and while waiting for a response called upon C. G. Davis, Esq. For some remarks. That gentleman made his appearance, and after a speech from him the meeting adjourned.

A Draft Ordered August 4, 1862⁹⁷⁴

WASHINGTON

The following order calling for militia from the several States, has just been issued:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

Ordered, First. That draft of 300,000 militia be immediately called under the service of the United States to serve nine months unless sooner discharged. The Secretary of War will assign the quotas to the State and establish regulations for the draft.

Second. That if any State shall not be the 15th of August furnish its quota of the additional 300,000 volunteers authorized by law, the deficiency of volunteers from that State will also be made up by a special draft from the militia. The Secretary of War will establish the regulations for this purpose.

Third. The regulations will be prepared by the War Department and presented to the President, with the object of securing the promotion of officers of the army and volunteers for meritorious and distinguished services, and of preventing the nomination and appointment in the military service of incompetent or unworthy officers. The regulations will also provide for ridding the service of such incompetent persons as now hold commissions.

By order of the President,
(Signed) EDWARD M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

A Friend from Abroad August 9, 1862⁹⁷⁵

Last Tuesday there was added to the roll of Volunteers from Plymouth the name of "Erik Wulff, occupation, Soldier."

Mr. Wulff is a citizen of Gottenburg, Sweden, and was Lieutenant in the army of that country, where he has served five years. He resigned his Lieutenancy, obtaining an honorable discharge, to come to this country and aid us in our contest with Slavery and Treason, asking merely to serve in the ranks as a private, and the chance to win his epaulettes on the field. Knowing of but one family in this country, that of the late Capt. John Russell, of this town, he came here and will go as one of the Plymouth Volunteers.

Drafting White and Colored August 12, 1862⁹⁷⁶

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Executive Department, Boston, Aug. 12, '62. The Assessors of the towns and cities, in preparing the new enrollments, are instructed to include the names of all citizens white or colored, who at the date of the order - viz, August 4, 1862, were between the ages of 18 and 45 years. No exemptions are to be deducted from the enrollment except of such men as are plainly and visibly disabled of some permanent defect from doing military duty. Aliens are not to be enrolled until they have taken out their final naturalization papers. Enrollment blanks will be immediately furnished by the Secretary of State. They will state the name, age and

Plymouth Home Front

occupation of such men, whether now in service or not, and any other remarks which may determine his exemption from draft.

The enrollment already made for the present year may be used as the basis of that now required by being corrected so as to conform to the present requirements.

In any town or city volunteer companies of militia for nine months service may be enlisted, and their number will be deducted from the quota of that place in the draft.

But only residents in any town or city will be deducted from its quota.

Drafted men may furnish substitutes, but cannot be released upon paying a fine under the Massachusetts statute.

Towns are strongly recommended not to offer any bounty to nine months men. As the law now stands the families of drafted men are not entitled to State aid, but it will be allowed to nine months volunteers.

Enlistment blanks to be used in raising volunteer companies will be furnished at the Adjutant General's office.

All officers of the nine months men, whether volunteers or drafted, will be elected in the manner provided by the statutes of Massachusetts. But the Commander-in-Chief will refuse to commission any officer in his judgment incompetent.

The assessors are requested to use all possible expedition in completing and returning their rolls to the Adjutant General.

JOHN A. ANDREW,
Governor of Massachusetts,
By order of His Excellency, the Governor.
OLIVER WARNER, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Arming the Negroes August 14, 1862⁹⁷⁷

We notice some grumbling among our Republican exchanges because of the report that the President declines to put arms into the hands of such colored men as may be employed in the army of navy, under the new militia law. Some of these charge him with remissness of duty in this respect, and profess to believe that the reason he does not act differently is from fear of further exasperating the rebels, or their sympathizers in the semi-loyal states. Whatever may be the private opinion of the President on this question, it is plain enough to us, and must be to every individual who can understand the English language, that the new law does not require the arming of negroes, but leaves it to the President's discretion to do so or not as he thinks best, so that whether he does the one or the other he acts in obedience to his own best judgment, and with that decision we are perfectly content, and should be just as contented had he reached a contrary decision. Indeed, there would be a species of devilish pleasure in seeing the innocent cause of our troubles hurled into the gap opposing armies, to become the food of the sanguinary goddess.

Governor's Orders August 14, 1862⁹⁷⁸

The Governor has issued an order to Assessors in regard to making the enrollments which are to include all able bodied citizens between 18 and 45, black or white. Volunteer companies may be enlisted for 9 months and their number will be deducted from the quota of the town in the draft. Drafted men can only be released by furnishing substitutes. Towns are advised not to offer bounties to these volunteers because they will be entitled to State aid which drafted men are not.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The Regulations for Drafting August 14, 1862⁹⁷⁹

The regulation of the War Department for making a draft for 300,000 men have been received by the Adjutant General of this state and are published in the dailies. So far as they apply to raising the quota from this state they conform very nearly to the laws of the state on this point. The quota of the state, is 19,080 men. An enrollment of all able-bodied male citizens of the several states must be made forthwith, and a commissioner is to be appointed by the Governor, for each county, who is to bear all demands for exemption from draft, and decide thereon. The commissioner is authorized by the regulations to exempt the following classes of citizens, whether exemption is claimed by them or not:

“All persons now in the military service of the United States. All telegraph operators and constructors actually engaged on the fifth day of August, 1862; all engineers of locomotives on railroads; the Vice President of the United States; the members of both houses of Congress and their respective officers; all custom house officers and their clerks; all post officers and stage drivers who are employed in the care and conveyance of the mail of the United States; all ferrymen who are employed at any ferry or post road; all pilots; all mariners actually employed in the sea service of any citizen or merchant within the United States; all engineers and pilot of registered or licensed steamboats and steamships, and all persons exempted by the laws of the respective States from military duty. Exemption will not be made for disability unless it be of such permanent character as to render the person unfit for service for a period of more than thirty days, to be certified by a surgeon appointed by the Governor in each county for this purpose.”

The process of drafting is as follows:

“At the time fixed by the Commissioner for making the draft, the Sheriff of the county, or in his absence such person as the Commissioner may appoint, shall, in the presence of said Commissioner, publicly place in a wheel or box of a like character to such as are used for drawing jurors, separately folded ballots, containing the names of all persons remaining on said enrollment lists not stricken off, and a proper person appointed by the Commissioner, and blindfolded, shall whereupon draw from said box or wheel a number of ballots equal to the number of drafted men fixed by the Governor of each State as the proper quota of such county. 6th. A printed or written notice of his enrollment and draft, and of the place of rendezvous of the drafted military force, shall thereupon be served, by a person to be appointed by the Commissioner, upon each person so drafted, either by delivering the same in person, or by leaving it at his last known place of residence. 7th. Any person so drafted may offer a substitute at the time of the rendezvous of the drafted militia force, and such substitute, if he shall be an able bodied man, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, and shall consent in writing, with the consent of his parent or guardian, if a minor, to subject himself to all the duties and obligations to which his principal would have been subject had he personally served, shall be accepted in lieu of such principal. 8th. The persons thus drafted shall assemble at the county seat of their respective counties within five days after the time of drafting, whence [illegible] Governors of the several States to the place of rendezvous. In States where enlistments have been made by municipalities and towns, instead of counties, the Governors of such States are authorized to apply the foregoing rules of draft to such municipalities and towns instead of counties.

We shall publish the document entire, next week.

Important Orders from the War Department August 8, 1862⁹⁸⁰

WASHINGTON, Aug.

The following orders have just been issued by the War Department:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington City, D. C.,

An order to prevent the evasion of military duty and for the suppression of disloyal practices.

Plymouth Home Front

First. By direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that until further orders, no citizen liable to be drafted into the militia, shall be allowed to go to a foreign country, and all marshals, deputy marshals, and military officers of the United States are directed, and all police authorities, especially at the ports of the United States, on the seaboard and on the frontier are requested to see that this order is faithfully carried into effect. And they are hereby authorized and directed to arrest and detain any person or persons about to depart from the United States in violation of this order and to report to Maj. L. C. Turner, Judge Advocate, at Washington City, for further instructions respecting the person or persons so arrested and detained.

Second. Any person liable to draft who shall absent himself from his country or State before such draft is made, will be arrested by any Provost Marshal or other United States or State officer wherever he may be found within the jurisdiction of the United States, and conveyed to the nearest military post or depot and placed on military duty for the term of the draft, and the expenses of his own arrest and conveyance to such post or depot, and also the sum of \$5 as a reward to the officer who shall make such arrest, shall be deducted from his pay.

Third. The writ of habeas corpus is hereby suspended in respect to all persons arrested for disloyal practices.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8. Order authorizing the arrest of persons discouraging enlistments.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

Washington City, D. C., Aug. 8, 1862.

Ordered. First, that all United States Marshals and Superintendents or Chief of Police of any town, city, or district be, and they are hereby authorized and directed to arrest and imprison any person or persons who may be engaged by act, speech or writing in discouraging volunteer enlistments, or in any way giving aid and comfort to the enemy, or in any other disloyal practice against the United States.

Second. That immediate report be made to Major L. C. Turner, Judge Advocate, in order that such persons may be tried before a military commission.

The expense of such arrest and imprisonment will be certified to the Chief Clerk of the War Department for settlement and payment.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

[Now then, Wendell Phillips, you had better "dry up."]

General Order No. 34 - Nine Months Men August 13, 1862⁹⁸¹

Volunteers will be accepted for the Nine Months' Quota.

The following order has been issued by the Governor:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HEADQUARTERS,

Boston, August 13, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 34.

The Volunteer Militia will be accepted for nine months' service, if seasonably offered, called to the maximum of the United States regulation. The utmost despatch is required.

Commanders of Divisions will at once promulgate this order.

By command of His Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

WM. BROWN, Assist. Adj. General, to Maj. Gen. Samuel Andrews, 1st Div.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Recruiting August 16, 1862⁹⁸²

The Recruiting Office in Davis Building has presented a lively appearance for the past week. Squads of men going and coming, filing down to the Surgeon's office, crowds around the sidewalk in front of the building, and occasionally a group in the act of being sworn in. In the Office, clerks writing busily and an air of hurry and business pervades the room.

The neighboring towns are sending in their quotas to be enrolled in the companies that are forming.

Capt. Drew's company is full and the rolls closed. Capt. Doten's is about full and will go into camp before we go to press. Our quota is full. Duxbury has filled her own. That of Kingston is nearly full and other towns near by are rapidly filling up.

List of Volunteers Enrolled August 16, 1862⁹⁸³

The following are the names of those from this town who have enlisted since our last issue.

Geo. B Sawyer, Theodore [Thomas?] G Savery, Edward E Green, George B Russell, William N Hathaway, Abiel Gibbs, Robert W Lasure, Frederick R Raymond, Adrian D Ruggles, John M Whiting, Otis S Sears, John A Cole, James D Thurber, Heman Robbins, Samuel B Raymond, George T Wood, Charles E Barnes, Charles C Doten, Charles T Wood, Joseph F Towns, Timothy T Eaton, James Frothingham, Timothy Downey, Sanford Crandon, Charles C White, Lemuel B Faunce, Jr., Albert S Finney, Elbridge Sears, Horatio N Sears, Augustus Sears, Thomas W Haley, Joseph Brown.

Patriotism and Matrimony August 16, 1862⁹⁸⁴

The two seem to go together lately, judging from our marriage columns. Messrs. Thurber, Sawyer, and Shepherd, who signed the enlistment papers here this week [13th Reg.], immediately enlisted in a longer "service," by having that knot tied that is worse than a "clove hitch" to undo. We trust that this is not one of the conditions of the "draft," or we shall endeavor to obtain a "pass," and "skedaddle."

Nine Months Men August 21, 1862⁹⁸⁵

It is not probable that the men to be raised for nine months' service will have much fighting to do, or be placed in a position to suffer from a Southern climate. They will not probably be put into other regiments, nor be sent on distant expedition. It is probable that they will first be put into camps of instruction, and after drilling for a month or six weeks they will probably be sent to garrison forts and towns, in Virginia and wherever forces are necessary to be stationed. Thus they will take the places of the numerous bodies of veteran troops now on the Potomac, in the forts near Washington, at Baltimore, Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, &c., and those troops will be sent forward into active service in the field. The nine month's men will not be ready to go into camp until the middle of September, and will probably remain in camps of instruction until late in October; and their term will expire in June, before the hot and unhealthy season begins. Thus their service will not probably be a very disagreeable, onerous or dangerous one. - Lawrence Sentinel.

Bounties August 23, 1862⁹⁸⁶

Town Meeting.

The Town meeting this afternoon to decide whether the Town will offer a bounty to the nine months; volunteers we hope will be fully attended.

There is some doubt under the order for the nine month's men, whether, in case of a draft, Plymouth and other towns, which sent many men last year would not be exempt. We suppose the town authorities will be

Plymouth Home Front

prepared to answer this question. Of course if we should not be called upon for more men, there will be no bounty to pay and if the town should vote to raise this money, in that case, no money would be needed. But we are not the only town that has exceeded her quota and if this rule is to be followed, where is the 19000 men coming from in this State. The better way is be prepared; other towns around us are offering bounties, Kingston has taken steps to raise \$2500; \$100 each for her prospective quota. Quincy, Milton, Dorchester and other towns are doing the same. If, as there is reason to believe, we shall have to furnish at least as many men as we have under the last call, then we must offer a bounty or draft. It is for the town to decide which they would rather do. In event of choosing to pay a bounty; no harm will be done by raising the money, if no troops go from the town; for in that case the money will remain uncalled for. We believe that the same unanimity will prevail upon this, that was shown at the meeting before, when the bounty resolves were passed without a word of dissent.

With a bounty and the proposed new organization of the Guards, we can raise our quota in a week. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel, and keep old Plymouth where she has been in the first ranks of our noble old State.

Green Family August 23, 1862⁹⁸⁷

A Patriotic Family

We learn by the Rock that Mr. Richard Green of this town has five sons in the army; Richard F., George F., Gustavus C., Edward E., and Albert. We think that this is hard to beat for one family.

Quota of Volunteers August 23, 1862⁹⁸⁸

Plymouth Quota of Volunteers under the first Call.

[Names sorted on last name by author]

Barnes, Charles E	Greenwood, Albert	Prouty, Christopher C
Barrows, James E	Haley, Thomas	Quinn, Bernard T
Bates, Frank	Hall, Isaac T	Ransom Jr, Levi
Bates, Gustavus D	Harvey, Benjamin	Raymond, Frederick R
Blanchard, James A	Hathaway, William N	Robbins, Heman
Bowen, James A	Havistook, John	Ruggle, A D
Brown, Joseph A	Holbrook, George B	Russell, George B
Chandler Jr, James C	Holmes, Frederick	Savery, Thomas B
Crandon, Sanford	Josselyn, Escar	Sawyer, George B
Doten, Charles C	Josselyn, John E	Sears, Horatio N
Downey, Timothy	Kelly, Bernard F	Sears, Otis
Durgin, B F	Kimball, James	Thrasher, Israel
Eaton, Timothy	Lanman, Charles W	Thrasher, James T
Faunce, Solomon E	Lanman, William W	Thurber, James D
Faunce Jr, Lemuel B	Lovett, Daniel	Towns, Joseph T
Feid, George	Maguire, Patrick	White, Charles C
Finney, Albert F	Mason, Albert	Whiting, John M
Fish, George H	Mason, Charles	Wood, Charles T
Frothingham, James	McLaughlin, Joseph	Wood, George F
Gallagher, Thomas	Perry Jr, William	Wulff, E
Green, Edward E	Peterson, Charles S	

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Bounty August 30, 1862⁹⁸⁹

Town Meeting.

The Town Meeting on Saturday last to consider the propriety of giving a bounty to the nine months volunteers was a spirited and spicy meeting. Hon. W. T. Davis was chosen Moderator and upon taking the chair, after reading the warrant, read a statement of the number of men the town had already sent, and state that there was a discrepancy between the number upon the books of the Selectmen and those upon the list of the Adjutant General. He stated that no decision had been reached as to the construction of the Third Clause of the drafting regulations. Hon. R. B. Hall then moved that the meeting adjourn sine die. This was promptly voted down. The same gentleman then moved to adjourn one week to see if the number of men required from the town could be ascertained. Upon this motion there ensued a lively discussion, Hon. R. B. Hall, and Hon C. G. Dais opposing the paying of a bounty, and being in favor of a draft if more men should be required. Hon. John Morrissey and others favored paying a bounty and were against drafting. Some sharp thrusts were made in consequence of the gentlemen who were in favor of drafting being both exempts, and the house was brought down several times by sundry smart repartees. After the warmth of debate had subsided, Mr. E. F. Sherman introduced the following resolutions:

WHEREAS - The President of the United States has issued a call for three hundred thousand men to serve in the army for the period of nine months, and it is in the highest degree desirable that the town of Plymouth should maintain the reputation she has already won for alacrity and zeal in furnishing men and means, there [illegible]

Resolved, That the Selectmen be authorized to pay a bounty of \$100 to any resident of the States for nine months service; provided that no bounty shall be paid until said volunteers are finally passed and sworn into the service, and provided also, that no bounty shall be paid for any number of volunteers greater than the number required to fill the quota of the town; and if more enlist than are required for the quota of the town, the Selectmen are required to pay the bounty herein provided to such persons as shall have first enlisted.

Resolved, That the Selectmen together with Wm. S. Danforth, Everett F. Sherman, John T. Hall, C. A. S. Perkins, Wm. H. Whitman, be a committee to take such measures either in connection with the Standish Guards or with committees from the neighboring towns, should such committees be chosen, to fill a full company.

Resolved, That the Treasurer be authorized to hire what money may be required for the aforesaid purpose.

After another debate the vote was taken and failed to be carried, by a tie vote, 33 yeas to 33 nays. Wm. S. Danforth Esq., moved the resolutions with the amendment of \$75, and they were adopted, 9 yeas to 45 yeas, and meeting adjourned.

General Order No. 43 September 1, 1862⁹⁹⁰

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

HEAD-QUARTERS, Boston, Sept. 1st, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 43.

IT IS ORDERED, That the persons hereinafter named be, and they hereby are, appointed, in pursuance of General Order No. 99, of the War Department of the United States, dated August 9th, 1862, to be Commissioners, within their respective Counties of this Commonwealth, to superintend the Drafting of the Militia, as therein ordered, and to bear and determine the excuses of persons claiming to be exempt from military duty, namely:

...

Gershom B. Weston, of Duxbury, for the County of Plymouth.

Plymouth Home Front

...
IT IS ALSO ORDERED, That exemptions claimed for disability must be certified by some one of the following surgeons, who are hereby appointed by the Governor for that purpose, namely:

...
FOR THE COUNTY OF PLYMOUTH
Alexander Jackson, MD, of Plymouth
Asa Millett, MD, of North Bridgewater
William E Sparrow, MD of Mattapoisett
R T P Fiske, MD, of Hingham

...
AND WHEREAS it is not possible to receive and collate the returns of the militia enrollment so as to apportion among the municipalities of the Commonwealth their respective quotas of the militia requisition for 19,080 men, in season to make a correct and proper draft according to law, so soon as the third day of September next:

AND WHEREAS it is apparently impossible by that time to obtain from the officers of the United States adequate regulations for the muster, or an adequate supply of military stores and equipment for the whole number of men required from this Commonwealth, while for a more gradual massing of the troops such supplies will be made ready from day to day;

IT IS THEREFORE, with consent of the Department of War, but upon the responsibility of the Governor of Massachusetts.

FURTHER ORDERED, That the aforesaid draft be postponed until Wednesday, the seventeenth day of September inst., at nine o'clock before noon, when the same will proceed from day to day between the hours of nine o'clock before noon and five o'clock afternoon, until it shall be accomplished, unless before said date the whole number of militia required from this Commonwealth shall have voluntarily offered themselves.

Detailed instructions to the Commissioners appointed to superintend the draft will forthwith be issued.

The Commissioners for each county will sit to hear claims to exemption, at least one day in each city and town in which the Probate Court is held for that county.

Besides holding sessions in the city of Boston proper, the Commissioner for Suffolk County will sit at least one day each, in South Boston, East Boston, and Chelsea.

Particular assignment of the places where and times when each Commissioner will hold his sessions will be published during the present week.

It is the wish of the Governor, by all proper means to facilitate voluntary enlistment and organization of the Militia; and he therefore suggests:

1. That the people combine by town or in other convenient to themselves, to recruit Militia Companies of 101 men each, including officers for which purpose enlistment rolls are furnished on the application at the office of the Adjutant General.

These rolls should be returned to that office whenever the signatures of sufficient numbers of recruits, competent for military duty, shall have been hereto obtained; whereupon a special order will issue in each case, for an election of company officers, according to the Militia Laws of Massachusetts.

2. The desire to combine into Regiments companies raised from towns and neighborhood contiguous to each other, will be respected so far as possible. For this purpose let combinations of ten companies be presented, all fully recruited and ready for regimental organization. In order thus to present ten companies, the utmost vigor will be required in the recruitment throughout the whole district from which it is desired that the Regiment shall be formed; for, in order to effect the regimental organization, it will be necessary that each

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company of the ten shall be fully recruited, and shall have completed its company organization. The field officers of the regiment will then be chosen by the company officers, and the regimental staff be appointed by the Col. According to our Militia Laws.

3. In order to be sure that, in the hurry of rapid organization, officers shall not be imposed upon companies by surprise, or under any circumstances requiring a reconsideration, the Governor will, in cases where their fitness is not personally known to him, seek for evidence in the positive certificates of town authorities or other responsible citizens, as to their character and capacity.

4. Except in cases of dividing drafted men into companies or assigning them to companies already framed, each citizen will select the corps he may prefer, uncontrolled by any other person; and endeavor will be made to respect these selections. But in all cases the power is reserved to the Governor, as Commander-in-Chief of the Militia, to combine companies into regiments, and to attach, detach, or disband companies, according as his conviction of duty to the public service may require. However much he may desire to yield to the wishes of companies to be attached together, the completion of regiments cannot be retarded by him, nor the marching of troops postponed, when the gratification of such wishes may involve such delays.

5. The foregoing paragraphs of this order are intended to apply to existing militia regiments and companies as well as to those to be formed, so far as in the nature of the case they are applicable.

6. It will be remembered that in all things relating to the organization of militia for the nine months' service, the Governor is acting with a view to avoid any draft if possible, or so far as possible; and that by adapting the use of the militia Law and by the exercise of his powers under them, he seeks to help the people to accomplish this end. While assuming this responsibility, he will be obliged, therefore, to assume also the responsibility of rigidly exercising all powers given by those laws, which he may need to use to prevent confusion, delays, inefficiency, the absence of proper organization, and all misconduct or error. And he confidently appeals to the unfailing patriotism and generous fidelity of the people to assist him by their advice, their countenance, their support and forbearance.

7. The Governor reminds the Militia that he is obliged to rely upon the Government of the United States and Federal Officers for all military supplies, and that he is not permitted to obtain them from independent sources; but all Officers connected with these Headquarters are earnestly cooperating with the Federal Officers to procure and distribute these supplies with the least delay.

8. The definite assignment of the exact quotas of the towns and cities under the call for 19,080 militia, depends upon a computation which can be made only when the returns from all the cities and towns shall have been received and will be announced immediately thereupon.

9. Whenever the three years' and the nine month quotas from any town shall have been filled, inhabitants of such towns may volunteer and be credited as part of the quotas of other towns; but in event of still another draft and a new appointment of quota thereunder, these credits will be so adjusted as to credit each town with all of its own inhabitants in the service.

By order of His Excellency, JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.
WILLIAM SCHOULER,
Adjutant-General.
Sept. 2.

General Order No. 44 September 3, 1862⁹⁹¹

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

HEAD-QUARTERS, Boston, Sept. 3, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 44.

Plymouth Home Front

I. Pursuant to authority conferred by Section Second of General Order of the War Department No. 99, of the current series, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief designates Brigadier-General John H. Reed, Quartermaster-General of the Commonwealth, to be General Commandant of all the camps of Militia rendezvous in Massachusetts.

II. All Commandants of such camps will forward all their requisitions for subsistence, clothing, camp and garrison equipage and military supplies whatsoever, through the General Commandant.

Upon the nomination of the commandants of the respective camps, the general commandant will make details for duty as post adjutants and post quartermasters from among the various officers or men in said camps.

This order is necessary to secure the knowledge at some central point, of all facts, and that central control of all movements concerning the several militia rendezvous, which is necessary to prevent mistakes and regulate and systematize the expenditures which are called for by the encampment of the militia.

III. Each militia Company applying to be placed in camp will make application to the Adjutant General for special orders for the purpose, and each application must be accompanied by evidence to the satisfaction of the Adjutant-General, that the company is recruited to the legal minimum of 83 officers and men. Such orders will thereupon be issued by him as rapidly as camp accommodations shall be provided by the Federal officers.

But the General Commandant will see that no company so ordered into camp shall be there received or permitted to enter the rendezvous, unless it shall in fact present itself for admission with the full minimum aggregate of 83 officers and men, according to the representation upon the faith of which the order for its admission had been issued; and the General Commandant will see that daily morning reports from each camp of rendezvous are made to the Adjutant General.

These orders regulating receiving into rendezvous those organizations formed under the militia laws, are found to be absolutely necessary. Regiments not recruited to the legal standard are useless, and will not be accepted or recognized by the Department of war. Companies not full and not willing to belong to whatsoever regiment in which their presence may be needed, may create great embarrassment and are of no avail. Receiving illegal companies, or recognizing as regiments corps not of the United States standard of organization, would involve the necessity of ultimately disbanding many, thereby creating disappointment, while it would tend also to increase the number of corps in process of formation beyond their capacity of prompt completion. If the day of drafting shall find us with many supposed and with but few actual and available military bodies, all of the former class will be obliged to disband, and the draft become of almost universal application.

All citizens are therefore most respectfully and earnestly urged to exert their energies to press forward the recruitments, with a single eye to furnishing volunteers and avoiding a draft. If we seek exclusively, or even primarily the interest of special corps, or the establishing the interest of special corps, or the establishment of new corps - scattering and not concentrating the recruits, most of the labor now being devoted to the nine months recruitment will have been wasted. Under the other policy success will reward our exertions, since every blow will tell and every step of progress help to the next one.

IV. Nothing in this order contained shall be construed to prevent the receiving into the proper rendezvous, either by squads or singly, any town quotas or individuals desiring to enlist, but such squads or individuals will be assigned, to such corps already organized in camp as they may elect, or the good of the service may require.

V. All militia companies of infantry throughout the Commonwealth, whether already organized, or recruiting on enlistment papers heretofore issued, which shall not be recruited to the maximum of 101 officers and men on or before the 10th day of September current, will be liable to be disbanded and their men to be

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transferred to any other corps in which they may be needed; and companies will be detached from or attached to regiments whenever and according as it may appear desirable.

VI. From and after this date the Adjutant-General will issue orders for the organization of new companies by election of officers only after it shall sufficiently appear to him that such companies are fully recruited to at least the number of 83 men, and that all said recruits have been approved upon medical inspection, and are ready to be mustered into the service of the United States.

VII. The Adjutant-General will transmit copies of this order, and all special orders establishing camps of rendezvous and appointing Commandants therefor to the Department of War, and to all U. S. Quartermaster, Commissary and Mustering and Disbursing Officers on duty in this Commonwealth.

By order of His Excellency, JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

WILLIAM SCHOULER,

Adjutant-General.

Sept. 3, 1862

Dr. Alex Jackson September 4, 1862⁹⁹²

Drs. Alex. H. Jackson of Plymouth, Millet of North Bridgewater, Sparrow of Mattapoisett, and Fiske of Hingham, are appointed medical examiners.

Plymouth Quota September 6, 1862⁹⁹³

Nine Months' Volunteers.

PLYMOUTH QUOTA.

It has been at last ascertained that it is not safe to rely upon an allowance being made for men enlisted in the navy. It has been determined at Head-Quarters to call for forty per cent of the enrolled militia from each city and town, deducting from the number those already enlisted.

Under this rule the quota of nine months men for the town of Plymouth will be
THIRTY-SEVEN

The Selectmen earnestly call upon the young men of Plymouth to come forward at once and furnish the number required, before the 17th instant, the time at which the draft is to commence.

It is expected that the quotas of Plymouth and Kingston, with other towns, will unite in raising the Standish Guards to its maximum of 101.

A bounty of not less than \$75 will be paid to each volunteer and State Aid will be guaranteed. Recruiting office at the armory of the Standish Guards.

Selectmen of Plymouth

WM. T. DAVIS

E.C. TURNER

THOS. B. SEARS

LYSANDER DUNHAM

HOSEA BARTLETT.

Plymouth, Sept. 6, 1862

Notice to Exempts September 6, 1862⁹⁹⁴

Persons claiming exemption from military duty on account of physical disability, will apply at my office between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M., daily, Sunday excepted, for examination.

Plymouth Home Front

ALEX. JACKSON, MD.
Plymouth, Sept. 6, 1862.

Rush of Exempts September 11, 1862⁹⁹⁵

Commissioner Weston was Plymouth on Tuesday, and a large number of exempts presented themselves for examination. Doctor Jackson was locked in his office from 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. without intermission. His ante-room was thronged with applicants most of whom we could see at a glance were justly entitled to a certificate. No claims for exemption will be allowed after the appointed time for the drat, Wednesday the 17th inst., at 8 A. M.

Plymouth's quota October 2, 1862⁹⁹⁶

It is ascertained upon full returns from all the counties, that the roll of persons liable to draft in the State is 110,000. The number of men in service amounts in round figures to 53,000. If the number of men in service is added to the number liable to draft, we have 163,000 as the number of men available, to furnish the full quota of the State, to wit: 72,000, or 44 per cent. If we take the number liable to draft in any given town, add the number of men in service according to the returns of the Selectmen and take 44 per cent of the aggregate, we shall have the whole number of three years and nine months' men required from said town. Deduct then the number returned by the Selectmen as already in service and we have the quota of nine months' men. By this method of calculation it is now ascertained that the quota of Plymouth is almost seven. Plymouth then is about thirty ahead of the calls upon her, and will be able to furnish men to fill the quotas of towns which are deficient.

Good For Plymouth October 4, 1862⁹⁹⁷

By the official list of quotas published in the Boston papers, we see that Plymouth is the only town in the County with a surplus above her quotas, and there are but few in the State. We have a surplus of two in the three years' men over both our quotas; consequently, these with all the three months' men, are so much over, making about forty-two men above our requirements. We think this is pretty well for old Plymouth.

Draft December 18, 1862⁹⁹⁸

A SHREWD OPERATION. By an offer to pay the exemption fee, our Selectmen procured about 100 new exempts. The draft percentage of those added as our quota would have swelled the number fifteen or twenty men above our surplus, and of course a draft has thus been avoided for the present.

The Conscription Bill March 14, 1863⁹⁹⁹

We give the following extract of this act which was prepared for the N. Y. Express, and which to many persons will be more intelligible than if printed in full. The bill, as it now stands, provides for -

Sec. 1. The enrolment of all able bodied citizens between the ages of 20 and 45, including personages of foreign birth, who have declared their intentions.

Sec. 2. Exempts such persons as are mentally and physically unfit for military duty; the President, Judges, and Heads of Departments; also, the only son of a widow dependent upon his labor for support; the only son of aged or infirm parent or parents dependent upon his labor for support; also, where there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents subject to draft, his father, or if he be dead, the mother may elect which son shall be exempt; also, the only brother of children not twelve years old, having neither father or mother, and dependent

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upon his labor for support; also, the father of motherless children under twelve years of age, dependent upon his labor for support; also, where there are a father and sons in the same family and household, and two of them are in the military service of the United States as non-commissioned officers, musicians or privates, the residue of such family and household not exceeding two.

Sec. 3. Persons subject to draft to be divided into two classes; those between 20 and 35 to be called on first, and then all between 35 and 45. (Unmarried men, irrespective of age, are in the first class.)

Sec. 4. Congressional districts constitute each an enlistment district - under military authority.

Sec. 5. Provost Marshals to be appointed by the President for each district, with full military power to enforce the conscription.

Sec. 6. Empowers Provost marshals to furnish names and residences of deserters, and to discharge other duties which may be prescribed by the Secretary of War.

Sec. 7. Deserters and spies to be tried at the nearest military post, with the least possible delay.

Sec. 8. Provides for a Board of Exemptions to be appointed by the President.

Sec. 9. Provides for the subdivision of military districts into smaller districts, if necessary.

Sec. 10. The enrollment of each class to be made separately.

Sec. 11. Enrolled persons to be subject for two years, to be called into the service, and to continue in for three years, or during the war, on the same footing as volunteers - including advanced pay and bounty.

Sec. 12. Empowers the President to assign the number of men for each district and prescribes the mode of draft. Persons whose names are drawn, to be notified within ten days thereafter. In fixing the quota, the number of volunteers already furnished by the respective districts to be taken in consideration - with a view to equalization as far as practicable.

Sec. 13. Drafted men may furnish a substitute, or pay in lieu of military service, \$300. Persons failing to report, after due notice, are to be treated as deserters.

Sec. 14. Drafted men must be examined by surgeons.

Sec. 15. Surgeons taking bribes to be punished.

Sec. 16. Drafted men to have travelling expenses paid to the place of rendezvous.

Sec. 17. Substitute entitled to the same pay as if he had been originally drafted.

Sec. 18. Volunteers now in the service are entitled, on re-enlisting for one year, to a bounty of \$50; one half to be paid down.

Sec. 19. The President may consolidate particular regiments.

Secs. 20, 21, and 22, prescribe rules for officering regiments, and the execution of sentences by Court Martial.

Sec. 23. Forbids soldiers to sell, barter, loan, or give away any clothes, arms or other outfit provided him.

Sec. 24. Prescribes fines and imprisonments for persons enticing drafted men to desert.

Sec. 25. Prescribes the suing and punishment of persons resisting the draft.

Secs. 26, 27, 28 and 29 empower the President to order absent soldiers to their regiments and prescribe rules for the depositions of witnesses, gives leave to Judge Advocate to employ a reporter, and provides that the trial of the accused shall not be delayed beyond sixty days.

Secs. 30, 31 and 32, specify the kind of punishment for murder, manslaughter, burglary, etc., that may be committed by persons under this act; also the punishment of officers absent from duty without leave, and makes rules and regulations as to the granting of furloughs.

The remaining sections six in number, give the President full power, during the rebellion, to call out the national forces in accordance with the act; regulate the assignment of drafted men to different regiments; provide that enlisted men, detailed to special service, shall not receive extra pay; rescind General Orders of the

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War Department Nos. 154 and 162 in reference to enlistments; fix the compensation of different grades of cavalry, trumpeters, etc., and declare that all spies, on conviction, shall suffer death.

Reenlistments June 12, 1863¹⁰⁰⁰

The policy of the government in the new Conscription, is to fill up the old regiments under their tried and experienced commanders, thus, avoiding concomitant evils attending the creation of a new batch of officers with all their personal feuds to curse the service with their vanity, drunkenness and inglorious cowardice, besides retaining all that regimental enthusiasm consequent upon former victories and the proud glories of historic valor. Of course the best material and soonest to be attained for this purpose, is from the reenlistment of men whose term of service soon expires. The country has no claim upon these men, other than that which is binding upon every citizen.

Indeed we think strict justice would exempt these, and send new recruits into the field, but their physical training, drill and military experience makes them of far greater value than new men and highly desirable that the country should retain their invaluable services. For what they have done give them all honor and praise; by hearty receptions and public recognitions make them feel their services are appreciated. Even if not decimated by battle and thinned out to skeleton companies by disease, let them not infer by the remarks and treatment they hear and receive, that this is a great grief and disappointment to their friends and neighbors. Let not niggardly souls that have fingered the hard earned pittance of these men, bounties and all, in increased trade who have remained at home speculating in stocks, "buying and selling and getting gain," presume, with a holy horror, to criticize large bounties and short service, but all with one accord render unto the patriot soldier the reward and praise of a grateful community. then may we hope the same noble patriotism that was the real basis of their former action, will prompt them to give their services, greatly increased in value, to their country for a new term of enlistment. Whether they do re-enlist or no, not the less honor say we, to the returning soldier who has shouldered his musket, strapped on his knapsack, and stood in the breach for one campaign, though all the more if you please, of glory, rejoicing, honor, reverence and grateful recognition when the sacred remnants of the old campaigners, the shattered regiments of a score of battles, with all their sad but proud memories of names that echo no response at roll call, whose places are vacant in the ranks, detailed by the Great Commander for nobler service in a "better land," where no bugle call or warlike sound shall awake them to battle again.

General Orders For Recruiting Veteran Volunteers July 17, 1863¹⁰⁰¹

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

HEAD QUARTERS, Boston, July 3, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 14,

The accompanying General Orders No. 191 of the War Department of the United States, and the Circular of Instructions of the Provost-Marshal General, dated June 29, 1863, are hereby promulgated, and the attention of all the loyal citizens of Massachusetts, and particularly those officers and men who have returned from active service, is earnestly invoked, to their provisions.

By order of JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor and Commander-in-Chief
WM. SCHOULER, Adjutant-General

GENERAL ORDERS - No. 191.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

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ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, June 25, 1863
For Recruiting Veteran Volunteers.

In order to increase the armies now in the field, volunteer infantry, cavalry and artillery may be enlisted at any time within ninety days from this date, in the respective States, under the regulations hereinafter mentioned. The volunteers so enlisted, and such of the three years troops now in the field as may re-enlist in accordance with the provisions of this Order, will constitute a force to be designated "Veteran Volunteers." The regulations for enlisting this force are as follows:

- I. The period of service for the enlistment and re-enlistment above mentioned shall be for three years or during the war.
- II. All able-bodied men, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, who have heretofore been enlisted, and have served for not less than nine months, and can pass the examination required by the mustering regulations of the United States, may be enlisted under this Order as Veteran Volunteers, in accordance with the provisions hereinafter set forth.
- III. Every volunteer enlisted and mustered into service as a Veteran, under this Order, shall be entitled to receive from the United States one month's pay in advance, and a bounty and premium of four hundred and two (\$402) dollars, to be paid as follows:
 1. Upon being mustered into service, he shall be paid one month's pay in advance, \$13.00
First instalment of bounty, 25.00
Premium, 2.00
Total payment on muster, \$40.00
 2. At the first regular pay day, or two months after muster-in, an additional installment of bounty will be paid, \$50.00

The Draft July 24, 1863¹⁰⁰²

The following named persons have been drafted in Plymouth county, in the First District:

[Only the men from Plymouth are listed below, article lists all in Plymouth County. Names sorted on last name by author]

Alexander, John
Atwood, E W
Bailey, Horace P
Bancroft, Alvin W
Barnes, Geo A
Barnes, Robert H
Barnes Jr, Nathaniel C
Bartlett, Alonzo S
Bartlett, Geo W
Bates, Stephen
Bennett, Lorenzo M
Benson, Nehemiah L
Benson, Timothy M
Blanchard, Jonathan
Bourne, Chas N
Bradford, Lemuel B
Bradford, Samuel J

Dunham, Geo F
Dunham, Isaac T
Dunham, Wm I
Dyer, George G
Ellis, Charles
Ellis, Geo F
Ellis, Henry H
Ellis, James N
Ellis, Nathl B
Ellis, Watson H
Ellis, Charles F
Finney, Wm H
Green, Nath'l H
Green, Wm H
Harlow, Barnabas T
Harlow, Chas F
Harlow, James H

Morey, Chas H
Morse, Chas P
Morton, Austin
Morton, Geo W
Morton, Ichabod
Nichols Jr, Otis
Nightingale, Stanton
Perkins, Roland H
Perkins Jr, Stephen
Perry, Darius
Pierce, Anthony L
Pierce, Weldon S
Raymond, Adoniram J
Raymond, Isaiah
Raymond, James
Raymond, Lewis H
Robbins, Jesse L

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Braley , John R	Harlow, Jesse	Robbins Jr, Leavitt T
Bramhall, Robert E	Harlow, Wm N	Robertson Jr, David
Briggs, Laban B	Harris, Wm O	Ross, Wm
Briggs, Lewis H	Haskins, Alexander	Russell, Thomas H
Brown, Lewis H	Hathaway, Thomas	Ryder, Matthew
Buck, Chas W	Hayward, Jedediah K	Ryder, Wm E B
Bumpus, Jedediah	Hazzard, Barney	Sampson, Gustavus G
Burbank, Ezra L	Hedge, Albert G	Sampson, Harvey N
Burclass, Sam'l	Holmes, Isaac T	Sampson, Joseph M
Burgess, Thaxter	Holmes, Nath'l G	Sampson, Nathan L
Burgess, Wallace	Holmes, Sam'l N	Sampson, Rufus
Cahoon, Andrew J	Holmes, Seth L	Sears, Benj W
Cahoon, Henry E	Howland, Franci	Sears, Winslow
Callahan, Patrick	Hubbard, Hervey N P	Shaw, Gilbert
Carnes, John	Hush, Theodore	Spooner, Chas W
Carver, Ichabod	Jackson, Isaac W	Spooner, James W
Carver, Nath'l C	Jackson Jr, Wm H	Stewart, David
Chandler, Saml B	Jennings, Wm	Stoddard, John T
Chapman, James H	Jones, Chas W	Swift, George W
Chase, Zenas R	Jones, Eustis M	Swift, Isaac B
Churchill, Geo H	Jordan, Chas W	Swift, Robert F
Cole, Caleb H	Lanman, Hiram J	Taylor Jr, Joseph
Cole, John A	Lanman, Samuel E	Wadsworth, Charles
Cornish Jr, Thos	Leach Jr, David	Watson, Edward W
Cushing, Chas W	Leonard, Chas H	Wheeler, Giles
Danforth, Allen R	Locke, Amos H	Whiting, Geo A
Deacon, Jas	Lovell, James A	Whitten, Elisha C
Dexter, Thomas	Maybury, Alfred	Winsor, Wm H
Dixon, Lyman	Meyers, John F	Wood, Chas E
Drew, Atwood H	Miller, James	

Corrections to List of Drafted July 24, 1863¹⁰⁰³

We give in our paper to-day, a corrected list of the drafted men of our town. It will be seen that five more are upon this list, then were sent by telegraph. There are:

Atwood, E. W.	Green, Nath'l H.	Harlow, Barnabus T.
Jordon, Chas. W.	Wheeler, Giles	

The Reception of the Draft July 24, 1863¹⁰⁰⁴

Last Friday evening will live in the remembrance of all of our citizens, and all, even the smallest boy upon our streets, will remember that upon that evening the list of those drawn under the first conscription act ever executed in this country - pray Heaven it may be the last - was received.

It was known throughout the day that the Sub-District, composed of our town and Plympton, was to be drawn that day, and in the evening it was known that one of our citizens had sent for the names. A crowd began to collect and every hour added to it, until at 9 and one half, when the dispatch came, Main Street was

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full for some ways around the Telegraph Office with an excited and noisy crowd. Mr. Harvey Weston, of the express firm of Rich & Weston - who sent for the list - received the dispatch, and stated to the people that he had the list of drafted persons for the town, and that a contribution would be taken up to pay for the dispatch and all over that would be given to the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society. After the hats and boxes were passed around, by which about two dollars and a half over the price of the dispatch were received for the Relief Society, Mr. Weston read from the window of the Express Office the list. Some names were received with cheers, some with laughter, and some with cries of "good! good!" Everybody seemed in good humor, even the victims; many present responding to their names.

One peculiarity is observed in the list; wherever there is two brothers, both were pretty sure to be drawn; some ten or twelve such cases can be noticed. Many of those drawn are out in our fishing fleet, one is in California; others on long sea voyages, many physically incapacitated.

Under the last decision, that towns having a surplus over their quotas will be allowed, Plymouth will be entitled to a discount of forty-two, which will relieve us somewhat.

J. H. Allen - List of Plymouth County Men Wounded at Gettysburg July 24, 1863¹⁰⁰⁵

The following list of Plymouth County men wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and now in Hospitals, is furnished us by J.H. Allen, Esq., of the Surgeon-General's office [none from Plymouth listed].

The Exemption July 31, 1863¹⁰⁰⁶

The French are the first Military nation of modern as the Romans long were of ancient Europe, and the former assert, as the latter maintained, the liability of every citizen to render Military service to his country. Every Frenchman at twenty years of age must stand his chance among the French males of like age of being drafted to serve in the Army - his liability to serve ceasing with his thirtieth year.

But there, are various grounds of exemption from service, while the right to serve by substitute was long ago established. Hence arose an extensive traffic or brokerage in substitutes - speculators buying up all the old stock in market to sell to whomsoever should choose to pay their price for it. Under this system, it was found that the substitutes usually received about \$100, while the brokers exacted from \$590 upward, according to the ruling of the market. And the Government found that its substitutes were apt to be a hard lot - discharged convicts, profligates, reprobates, and bad men generally. The speculator in substitutes had no interest in the matter but to procure the cheapest article that would be accepted, while the drafted man was governed by a similar impulse. Thus the substitutes corrupted and deteriorated the army.

In view of these facts, the Government took the substitute business wholly into its own hands, fixing a uniform price for substitutes in time of peace and a higher price for them in time of war. Whoever chooses to serve by substitute pays that price over to the Government, and receives a certificate of exemption, and the Government employs the money so paid to hire the best substitute it can find - a veteran soldier if possible, who is worth two average recruits to the service. and that is exactly what our Government aims at in the \$300 exemption. A fixed, well-known price - all paid to the substitute, not a cent to speculators; the very best substitutes that the price will command; and the Government managing the whole business in the interest of the service - such are the results of a system which has stood the test of experience in the most effective military service on earth.

"But why not make every drafted person serve in person?" it is asked. We answer - because that is not best. If the rule, it would render military service far more onerous and less effective than at present. he who will stipulate to serve for a bounty of \$300, is presumptively a better soldier than he who will pay the \$300 to escape serving. Thus the semi-Rebels of Louisiana would be worth very little to the Union service; but the

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\$300 each that they will pay to escape serving will induce far better men to take their places. Moreover, there are thousands of patriotic men, who would make good soldiers, who can be of more service to the National cause elsewhere than in the field. To send them to the war is to take them from positions where they are now rendering important service to the cause of the Union. the Nation wants soldiers for its defense; but it needs men to work in various civil capacities, to render the soldiers in the field effective. The law as it stands is well meant and well considered. Let us stand by it as it is! [*N.Y. Tribune*]

Our Quota on the Draft July 31, 1863¹⁰⁰⁷

We are informed by Hon. Wm. T. Davis, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, that there is to our credit upon the books of the Adjutant-General at Boston, a surplus of 77 over our quotas.

Instructions have been sent for from Washington how to adjust this surplus, and until then, we would advise all who are not sure of exemption to wait before they pay the commutation or procure substitutes.

The Exemptions August 7, 1863¹⁰⁰⁸

The following opinions as to cases of exemptions under the conscription have been given by Colonel Holt, the Judge-Advocate-General:

“The Only Son of Aged and Infirm Parent or Parents.

“Opinion - The only son of aged or infirm parent or parents is not exempt unless his parent or parents are dependent on his labor for their support. If he is in a condition to support them without his personal labor for that purpose, he is subject to draft, because he is in a condition to perform military service without depriving his parents of the support the law designs to them. The parents need not be wholly dependent on the labor of their son for support. If they are so dependent for the principal part of their support the right to exemption arises.

“In the Case of a Widow having four Sons.

“Opinion - In the case of a widow having four sons, three of whom are already in the military service, the fourth is exempt, provided his mother is dependent on his labor for support.

“In the case of a widow having two sons, one of whom is already in the military service.

Opinion - In the case of a widow having two sons, one of whom is already in the military service, and the other has been drafted, the latter is exempt, as the only son liable to military duty in the sense of the act.

“In the case of aged or infirm parents having two or more sons subject to military duty.

“Opinion - In the case of aged or infirm parents having two or more sons subject to military duty, election of the one to be exempted must be made before the draft, and his name should not then appear in the draft-box. If one of only two sons of such parents is already in the military service, the other is exempt, provided his parents are dependent on his labor for their support.

“Of persons having conscientious scruples in regard to bearing arms.

“Persons having conscientious scruples in regard to bearing arms are not on that account exempt. They are not found in the list of exempted classes, and the act expressly declares that no persons except those enumerated in that list shall be exempt. The Society of Friends, and others entertaining similar sentiments, if drafted, may find relief from their scruples in the employment of substitutes, or in the payment of \$300.

“Of a man whose wife is insane.

“Opinion - The children of an insane mother, who may, at any time, recover her reason, cannot in the sense of the law, or with any propriety of language, be termed motherless children. The father of such, though

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they may be dependent on his labor for their support, cannot, therefore, claim exemption from the draft. The case is a hard one, and would probably have been provided for, had it been foreseen. It is, however, the law as it is and not as it may be supposed it ought to be, that is to be so enforced.

“A father having four sons, two of whom have died in the Military Service; also of aged or infirm parents electing which of two sons may be exempt.

“Opinion - In the case of a father having four sons, two of whom have died in the military service, it seems clear that the remaining two are not exempt from draft. Before such exemption can be allowed it must be shown that the father has not had two sons in the military service, so the law is written. Congress might well have accepted the loss of two sons in the field as equivalent to their continuance in the service, and therefore securing the same privileges to their family; but this has not been done. To hold otherwise would not be interpretation, but legislation.

“In the case of aged and infirm parents having two sons subject to military duty, the father, or if he be dead, the mother may elect which of them shall be exempt. The right of this exemption does not rest upon the parents’ dependence on the labor of their sons for support. The law does not contemplate any such dependence.

It will be seen by the above decision that an election to exempt from the draft must be made before the enrolment is complete, and as there is a strong probability that the drafting will continue till the quota is filled, we should advise all to procure their exemption papers immediately for future use. We understand that J. K. Hayward, Esq. is giving the subject attention, and prepares the documents from official blanks.

Failed to Report October 23, 1863¹⁰⁰⁹

The following is a list of drafted persons who have not reported, chiefly from absence at sea.

[Other towns listed, only Plymouth recorded in this book. Names sorted on last name by author]

Alexander, John
Bartlett, Alonzo S.
Benson, Timothy M
Bramhall, Robert E.
Brancroft, Alvin N.

Burclas, Samuel
Burgess, Wallace
Cahoon, Henry E.
Ellis, Charles
Harris, William O.

Hush, Theodore
Jordan, Charles W.
Raymond, Isaiah K.
Ryder, William E. B.

Volunteers October 30, 1863¹⁰¹⁰

The President has issued his Proclamation for 300,000 men to replenish the army and render it effective for the last campaign and final victory. The Government has changed its policy as to the method of raising this force. Having exercised its sovereign prerogative of conscription with dignity and considerate leniency, it has realized money not men. The supremacy of law, 75000 men, and twenty millions of dollars are its results. But there are several reasons in favor of the volunteer system over the necessarily arbitrary features of “general conscription.” It blends the Government and people in a common sympathy, instead of any apparent antagonism, which designing men used effectively in paralyzing the great enthusiasm of the masses in this national contest. Conscription, or drafting is less in harmony with the spirit and genius of our institutions, and carries the ‘dead weight’ of all the old traditionary history of despotism and merciless tyranny in the governments of Europe.

Again, the substitute clause is open to great objections as to the class of men it brings into the service; the occasional hardship of individual cases, and the virtual exemption of men of wealth from any responsibility,

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either for personal service or commutation fees, as this class of the community are generally 'married men over thirty-five,' and the 'volunteer fund' of twenty millions accrues from a class of men generally illy able to bear the burden of such heavy taxation.

But now comes the call for 'Yankee volunteers,' a call that has never yet been unheeded in the history of the past, and will now meet with new enthusiasm and hearty response. It appeals to all the highest instincts and noblest principles of a spirited and free people. It is the summons of your own chosen rulers, that your government is in danger; a government that can trust the people, who will take the stern responsibilities of war into their own hands and guard their institutions well, that their favored and beloved country receives no detriment at the hands of traitors and enemies.

constitutionality of the draft is settled by the highest judicial authority of the land, Gov. Seymour's dictum to the contrary notwithstanding. Its protected enforcement is no longer a matter of question, for the New York riots burnt too many fingers to tempt even 'Tammany Hall' politicians to 'play with the fire' again. The Government must have men. The veterans of the victorious armies must not be left unsupported in the very hour of final success; therefore if volunteering fails with the old year, the new year will usher in a new draft. Let not the the 'still small voice' of patriotism be less forcible than the 'loud call' of the Provost Marshall.

The prime source of discontent and malevolent opposition to Government has been the "Draft." On this all the shades of opposition have united as the chief argument to excite the prejudices of the people, and raise up ill-feeling against the war policy of the administration. We trust now that 'their occupation is gone' they will cease their revilings and go to work with a will in support of the volunteer system, and co-operate with their influence to prevent the necessity of another conscription.

The New Draft November 6, 1863¹⁰¹¹

The new call for 300,000 men must be filled up by volunteers before January 5th or a second draft will take place. The following is the apportionment for the towns in Plymouth county:

DISTRICT NO. 1		DISTRICT NO. 2	
Plymouth	70	Abington	91
Plympton	10	Bridgewater	40
Duxbury	30	East Bridgewater	41
Kingston	18	West Bridgewater	20
Halifax	10	North Bridgewater	93
Pembroke	14	Hingham	50
Middleboro	51	Hanover	22
Lakeville	20	Hanson	16
Wareham	34	Marshfield	19
Carver	13	Scituate	28
Marion	15	South Scituate	21
Rochester	23	Hull	4
Fairhaven	38		
Acushnet	10		
Mattapoisett	12		

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The New Bounty Bill November 20, 1863¹⁰¹²

We have devoted considerable space this week to the important action of the Legislature in the passage of a liberal and comprehensive bounty bill, which fairly meets the demands of the emergency and the wishes of the people. Each volunteer may elect whether he will receive the whole amount \$325 on enlistment, or, fifty dollars cash down, and twenty dollars per month in addition to the government pay, amounting to State bounty of \$770 for the entire three years. But from its interest to our readers we copy the bill in full.

A BILL to provide for the payment of Bounties to Volunteers and for other purposes.

Be it enacted, &c:

SECT. 1. The governor shall offer and pay a bounty of three hundred and twenty-five dollars to each volunteer who shall not elect to accept the bounty and pay provided for in the third section, and who as a part of the quota of this commonwealth under the call of president, dated October seventeenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, shall enlist and be duly mustered into the military service of the United States, or who as a part of said quota, shall have enlisted and been duly mustered into said service, to serve for three years or during the war; provided, however, that the said bounty shall not be paid to any minor having parents or guardians within the commonwealth, without the consent in writing of said parents or guardians.

SECT. 2. Said bounty shall also be paid to every citizen of Massachusetts serving in the volunteer force of any other State, and to any person being a member of any regiment, company, or battery of massachusetts volunteers, who, under the authority of the president of the United States, re-enlists and is duly mustered into the military service of the United States for three years, or during the war, as part of the quota of Massachusetts, under the proclamation of the president, dated October seventeenth, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

SECT. 3. The governor is authorized to offer and pay to each volunteer who has been or shall hereafter be mustered into the military service of the United States, as provided in sections one and two, a bounty of fifty dollars, and twenty dollars monthly, so long as he shall remain in said service; and if honorably discharged, for disability after six months actual service, then said sum of twenty dollars monthly to be paid to him for six months thereafter. And if such volunteer shall die in the service, said sum to be paid to his widow, or, if he shall leave no widow, to his lawful heirs, for six months after his decease; provided, that this section shall not apply to any volunteer who shall accept the bounty provided in sections one and two; and provided further, that nothing in this section shall authorize the payment of said sum of twenty dollars monthly for a longer term than three years in the whole to any volunteer and his widow and heirs; and provided further, that said monthly compensation shall be payable at the office of the treasurer of the commonwealth.

SECT. 4. Any volunteer who is or shall be entitled to the bounty or pay provided in this act, may assign to the treasurer and receivers general the whole or any part of such bounty or pay which shall be by him received, and distributed in the manner provided for in the sixty-second chapter of the acts of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two, and said bounty and pay shall be held subject to the order of the volunteer, and the sum remaining in the hands of the treasurer shall draw interest at the rate of five per cent, per annum. And any party who shall become entitled to state aid under the laws of the commonwealth may receive the same notwithstanding the bounty or increased monthly pay provided in this act.

...

Volunteers, Attention! November 27, 1863¹⁰¹³

The undersigned, the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Plymouth, have received instructions to raise seventy volunteers from said Town before the fifth day of January next. Any deficiency in the quota at that time will be at once filled by a draft.

Plymouth Home Front

New Recruits will join Regiments in the field and receive in addition to army pay of \$13 per month, Rations and Clothing, the following Bounty, to wit:

As soon as mustered in, (including one month's advance),	\$400
In two months	40
In six months	40
In one year	40
In eighteen months	40
In two years	40
In three years, or when honorably discharged after two years' service	40
Total	\$640

Those Recruits who wish may receive in lieu of the above a monthly pay of \$33, Rations and Clothing, and the following Bounty, to wit:

As soon as mustered in, (including one month's advance),	\$125
In two months	40
In six months	40
In one year	40
In eighteen months	40
In two years	40
In three years, or when honorably discharged after two years' service	40
Total	\$365

And if honorably discharged for disability after six months service a monthly pay of \$20 for six months thereafter.

Volunteers Sent to Camp December 11, 1863¹⁰¹⁴

Plymouth sent the first squad from the County into camp last week and has several "more of the same sort" on hand.

Carver has six or eight men ready to confer an honorable name on children who will be proud to recall the patriotic services of their ancestors in this great Battle of Freedom.

Duxbury has quite a quota already to strap on the knapsack, "shoulder arms," and march off to the wars to the tune of \$33 per month and found, \$500 bounty and family supported, with the honor of being the only real genuine "Union Savers" the country can boast of and henceforth will be proud to honor. Rally, young men! Rally round the Flag! Go to the aid of the veterans with a free heart and a fortune rather than be driven by the Provost Marshal like the "chain gang" to their tasks.

Shall We Have a Draft? December 11, 1863¹⁰¹⁵

Only two or three weeks remain for the quota of this town to be filled. The choice is yet open whether to enlist and obtain the large bounties offered by the State and general government, or be drafted and serve for thirteen dollars a month. The chances are about one in three. It is not the question whether one wants to go or not, it is whether they will take the money or go without. Think of it young men, you haven't got long to make up your mind. It is doubtful whether \$300 will exempt, even if you wait for the draft. Be wise in time.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Colored Volunteers January 8, 1864¹⁰¹⁶

The colored population of Plymouth is quite limited, yet they are nobly represented by eleven as active, spirited and patriotic men as can be found in any quota. Several of them are old veterans in the cavalry service.

Twenty Volunteers Wanted January 22, 1864¹⁰¹⁷

To fill the quota of Plymouth. Unless this number is obtained our young men will be drafted and go into the field without bounty.

By the new order of the Governor and the War Department, raw recruits as well as veterans can join any regiment, either in the field or forming at home, and receive the full amount of bounty.

The Selectmen earnestly call upon all citizens of Plymouth to make it a part of their business to aid in obtaining the number now wanted to exempt our town from a draft.

Selectmen of Plymouth

The New Draft February 5, 1864¹⁰¹⁸

The order for a new draft of 500,000 men by the 10th of March, takes the public by surprise, coming as it does while every effort is being made to raise the present quotas for the last draft of 300,000. The order is really only supplementary to the first, adding 200,000 to the original number desired, and arises from the fact that since that "call was made, the rebel government had adopted the policy of conscripting every able bodied man from eighteen to sixty for its depleted ranks. They are carrying out this wholesale draft with vigor, intending to fill up their armies for a last effort, while our forces are yet defective in numbers from the lack of reinforcements from the new quotas. The public mind ought not to assume with blind confidence that the rebel forces are subdued when such efforts are being made to overpower our veteran forces by a sudden inflation of their armies to such an extent as to enable them to turn the tables, recover important strategic points, retrieve disasters, great as they have been, and make a desolating invasion of our rich and fruitful country.

The true patriot will not grumble or murmur against the government. Our success has been far beyond the expectations of foreign governments, or even our own anticipations. Thanks to our heroic veteran armies, we have well nigh crushed the foe and conquered peace. But now comes the final issue, and the gigantic rashness of desperation to meet and foil but an equally brave and sacrificing spirit mark the present emergency and demand that victory may again crown our banners, the cause of Liberty and Justice triumphant, and permanent peace reign through all our borders.

500,000 Men Wanted February 5, 1864¹⁰¹⁹

General News.

500,000 Men Wanted.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, Feb. 1st, 1864

Ordered, That a draft of 500,000 men to serve for three years, or during the war, be made on the 10th of march next, for the military service of the United States, crediting and deducting therefrom so many as may have been enlisted or drafted into the service prior to the 1st day of March and not heretofore credited.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Plymouth Home Front

ATTACK ON NEWBERN.

NEWBERN, Feb. 1, via FORTRESS MONROE. Feb. 3

To Major General Butler:

Early this A. M. Our outposts at Batchelor's Creek were attacked by the enemy, represented to be a force of about 15,000 strong, consisting of Hoke's brigade and Pickett's entire division. It being impracticable to make an adequate defence, our force fell back in good order, destroying the camps, abandoning but few stores, with a loss of fifty to a hundred men and one section of light artillery. Our forces are now so arranged that we are confident of a successful resistance.

Almost simultaneously with this attack the enemy advanced on the south side of the Trent with what force it is difficult to estimate, and were handsomely repulsed. Communication continues with Morehead city, but the enemy are near the road with the evident intention of cutting it. The commander at Beaufort is aware of the situation, and will use every effort to prevent any interruption with the road.

(Signed) J. W. PALMER, Brig. Gen.

The Quota of Plymouth February 12, 1864¹⁰²⁰

We are informed by the Selectmen, that as nearly as can be ascertained, the whole number of men required under the call for five hundred thousand men, is one hundred and seventeen. Of this number we are also informed that about eighty have been secured, leaving thirty seven now to be obtained before the first of March. It is to be remembered that, although the draft will not take place until the 10th of March, the large government bounty will cease on the first of that month. We sincerely hope that, by the efforts of the Selectmen and the co-operation of our citizens, our quota may be filled within the prescribed time. We learn from the Selectmen that if credit could be obtained either for our excess before the draft of July last, or for our men in the Navy our quota would be considerably more than filled.

Order for the Draft March 4, 1864¹⁰²¹

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

ORDER FOR THE DRAFT. IT TAKES PLACE MARCH 19TH.

Washington, March 2.

The following was issued to-day:

WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST-MARSHAL-
GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON,
March 2, 1864.

Boards of Enrolment will commence on the 10th inst. To make the draft in all sub-districts, which had not filled their quotas before the 1st inst. All volunteers who may enlist before the draft is actually made will be deducted from the quotas by the board of enrolment [sic] in accordance with orders to be given in each case by the A. A. Provost Marshal Generals of States. If the quota is not filled by the first draft the board shall make further drafts until the entire quote is obtained.

(Signed) JAS. B. FRY,
Provost-Marshal General

Look Out for the Draft March 4, 1864¹⁰²²

FALL IN! It will be seen by the official order that the draft will take place on Thursday next, march 10th. Now is your time volunteers, to save bounties! Volunteering this week brings a small cash fortune - more

RETURN OF THE DEAD

money than most laboring men can save above expenses, scrub, and work as they may. But next week you may be obliged to go free gratis, or pay.

Old Plymouth Forever March 18, 1864¹⁰²³

Just as we thought we were out of the woods on our draft, comes the call for 200,000 more. Plymouth has filled all demands against her hitherto in furnishing men, and has a surplus of 30 men towards the call just announced, which will break the back bone of the new quota, only twenty men being wanted to complete it. Plymouth has done nobly without noise, meetings, subscriptions, or buying mercenary loafers from Canada or the purlieu of cities to do its noble duty of citizenship in the country's support and service. Now then for twenty more patriots to come forward in time to share the honors of victory and triumph. Although the draft will not take place till April 15th, the bounties will cease on April 1st, and we trust no man will find himself April fooled out of the bounties on that day, by being afterwards drafted into the ranks without bonus, thanks, or glory.

New Call for 200,000 More Men March 18, 1864¹⁰²⁴

The President of the United States has issued a new call for volunteers. The number required is two hundred thousand men, who will be enlisted for the naval and marine service as well as for the army. The 15th of April is assigned as the limit within which the quotas may be raised, and drafts for all deficiencies will be made as soon after that date as practicable. The large government bounties now paid will be continued only during the present month.

General Grant has been invested with the command of all the armies of the United States, with Headquarters in Washington and in the field.

...

Plymouth Quota April 8, 1864¹⁰²⁵

The quota of Plymouth under the three calls of the President of the United States for seven hundred thousand men, is one hundred and sixty-one. The Selectmen claim credit for one hundred and eighty, and have made a return to the Adjutant General and Provost Marshal of that number made up as follows:

Commutation	1
Drafted, and held to service	3
Substitutions	13
Enlisted prior to Oct. 17th, and after July 7, 1863	11
Volunteers in the Navy enrolled	49
Volunteers in the Navy not enrolled	10
Enlisted since Oct. 17th	44
Reenlistments	49
	180

It is not improbable that a portion of the claim will be disallowed, but it is hoped that the various orders which have been issued, there is a sufficient margin in the return to meet any disallowances which the Provost Marshal may feel obliged to make. We sincerely hope that the Provost Marshal General will not attempt a draft in any city or town the authorities of which in the exercise of their best judgment honestly believe and claim that their quota has been filled. The attention of those desiring to enlist is called to the advertisement of the Selectmen in another column.

Plymouth Home Front

The Draft April 15, 1864¹⁰²⁶

THE DRAFT. We hear nothing of the draft which was to take place on the 15th. Probably "Ulysses" has hinted to "Abe" that he had better adjust that little matter, as he intends to capture Richmond, put J. Davis and Co through chancery, and close up the affairs of that insolvent, rotten, and defunct concern, the Southern Confederacy, before the levies from a new draft can be available. Hope so, for "standing in the draft" is very disagreeable this weather.

Plymouth Light Battery April 29, 1864¹⁰²⁷

Orders have been received from Gen. Schouler to recruit and muster this new organization and be in readiness to report for garrison duty at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, within twenty-four hours. This order has created quite a flutter in Plymouth as most of the corps of nearly one hundred men are principals and assistants in the various business operations of our town and can hardly be spared from their stores and shops a single day without confusion in the affair.

The High School offer a spirited squad of strapping "18 year olds" (prospectively) who will do good service if accepted, and recruiting generally lively.

Orders have since been received to go into camp and muster the Battery into the U. S. Service for sixty days. These volunteers supply the place of, and throw into the field as many experienced veterans and add so much to the effective forces in active operations with the enemy.

Those who do not report or furnish substitutes will be considered as deserters. So they say.

Heavy Artillery. To the Front April 29, 1864¹⁰²⁸

HEAVY ARTILLERY. It will be seen by advertisement in another column orders have been issued for raising a regiment of heavy artillery by the 10th of May.

TO THE FRONT. All the Garrisons of the various forts in New England harbors have been ordered to Washington, and their places are to be supplied by State Militia organizations.

Plymouth Quota May 13, 1864¹⁰²⁹

Unless credits claimed by the Selectmen, but denied by the Provost Marshal, are allowed, it is probable that Plymouth will have a deficiency in its quota to supply by a draft. There is considerable discrepancy between the figures of the Selectmen and the figures of the Provost Marshal, which it is feared cannot be overcome. The Selectmen are making efforts to secure the proper credits, and Mr. Davis, who has gone to Washington, will endeavor to set right at the office of Provost Marshal Frye what can hardly be expected to be done in the office of his Assistant in this State.

The discrepancy chiefly relates to men in the navy, and men who have enlisted and reenlisted, but not yet mustered in. None but mustered men are allowed, and quite a number of the Plymouth quota through neglect have not yet been mustered.

The Draft May 20, 1864¹⁰³⁰

The draft for the 1st District, commenced at Perian Hall, New Bedford, on Friday last, under the superintendence of Capt. A. D. Hatch, Provost Marshal.

Every effort was made to have it suspended for Plymouth until the discrepancy could be laid before the authorities and properly adjusted, but of no avail. The men were wanted and the draft must go on in spite of Congressional action and State laws. By authority of the law the Plymouth quota was full with a surplus. On

RETURN OF THE DEAD

this Congressional enactment the Selectmen ceased their efforts to secure enlistments when the number was full. The new construction was promulgated at the last moment and the door closed for getting more volunteers and escaping the draft, though it might have done with sufficient notice. The following is a list of names drawn from Plymouth:

[names sorted on last name by author]

Atwood, A. J.	Hathaway, Chas.	Rider, Jr., Caleb
Bates, Joseph N.	Holbrook, Jr., Gideon	Robbins, Curtis H.
Benson, Frank	Holmes, Andrew	Sampson, Rufus
Bryant, Homer B.	Holmes, Winslow S.	Sears, Winslow
Burbank, Asaph W.	Howard, Daniel E.	Swett, Sylvester
Burbank, Jr., Wm. S.	Johnson, Chas. W.	Swift, Isaac B.
Clark, Seth P.	King, Wm.	Swift, Lemuel
Cobb, Jr., F. B.	Morton, Henry M.	Thomas, Gamaliel
Cromwell, Chas.	Oldsgroves, Thos.	Valler, Silas
Danforth, Allen R.	Parsons, Wm.	Valler, Solomon S.
Drew, Geo. H.	Perkins, C.A.S.	Watson, B. M.
Eddy, Henry F.	Perkins, Jr., Stephen	Weston, Jos. L.
Finney, Jr., Robt.	Pope, Wm. W.	Whitmore, Samuel O.
Gilbert, Walter L.	Ready, James	Whitmore, Benj. F.

The New Militia Law May 27, 1864¹⁰³¹

Just passed by the Legislature, contains one hundred and eighty-five sections, making a pamphlet of about ninety pages, and the "Articles of War" about as many more. The following are some of its principal provisions:

All able-bodied citizens of the age of eighteen and under forty-five are to be enrolled in the Militia with the usual exemptions from active service.

The Commander in Chief is to divide the State into Districts of Combines to be numbered. He shall then issue orders for the election of Captains of the Companies of the several Districts. Such orders may be issued to any Justice of the Peace in the District, who shall notify and preside at the election.

Each of these districts is to contain men enough to form a Company of active militia; viz: from eighteen to twenty-four, the rest being held as "reserve militia"; but all the militia may vote at the first election of Captain - not afterwards. the members of the reserve may be eligible to office. No person shall be eligible to office who is in the habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Infantry Companies must contain not less than sixty-four nor more than eighty-two exclusive of officers, musicians, etc; Cavalry not less than sixty nor more than seventy-eight; Batteries or Companies of Heavy Artillery, one hundred and twenty-two. Uniforms and equipments are to be furnished by the State.

The active militia shall parade by Companies on the first Wednesday in May, for inspection, etc. They shall also be assembled for drill six hours in each month from the first of May to the last of November, and three hours in each month from the first of December to the last day of April.

A general encampment by Regiment or Brigade is to be held once a year.

Non-commissioned officers and privates are to receive for each day's duty in camp, \$1.30; Cavalry men a proper additional compensation for their horses. Suitable fines and forfeitures are provided for the neglect, non-appearance, etc.

It is estimated that this law will call out about thirty thousand active militia, at the present time, and will incur an expense of about a million of dollars.

Plymouth Home Front

Plymouth Draft Insurance Association

Town Meeting June 3, 1864¹⁰³²

Pursuant to the call of the Selectmen, a meeting was held in Town Hall on Tuesday P. M. John J. Russell, Esq., was chosen Moderator. After an interesting discussion by several of our citizens, it was voted to appropriate \$125 per man toward recruiting volunteers or buying men to fill the quota of the town on any call which may be made for men to serve in the armies of the United States. A committee of three, consisting of Wm. S. Danforth, Charles O. Churchill, George F. Weston, was appointed to arrange a plan for a general subscription, sufficient to increase the \$125 to \$200, with which to purchase a quota of men for the town and thus avoid a draft. On motion of Wm. T. Davis, a committee of ten was appointed to organize a Draft Insurance Company, to aid non exempts liable to draft on the present or July call, consisting of the following persons: Wm. T. Davis, Edward Hayden, Thos. Pierce, Lemuel Bradford, George F. Andrews, James Collingwood, Lemuel Bradford 2d, George Bramhall, — Robbins, and Wm. H. Nelson.

The meeting then adjourned.

Draft Insurance June 3, 1864¹⁰³³

The wisest policy of the town is to procure volunteers or buy men and thus avoid a draft. This is more patriotic also, as it gives the Government men instead of money. But for the present emergency there is not time to secure this object. The 28 names drafted have furnished less than half dozen able-bodied men. The draft continues immediately till the quota, of 28 acceptable men, is furnished. At this rate it will take a draft of 75 or 100, which will give every one a good chance. The only safe way is for every non-exempt to subscribe his name to the following association, of which Wm. T. Davis is chairman, and C.O. Churchill is treasurer, before Saturday night. There is no risk or expense. If the money is not used it will be paid back. By paying 8 percent of \$300 you insure against a 50 per cent risk of being drafted and paying the whole \$300. About seventy-five signed the first day, and doubtless the number will be doubled to-day. An effort will be made to buy the twenty men, which if successful, will prevent a continuation of the draft, and the assessment will not be called for until a future emergency, if at all. Otherwise it should be available within a week. Subscription papers are in the hands of either of the members of the committee.

PLYMOUTH DRAFT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

We, the undersigned, do hereby associate ourselves into a mutual insurance association, the object of which is to furnish to such of its members as may be hereafter drafted a sufficient amount of money to meet a commutation of their draft.

We hereby agree to pay each the sum of twenty-five dollars, which amount is to be placed in the hands of the Committee appointed, on Tuesday, May 31st, at a meeting held at the Town Hall, in Plymouth, and devoted exclusively to the payment of said commutations. It is also agreed, that in case the money so subscribed shall not be sufficient to pay commutations of all members of this association who may be drafted to fill any one call upon the Town, the money so subscribed shall be divided among the members drafted to fill said call, and in case any money remains in the hands of the Committee at the termination of this association, the balance shall be divided among the members who have not received commutation money.

And it is further agreed, that no money for the purpose of commutation shall be paid to any member of the association unless he shall be passed and accepted by the enrolling board, and that members drafted in the several calls in the order in which such calls are made.

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This association can be terminated by a vote of its members at any meeting called for that purpose, of which seven days' notice shall be given in the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock*.

A Good Example June 10, 1864¹⁰³⁴

Thomas Pierce, Esq., of South Plymouth, has generously donated \$100, it being the amount of extra pay as a member of the State Legislature for the session just passed, to the volunteer fund. This noble act on the part of our faithful representative will be properly appreciated and remembered by his fellow townsmen, also by citizens of neighboring towns, as his praiseworthy example cannot fail to induce others of the House and Senate to share the burdens of the laboring classes and help them meet the demands of the war in the same way. We understand Hon. J. H. Loud, besides giving \$100 to aid in saving our mechanics from draft, proposes giving the extra pay to the Sanitary Commission. In ordinary times the increased compensation would be right and just in view of increased expense of living, but we cannot help thinking our legislators ought to have been patriotic and self-sacrificing enough to have avoided the odium of such an example by sharing the heavy tax upon our resources with all classes of the community, the poorer of which are well nigh sinking under the onerous burden of unparalleled expense of living.

The Draft June 10, 1864¹⁰³⁵

So far as we have heard only two men have been accepted - Walter L. Gilbert and Henry M. Morton. The following persons have not appeared, being absent from the State: Silas Valler, Gam'l Thomas, Robert Finney, Jr., Wm. King, C. A. S. Perkins, Frank Benson.

The balance of the quota were exempted.

Plymouth and the Draft June 10, 1864¹⁰³⁶

It ought to be distinctly understood that Plymouth is not nor ever has been lacking in her quota of able bodied men to support the Government in its struggle. Its quota is in default at this draft simply because 30 of as intelligent and patriotic volunteers as the service can boast were already in the naval service as officers and seamen when the present enrollment was made and consequently their names were not on the list. Still it is a mere technical quibble that deprives her of these men allowed to her credit by Congressional legislation and giving her a supposed surplus up to the very day of drafting. Of course, then, it was too late to remedy the mistake, but only two of the 25 men drafted were accepted, leaving the balance to be drafted again within a week. To provide against this contingency, a draft insurance was formed, and met with great success. As intimated last week, this plan was reserved for future contingencies, and a subscription paper started to buy the men, and fill the deficiency before the draft could be continued on Friday and Saturday. \$3000 were subscribed, and increased another five hundred on Monday.

By quiet perseverance and sharp practice in outdoing the exciting competition of other towns, whose agents are pouring into Boston for men, twenty-five able-bodied, good looking men with Yankee names were passes and accepted from double that number procured. Probably before we go to press the receipts of the mustering-in officer will be in the hands of Provost Marshal Hatch, and that abominable "wheel of fortune" "thrown out of gear" when it comes to grinding out the names of Plymouth men for the draft.

Plymouth Home Front

Volunteer Fund June 10, 1864¹⁰³⁷

We the undersigned hereby agree to pay the sum set against our names to be placed in the hands of the selectmen of the Town of Plymouth, to be used by said Selectmen for the purpose of procuring men to fill the present or any further quota of said Town.

Andrews, Geo. F.	10	Doten, Everett W.	10	Loud, J. H.	100
Arthur, Capt.	5	Doten, Lem'l W.	5	Lovell, Leander	10
Atwood, A. J.	10	Doten, Sam'l	10	Lucas, Stephen	2
Atwood, Frederick	3	Doten, Stephen	5	Manter, David	5
Atwood, 2d, Wm.	5	Doten, Jr., Stephen	5	Manter, T.	10
Atwood, Jr., T.	10	Drew, A. L.	5	May, Chas. T.	5
Baldwin, Wm. M.	3	Drew, David	10	McMahon, Chas. W.	5
Ballard, S. D.	10	Drew, Ed. W.	10	Miller, Jas.	3
Barnes, Albert	10	Drew, Ellis	10	Morrissey, John	25
Barnes, Chas. E.	2	Drew, H. W.	5	Morton, Caleb	2
Barnes, Ed.	5	Drew, T. B.	20	Morton, E.	2
Barnes, J. C.	20	Drew, Winslow	10	Morton, Isaac	5
Barnes, Nath'l F.	5	Drew, Wm. R.	25	Morton, John T.	5
Barrows, I. N.	5	Dunham, Geo. F.	3	Murry, Jeremiah	2
Barrows, O. N.	5	Dunham, Isaac T.	5	Neale, Jas.	3
Bartlett, Amasa	25	Dunham, Nathan	2	Nelson, Sam'l	6
Bartlett, Clark	5	Dunham, Sam'l N.	3	Nelson, Wm. H.	50
Bartlett, Coleman C.	5	Dyer, G. G.	25	Nickerson, Eben	10
Bartlett, Henry K.	4	Eddy, John	5	Noyes, Ed. P.	2
Bartlett, Hiram	2	Eddy, Jr., John	5	Noyes, J. B.	2
Bartlett, Hosea	1	Edes, Oliver	25	Olney, Zaben	5
Bartlett, Hosea	2	Ellis, Abner	5	Parker, J. S.	5
Bartlett, L.	2	Ellis, Bartlett	5	Parsons, Grant C.	15
Bartlett, Russell T.	5	Ellis, James	5	Paulding, Dan'l	5
Bartlett, Samuel	10	Ellis, Jas.	5	Paulding, S.	1
Bartlett, W. S.	2	Ellis, Nath'l.	5	Pember, J. H.	2
Bartlett, Wm.	10	Erland, E. F.	10	Perkins, Roland	5
Bartlett, Wm. H.	5	Farris, J.	25	Perkins, Jr., Stephen	5
Bartlett, Wm. S.	5	Faulkner, Dwight	10	Perry, H. H.	5
Bates, Horace W.	25	Faunce, L. B.	2	Perry, N. M.	2
Bates, Jas.	25	Field, B. B.	5	Pierce, Elnathan	5
Baxter, J. F.	5	Finney, Chas.	2	Pierce, Thos.	100
Bearse, Thomas	3	Finney, Elkanah	5	Pierce, Wm. N.	3
Benson, Ellis	5	Finney, Ephraim	5	Pope, Rufus	5
Benson, N. L.	5	Finney, Everett	5	Pope, W. W.	10
Blackmer, John	5	Finney, Harrison	10	Potter, J. C.	2
Blake, John A.	26	Finney, James	5	Pratt, Lucius	10
Blanchard, Alvin	10	Finney, John	5	Prince, Thos.	5
Blanchard, Geo.	5	Finney, L. W.	15	Raymond, Chas.	5
Blanchard, Wm.	2	Finney, Mrs. Geo.	3	Reed, Jas.	5
Bosworth, Dan'l E.	3	Finney, Thos. W.	4	Rich, I. B.	10
Bourne, Chas.	2	Finney, Jr., Eph. H.	5	Richardson, C. H.	10
Bradford, Lem'l	20	Frink, Chas. H.	5	Rider, D.	5
Bradford, Lysander	10	Gilbert, G.	3	Rider, Jas. B.	5

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Bradford, 2d, Lem'l	10	Gilbert, W. L.	5	Robbins, Augustus	25
Bradford, Jr., Sam'l	10	Gilmore, C. A.	5	Robbins, Edmund	5
Bramhall, Benj.	10	Gooding, Chas.	5	Robbins, H. H.	5
Bramhall, Geo. W.	10	Gooding, John	5	Robbins, Horatio	3
Bramhall, George	10	Gordon, Timothy	50	Robbins, L. T.	20
Brewster, Isaac	40	Griffin, E. S.	2	Robbins, Jr. , Leavitt	5
Brewster, M.	5	Griffin, Geo. L.	2	Rodgers, Watson	5
Brown, Benjamin	5	Hall, John T.	5	Rogers, Charles	10
Brown, J. L.	5	Hall, R. B.	20	Russell, Elliot	25
Brown, Lewis H.	5	Harlow, D. L.	5	Russell, John J.	20
Burbank, Asaph	3	Harlow, Ed.	10	Russell, Nath'l	100
Burbank, Jr., S. M.	5	Harlow, J. H.	25	Ryder, Chas. E.	3
Burbank, Jr., W. S.	2	Harlow, N. E.	10	Ryder, Geo.	5
Burgess, Isaac S.	10	Harlow, Sam'l	10	Ryder, Geo. S.	10
Burgess, Otis	20	Harlow, John	5	Sampson, Aaron	10
Burgess, Seth	10	Harvey, S.	10	Savery, Wm. T.	5
Calloway, George	5	Hathaway, B.	50	Sawyer, Joshua	5
Cash,	2	Hathaway, Wm.	5	Sherman, E. C.	20
Chandler, Sam'l B.	5	Hayden, Edward B.	25	Sherman, E. F.	100
Chandler & Co. , A. C.	20	Hayward, J. K.	10	Simes, Joseph	10
Chase, Geo. H.	10	Hayward, W. L.	3	Smith, Thos.	3
Chase, S. D.	5	Hedge, Albert	10	Spear, Jas. H.	10
Chase, Z. R.	5	Hedge, B.	5	Spear, Sam'l	5
Churchill, B.	20	Hedge, I. L.	25	Spooner, Bourne	50
Churchill, Benj.	10	Holmes, Albert	5	Spooner, Chas.	100
Churchill, Chas. O.	20	Holmes, B. H.	5	Stevens, Thos.	5
Churchill, Eph'm F.	5	Holmes, Ch. T.	15	Stikes, Chas.	2
Churchill, Frank	5	Holmes, Cromwell	3	Stoddard, I. N.	25
Churchill, G. H.	10	Holmes, F. L.	5	Stone, A. P.	5
Churchill, John	10	Holmes, Gideon F.	5	Strong, B. O.	10
Churchill, R. B.	5	Holmes, H. B.	10	Swift, Benj.	5
Churchill, Rufus	10	Holmes, I. B.	5	Swift, Edmond	10
Churchill, Jr., Eph'm	3	Holmes, Mesena	5	Swift, Jabez	3
Clark, Capt. Wm.	2	Holmes, Mrs. Geo.	5	Swift, Mrs. A.	10
Clark, David	5	Holmes, S. T.	5	Swift, Mrs. H. E.	8
Clark, James E.	5	Holmes, Sylvester	5	Swift, Mrs. Josiah	6
Clark, Robert	5	Holmes, Van Buren	5	Swift, Mrs. Lem'l L.	10
Clark, Seth	5	Holmes , Nath'l (Jr)	5	Thomas, Alanson	15
Clark, Seth P.	5	Howland, Francis	5	Thomas, Wm.	10
Clark, 2d, Israel	2	Howland, Mrs. Calvin	6	Thrasher, Lewis W.	10
Cobb, Chas.	3	Howland, Mrs. Wm.	10	Tomlinson, R.	10
Cobb, F. B.	25	Howland, J. (Jr)	5	Torrence, Mr.	2
Cobb, Geo. W.	10	Hoxie, Edward	5	Tribble, Lorenzo	5
Cobb, Jr., F. B.	10	Hoxie, Nath'l	10	Tribble, W. B.	15
Cole, Caleb H.	10	Hubbard, Benj.	5	Wadsworth , Mr.	3
Cole, John A.	10	Hubbard, H. P.	2	Watson, A. N.	5
Collingwood, J. B.	15	Jackson, Alex.	25	Watson, B. M.	10
Collins, Geo.	5	Jackson, G.	2	Watson, E. W.	5
Cornish, Thomas	5	Jackson, Geo. H.	20	Wells, Phineas	5
Cornish, Jr., Thomas	5	Jackson, Henry F.	40	Westgate, Chas. H.	10
Damon, C. S.	25	Jackson, Thos. O.	5	Weston, Geo. F.	25

Plymouth Home Front

Damon, D. E.	25	Jarvis, Dr. E.	10	Weston, H. W.	20
Danforth, Allen	50	Jones, Chas. L.	5	Weston, Miles S.	5
Danforth, Allen R.	10	Kendrick, Asa	5	White, T. S.	5
Danforth, Wm. S.	25	Kimball, Putnam	28	Whiting, B.	10
Davie, Eben.	1	King, L. C.	2	Whiting, Elisha	1
Davis, Wm. T.	100	Kirwin, P.	1	Whiting, Ellis	5
Deacon, Jas.	5	Langford, John	5	Whiting, J. F.	10
DeLuce, G.	5	Lanman, N. C. (Jr)	5	Whiting, Pelham	2
Diman, Erasmus	5	Leach, Darius	2	Whitman, Wm. H.	25
Diman, Jr., Ezra S.	5	Leach, Ezra	5	Whitten, H. C.	5
Dixon, C. L.	5	Leach, Reuben	5	Wilson, D.	5
Doten, C. C.	10	Leach, Jr., Ezra N.	2	Wilson, John	10
Doten, Chandler	5	Leonard, Wm.	5	Wood, W.	10
Doten, E. G.	10	Loring, Thos.	25	Wood, Jr., N.	10

Additional subscriptions are needed from those who have not been called upon, the receipt of which will be duly acknowledged next week.

[List sorted by author. Total: 326 subscribers contributing \$3,447]

Plymouth Volunteer Fund June 17, 1864 ¹⁰³⁸

The Recruiting Committee acknowledges the receipt of the following money in addition to that of last week. The name Lysander Bradford last week, should have been Lysander Dunham.

Allen, Joseph	21	Coffin, T. M.	3	Perkins, W. H.	1
Barnes, Corban	5	Cornish, A. H.	5	Perkins Jr., Gideon	15
Barnes, Ellis	10	Cunningham, Gul'd	5	Perry, Lewis	5
Barnes Jr., Benj.	5	Dunham, J. A.	5	Rider, Ezekiel	5
Bartlett, Ansel	3	Ellis, William	5	Sampson, Andrew	5
Bartlett, Cornelius	1	Ellis, Ziba	10	Sears, Benj. W.	4
Bartlett, Eph'm	10	Finney, Clark	5	Sears, Thos. B.	0
Bartlett, Fred.	5	Fuller, George	5	Seymour, Henry	5
Bartlett, G. F.	2	Gibbs, H.	8	Smith, Joseph	5
Bartlett, John	1	Harlow, Richard W.	3	Stephens, Lem'l	5
Bartlett, Nath'l	2	Holmes, Joseph	1	Swift, Edmund	10
Bartlett Jr., Harvey	3	Holmes, Robert	1	Swift, John	2
Blackmer, Alonzo	10	Holmes, Sam'l	5	Talbot, Sam'l	10
Blackmer, B. E.	2	Howland, Isaac	1	Turner, E. C.	10
Blackmer, Ivory	5	Hoxie, Abitha	10	Wadsworth, L. S.	1
Blackmer, James W.	5	Lewis, Wm.	5	Weston, Harvey	10
Blackmer, M. B.	5	Manter, Prince	10	Whiting, Benj.	10
Bumpus, Lem'l	5	Morton, A. G.	10	Whiting, Henry	1
Burgess, Wm.	20	Morton, Austin	5	Whiting Jr., Benj.	10
Burton, Chas.	5	Morton, Edwin	5	Whitten, Sam'l M.	1
Churchill, Amasa	5	Morton, Ichabod	3	Wood, Allen N.	5
Churchill, Heman	1	Morton, James	10	Wood, Eliab	1
Churchill, Lionel	1	Morton, Joseph	1	Wood, I. L.	3
Clark 2d, Nath'l	10	Pember, Stephen	3		

RETURN OF THE DEAD

[Total (including those published in June 3, 1864 paper: 398 subscribers contributing \$3,837]

Volunteer Fund June 24, 1864¹⁰³⁹

Moses Bates, Esq., has given fifty dollars to the fund since he arrived home.

The Draft Fund June 29, 1864¹⁰⁴⁰

Messrs. Editors:

Allow me to state, for the satisfaction of subscribers to the recruiting fund and the citizens generally, that the deficiency of Plymouth, as made up by the Provost-Marshal, under the call prior to the present one, was twenty-two.

The selectmen received from the proceeds of a note given by authority of the Town,	\$3,250.00
They also received from the Committee appointed to obtain subscription of a drafted man	3,776.25
Total,	\$7,026.25

They have expended in bounties to twenty-two men,	\$5,800.35
In bounties to four men, in anticipation of the present call,	1,054.65
In payment of partial commutation of a drafted man	138.65
Total,	\$6,993.65

Balance on hand to be added to the fund for procuring men under the present call, 32.60

\$7,026.25

WM. T. DAVIS,
Chairman of the Selectmen.
Plymouth, July 28, 1864

Pay Increase¹⁰⁴¹

The bill increasing the pay of soldiers to \$16 a month is now a law. The increased pay commenced the 1st of last May.

Draft July 1, 1864¹⁰⁴²

Capt. Hatch, yesterday received a dispatch from Provost Marshal Gen. Fry, of which the following is copy:

“Men to enlist in the navy can be taken as substitutes for drafted men. Such men to go into the naval service for three years. Principals not to receive exemption papers, till they bring to Boards of Enrolment certificates from the authorized naval recruiting officers, that the substitutes have been actually accepted and received into the navy.” New Bedford Mercury.

The Enrollment Law July 1, 1864¹⁰⁴³

The Enrolment Law - The Act as Finally Passed.

So many changes have been made in the new Enrolment Act that we print the bill in full as finally passed, to satisfy the very general interest in the community on this subject:

Plymouth Home Front

Section 1. The President may call for any number of men as volunteers for the respective terms of one, two and three years. Such volunteers or their substitutes shall be credited to the town, township, ward, etc., toward the quota of which he may have volunteered or engaged as a substitute. Every accepted and mustered volunteer for one year shall receive \$100 bounty, for two years \$200, for three years \$300; one-third of the bounty at the time of muster in, one-third at the expiration of half the term of service, and one-third at the expiration of the term of service. In case of his death in service the residue of the bounty goes to the widow; in case there is no widow then to the children; in case there are no children, then to the soldier's mother, if she be alive.

Section 2. If any quotas are not filled within fifty days after such call, then the President shall order a draft for one year to fill such quota or any part thereof which may be unfilled. In case of any such draft no payment of money shall be accepted or received by government as commutation to release any enrolled or drafted man from his personal obligation to perform military service.

Section 3. It shall be lawful for the executive of any of the States to send recruiting agents in any of the States declared to be in rebellion except Tennessee, Arkansas and Louisiana, to recruit volunteers under any call under the provisions of this act, who shall be credited to the State and the respective subdivisions thereof which may procure the enlistments.

Section 4. Drafted men, substitutes, and volunteers shall be assigned to organizations from their own States, and as far as possible of their own selection.

Section 5. Any person under sixteen enlisted or mustered without the consent of his parent or guardian, shall be immediately discharged upon re-payment of the bounty received by him, and the officer knowingly enlisting or mustering such person, shall be dismissed [from] the service with forfeiture of pay and allowances, and be subject to court-martial.

Section 6. Drafts shall be for one hundred per cent, in addition to the number required to fill the quotas.

Section 7. Drafted persons shall be allowed transportation to place of rendezvous.

Section 8. All persons in the naval service of the United States who have entered said service during the present rebellion, who have not been credited to the quota of any town, district, ward, or State by reason of their being in said service, and not enrolled prior to February 24th, 1864, shall upon satisfactory proof of their residence made to the Secretary of War, be enrolled and be credited to the quotas of their place of residence.

Section 9. Drafted men absent from home shall be notified as soon as possible but shall not be deemed deserters till reasonable time is given them to return.

Section 10. The existing law is not changed in respect to persons conscientiously opposed to bearing arms.

Rally Again July 8, 1864¹⁰⁴⁴

Men of Plymouth County rally again for Washington! Good pay, rations and transportation! Fine chance for a summer excursion to visit the National Capital will all expenses paid! See adv't "5000 men wanted," Fall in young men and fill up the ranks.

Our Quota July 8, 1864¹⁰⁴⁵

By the recent action of Congress Plymouth will have about thirty men placed to her credit on the next draft. Better late than never.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Recruitment July 15, 1864¹⁰⁴⁶

TO THE RESCUE! Lieut. Thos. B. Atwood is recruiting a company of 100 days men for immediate service at Washington. Fifty names are already enrolled. The company must be filled up by Saturday. About twenty patriotic young men from Plymouth have enlisted. Good patriots these. Action is the word now, and one volunteer is worth a dozen talkers for the government and a hundred ranters against it.

[The 100 days service does not clear from draft, except as it deducts the 100 days from the time for which ... - OCM & PR, July 22/1864]

The Proper Thing at Last¹⁰⁴⁷

There have been various reports in circulation the past week regarding the large number of men in the Navy who were to be credited to the State the next call. Gov. Andrew, during his recent visit to Washington, says the *Boston Gazette*, brought this subject to the attention of Secretary Stanton, who has placed the matter in charge of Gov. Andrew and Judge Clifford, of new Bedford, who in consultation with Major Clark, Provost Marshal of this State, will distribute in an equitable manner all the men serving in the Navy from this State who have not been previously credited. This is doing the proper thing at last, though prolonged almost indefinitely.

Draft Exempts July 22, 1864¹⁰⁴⁸

Correct the Enrollment.

Jas. B. Collingwood, Enrolling Officer, has received instructions to correct the enrollment list of Plymouth, by striking off names of persons manifestly physically disabled by disease, imperfect limbs, eyes, or lack of teeth, and make return on the same within five days. All interested can report to the officer at the Court House.

Call for 500,000 Men July 22, 1864¹⁰⁴⁹

The President's Call For Five Hundred Thousand Men.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, By an act approved on July 4, 1864, it is provided that the President of the United States may call for any number of men as volunteers, for the respective terms of one, two and three years for military service, and that in case the quota or any part thereof of any town, township, ward of a city, precinct or election district, or of a county not so subdivided, shall not be filled within fifty days after such call, the President shall immediately order a draft for one year to fill such quota, or any part thereof which may be unfilled, and

Whereas, The new enrolment heretofore ordered is so far completed as the aforementioned act may now be put in operation for recruiting and keeping up the strength of the armies in the field, for garrisons and such military operations as may be required for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion and restoring the authority of the United States in the insurgent States.,

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln President of the United States, do issue this my call for five hundred thousand volunteers for military service, provided nevertheless that all credits which may be established under section eight of aforesaid act, on account of persons who have entered the naval service during the present rebellion, and by credits for men furnished to military service in excess of calls heretofore made for volunteers will be accepted under the call for one, two or three years as they may elect, and will be entitled to the bounty provided by law for the period of service for which they enlist, and I hereby proclaim, order and direct that immediately after the fifth of September, being fifty days from the date of this call, a draft for troops to serve

Plymouth Home Front

for one year shall be held in every town, township, ward of a city, precinct, election district, or a county not so subdivided, to fill the quota, which shall be assigned to it under this call, or any part thereof which may be unfilled by volunteers on the said fifth day of September 1864.

(signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, July 18, 1864

Draft Notice, Exempts July 22, 1864¹⁰⁵⁰

The following persons whose names are now on the enrollment list of Plymouth are requested to appear at the office of Daniel E. Damon, Esq., on Friday and Saturday, July 22d and 23d, during the day or evening, in order that their names may be struck from the roll:

1st. All who have reached the age of 45 years.

2nd. All who are Aliens.

3d. All that have become permanent residents of other towns.

4th. All who are disabled by lameness, blindness, loss of teeth, etc., from performing military service.

Any person cognizant of any other person who would for any of the above reasons be entitled to have his name stricken from the roll, is requested to report such person, with an exact description of the disability.

Any person cognizant of any other person who has reached the age of twenty years, or has become a permanent resident Plymouth since the roll was made out, or whose name has been inadvertently omitted from the roll, is also requested to report the same at the above time and place.

It is very important that this notice should be generally acted upon, in order that the quota of Plymouth may be properly fixed.

Selectmen of Plymouth, July 22, 1864

WM. T. DAVIS,

E.C. TURNER,

THOMAS B. SEARS,

LYSANDER DUNHAM,

HOSEA BARTLETT,

Representative Recruit July 29, 1864¹⁰⁵¹

We learn that one of our patriotic citizens, not liable to a draft, is making arrangements to furnish a representative recruit, according to the suggestions in the circular issued by the Provost Marshal General last month. The recruit furnished is to be taken from those not liable to draft. Upon his enlistment papers is borne the name of the person furnishing him, so that the credit for the patriotic act is thus, in history, secured to the party deserving it.

A Chance for all to Work July 29, 1864¹⁰⁵²

The following different phases of the present conscription law affords ample opportunity for all classes of the community to unite in sharing the burdens of the war. Come promptly to the aid of the government and give the rebellion its final blow, which shall lead to the disbanding of the rebel army and consequent overthrow of the Richmond Government.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Any man who wishes a discharge for three years can put a substitute for about \$700; of this he can have \$125 dollars from the town and \$75 from the enrolled men's fund, making the cost of a three year's substitute \$500. There is another kind of substitutes called representative substitutes. Any enrolled man who is not quite certain whether he would be accepted for military service, may get an examination at the Provost Marshal's office and if pronounced unfit, he may then put in a representative substitute and get a discharge for himself; for this purpose, he is entitled to \$125 from the town, \$75 from the enrolled men's fund, and State bounty of \$325. This kind of substitutes can be had for about \$300, so that the expense to the man putting in a representative would be but \$100. An order from the Provost Marshal of the State provides further, that any person not liable to the draft may deposit \$125 with the State Treasurer, be entitled to a representative recruit, who shall be credited to the town in which such person resides, unless such town has already been credited with one fourth the number required to fill its quota in which case the representative will be credited to the State at large. Representative substitutes may be put in, also, by any person, not enrolled, who over age, disabled, or for any reason not liable to draft. Ladies may put in such substitutes, and at the same cost. Furthermore, any enrolled man in town may volunteer to serve, and if accepted he will be entitled to \$125 from the town, \$75 from the enrolled men's fund, \$325 from the State, and \$300 from the government, bounties from all sources to the amount of \$800. He will also be entitled to State aid for his family if he has one.

It will be seen that the present offers of bounties are larger than ever before made; large enough if any room is be left for patriotism.

Rally Round the Flag July 29, 1864¹⁰⁵³

The President has issued a call for 400,000 men, those towns which have not filled their quota by the 5th of September will then be drafted for the deficiency for one year's service. The Governor has also published an order offering to recruit in the rebel States not exceeding one-fourth of the quota of any town which shall deposit with the State Treasurer the sum of \$125 for each man wanted.

The Draft Committee of Plymouth are making every exertion to fill up this last cloud and it is probable final "call" with able bodied veterans. The untiring exertions of the Selectmen have secured a surplus over former quotas of sixty men, leaving a deficiency to fill of about fifty. The Committee have canvassed the list of liable men, and met with great success in collecting the assessment of \$25 each. Every man subject to draft in Wellingsley district below Hobbs Hole Brook, has subscribed and paid in his twenty-five dollars. So in all the outside districts the Committee have met with zealous and prompt encouragement, and they have labored so efficiently that a balance of only about \$1000 is now lacking to secure this important patriotic and permanent service to our country in its final struggle with the rebellion.

Plymouth has never failed nor faltered in her whole duty. Let no one grow faint-hearted now that we are in the breech and victory is within our grasp. We know the cost, the sacrifice and the suffering; so much the more reason for still greater efforts. Shall all the precious blood and priceless lives be offered up in vain? If so, we are not worthy nor competent to finish what our patriot army has so nobly brought well nigh to completion. Would not those martyrs shame us for complaining, and murmuring and growing luke-warm, while lamenting their loss? Would they not shout to us with indignant energy: "Cease your mockery of words, which have no real sorrow or pity. If you really honor our memory and would repay us for our suffering, finish the work for which we cheerfully offered up our lives, and would as cheerfully again. We want no man to sound our praises who habitually obstructs the Government in its efforts, nor any man's sympathy who sympathizes with rebels and rebellion."

Plymouth Home Front

The Draft August 5, 1864¹⁰⁵⁴

The Recruiting Committee of Abington are cool and comfortable this weather. They tell the citizens if they have a mind to raise \$20,000 without being begged and teased as if they were doing some great favor to the committee by subscribing \$25 to save themselves from a draft, or get substitutes at a figure not much less than \$1,000, they will make an effort; otherwise, let the draft come. This is right. Our committee in Plymouth have had too much hard work and too little aid, and it is about time citizens realized their position sufficiently to appreciate these efforts in their behalf. September will soon be here, and some of our crusty friends will feel more interested when the wheel begins to revolve at New Bedford. With proper support, the committee could have filled the quota, but the price of men has gone up, and their funds are nearly exhausted. Unless the people come forward and help themselves by voluntary subscription, and pay up what is subscribed, they will have “a right smart chance” of doing their duty in their country’s service, which every man ought to be willing to do, or paying \$1,200 or \$1,500 for a substitute.

The Draft August 26, 1864¹⁰⁵⁵

The quota of Plymouth is four more than was expected. This deficiency must be filled by prompt subscription of those who have not yet enjoyed the privilege of making the sacrifice to fill up the ranks of the depleted armies. Don’t wait to be called upon, but esteem it a privilege to PAY (not give) this debt of honor; and hurry up, lest you fail of an opportunity to subscribe in time. Next week we shall publish the “list” of subscribers in the south part of the town. We trust we shall not be called upon to publish the name of a single delinquent, as every dollar is needed immediately by the Committee, to clear the town from the draft.

Draft Fund August 26, 1864¹⁰⁵⁶

The following is the list of persons liable to draft, who have subscribed \$25 each to the draft fund for filling the present quota of Plymouth:

[List sorted by author]

Andrews, Geo. F.
Atwood, A. J.
Atwood, James M.
Atwood, Thomas B.
Atwood Jr, Thomas
Bagnall, Richard W.
Baldwin, Wm. M.
Ballard, S. D.
Bartlett, Chas D.
Baxter, Josiah F.
Brewster, James B.
Brewster, M.
Brown, J. L.
Burgess, Otis W.
Callaway, Geo. R.
Chandler, A. C.
Chandler, Peleg
Churchill, John
Churchill, Robert B.
Cobb Jr., F. B.

Diman Jr., Ezra S.
Dixon, Walter S.
Drew, Austin
Drew, E. W.
Dunham, S. N.
Eddy Jr., John
Erland, E. F.
Fessenden, Henry
Finney, L. W.
Frink, Chas. H.
Harlow, Edward
Harlow, Erastus
Harlow, Ivory W.
Harvey, David O.
Haywood, Wm. L.
Hedge, A. G.
Holmes Jr., Nath’l.
Howland Jr., Jacob
Jackson, George H.
Kimball, Putnam

Nelson, Wm. H.
Parsons, Grant C.
Parsons, John
Perkins Jr., Stephen
Pope, Wm. W.
Richardson, C. H.
Rogers, Watson
Ryder, Chas. E.
Ryder, Geo. S.
Ryder, J. B.
Sampson, Harvey M.
Sampson, Joseph M.
Sampson, Sylvanus
Sherman, E. F.
Simmons 2d, Geo.
Skerry, Amory B.
Strong, B. O.
Thomas, Wm. H.
Tribble, Lorenzo
Westgate, Charles H.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Cole, C. H.
 Cole, John A.
 Collingwood, J. B.
 Damon, D. E.
 Danforth, Allen R.
 Davis, Wm. T.

Lanman Jr, N. C.
 May, Charles T.
 Morey, Wm.
 Morton, Henry M.
 Nelson, Samuel

Weston, George F.
 Weston, H. W.
 Whiting, J. F.
 Whiting 2d, Benj.
 Whiting Jr., Benj.

THE QUOTA - The quota of Plymouth, as officially announced, is 92.

The Quota of Plymouth September 2, 1864¹⁰⁵⁷

We are requested by the Committee having in charge the collection of money to be used in filling the quota of the town, to state that sufficient money was raised to furnish the number of men first fixed upon as the quota, viz.: 90; but that the addition of four to that number renders it necessary to procure a further amount. The Selectmen can easily furnish the men during the present week, provided the money is raised; and the Committee will call upon our citizens at once, in order to make up the amount as soon as possible. We sincerely hope that the call will be responded to in a manner worthy of the town. The amount required is about \$1200, and the money must be raised at once.

The Draft September 16, 1864¹⁰⁵⁸

Major Clark has received orders to enforce the draft, in sub-districts where deficiencies exist, on Monday next. The following extract from the official list; gives the present condition of the quotas of neighboring towns under the call of July 18:

Sub District	Name of Town	Quota Under the Call of July 18, 1864	Deficiency	Surplus
DISTRICT 1				
7	Sandwich	71	23	
8	Plymouth	94		22
9	Kingston	14		18
10	Duxbury	36		
11	Halifax	13		2
12	Pembroke	26	7	
21	Wareham	46	6	
23	Middleborough	63	24	
29	Carver	20	11	
30	Lakeville	8		
31	Plympton	10		
DISTRICT 2				
23	Abington	112	74	
24	Bridgewater	57	22	
25	East Bridgewater	10		33
26	West Bridgewater	30	7	
27	North Bridgewater	111	24	
28	Hingham	12	1	
29	Hanover	34		3
31	Marshfield	34	21	

Plymouth Home Front

32	Scituate	45		15
33	South Scituate	32	7	
34	Hull	5		2

Naval Credits September 16, 1864¹⁰⁵⁹

NAVAL CREDITS AND HON. T. D. ELIOT. The naval credits of the State are to be given on the standard of three years' service; that is, for three two-years men two credits are allowed, and for three on-year men one credit. The number of enlistments from the State is 21,670, and the number of credits to be allowed is 16,625. The Yarmouth Register truly says in this connection:

"The citizens of the First Congressional District will bear in mind, that this long delayed act of justice was secured through the personal and well directed efforts of their own faithful Representative in Congress. The sections in the bill under which this action was based, were drawn and inserted on the motion of Mr. Eliot, and carried through the House in spite of strong opposition, by his personal influence and intelligent advocacy.

Plymouth Quota September 14, 1864¹⁰⁶⁰

BOSTON

The Quota of Plymouth is full - with surplus of TWENTY-TWO MEN.

W. T. DAVIS.

As the draft takes place next Monday, non-exempts ought to be thankful to somebody for the quiet but efficient way in which Plymouth has been saved from the remorseless wheel operation at New Bedford.

Drafted Men¹⁰⁶¹

It is decided that drafted men who are detailed in navy yards, arsenals, &c., shall not be credited on the quotas of towns or wards in which they reside.

20,000 Veterans for One Year's Service¹⁰⁶²

\$300 Government Bounty, and Arms to be Retained at the Expiration of Term of Service.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 28. The following order has just been issued:

WAR DEP'T, ADJ'T. GEN'L'S OFFICE,

Washington, Nov. 28, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 287.

Order for raising and organizing a new volunteer Army Corps.

First - That an Army Corps to consist of not less than 20,000 infantry, and enlisted for not less than one year, to be designated the "First Corps," shall be organized in the District of Columbia, commencing organization on the first day of December, 1864, and continuing until the first day of January next. Privates to consist of able bodied men who have served honorably not less than two years, and therefore not subject to the draft. Officers to be commissioned from such as have honorably served not less than two years.

Second - Recruits will be furnished transportation to Washington and will be credited to the district in which their families reside, and will be paid a special bounty of \$300 from the substitute fund upon being mustered into the service. Each recruit who preserved his arms to the end of his term, may retain them as his own upon being honorably discharged.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Third - Details of organization will be prescribed by the Adjutant General. The heads of bureaus will detail competent officer, for the prompt examination and organization; arming, equipping and supplying the corps.

Fourth - Major General Hancock is assigned to the command of this corps, with headquarters at Washington.

By order of the Secretary of War,
(Signed) E. B. TOWNSEND,
Asst. Adjutant General

Forts Standish and Andrew December 1, 1864¹⁰⁶³

GARRISON FOR FORTS STANDISH AND ANDREW PLYMOUTH HARBOR

The selectmen of Plymouth are now prepared to enlist men for a company to garrison the above Forts.

The Company will be commanded by Captain Keenan, of the 56th Regiment, who has won promotion by gallantry in the campaign of General Grant.

The term of enlistment is one year; and it is expected that the whole term of service will be spent in garrison duty within the State.

Bounty from:	
Town,	\$100
State	240
United States	100
Wages	192
Total	\$632

Recruiting Office at the Town House.
WM. T. DAVIS,
E.C. TURNER,
THOS.B. SEARS,
LYSANDER DUNHAM,
HOSEA BARTLETT,

Garrison for Fort Standish December 16, 1864¹⁰⁶⁴

About 140 men have been enlisted for the Company to garrison the Forts in Plymouth harbor. Of these Plymouth has sent 56 men; Halifax, 12; Duxbury, 30; Plympton, 2; the balance are from Boston and vicinity. Provost Marshal Hitch was here on Wednesday, with Deputies and Surgeons for examining and mustering in the men. Of the whole number, about 70 were accepted and they will go to Boston to be mustered in and uniformed, then rendezvous at Fort Standish for service. The Captain and 1st Lieut. Are strangers to the Company. We have heard Sergt. Lanman spoken of as 2d Lieut.

The Next Quota December 16, 1864¹⁰⁶⁵

It is no slight compliment to the energy and wisdom of our Selectmen and War Recruiting Committee, that Plymouth has now about seventy men in advance of her quota to be credited in the next call. The record of the

Plymouth Home Front

good old town will compare more than favorably with other towns of the State. With true pride, and renewed devotion to liberty, may her future descendants read of her zeal and sacrifices in the great struggle which time and grateful memories shall clothe with a heroism more noble, a patriotism more pure, and a faith more sublime than classic history can boast, or reverence for the past supply.

The Enrollment December 16, 1864¹⁰⁶⁶

THE ENROLLMENT. All who have or will have reached the age of forty-five years, previous to January 1st, 1865, and all manifestly physically disabled from active military service, are again called upon to report to Enrolling Officer James B. Collingwood, at the Court House. This should be promptly attended to, that such names may be stricken from the list before the draft, and thus save individuals much trouble and expense, besides reducing the quota of the town on the "next call."

The New Company December 22, 1864¹⁰⁶⁷

The following are the names of the Company just recruited from Plymouth and the neighboring towns, to garrison the Forts in our harbor. The Company left Plymouth on Saturday last, for Galloup's Island. Not finding proper accommodations, they returned to Boston, and were sent out to Readville to be mustered in and uniformed. Rumors of desertion are without the slightest foundation, the men behaving creditably in every respect.

PLYMOUTH [42]

Burt, William B.
Burt, John E.
Bradley, John R.
Bailey, George
Burgess, Albert L.
Bartlett, Alexander Jr.
Brown, John
Badger, Charles D.
Badger, Edward D.
Bump, Charles W.
Bassett, Jesse T.
Callahan, Eugene
Churchill, Wm. H.
Dunlap, Wm.

ABINGTON [1]

DUXBURY [20]

Davis, Francis E.
Dunlap, Sylvester
Drake, Charles F.
Dunham, Samuel H.
Ellis, Thomas H.
Green, George
Hathaway, Charles G.
Holmes, Isaac K.
Harlow, Wm. T.
Holmes, Seth L.
Leonard, Sumner
Maybury, Stephen M.
McCrate, Michael
Nash, Thomas M.

EAST BRIDGEWATER [7]

HALIFAX [9]

Nickerson, Simeon L.
Nightingale, S. P.
Pierce, Wm. T.
Pratt, Obed C.
Remington, Charles
Ryan, Timothy
Savery, Barnabas E.
Vaughn, Leander M.
Wells, Daniel S.
Wood, Albert S.
Whitten, Samuel A.
Washburn, Charles A.
Williams, Philip H.
Williams, John B.

PLYMPTON [2]

Quota December 22, 1864¹⁰⁶⁸

The quota of Plymouth will be about fifty-five on the new call for 300,000. Plymouth is now credited with seventy-seven men, and is therefore "OUT OF THE DRAFT!"

Call for 300,000 Troops December 19, 1864¹⁰⁶⁹

WAR DEPARTMENT

A call and draft for 300,000 troops to make up the deficiency occasioned by credits on the last call, has been ordered by the president.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The Quota of the State January 13, 1865¹⁰⁷⁰

The provost marshal general has issued an order annulling all quotas and credits given under the late call for 300,000 men, and announcing that a new proportionment will be made, based upon the returns of the revision of the enrollments up to Dec. 31st, also giving credits for all recruits up to that date.

The Garrison at Fort Standish April 7, 1865¹⁰⁷¹

The community may well be pleased to find themselves favored with neighbors so gentlemanly, accommodating and agreeable as the 27th Unattached Company, now in garrison at Fort Standish.

It often occurs under despotic governments that the soldiery are the paid agents and servile tools of despotic power in overawing and oppressing the people, thus giving rise to enmity and constant feuds, resulting in strife and bloodshed. It is one of the noblest features of our government that the soldier is a representative defender and protector of the people, who delight to do him honor, and pay grateful homage to this gallantry in the field and praiseworthy virtues of the true citizens at home.

Capt. Graves and his men have already commended themselves to the good will of the citizens of Plymouth by their exemplary conduct in our streets and evident purpose to accommodate and benefit the town all in their power while stationed near us. Their kind care of their sick comrade, and mournful burial ceremonies, their quiet, gentlemanly behavior in the streets, readiness to add to the eclat of victory by saluting the flag with their music, and the considerate offer of their services as an escort at the funeral of Lieut. Burgess, all commend them to our good wishes and entitle them to the courtesy and friendly regards of our citizens.

We are happy to believe the charitably excusable indiscretions of their first advent in our town were only the usual effervescences of a soldier's rare holiday, after a long confinement in a bleak fortress, unrelieved by anything to break the dull monotony of their cheerless winter.

Capt. Graves and Lieut. Pitman, with this company, were the first to march into Faneuil Hall from Marblehead, on that ever memorable morning when, at a moment's warning the sons of Massachusetts sprung from the pursuits of peace to the defence of the National capital.

Reimbursement May 26, 1865¹⁰⁷²

Several of our neighboring towns are reimbursing funds raised by private subscription to procure volunteers and avoid the draft.

This is done under the act passed by the Legislature to legalize such action by town meetings. We know that a large amount of hard work, heavy voluntary taxation and anxiety was expended to fill up our quota, and we see no reason why it is more than simple justice that the individual burden should be equalized by the town assuming the debt, and thus give all interested a share in its payment.

Aid to Families and Pensions

Notes By the Way April 25, 1861¹⁰⁷³

... Pursuant to a call of Selectmen, a meeting was held at the Town House on Saturday, P. M. which, after some confused and useless discussion, proving "speech is silver but silence is gold" in accordance with a

Plymouth Home Front

resolution offered by J. J. Russell, Esq., the sum of \$2000 was ordered to be consecrated to the support of families of volunteers under direction of the Selectmen.

...

The Ladies have zealously enlisted in the cause, and Leyden Hall now presents a busy and attractive scene - being nearly filled with those who come together, for the purpose of making clothing for volunteers. Misses Mills, Thurber, Deacon and others by personal solicitations, raised over \$250 with offers of more if needed, to purchase flannel and other material for this object. It was worth an admittance fee to look in upon them, and we wish each volunteer could see this company of noble hearted ladies giving their time and efforts for his comfort; it would make a braver soldier and better man.

...

Soldiers Fund May 4, 1861¹⁰⁷⁴

Hon. J. H. Loud is the Plymouth member of the State Committee of One Hundred, to raise funds for the benefit of the families of soldiers called into service. The Committee met on Saturday, appointed and Executive committee who have organized a plan of operations, one phase of which we understand to be the sending of Circulars to every minister in the State, requesting that contributions be taken up for the "Soldiers' Fund."

Aid of Families of Volunteers May 30, 1861¹⁰⁷⁵

The following is the amended bill as it passed the Legislature of this State:

Sec.1. Any town or city may raise money by taxation, and, if necessary, apply the same, under the direction of the selectmen or mayor and aldermen, for the aid of the wife and of the children under sixteen years of age, of any of their inhabitants, who, as a member of the active militia, or as a volunteer, may have enlisted in the military or naval service of the United States, and for each parent, who, at the time of his enlistment, was dependent of him for support.

Sec.2. Towns may be vote, raise money to defray any expenses already incurred, or to carry out and fulfill any contract heretofore made, in behalf of any of its inhabitants who may have enlisted as members of the volunteer militia, and have been, or may be called into the service of the United States; but all contracts now subsisting between any town and member of the volunteer militia as such, shall terminate in ninety days from the passage thereof.

Sec.3. No compensation, in addition to the regular pay of the army or the navy of the United States, other than that mentioned in the chapter, shall be given by any town or city to any of their inhabitants, who, as volunteers, or otherwise, shall enlist in the service of the United States; but all contracts made with any members of the volunteer militia, who have been mustered into the service of the United States for the term of three months, shall be valid during such term, and no pay shall hereafter be allowed by any town or city for the expense of drilling.

Sec.4. Any city or town, when danger from attack from the sea is apprehended, is authorized to organize an armed police to guard against such an attack, and may provide, by taxation, to maintain the same. Such force may, for the purpose, act in any part of the county within which such city or town may be situated.

Sec.5. Of the sum so paid or applied by any city or town for the support of the family of any inhabitant, who may be actually engaged in the service of the United States, as provided in the first section, there shall be annually reimbursed by the State Treasurer to such town or city a sum not exceeding two dollars per week for the wife and for each child under sixteen years of age of such inhabitant, and the like sum for each parent, of

RETURN OF THE DEAD

such inhabitant, who, at the time of his being called into the service of the United States, was dependent upon him for support.

Sec.6. No reimbursement shall be allowed from the State Treasury to any town or city, as provided in the previous section, until a full report, certified and sworn to by a majority of the Board of Selectmen of any town, or of the Mayor or majority of the Aldermen of any city, whose families have been assisted and the relations which such persons severally bear to such inhabitants, and the sums paid to each person, has been made to the Auditor of the Commonwealth, and carefully examined and approved by him.

Sec.7. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Pensions to Volunteers September 21, 1861¹⁰⁷⁶

It will no doubt interest our brave volunteers to know that, in case they are disabled or killed while in service, their families will not want for breads. The nation, through the government, stretches out its protecting arm over the widow and the fatherless of its soldiers, and adopting them as its own; and every man wounded or disabled in the service of his country may rest assured that, in his hour of helplessness, his support is assured. Already, the families of many of those who fell at Bull Run are in receipt of pensions from the Government. By section 1 of the law passed July 4, 1836, soldiers of the volunteer or militia service, and the widows of soldiers dying in battle or from injury or disease incurred while in the service, are entitled to the full benefit of the invalid pension laws. Volunteers for more than six months are especially provided for by an act passed at the last session of Congress. The wounded soldier receives an annual allowance proportionate to his disability. If totally incapacitated from labor, he receives the pay of a soldier in active service, if partially disabled, a proportionate pension, graduated according to the certificate of the examining Surgeon. Widows of officers and soldiers get one-half the pay which their husbands received. If no widow survives, then the pension is paid to the children, if any, until they arrive at the age of sixteen years. No bounty land has been voted to soldiers for service subsequent to the act of March 3, 1855, but when peace is restored, due provision in this respect will probably be made for the loyal soldiers now in service, or their immediate surviving relatives, should the principle not live to claim it. Those who have claims, or desire further information upon this subject may obtain it by writing to the Commissioner of Pensions in Washington. - [N.Y.Tribune.

Pensions November 7, 1861¹⁰⁷⁷

In reply to various inquiries, we would state, that under laws now existing, pensions are allowed to disabled soldiers, seamen and mariners of the present war and to the widows or orphan children of those, who have died or been killed while in service; also \$100 bounty money to the heirs of deceased soldiers, and it is probable, that, at the next session of Congress, other provisions will be made for services in both the military and naval service.

Town Meeting December 14, 1861¹⁰⁷⁸

At the Town Meeting on Saturday last, John Perkins, Esq., was chosen Moderator. Hon. Wm. T. Davis offered the following votes, which were passed:

Voted, That the Selectmen are hereby authorized to apply money in aid of the parents, wives and children of volunteers mustered into the service of the United States, under the restrictions and limitations contained in the 222d chapter of the Laws and Resolves passed by Legislature during the special session in May, 1861, and that all payments heretofore made by the Selectmen in accordance with the provisions of said chapter, be hereby ratified and approved.

Plymouth Home Front

Voted, That the Selectmen by further authorized to hire such an amount of money not exceeding three thousand dollars, as they may consider necessary for the purposes contained in the above vote.

In presenting the above, Mr. Davis said that in case the town had to borrow money, which he did not think would be likely, the State would reimburse all money paid under, or by sanction of this vote.

State Aid to Families of Volunteers January 25, 1862¹⁰⁷⁹

The Auditor in his annual report, states that returns have been received from three hundred and seven of the cities and towns of the Commonwealth, claiming reimbursement for money paid to the families of volunteers, to the amount of \$469,752.19. The twenty-seven towns to be heard from will probably increase the amount to \$475,000. Should the war continue, and the same rate of aid be allowed for the present year, the whole amount for 1862 would not be far from \$2,000,000. From these returns it appears that 14,288 volunteers have received the benefits of this aid from the State. Great inequality exists in the manner of administering this law, and it is suggested that there should be an agent or commission appointed to make a thorough examination of the returns from the cities and towns.

The law has not been understood by the Auditor to extend a bounty to all parties enlisting, whether their families were in need of help or not, but only to provide for aid to families where their income, including the pay of the volunteer, was not sufficient for their support. In the case of commissioned officers it would seem that their pay and emoluments, equal to that of officers in the regular army of the U.S., might afford a sufficient support to their families, and yet some towns return for reimbursement, sums paid to families of officers as high in rank as Colonel. It seems important that the Legislature should take some action in the matter, so that the law may be uniform its operation.

Aid to Families of Volunteers June 21, 1862¹⁰⁸⁰

The following rules of construction of certain statutes relating to aid furnished to the families of volunteers have been adopted by the Auditor of the Commonwealth:

1st. The law of 1861, chapter 222, and the law of 1862, chapter 66, are not to be understood to furnish aid in the nature of a bounty to the volunteer, but only as "aid to the families of volunteers" when there is a "necessity" for it. These acts only authorize relief for present want and therefore do not apply to past time. The State will only reimburse for relief of want now existing, and cannot allow for a necessity that has already past.

2d. Aid to families of volunteers in regiments of other States, will be reimbursed from the State treasury; provided, satisfactory evidence is furnished the Auditor, that the volunteer was a part of the quota of some other State during the time for which reimbursement is claimed; that he was an inhabitant of the city or town at the time of his enlistment, and that he did not receive aid from the State in which he enlisted.

3d. The father and mother of a volunteer are not entitled to aid from the State, unless they are in want, and have been substantially supported by the son before he entered the service.

4th. The family of a commissioned officer is not entitled to aid.

5th. Aid to widows or children of volunteers already deceased, must date from the passage of the Act, April 29, 1862.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Families of Deceased Soldiers July 10, 1862¹⁰⁸¹

It may not be known generally that the law of the last session of the Legislature provides for the continuance of State aid to the families of those volunteers who die in the service for one year from the passage of the act, which was April 19th of the present year.

New Pension Law July 17, 1862¹⁰⁸²

The act agreed on by the two Houses of Congress, makes no distinction between volunteers and regulars, and provides pensions in all cases of total disability, since the 4th of March, 1861, as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel, and all officers of a higher rank, thirty dollars per month; Major, twenty-five dollars per month; Captain, twenty dollars per month; First Lieutenant, seventeen dollars per month; and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, eight dollars per month. The pension for total disability for officers, warrant or petty officers, and others employed in the naval service of the United States, shall be as follows - viz: Captain, commander, surgeon, paymaster and chief engineer, respectively ranking with commander by law, lieutenant commanding, and master commanding, thirty dollars per month; professor of mathematics, master, assistant surgeon, assistant paymaster, and chaplain, twenty dollars per month; first assistant engineer and pilots, fifteen dollars per month; passed midshipman, midshipman, captains' and paymaster' clerk, second and third assistant engineers, master's mate, and all warrant officers, ten dollars per month; all petty officers, and all other persons employed in the naval service, eight dollars per month.

Provision is made in case of death for the widow or children to receive the pension.

A Humane Suggestion July 31, 1862¹⁰⁸³

The Evening Post humanely suggests that the hundreds of places to be created under the organization of the tax law, should be filled up from the ranks of our wounded soldiers. Men who return to their homes, says the Post, incapable of further military service, are now visible in every loyal city and township, entirely incapacitated for active business. Maimed, crippled and destitute, many of those brave heroes are unable to procure remunerative employment. With broken constitutions, they come to their families and friends with limited ability to take a prominent part in those avocations which formerly afforded them a comfortable subsistence, and in many cases become a charge upon the charitable, or helpless dependents upon their families. Trades are at a standstill, professions have become unremunerated, and these discharged soldiers wander about the streets with discouraged mien, and little hope of permanent employment. These men who have shed their blood to sustain the government, have a right to ask of that government.

This suggestion is both humane and patriotic, although the greedy office-seekers, who are hanging like leeches about the department at Washington, will ridicule it. We hope the President will carry out the idea in making his appointments.

What a commentary upon the above very just and laudable suggestion, will be the appointment of C. G. Davis, Esq. Of this town, as one of the assessors under the new law. But it will be in perfect accordance with the partisan and aristocratic plan of disposing of offices in this Congressional District.

State Aid to Families of Volunteers," &c. February 28, 1863¹⁰⁸⁴

We think it is about time that the Legislature or the public, should investigate the matter of "State Aid to Families," to ascertain if it is distributed or disbursed agreeable to the interest and meaning of the Law.

Far be it from us to withhold it from those who are legally entitled to it, from the wife, father or mother, brothers and sisters "standing in need of aid and dependant on the volunteer at the time of enlistment."

Plymouth Home Front

But cases have come to our knowledge where "State Aid" has been furnished to those who in our opinion were not entitled to it.

It was not intended for parents whose sons have always been a burden rather than a help to them.

It was not intended for those brothers and sisters who were not dependant on the volunteer, and who had not heretofore contributed to their support, and who would have repudiated the idea of such dependence.

It was not intended that every head of a family (however well off,) should discover as soon as the son had enlisted, that he was the mainstay of the family, and that they must become the beneficiaries of the State.

Another evil of no less magnitude, is the bounty paid the volunteer. Towns have voted from one to three hundred dollars each, and how was this done? The fear of a draft brought all the young men out, who generally only pay a poll tax; and who would as readily vote five hundred dollars as one hundred, as all they would have to pay was poll tax. Now this is all illegal and no tax can be applied and collected, authorized by such a vote. This your Bank Directors are aware, for they will not loan money on a Town Treasurer's note unless backed by other responsible names.

But it is said the Legislature will legalize the illegal doings of towns. Can they do it? If they can what is the use of making laws? By and by somebody's friend will commit murder and they will apply to the legislature to legalize it - they can legalize one illegal act as well as another.

C.

Young Ladies' Fair July 17, 1863¹⁰⁸⁵

The young ladies of Plymouth have been for some time engaged in making fancy and useful articles preparatory to a FAIR FOR THE SOLDIERS, to be holden in August. Here is good opportunity for each one to exert themselves in a patriotic effort [to] benefit the soldiers in the field, and make vacation profitable as well as pleasant. If all take hold and properly organize, they are capable of bringing out an attractive display.

Pensions October 7, 1864¹⁰⁸⁶

INTERESTING TO CLAIMANTS FOR PENSIONS. By an order of the Adjutant General, officers are not allowed to furnish evidence as to death, &c., to claimants of pensions or their attorneys. But the following order provides a way by which such evidence may be obtained.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 10, 1864.

Sir, i have the honor to inform you that, though orders of the Department relative to furnishing information do not permit officers to correspond with agents, &c., with a view to give them information upon which to base a claim against the United States, yet the (the officers) are authorized and required to furnish, direct to the Pension Office and Auditors, such information as may be desirable to adjust claims against the United States, either on application from those offices or upon the request of the officers or soldiers, their heirs or persons in their behalf. Letters, certificates, &c., giving such information should, however, go direct to the offices for which they are intended - not through the parties making or about to make the claim.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

SAMUEL BRECK,

Asst. Adj't General.

Hon. Jos. H. Barrett, Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D.C.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

National Sailors' Fair, Boston September 16, 1864¹⁰⁸⁷

We would call the attention of our readers to the National Sailors' Fair, of which a notice appears in our advertising columns. This Fair will be held in the Academy of Music, (the Boston Theatre) early in November. It is designed to provide a Home for seamen wounded and disabled in the naval service of the United States. No such refuge is now furnished, and no adequate provision is now made for those who have lost their limbs or their health while fighting the battles of their country on the sea. They are left to beg, or to find shelter in the almshouse, a fate which a true sailor reads more than death. To correct this wrong, and to erect such a home as the English seaman finds at Greenwich Hospital, this Fair has been projected by the leading merchants in Boston, and by many worthy officers in the Navy.

An excellent opportunity is thus offered of serving the Union cause, of showing an interest in our brave naval defenders, and of expressing our gratitude for the great achievements of Porter, of Foote, and of Farragut. This opportunity is generally appreciated, and the enterprise is sure of great success. The merchant princes of New England are giving liberally, and contributions come in constantly from the various armed ships and fleets of our naval force. New Bedford, especially, is making great exertions, and a subscription of about a thousand dollars has been raised to furnish her table. It is very desirable that Plymouth, and the South Shore generally, should be well represented in this patriotic charity. This town and county have many sons in the Navy. They have not been backward in soliciting officers, and have generally been successful in obtaining them. Their friends at home should do their share in providing for them and their comrades a refuge in the day of need. In this way, more fitly than by salutes or illuminations, we can celebrate the great victories of our Navy in Mobile Bay.

National Sailors and Naval Fair October 21, 1864¹⁰⁸⁸

A GOOD OBJECT. The young ladies of the High School, under the supervision of Miss Stetson and others, are improving their evenings in making articles for the National Sailors' and Naval Fair, to be held in Boston next month. Judge Russell has used his influence to induce the ladies of Plymouth to interest themselves in this praiseworthy and truly patriotic object of providing a home for the wounded, the widows and orphans of our naval heroes.

Sailors' National Fair October 28, 1864¹⁰⁸⁹

SAILORS' NATIONAL FAIR. This benevolent enterprise bids fair to be one of the most attractive and successful yet inaugurated. The ladies of Plymouth and Duxbury will unite their contributions for one table, to be called the "Old Colony Table." There are many hands, cunning in all the mysteries of artistic taste, in both places, and we are no prophet if a generous emulation does not adorn the table with attractions of which visitors from the Home of the Pilgrims may well be proud. Contributions may be left at the residence of Miss Laura Russell, on North Street.

Prisoners Pay November 25, 1864¹⁰⁹⁰

Hereafter applications for the pay of soldiers who are prisoners must be made direct to the Paymaster-General, instead of the senior paymaster of the district in which the soldier's regiment is serving.

Adjutant General's Report May 12, 1865¹⁰⁹¹

Gen. Schouler has placed the State under special obligation for the masterly ability with which he has perfected his system of annual Reports, or rather an outline history of every Regiment, Battery and Company,

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with a detailed record of the name, age, and residence of every volunteer in Massachusetts noble army, with date of enlistment, discharge or death. Only those familiar with the exactness of data necessary to fulfill the requirements of claimants for pay, bounty and pensions can appreciate the value of these statistics. No more valuable service has been done for our brave soldiers, their widows and orphans, than the faithful compilation of this model Report, by which those of the War Department itself have been corrected and verified.

Increased Pension to Certain Maimed Soldiers July 21, 1865¹⁰⁹²

The commissioner of Pensions has decided that a pension of \$25 per month is granted to those having lost both hands or both eyes in the military service of the United States in the line of duty, and \$20 per month to those who, under the same conditions, shall have lost both feet, if such parties were entitled to a lower rate of pension under the act of 1862. This higher pension will date only from the 4th of July, 1864, in the case of pensions already enrolled, or of applicants discharged prior to that date.

National Sailors' home July 21, 1865¹⁰⁹³

The Trustees of the National Sailors' Home have purchased of Messrs. Dillon and Eaton a large tract of land in Quincy for a home for the aged marines belonging to the United States service. It comprises from seventy-five to one hundred acres, and consists largely of land which in former times was well known as the Fenno farm, bounded northerly by land of Hon. Josiah Quincy, easterly by the Bay, southerly by the marshes bordering on Black creek, and westerly by a line running between the residences of President Eaton and William Deleon, Esq.

Plymouth Relief Organizations

Sanitary Committee (OCM) October 9, 1861¹⁰⁹⁴

Citizens of Plymouth.

It is publicly announced by the United States Quartermaster General and National Sanitary Committee, that the supply of army blankets in the country is exhausted, and that our soldiers are in need of socks, bedding and underclothes.

His Excellency Gov. Andrew has called upon patriotic citizens of the Commonwealth for contributions. In order that such aid may be rendered in this emergency by the citizens of Plymouth as their patriotism would suggest, the Selectmen urgently urge upon all persons who can spare any of the above articles, to send the same at once to the Treasurer's Room, in the Town House, where they will be packed and forwarded to the proper authorities in Boston.

WM. T. DAVIS,
LYSANDER DUNHAM,
E. C. TURNER,
THOS. B. SEARS,
HOSEA BARTLETT,
Selectmen of Plymouth

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Ladies of Plymouth! October 12, 1861¹⁰⁹⁵

In response to the urgent request just made by the Sanitary Commission, you are invited to meet at the Assembly Rooms, Davis building, on Monday, Oct. 14th, at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing Societies to provide comforts for our sick and wounded soldiers.

It is earnestly desired that there should be a full attendance, and that every section of the town be well represented.

Appeal to the Loyal Women October 12, 1861¹⁰⁹⁶

We would call the attention of the public to the appeal made by the National Sanitary Committee to the "Loyal women of America." The public generally as well the ladies, particularly, are interested in this appeal, and we believe that the citizens of Plymouth will be now as heretofore, fully up to the occasion and its demands. The efficiency of the sanitary commission is endorsed by the President, Gen. Scott, and here at home by our worthy Governor. The appeal recommends the formation of sewing societies, where no such organization exist, and that reading-clubs, sociables, &c., devote a portion of their time to the work of furnishing quilts, blankets, pillows and woolen under clothing, for the comfort of sick and wounded soldiers. Delicacies are also wanted, such as jellies, dried fruit, farina, arrowroot, &c. All contributions sent to Dr. S. G. Howe, at the rooms of Mass. Institute for the Blind, No. 29 Bromfield street, Boston, will be properly attended to, and promptly forwarded.

Articles for Soldiers November 7, 1861¹⁰⁹⁷

The Selectmen acknowledge the receipt of the following additional articles for the soldiers:

From Mrs. Henry G. Andrews, three blankets; Mrs. —, two; Mrs. Lewis Perry, one blanket and one quilt, and from Mrs. David Turner, Mrs. Patience Randall, Miss Mary A. Churchill, Mrs. Isaac Davee and Mrs. James Morton, each one blanket.

Plymouth Relief Association November 11, 1861¹⁰⁹⁸

For the benefit of those who have generously contributed in money and labor for the comfort of the soldiers, the Committee of the "Plymouth Relief Association" makes the following statement:

In the month of May, the women of Plymouth made 78 uniforms, 188 flannel shirts, 111 pairs of drawers for our own soldiers, and besides, 247 pair of drawers for the State.

Since the first of October there have been knit gratuitously between 300 and 400 pairs of socks, of which number, 60 pairs of socks were given to Capt. Collingwood for his company, 50 pairs to Capt. Alexander, for his company, and a few to the Hospitals. We have now on hand a large number to be disposed of hereafter.

We have sent two boxes to the Hospitals at Poolesville, and Newport News, containing quilts, shirts, dressing gowns, slippers, drawers, under vests, besides other articles useful for the sick too numerous to enumerate.

Of course, we do not include any private gifts to personal friends, in this statement, but merely what has come to our knowledge as a Committee.

Though naturally especially interested in the welfare of those who have gone from our midst, we should also remember those soldiers needing and contribute our share for their comfort. Thanking all who have kindly assisted in the past, we ask their cooperation for the future. The Committee design on the 22d of December to offer some entertainment for the benefit of our brave soldiers, and trust to a generous public for patronage.

Plymouth Home Front

H.S. DAVIS,
For the Committee
November 27th, 1861

Plymouth Relief Association December 14, 1861¹⁰⁹⁹

The Committee of the "Plymouth Relief Association" submits a further Report.

It will be recollected that a larger part of the money collected in the churches, was contributed in response to the appeal for the Sanitary Commission. As almoners of that charity, we had no right to divest the money from that especial object. The Committee has therefore sent a box to the Sanitary Commission, containing a large number of comfortable and useful articles, among which were 50 pairs of socks. We have also sent from the children of the Sunday school of the First Parish, a present of back-gammon boards, portfolios, &c., for the use of convalescents, in the Hospitals.

Other funds have been placed at the disposal of the Committee. Among others, a timely donation from the members of Mr. Grover's singing school, from all which we have been enabled to contribute to the comfort of many.

The Committee feels that the money, if judiciously managed, can be made trebly valuable through the gratuitous labor of the ladies.

A box was also sent the last week to Capt. Doten's Company, at Newport News, containing 63 pairs of mittens, and a few pairs of socks.

H.S. DAVIS,
For the Committee
Plymouth, Dec. 9th, 1861

Plymouth Relief Association (PR) April 14, 1862¹¹⁰⁰

This association presents the following statement:

Since their last report they have sent a box containing shirts, socks, slippers, dressing gowns and other articles for the sick and wounded, to Baltimore; a box containing similar articles to Dr. Eliot of St. Louis; also a box of like articles to the Sanitary Commission in Boston, to be forwarded to the wounded at our recent victories in the West. Upon receipt of the box last mentioned, the following communication was made to the Association:

UNITED-STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.
N.E. Woman's Auxiliary Associations,
22 Summer Street, Boston, Apr. 10, 1862.

I have the pleasure of acknowledging in the behalf of the Commission the receipt of a valuable box from the "Plymouth Relief Association," and we thank you warmly for your patriotic exertions. We will send it to St. Louis since you desire it, as speedily as possible. While thanking you exceedingly for what you have done for us, we feel it our duty to call on all for renewed exertions, in this time of our country's great need. I take the liberty to enclose a Circular of articles most needed, by our latest accounts.

Yours truly,
M.J. EASTBURN

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List of articles most needed, cotton shirts, cotton drawers, socks and slippers, towels and handkerchiefs, bed sacks, white or grey flannel hospital undershirts, lint raveled from pieces of linen or damask, cut three or four inches square, laid straight and packed in paper boxes, bandages, jellies.

The Association avail themselves of this opportunity to present in behalf of our suffering soldiers, their most cordial thanks to the patriotic women of Chiltonville, for their timely and generous contributions. We trust that even now, their pillows may be the resting places of some weary head.

The Association invites all who can contribute of their substance, to send in any article as above specified.

HANNAH DAVIS,
For the Committee
April 14, 1862

Plymouth Relief Association May 1, 1862¹¹⁰¹

MAY DAY FESTIVAL. Some ladies connected with the Plymouth Relief Association, have arranged an entertainment for the little folks, to be held in Davis Hall, to-day. A nice time is anticipated, and everything will be done to make the occasion one of unalloyed happiness. Admission 5 cents, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

For our Wounded and Sick Soldiers July 19, 1862¹¹⁰²

To those who have any desire to do something for our poor suffering soldiers, wounded or sick, who now fill the different Hospitals throughout the country, we would say that any of the following articles will be very acceptable, and they will be received by Mr. Albert Barnes at his house on North street or at the Sanitary Rooms upon Middle street.

Second-hand Shirts, Pants, Vests, Drawers, Socks, Sheets, Pillow cases, Flannel for bandages, old Diaper of other linen for Lint, W [illegible] Jellies, &c. &c. A barrel or box is sent nearly every week from town by the Association in this town. Any enquiries [sic] may be made of Mr. Barnes who will take charge of anything so donated. We suppose there is no need of urging the necessity of this work, as all will understand it.

Lint September 4, 1862¹¹⁰³

A GOOD EXAMPLE. A Plymouth school girl scarcely in her teens, has solicited the linen and carded 447 bats of lint for hospital use.

Lint September 6, 1862¹¹⁰⁴

To the Ladies.

We are requested to call the attention of the ladies of this town to the fact that large quantities of Lint are required for our wounded soldiers. Packages may be left with Miss Louisa Jackson.

Lint and Bandages from Schools September 11, 1862¹¹⁰⁵

Two of the first three days of the term have been spent by the scholars of the High and Grammar Schools in picking and carding lint, making bandages and towels. One of the schools sent over 400 carded bats, besides a bushel of picked lint, 612 yards bandages, with towels, napkins, &c. We presume other schools have done as well. This plan has probably connected the minds of children with the war and its realities, and developed a patriotic spirit more than all they have heard and read before.

Plymouth Home Front

Box for the Troops September 11, 1862¹¹⁰⁶

A box will be dispatched to the Plymouth boys in the 38th Mass. Regiment, very soon. Packages should be handed in to C[harles]. T. May, corner of Main and Middle streets, by the 14th.

Soldiers Relief Society September 13, 1862¹¹⁰⁷

Good for Plymouth.

Soon after the news of the battles of Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29 and 30 [second battle of Manassas], was received in this town, a paper was drawn up to obtain money for the Soldiers Relief Society of this town, and \$240 were obtained within a very short time. The society is sending off barrels and boxes of supplies for our wounded soldiers every week. We are requested to call the attention of our citizens to the wants of the soldiers, and to remind them again that any article left at the rooms of the Society will be gratefully received. In these terrible times when so many of the brave defenders of our country lie suffering from wounds, there is a call upon every man, woman and child, to do their part for their relief. The children can pick lint for their mothers and sisters to card, and all are called upon to use every means to aid our suffering soldiers, who now by the hundreds and thousands, are suffering for us.

What can I do? September 18, 1862¹¹⁰⁸

When we hear of one man raising a regiment, others fitting out a company, others giving thousands of dollars, and last, though not least, young men in the prime of manhood volunteering, the less influential, those without fortune, and the disabled, often ask themselves what can I do? The following item may be suggestive of an answer:

An old resident of Plymouth, a lady already advanced in years, and of unreliable health, saw, on a visit, a bat of carded lint. Finding on her return a pair of hand wool cards, common in the past generations, but hitherto obsolete in this, after various experiments produced a satisfactory "bat." Neighbors emulated her example by picking lint, school children came in to learn, attics and garrets were ransacked to find cards. A room was devoted to teaching and employing the girls. The result is that 10,000 bats have been forwarded to the hospitals by the Ladies' Relief Association, for whom this lady has managed that department.

What can I do? Imitate the noble example of Miss Louisa Jackson, and go to work. Make a "bat," bandage, flannel shirt, drawers, or pair of stockings, pillow, napkin, anything that would be useful to a sick man at home, and you will begin to feel like a Christian, a patriot, and a friend to the brave soldier.

Ladies Relief Association September 25, 1862¹¹⁰⁹

The Christian Commission.

By the favor of Mrs. Chas. G. [Hannah] Davis, President of the Ladies' Relief Association, whose time and means are so efficiently and unsparingly devoted to the sanitary interest of the soldier, we publish letters received from the agents of the Christian Commission. They will prove a severe rebuke to those everlasting "may-worms" in every community, who "don't believe one-half goes to the hospitals of the soldier in camp," "will bet the agents appropriate the best to themselves," "think lint is worse than useless," and we might add if the truth was known internally, wish that Jeff Davis and his rebellion would succeed. Would that by some process, these narrow souled renegades, incapable of resisting a man or woman can have a heart running over with benevolence or sympathy for the suffering, because they are perfectly innocent of any such mental or emotional experience themselves; might be made to change places with the suffering soldier, though the dying

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patriot would shrink from the "trade" if he had to take their poor starving souls, for his own great heroic heart. But we are getting out of patience, so here is the letter:

NEWPORT NEWS, Aug. 26th, 1862

Friend Rowland:

I reached Ft. Monroe last Thursday, and next day came here. I find about 12,000 wounded and sick men from the army of the Potomac and Burnside's Division, that have been left in hospitals in this region. They are mostly not dangerously sick needing rest and good food more than aught else, yet a great many will never again be efficient men in any work. I find a wider difference in the several hospitals as to the comfort and health of the men. Some wards are in excellent order and some are horrible. For instance, at "Mill Creek Hospital" near Fort Monroe, the men appear to be well cared for, and to be improving, while at the McClellan hospital near it, I fear the men are dying for want of proper food and comforts. A few of us took some jars of jelly and blackberry preserve and some soft biscuit from Mass., and passing through the hospital gave each man some. There were many bright faces and grateful thanks expressed to those who were so thoughtful at home. At this time there are about 3000 men; some are quite comfortable, some are in a sad plight - the latter lying on the floor wrapped in their old blankets, covered with vermin, without a clean shirt or pair of drawers. I opened last evening three boxes from Boston containing shirts and cordials that were very much needed. The expressions of delight that followed would have been very gratifying to the kind donors. A library is very much needed at this place. An excellent superintendent has just been appointed here, and he would with great pleasure attend to the distribution of papers and books. There will probably be stationed at this post some 2000 men, and a library of 500 or 10000 volumes would be very useful. Can you not start the enterprise?

We need all the supplies that the kind hearts of old Mass. are inclined to send us for the poor boys. It is hard telling what is needed. A soldier can perhaps live if he has nothing but the ground to sleep upon and his old blanket to cover him, and yet you and I would say that when sick with fever or the diseases peculiar to this climate, they need a comfortable bed, a quiet room, kind friends with gentle words and soothing touch, to speak of hopes beyond the grave - to cool the burning brow and parched lips. And yet, with all we do, how infinitely below all this will be the comforts we are able to proffer them. Every box of clothing, every jar of jelly or preserve, every bottle of stimulating drink that is sent them is needed - needed gravely.

I would say in conclusion, that I find nearly every soldier ready to converse upon serious things. They have thought much, I understand the sentence "the field is white for the harvest" as I never did before. This is a very healthy locality. I shall probably remain in this vicinity until needed more in other quarters, and then will make arrangements for the safety of all packages sent to my care.

Yours fraternally,

(Signed) John A. Cole,

Agt. Christian Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4, 1862.

Dear Brother: In response to your esteemed favor of the 3d inst., I beg to say that whilst there was considerable excitement in this city after the news of Saturday P. M., yet no such excitement as that you report in Boston. Our houses of worship were open and the services conducted as usual. A great interest has been manifested since then in behalf of our wounded soldiers. Contributions of hospital stores are flowing in very rapidly to the Christian Commission, which we are sending forward to Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis, in all of which places we have efficient agents for their distribution. On Saturday night our Commission dispatched 17 men for the recent battle ground. Seven of them reached Fairfax Station on Sabbath night at 10

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o'clock, and were actively employed the whole night on a field covered with 2000 wounded men. The scenes they passed through were indescribable. Our commission was on the ground in advance of any of the noble spirits who have since gone from the North to minister these brave soldiers. Tuesday about 10 more were sent. Since then we have more than 200 applications, but were advised by the authorities not to send any more men at present. I am glad to find that Boston has manifested so much interest in our brave men.

Yours,

(Signed) GEO. H. STUART,

P.S. If you are still in funds I would like for you to send a good lot of the Boston Tract Society's publications for the soldiers, put up like the last in parcels.

G.H.S.

Ladies Relief Association October 2, 1862¹¹¹⁰

The Christian Commission.

By the favor of Mrs. Chas. G. Davis [Hannah Stevenson Thomas], we publish two more letters from agents of the Christian Commission, encouraging all in its hearty support. It will be noticed that its agents act, not only as distributors of supplies, but as Assistant Surgeons on the field of battle, hospital nurses, and agents to look after the personal friends of applicants from all parts of the country.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 2d, 1862.

James Strong, Esq., Dear Brother. The moment I received your note of Aug. 30th, I went to the Hospital to see your friend, but found he had just been sent on to Baltimore, to make way for those recently wounded; he was somewhat better when he left and not considered in any danger. Our city presents a sad sight just now. For the past three days I have devoted all my time to the work of relieving the sick and wounded soldiers, in connection with the Christian Commission. We find among the stores a number of boxes from Boston. God bless the donors.

Yours in haste,

(Signed) WM. BALLANTYNE

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5, 1861[2]

My Dear Brother: Your letters from N. H. as well as that of 2d from Boston, come duly to hand and contents noted. The Portland Assistant sent me some \$60, as the result of your visit. Our association is at work among our city hospitals which are now so crowded that our churches are being occupied near the Baltimore depot.

At 3 o'clock P. M., word came into my counting room of Pope's fearful battle, and brother Boardman proposed to start at once, to work and in 2 1/2 hours got 14 others to accompany him, several of them being ministers who gave up their pulpits. One that I had some doubts about sending, turned out an excellent Surgeon and on Sunday night extracted 97 balls and dressed 100 wounds. Our deputation reached Fairfax Station at 10 P. M., Sunday, and their first night of war was a field of 2000 wounded and dead lying on the ground; to the first of whom they dispensed water and coffee all night and next day, and by direction of the surgeons took charge of sending those thousands of wounded braves into Alexandria. On Monday and Tuesday we sent off 10 more out of more than 200 applicants. Our work is daily increasing and takes up most

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of our time. Contributions of stores are pouring in from all parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey - an average of 10 to 15 boxes per day - I miss Patterson and Boardman very much. I can hardly read all the letters received.

Yours, &c., G.H.S.

President of Christian Commission

G.H.S.

Stockings to be Repaired October 11, 1862¹¹¹¹

THE ARMY. All persons writing to their friends in service, are requested to mention having the legs of stockings preserved and sent home to be repaired; whether by single pairs or collecting as many as possible, half the time and yarn may be saved. Great numbers will be called for; all who can knit will bear this in mind, and have them ready before the cold weather is upon us. [Editors will confer a favor by giving this suggestion a place in their columns.]

Ladies' Soldiers Aid Society December 18, 1862¹¹¹²

The rooms of the association in Middle St., will be open on Thursday of this week, and each succeeding Thursday, for making up parcels for the soldiers in camp and hospital. The battle is raging, your husbands, brothers and sons are among the wounded and suffering. Your immediate and efficient aid is needed to make up the supply of stock now on hand. How can you better employ your time and thoughts in their behalf, than thus contributing to their comfort. Not for pleasant social interviews, merely, are you urged, but from a sense of duty. COME AND WORK.

Sanitary Commission December 20, 1862¹¹¹³

The recent battles have exhausted the stores of the Sanitary Commission, and it has been made an urgent appeal for more contributions. We are requested to give notice that the rooms of the Association of this town are open every Thursday at 10 o'clock, A. M. and throughout the day, and all are requested to give all the assistance they possibly can, either in contributions or assistance at the rooms.

Report of the Ladies' Plymouth Relief Association January 22, 1863¹¹¹⁴

Since the month of July, 1862, there have been made and sent to the Hospitals through Sanitary Commission, Young Men's Christian Union, and private sources, the following articles:

Shirts, 261; handkerchiefs [sic], 403; drawers, 16; socks, 154 pairs; slippers, 143 prs.; towels, 33; caps, 26; flannel bandages 19; sheets, 32; vests, 46; dressing gowns, 9; quilts, 21; pants, 6; wine, 23 bottles; a box of jellies, preserves, lint, bandages, medicines, soap, stationery, coats, undershirts, dried apples - in fact, too great a variety to enumerate separately. The money for the purchase of materials was raised by contribution, and the work has been done by a very few. For instance, one lady has knit 30 pairs of socks since September.

We acknowledge most gratefully the kind assistance of Mr. Albert Barnes, who has aided us so cheerfully at all times, and in many ways. Our expenses are very small. By the kindness of our friends we are not obliged to pay rent for our room, or for the care of it. Through the well known generosity of the President of the Old Colony Railroad, we are now enabled to send boxes to the Sanitary Commission, free of charge. Fuel is at present the chief expense we are obliged to incur, but we trust some kind friend will remember us who has wood enough and to spare.

We appeal to all to assist us by money, articles of clothing, labor, or in any other way they can best afford. We must remember that the call is constant, and do what we may, can never be supplied. In this connection

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we quote from a letter recently received from a gentleman of this town, now at Newbern, whose judgment can be relied upon. He says: "We have an efficient branch of the Sanitary Commission here, representing the humanity and benevolence of Massachusetts and reminding us constantly that New England has still an eye upon us. Nothing looked more cheering on the march, than the large supply wagon following the train, with "Sanitary Commission," in big letters upon it. It may help to assure you of the usefulness and necessity of your present labors for Newbern, and to know that these two campaigns have exhausted the supplies on hand."

There are those still who say, "It is of no use to do anything, your time is thrown away, the soldiers will never get any benefit from your labors - they have to pay for every article you send." Granted that this is true, we feel that it is some satisfaction to say, "we have done what we could." But we deny the charge, and call any one to bring an instance where a soldier has been defrauded and cheated by any officer or agent of the Sanitary Commission. It will take stronger proof than we have yet had, to convince us that Dr. Bellows of Boston, and others of like character and position, would lend their aid to an association so mean and contemptible as some would have us suppose. The remembrance of those at Newbern, in Virginia, at the South and West, and on the broad ocean, who are near and dear to us, as well as the memory of the fallen, the simplest patriotism should urge us to do all we as women can do in this great struggle.

HANNAH S. DAVIS,
For the Society,
Plymouth January, 1863

Ladies Relief Assoc. - Contrabands January 22, 1863¹¹⁵

I wish to give notice through your paper of a meeting to be held at the rooms of the "Ladies Plymouth Relief Association," of Friday next, Jan. 23d, to do something for the contrabands. This seems rather indefinite, until we tell what is proposed to be done. I can do so no better than by quoting from a letter received from a gentleman of this town now at Newbern. He says:

"The Rev. Mr. Mears, the new Superintendent of Contrabands, is just getting his department into working order, and preparing to re-open the schools which were closed under Mr. Collyer. He is a Massachusetts man, somewhat advanced in years, of very engaging gentle manners, and a delightful spirit, and appreciates fully, I think, the work he has undertaken. Whatever he attempts, I should feel quite sure would be in the right spirit and faithfully carried out. But he begins of course with nothing. He has just written to Boston for teachers, but meantime he is in immediate need of clothing or the materials for making it. He has three camps of a thousand each, under his charge, besides two large congregations in town. Of these, the men work, and are supposed to earn their clothing from government. But the women and children are destitute. If you wish to do a benevolent act, which will be seen to accomplish its purpose, and can do it, pray make up a box of coarse garments for these women and children. Mr. Mears specified drawers and other under clothing, stockings, shoes, (of ordinary sizes) calicoes, needles, thread, buttons, and second hand garments of the same description, if wearable. You can fill up the interstices, if you choose, with spelling books, (especially if of a uniform edition) and slates.

Is not this a good chance to sow some seed in a virgin soil? Mr. Mears gave a very interesting account of reading the President's Proclamation in the two negro churches on New Year's Day. The poor creatures had been told beforehand that they were to be branded "U.S." on that day, and handed over to government as slaves. "They shall be henceforth and forever free," called out a most joyous response.

To this appeal I think we may unhesitatingly answer, we can do something. Not as abolitionists, not even as anti-slavery, but prompted by the common dictates of humanity to "clothe the naked." We must not wait till

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we have finished all our work at home. The "ten hour system" does not apply to women. Her work is never finished. Each woman can at least devote one day to this work of humanity.

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Soldiers' Relief Society¹¹¹⁶

It may be gratifying to those who have labored so assiduously in the Soldiers' Relief Society in this town, to see the result of their efforts. The Society has sent to the Sanitary Commission during the last year, the following articles:

132 quilts, 235 shirts, 219 pairs socks, 115 dressing gowns, 174 pairs drawers, 122 pair slippers, also caps, bed slippers, jellies, &c., others too numerous to specify. During the last month, the Society has sent away 49 quilts, 26 pairs socks, 14 pairs slippers, 8 dressing gowns, 6 pairs [?]. the have now on hand two or three dozen pairs of woolen drawers, made also during the last month, and to be sent off immediately.

Soldiers Relief Association March 26, 1863¹¹¹⁷

Who Are They!

We trust the treasurer of the Soldier's Relief Association, will furnish a list of the donors to the funds or stock of the association, that the public may be more interested, and often reminded by public example of their bounden duty to keep a constant supply from Plymouth to Plymouth's brave sons in the field. This course has a very desirable effect in Abington and other towns. We hope the S. B. will inaugurate a thorough system of contributions, so that no man shall escape the opportunity or lose the privilege of proving his sympathy with the cause and its defenders, or openly avowing himself a heartless ingrate and a contemptible renegade to his country, in the hour of her trial.

Sanitary Commission March 26, 1863¹¹¹⁸

Lecture.

The Unitarian Church was crowded to overflowing on Monday evening last, to hear Rev. George S. Ball, late Chaplain of a Mass. Reg., who gave a detailed account of the practical working of the Sanitary Commission. The collection for the benefit of that organization amounted to \$131.35.

Soldiers Relief Society January 15, 1864¹¹¹⁹

All the decorations of the late Sanitary Fair in Boston have been sent to the Soldier's Relief Society in Plymouth, to be made into quilts. There are hundreds of yards of cambric, cloths, &c., which ought immediately to be sent off made up into coat liners, for now certainly, if ever they are needed. A hundred yards of flannel is waiting only for willing hands to make it into drawers. Any one who will assist in doing this, will find the rooms of the Society open Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14th and 15th.

Soldiers Relief Society February 5, 1864¹¹²⁰

It may be gratifying to those who have been cared so assiduously in the Soldiers' Relief Society in this town, to see the result of their efforts. The Society has sent to the Sanitary Commission, during the last year, the following articles:

132 quilts, 235 shirts, 219 pairs socks, 145 dressing gowns, 174 pairs drawers, 122 [?], also caps, bed slippers, jellies, &c., too numerous to specify. Dating to last month, the Society has sent away 49 quilts, 26

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pairs of socks, 11 pairs slippers, 8 dressing gowns, 6 pairs [?]. They have now on hand two or three dozen pairs of woolen drawers, made also during the last month, and to be sent off immediately.

Bandages July 29, 1864¹¹²¹

There is a very urgent need at the present time for bandages, old linen and cotton; indeed, the all for these indispensable articles for the wounded, both in hospitals and field, was never so great as now. Nothing could be more serviceable to our surgeons than these, for the demand far exceeds the supply. The voluntary contributions of bandages are so inadequate that they have to be purchased at an enormous cost; \$150 per box having been paid in New York for them.

Ladies' Representative Recruit August 5, 1864¹¹²²

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, July 30th, 1864.

MADAM:

Your favor of the 28th inst. applying for a Representative Recruit in behalf of yourself and one hundred and forty-two other ladies of Duxbury, has been referred to me by Hon. H. K. Oliver, Treasurer of the Commonwealth. I am happy to be able to state that this is not the only instance in which ladies have asked to be represented upon the field of actual conflict, and this by proxy, to engage in the great struggle for national existence now going on.

I trust that the patriotic example of the ladies of Duxbury will be emulated by those of the whole Commonwealth, so that they may have the right to share the glories of ultimate (and I am confident not distant) success over a wicked rebellion, and to claim equally with the men of Massachusetts the gratitude of posterity for preserving the life of a great nation, and making that nation actually, as well as theoretically, free.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. DAY,
Provost Marshal Commonwealth
Mrs. GERSHOM B. WESTON,
Duxbury, Mass.

Soldiers Aid Society August 5, 1864¹¹²³

The ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$100, from the Hon. J. H. Loud - the amount of his extra pay from the last legislature. With this money, they have purchased materials for shirts and drawers for the sick and wounded in our hospitals, and they earnestly appeal to the women of Plymouth to assist them in their work.

General News

Governor's Commission June 8, 1861¹¹²⁴

The steamer Cambridge which sailed from Boston on Friday last for Fort Monroe, in which were Judge Thomas Russell, Hon. Wm. T. Davis, and Hon. J. Morrissey, came near being wrecked. As she entered the mouth of the Bay, a false light on the Virginia shore decoyed her, and she ran ashore on the sand beach, where she got off after considerable difficulty. Just as she got clear, a light appeared on shore - not a fixed light like

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that on Hog Island, but apparently a decoy, intended to represent the Smith Island light some miles below, toward Cape Charles. The effect of this diabolical device, with a stranger, would have been that in standing in for the supposed entrance to the Chesapeake, south of the light, he would have been led ashore; but the captain understood his position perfectly well, and could not be entrapped by such a device.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Times, at Fort Monroe, speaking of the arrival of the Cambridge says:

Judge Thomas Russell, Hon. W. T. Davis, and Hon. J. Morissey, a commission from Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, to look after her troops, arrived at Fortress Monroe on Monday, in the steamer Cambridge, from Boston. Brig. Gen. Pierce of Massachusetts was on board, with some fifty Sappers and Miners, and the cargo comprised provisions, tents and munitions for the Third and Fourth Massachusetts Regiments at the fort.

There are between eight and nine thousand troops now there, and accessions are constantly arriving. Gen. Butler's plans are not known, of course, but it is understood that he is preparing for a decisive and important movement.

Governor's Commission June 14, 1861¹²⁵

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor, to communicate to the public the following Report made by Hon. W. T. Davis and Hon. John Morissey, who have recently visited and examined the condition of our troops in the field in the service of the United States.

A. G. BROWNE, JR.,
Private Secretary.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Having been requested by your Excellency to examine into the condition, sanitary and otherwise, of the Third and Fourth Massachusetts Regiments, stationed in and near Fortress Monroe, we beg leave to report, that on the third of June we arrived at that place on board the steamer Cambridge, direct from Boston. A visit at that station of nearly five days duration, enabled us to form a good idea of the condition of Massachusetts troops there posted. At that date the following companies were stationed with the Fortress, and together with three hundred regulars made up its garrison, to wit:

[list of companies and captains omitted]

Ten of these companies make up the Third Regiment, and two are attached to the Fourth, but remain in the Fortress in consequence of a lack of uniforms, or muskets suitable for active service with their Regiment in the field... We are glad to be able to state that the health of the men composing these Companies was in the highest degree satisfactory. On the fifth of June, the day of our visit to the Hospital, their sanitary condition was as is shown by the following list of inmates [only listing Plymouth men]:

...

[The report continues for two full columns. Morissey writes further on the trip in the June 22 OCM.]

...

In conclusion, we beg leave to say that we have visited all the Massachusetts troops in the field, and have found them, wherever they are posted, doing honor to themselves and our beloved Commonwealth.

Respectfully,
Your obd't servants,

Plymouth Home Front

WILLIAM T. DAVIS
JOHN MORISSEY

To His Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Anonymous Correspondents June 26, 1862¹¹²⁶

We have a communication from a Middleboro' correspondent, which we should be pleased to publish, if he will comply with the "common law" of newspaperdom, and send us his name. Anonymous contributors are seldom welcome, however worthy their productions.

Correspondents September 4, 1862¹¹²⁷

Neither Soldiers, nor any one else in the army, are now allowed to correspond with the newspapers, which accounts for the silence of our army correspondents.

CAS Perkins Leaves the Rock September 9, 1862¹¹²⁸

Valedictory

With the present number of the Rock is suspended for a time, perhaps permanently, the editorial connection of the subscriber.

From the commencement of the war we have been most thoroughly convinced of the duty devolved upon every able-bodied member of the community, and of the fearful responsibility that must forever rest upon the conscience of those who shall not do all that lies in their power to arrest the advancing wave of anarchy and ruin, but hoped that the patriotism, virtue, and intelligence of the countless hosts of the North who have rushed to the battle field, would have proved more than a match for the misguided men who are striving to overthrow the best of human governments. We still hope and believe thus; but the magnitude of the struggle is day by day becoming more apparent, and the absolute need of every man fit for military duty, in the war service of the country, is too tangible to be longer hidden by any of the considerations that are usually decisive of men's action, when considering the question that now claims, or ought to claim the attention of all. With the belief that our services, however humble, may be of some avail, we have joined the patriot army, and for a time must bid adieu to the scenes that have heretofore been so closely interwoven with our whole experience.

Our successor, Mr. Geo. F. Andrews, of this town, is a gentleman of education and superior ability as a writer, and in whom we have all confidence, and the firm belief that our readers will thank us for the change when they shall realize it. Having had several years acquaintance with the people of our own and neighboring towns, as a teacher, he has many of the qualifications of a popular editor that will develop in due time. Though not a member of the democratic party, professedly, we know that he is a patriot, and with that we are content. But upon this point we prefer to let him speak for himself, as we know he can, to the satisfaction of all reasonable men. We most cordially commend him to the kindly regards and sympathy of all who feel an interest in the welfare and prosperity of this journal.

Though we can see but little to be gained by the machinery of party politics, while the nation rages with its present blind ferocity, and can realize the fact that nothing but hard knock, unrelenting, horrible war – "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt" – can extricate the nation from its troubles, we still have the most unbounded faith in the policy that has won our nation all its greatness, and most sincerely believe that the day has already dawned when the madmen and fanatics of both sections are to be consigned to their "own place," and the glorious principles of our fathers will again sway the nation's destiny. If, however, the friends of this press think it advisable to organize and carry on the usual political campaign, these columns will be open to all

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business notices, communications, &c., &c., that may be deemed essential to advance the movement, and it will be our pleasure to co-operate by any means within our power.

In taking leave of the patrons of the Rock it is but just to say that our experience in this relation has been far pleasanter than we had anticipated, and our measure of success, though not so remunerative as we could wish, yet is all, and more perhaps, than could reasonably be expected under the depressed condition of country newspaper business, that has prevailed during the last eighteen months.

The misgivings that so beset the future, when assuming the responsibilities and trials of an editorial function, have grown less formidable, and from a positive shrinking from its duties, we have almost learned to love the profession, and regret the present interruption – thanks to the forbearance and generosity of those we are proud to number as friends, in all sections of the county, and in all the walks of life. For them we shall ever cherish emotions of profound gratitude, and the memory of our first editorial campaign will ever remain a bright spot in the reminiscences of the past. Should it be our lot to resume the relations about to be severed, it will be with an enlarged experience and a confidence in our ability to do something in return for the many favors bestowed upon us, and with a zeal that can only be inspired by a genuine love of the work. If on the contrary this pleasure is not in store for us, it will be some consolation to know that we have tried to do something, and though our career may not stand the test which the “little iron man,” applies to duty, it shall not fail for any other reason than the all-conquering one of impossibility. With the hope that we may be permitted to correspond occasionally through the columns of the Rock, we bid our patrons and friends, with our brethren of the press, a kindly adieu.

C. A. S. Perkins

Salutation

Recognizing that most sacred of all obligations which the patriot citizen owes to a government, in a high and peculiar sense his own to enjoy and defend, the editor of this paper has buckled on the armor of the citizen soldier, responding nobly to his country's call in this the hour of her peril. Though moved with respect for his devotion, and gratitude for his self-sacrifice, the patrons of the Rock will lose a faithful supporter of their interests, a genial, courteous, and long tried friend.

Having accepted a proposal to assume, as well as I may be able, his duties for the coming year, the formalities of the change require but a brief suggestion as to the future. The greatest statesmen and best men of all parties unite in affirming that the dissensions of political strife, in the present exigencies of the country, are incompatible with the highest patriotism, and inimical to the best welfare of the Union. Concurring in a policy so just, and wise and good, we deem it a duty as well as a pleasure, to exchange the muddy currents and exciting whirlpools of party polemics, for the pure and might stream of broader patriotism, which flows deep and strong from the hearts of the people, in support of the constituted authorities, for the development of every resource and power in maintaining our common nationality.

While we will not compromise our own principles for any consideration, or tone down our opinions to meet the demand of any party or clique, but frankly and freely express them as occasion may require, yet we do not forget that the columns of the Rock, in the hands of the present proprietor, are open to all the interests that may concern the Democracy of Plymouth county, in whatsoever, manner they may deem desirable, for whose accommodation and business we shall always “be at home.”

But this is general and incidental. Our more particular and special effort shall be to make the paper worthy of a weekly welcome to the firesides of the Old Colony, as a valuable and interesting family visitor, copious in matters pertaining to the great struggle, teeming with local and county news, and varied with other subjects of interest and profit, thereby making it one of the most desirable mediums of home and foreign advertising in the County, by commending it to the notice of the people. In so doing our patrons will notice

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some changes, especially on the outside, which may be better considered as facts accomplished, than judged of as plans proposed.

Repudiating all personal aspersion and captious vituperation, we shall endeavor to cultivate the kindlier courtesies and amenities of journalism, willing to be advised by everybody, dictated by nobody, extending even justice to all, injury to none, watchful of the interests of our patrons, we hope to make the "*Plymouth Rock*" worthy at least in its sacred and immortal nomenclature, a paper useful in business, profitable for record, and agreeable in the family, for the whole people of the Old Colony. In the hope that the slight acquaintance already formed in its columns, with our readers may be still more valuable and pleasant in further development, we introduce ourselves to your favor and indulgence, while bidding an unwilling farewell to your former editor, uniting with you in sincere and earnest aspiration to heaven, that having nobly and faithfully served his country and seen the day star of peace once more arise, opening upon us it's glorious portals, he, with all our fathers, sons and brothers, may be returned in safety and honor to the bosom of their broken family circles, and the grateful welcome of the communities, in behalf and defence of whose liberty and interests, they have pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

Geo. F. Andrews

Editorial Changes at the Rock September 20, 1862¹¹²⁹

Our brother of the Rock having laid down the pen to grasp the sword, in the cause of Liberty and Law, against Slavery and Treason, has, in the last issue of that paper, made his retiring bow to his friends. We wish our friend every success in his new calling, and trust that the practical experience he may acquire of slavery and slaveholders, may induce him to know the subject is a somewhat different aspect from what he has regarded it heretofore. Although we have differed in the past in this respect, yet we are now upon the same ground; that of dealing the hardest blows by words he will strike as hard and strong as we could desire.

With the outgoing of the late Editor, is the incoming of the new, Mr. George F. Andrews, who we welcome cordially to the fraternity, and extend the hand of fellowship; may it be his good fortune to pluck the roses without feeling the thorns of the "sanctum," and may the 'devil' never catch him - without copy.

Roll of Honor October 16, 1862¹¹³⁰

MORTUARY. ROLL OF HONOR.
JOSEPH L. CHURCHILL, killed
EDWARD BRALEY, killed
THOMAS MAYO, killed
CHARLES H. ROBBINS, killed
JOHN CARLINE, killed
LAWRENCE R. BLAKE, killed
THOMAS S. SAUNDERS, died
FRANCIS A. THOMAS, died
GEORGE W. BARNES, died
JUSTICE HARLOW, died
GEORGE HEATH, died
WILLIAM DUNHAM, died
JOHN WHITTEMORE, died
WILLIAM ATWOOD, died.

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In Memoriam.

Brave heroic sons of ancient Pilgrim sires,
Vacant are your places; you're missed at heartstone fires.
Bugle note-resounding its warlike wild alarm,
Called from town and city, from village, hamlet, farm,
Tore from heart's loved idols with parting tear and sigh,
For your country's freedom ye noble dared to die.

Amor Patrias passion your martyr's blood hath sealed
Cries aloud for vengeance from many a battle-field,
Inland lake and river, from rolling western plain,
Verdant sea-girt island and Maxie's placid main,
By the waving palm tree, along the billowy strand
Where sways the rice and cotton in sunny Southern land.

'Neath shades of Cedar Mountain, Manassas' dark ravine,
Your graves are thickly lying with rebel mounds between;
Shenandoah's valley, by James' crimson tide,
Fast the life stream ebbing from fainting heroes' side,
Alleghany's Mountain, Antietam's gory field,
Witnessed deeds of valor when clashing columns reeled.

Orphan's smiles are over, wives in wild dismay,
Maiden's hearts are broken, mothers weep and pray,
Ashen lips are quivering, as one by one each name,
Electric flash announces from the field of fame,
Slowly ken the tidings, fainting turn aside,
Hearts deep piercing anguish and scalding tears to hide.

Hark ye ! Hear these paeans of victory from the field,
Names exultant shouted whose blood the triumph sealed;
Fame spreads the story how they fought and won,
Nobly, bravely dying with the setting sun;
Striped and starlit banner waving proudly o'er them
Freely gave their life blood for the land that bore them.

Bear historic columns, the sculptured marble raise,
Scribe the names of heroes who meet their country's praise;
High up the lettered tables recording exploits brave,
Who freed their native country from master and from slave..
When oblivion's shadow blots many a high-born name,
THESE shall ever brighten on the scroll of fame.

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Orphans ! Smile as ever; Wives ! Dispel your fears;
Maidens ! Cease your sorrow, Mothers ! Dry your tear,
God will ne'er forsake you, he'll make the bitter sweet,
Soon he'll call you Heavenward, your loved ones there to meet;
Through the shadowy portal when sinking calm to rest,
Glorious is the exit, patria mori dulce est.

CAS Perkins Ending Plymouth Rock Newspaper March 26, 1863¹³¹

To the Patrons of the "Rock."

Notice is hereby given that with the present issue of the Plymouth Rock, the proprietorship of said newspaper, under the name of C. A. S. Perkins & Co., ceases to exist. It is therefore absolutely necessary that all accounts with, and amounts due, the proprietors, should be settled immediately.

The undersigned, junior partner of said firm, will be at the office during the month of April, for the purpose of settling the affairs of the concern. All those who are indebted, either for subscription, advertising or job printing, are earnestly requested to call and settle, or remit by mail, the same immediately.

Agents and friends will please take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

S. P. BROWN, JR.

Consolidation March 26, 1863¹³²

"In Union there is strength." An aphorism particularly applicable to the Newspaper business in these troublesome times, and one on which we have decided to act in view of our own, and especially our patrons interest. We therefore take pleasure in announcing to our readers, that the plan for the union of the Plymouth Rock and Old Colony Memorial, which has been under consideration for a long time, has finally been satisfactorily arranged, and hereafter they will be issued as one paper, retaining their respective names and historical associations. Since our temporary connection with this paper, preparatory to a more permanent interest in the business, we have carefully considered its relations, its requirements and prospects, arriving at a very definite and decided conclusion: First, the interests of Plymouth and the people of Plymouth County, demand a good, able, high toned, reliable and largely circulated local county paper; Second, Plymouth is the town for the publication of such a paper; Third, no reasonable answer can be given to the very pertinent question of every sensible business man, why one the same business should be compromised by two contiguous concerns, involving duplicate expenses and ruinous competitions; Fourth, the new proprietors of each establishment engaged in the business with the same views and have favored the plan from the beginning. So far then as the financial aspects of the question are concerned, the reasons are conclusive and unanswerable.

The question of representative principles admits of a solution equally satisfactory to the most bigoted worshiper of the Rock or blind devotee of the Memorial. There are glorious memories we admit of the old Whig and Democratic parties in the palmy days of their honor and integrity, and we still reverence the honored names of Jefferson and Clay, Webster and Jackson. But to ignore the exigencies of the times and represent any purely political party tenets, now repudiated by the grand uprising of the people in defiance of their common heritage, is a conclusive guarantee of business insanity and doubtful patriotism. On the broad basis of a pure and noble patriotism, united by a holy and undying love of our common nationality, pledged by a lofty and unconquerable purpose of preserving at all hazards the integrity of our glorious Union, the entire mass of our

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intelligent population native and foreign, bond and free, is concentrating, uniting and fusing into a unit, opposed to which any croaking tory clique or purblind political servitors, will gain for themselves everlasting reproach, and its conscience slumbers not forever on its throne, like Randolph of Roanoke, write on their political death bed, Remorse! Remorse!! Remorse!!! Any newspaper representing such an element in our present common danger, will be consigned to a circulation of an intensely limited radius, among a class of readers disgustingly undesirable.

For ourselves personally we would as soon support that obsolete incarnation of wickedness, the Spanish Inquisition. With an ancestral Colonel who tells the story how Washington rode along at Monmouth, and wheeled his staff in front of his regiment to say, "Soldiers of the Rhode Island Line, I can depend upon you," with one brother stripped of property and hunted down by cut throat guerrillas, with another, the youngest, who ran the red gauntlet of James Island and Pocotaligo, unscathed and a third, the eldest, who trod the crimson heights of Fredericksburg undismayed, may we be forgiven if we ever have, and Heaven forbid that we ever should withhold one jot or tittle, from the fullest scope and force of all our influence, in support of "Our Country, our Government, Liberty and the Integrity of the Union," which will be the entire political creed, all and inn singular of the "Union Paper," we shall hereafter issue in place of the independent Plymouth Rock. For a better understanding of the advantages of the arrangement and greatly superior facilities, we shall possess for furnishing our subscribers with a paper thoroughly furnished with every requisite for a valuable county newspaper, we refer all our old and new friends, and all interested in the enterprise to the "Prospectus" of our next issue.

Rejoicing in Plymouth July 10, 1863¹³³

[Battle of Gettysburg] Never since the commencement of the war has there been such a spontaneous outburst of unrestrained enthusiasm and irrepressible joy, as has overpowered the public mind in view of the magnificent victories of our arms over a powerful invading foe, whose obstinate and determined courage was only surpassed by the heroic gallantry and immortal bravery of the volunteer freeman of the North, now changed from peaceful citizens to veteran campaigners. A powerful reaction from the severest pressure of anxiety to the top tide of relief and hope, actuated all patriotic minds. The news of Saturday went from mouth to mouth with rapidity, with great caution as to giving any confidence to premature reports of victory, only to be followed by still more and more disheartening news of a total rout. But on Sunday evening by the accommodation of Capt. Doten, the outlines of the great event were confirmed by a telegraphic despatch, which was read to a large company in the street, over whose faces a broad grin extended as the reader told the thrilling story of battles fought and victories won, on the ever memorable introductory days of July.

Monday was turned into a day of mutual rejoicing, culminating at the close of the day in a pouring out of the population into the streets to hear the loud mouthed "dogs of war" make the hills echo with their belching thunders; the bells peal forth their notes of victory, the Band pour forth their patriotic and soul stirring music, to see fireworks, illuminations, display of flowers, and every impromptu effort to show forth the gratitude of loyal hearts at the prospective salvation of our country from its dark days of trial and misfortune overwhelmed by a relentless, blood-thirsty, fratricidal crew of traitorous sons from the Paradise of slavery. And these sympathized with and supported by an unhatched brood of embryo traitorous cowards, who having neither pluck, spirit or courage to stand in the breach and defend the land of their fathers from being rent in twain and given over to eternal internecine strife, go abo like birds of ill-omen, disparaging their own government, their own army and their own leaders, or "damning them with faint praise," while they sympathize with, apologize for, and glorify the deeds of men whose hands are reeking with the blood of sons and brothers. Men who are the sworn enemies of their country, and plot only her downfall and irretrievable ruin. He who smiles at ta

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rebel success, aye, who weeps not in deep lamentation at every new reverse of our arms, lest the hydra headed monster of doubled dyed rebellion succeed, has already struck hands with traitors and is a heartless renegade to his country, whom history will ever hold up to the scorn and withering contempt of future generations.

Telegraph Improvement September 11, 1863¹³⁴

The American Telegraph Co. have built a new line to Boston, an extension of the Plymouth and New Bedford line. Hitherto this and the Cape Cod branch have formed a junction at Braintree, running into Boston on one line. Thus each line had to wait the convenience of the other when using this single section. Now they work independently, and are capable of accommodating their greatly increasing business.

Outrage and Mobism August 14, 1863¹³⁵

An act of villainy, exceeding in its cold blooded atrocity and diabolical spirit evinced by the perpetrator, anything ever before enacted in this town, and which has no parallel except in the acts of the ruffians and thieves who lately have made the mob of N.Y. city so opprobrious, was committed in this town on the afternoon of Wednesday last. The facts of the case, obtained from an eye witness, were as follows:

A person, called Luther Ripley, a notorious copperhead, and formerly we are sorry to say, of Plymouth, but who has lately relieved the place of his presence, was in a shop in this town indulging in his usual style of conversation about the "damned niggers." While he was talking, Thomas Dexter, a colored young man, who accompanied Col. Raymond home to this town, and who, since his residence of about six months, has won the liking and good will of our citizens by his good nature and his civil and obliging demeanor, who never has been known to give an uncivil or cross word to a person, and who has lately been drafted and accepted to fight for us, hearing the observation stepped into the shop and after a moment's pause asked this person, "what harm have the niggers ever done you, sir." Ripley glaring at him ferociously, replied, "what are you looking at me, for." "Because you were looking at me sir," was the reply. "Don't give me any more of your lip, d--m you," was the insolent answer. Dexter made no reply, and Ripley a moment after started to leave the shop, and when passing Dexter who stood near the door, and who moved civilly one side to let him pass, this brute struck Dexter a severe blow on the head, knocking him over, and then kicking him. But Ripley soon found that Plymouth was a far different place than New York, for before he had left town, he was stopped by a legal instrument, and his family were deprived of the pleasure of his company (?) that night, and he will be obliged to pay dear for the fun of knocking down a "nigger."

The question as to which should be called a man and a gentleman, to those who know the parties, would not wait an instant for an answer, between Thomas Dexter the pleasant, cheerful, good natured and polite colored man and Ripley coarse, brutal, passionate and with other vices that it is hinted were the cause of the present outrage. We trust that a sufficient penalty will be exacted that will learn the person and all his sympathizers that here at least, black or white, rich or poor are equally under the protecting AEgis of the law and that the spirit of mob violence will be summarily dealt with and promptly punished.

Reminiscences From Dixie January 1, 1864¹³⁶

We have received from L. B. Hayward of Co. B, Independent Battalion Mass. Cavalry, and to whom we are greatly obliged for his favors, a piece of the rebel flagstaff of Fort Wagner, upon which waved the rebel flag, when the noble Shaw and his gallant band were slain upon its parapet, and from which the accursed ensign was pulled down in disgrace afterwards by our conquering army.

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From the same kind friend we have received a specimen of the South Carolina winter lily, a beautiful and fragrant flower, may it bloom ere long on loyal soil.

Many thanks, friend Hayward for your specimens; go on conquering and to conquer, and remit us as many pieces of rebel flagstaffs taken, as you can.

Gun Mounting Machine¹³⁷

We have been shown at the Plymouth Mills the second of Bates' patent machines for hoisting and mounting heavy guns, which is intended for Fortress Monroe. With the power of four men, guns of twenty-five tons weight are lifted with ease and held suspended by this machine as long as desired. It is the invention of Mr. Caleb Bates of Kingston, in this County, and is justly appreciated in the service.

The first, especially adapted to gun work, is now in use in the Charleston Navy Yard. It is proposed, in the machine for Fortress Monroe, to mount the entire construction on four stout wheels six feet in diameter, perfectly arranged and braced. It is pronounced by scientific experts to be a marvel of compactness and simplicity, adapted both to hoist and to lower with less friction, and consequently with less labor and less wear, than any other mechanical combination known.

We understand Mr. Bates proposes to patent several improvements in the detail which he has introduced in these government machines. The workmanship of this machine is of the most substantial character, and reflects great credit upon the mechanical skill of its superintendence.

Monument to Heroic Dead January 15, 1864¹³⁸

...

Is it not time for the citizens of Plymouth to take some step to insure such a just memorial to the memory of her noble sons who have fallen in this mighty struggle "for the establishment of constitutional liberty and free institutions?"

May we not say too, what place more fitting could be chosen, what spot more appropriate for the monumental shaft suitably embellished and inscribed to the memory of our heroes of this noble struggle for the preservation of the government and principles of our "forefathers" than the "sacred Hill," where repose the ashes of the illustrious founders of the Republic, now being regenerated with the spirit of true liberty and civilization? If the spirit of the fathers still animates the children, the town will cheerfully make a liberal appropriation for such an object.

Would it not add to the interest and popular appreciation of Pilgrim Hall, to have a collection of full sized photograph likenesses of our brave martyrs, encircling an appropriate manuscript reference to the time, place and circumstances of their deaths. Neither the proud and stately form of Carver, nor the portraits of scholars and historians need blush at such presence. The art preserved liniments of the most rugged and toil-worn of the noble band would attract more attention than even the "old governors."

Will Plymouth let such names as Collingwood, Holmes, Wadsworth, Churchill, Mayo, Blake, Whittemore, and many others equally deserving, wane in public sympathy and interest until they are forgotten? If there is any real patriotic fire, any real gratitude to these sacrificing spirits, or sympathy and interest in their bereaved families and orphan children, they will carry out such a plan; and in thus honoring the loved and lost, best console and assuage the grief of the stricken living martyrs of the war.

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Honored Relics January 29, 1864¹³⁹

The soiled and battle torn flags of the different Massachusetts regiments as they are replaced by new regimental colors, are to festoon the ceiling and columns of the Doric Hall in the State House. From the following schedule it will be seen the 3d, 4th, 18th, 23d and 38th regiments, so well known to Plymouth and the neighboring towns, are represented. We hope the 29th, whose banners have been unfurled in every battle on the Peninsula, at Bull Run, Antietam, Vicksburg, Jackson and Knoxville, will not long be omitted.

On the 1st column, to the left as you enter the centre door, there are two from the 1st regiment; 2 from the 3d; 2 from the 4th; and 2 from the 5th.

On the second column opposite, 3 from the 6th; 2 from the 8th; 1 from the 9th; 2 from the 10th.

Third column, 2 from the 11th; 2 from the 12th; 1 from the 13th; and 2 from 15th.

Fourth column - 2 from 16, 1 from 18th, 2 from 19th, and 2 from 20th.

Fifth column - 2 from 21st, 1 from 22d, 2 from 23d, and 1 from 26th.

Sixth column - 2 from 27th, 1 from 28th, 2 from 30th, and 1 from 33d.

Seventh column - 1 from 38th, 2 from 43d, and 2 from 41th.

Eighth column - 2 from 45, 2 from 46th, 2 from 47th and 2 from 48th.

Ninth column - 2 from the 50th, 2 from 51st, 2 from 52d.

Tenth column - 2 from 53d, 1 from 54th, 1 from 1st Battery, 2 from 7th Battery and 1 from 8th Battery.

There are 69 flags in all and they make quite an imposing display.

A large number of them are much tattered and torn, and of several but a few shreds remain. Of the 54th Regiment flag there is nothing left but the staff, which has been placed with the rest. It will be recollected that the color-guard of the 54th had a hand-to-hand engagement with the rebels for the possession of this flag at Fort Wagner, which resulted in the rebels tearing the color from the staff, while the Federal soldiers retained only the staff.

Another flag is that borne by Sergeant Plunkett, of the 21 regiment, who lost both his arms while defending it.

A history of each will soon be placed upon the columns it encircles.

Major Morissey raised the first on Saturday last and was to finish the decorations before the evening on Monday morning. Nothing that can add to the comfort and attractions of the State House escapes the attention of the indefatigable(?). Sergeant-at-Arms, whose annual election is likely to prove as unanimous as it was the present year, until "infirmities of age" deprive the state of his valuable services. We predict this will be a long time, as do the Major's friends know that he grow (?) with years, his fresh, genial, jovial face ... [illegible].

The Veterans February 5, 1864¹⁴⁰

It has been a subject of common remark that no finer, more intelligent, or neatly dressed company of volunteers have been seen in our streets than the returning veterans of the 32d and 23d regiments. They show themselves men worthy of all respect by their quiet, manly bearing and freedom from dissipation even in these days of excusable hilarity. On Wednesday evening the enterprising proprietor of the Plymouth Rock House gave a welcome supper to about twenty of their number, who sat down to his bountiful and generously supplies tables, and enjoyed an hour in "filling their haversacks" with extra rations and the interchange of social good will. Capt. Farris, an "old veteran," presided, and welcomed the company to the host's hospitalities, while speeches were made by Capt. Rogers, Private Carnes, and others. Lieut. Drew spiced up the affair with

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patriotic toasts and remarks. With hearty cheers and a vote of thanks to their “commissary,” the party broke up well pleased with the entertainment.

Disgraceful July 22, 1864¹⁴¹

DISGRACEFUL. We saw a fine looking but wearied soldier hobble by our door on crutches from the cars one evening this week. His leg seemed to be shattered at the knee, and the lower half of the limb at right angles with the upper. Must such heroes drag their weary and crippled limbs through our dusty streets on foot? It is a shame. Neighbor Finney, don't let another wounded soldier walk home. Take them in and call at our office for the fare, though Granville is too generous hearted a man to care a fig for the “fate” if he filled his coach with wounded soldiers, while Whiting would rather carry them on his back. But private carriages are the proper places for such men.

Convalescent August 5, 1864¹⁴²

We are happy to see...

Capt. Drew, Serg. Holbrook, Holmes, Perry and Thrasher, are all fast mending their ways and broken limbs, to the gratification of friends.

Burial of Departed Heroes October 28, 1864¹⁴³

Friday, October 21st, 1864, will ever be remembered by those who participated in, or witnessed the mournful services conducted at the Universalist Church in this town, that day; and it seems to us old Plymouth never had so solemn a scene in her streets, or one that occasioned so many and varied thoughts and emotions. Three of her young men were carried to the silence of the tomb. Inspired by the purest promptings that can move the human heart; in the health and vigor of early manhood, and when life was brightest and full of promise, they had gone forth to battle for the noblest cause that ever called for sacrifice and toil, and had sealed their devotion with their lives.

The church was filled, and the services, fitting and impressive, conducted in the following order:

A sweet and appropriate chant, “God's will be done,” Reading of Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson; Address by Rev. Mr. Poole; Hymn, “Give to the winds thy fears;” Remarks and prayer by Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, concluding with the Funeral Ode “Go to thy rest.” The caskets during the services were in the entry of the church, draped with the Flag (so dear to those whose forms, motionless and still, rested beneath its “starry folds”,) and bearing affection's wreaths of flowers and green. At the conclusion of the ceremonies in the church, the caskets were placed upon biers, and borne, three abreast, by members of the company to which the deceased belonged; comrades who had shared with them the toils, dangers and glory of active service. Others of the company, followed by six officers who have returned from the war, and the Plymouth Brass Band, formed the escort. Immediately after each casket, followed the chief mourners and relatives, and after them one long procession of acquaintances and friends. The cortege moved to the plaintive music of the Portuguese hymn, played by the Band, and the continued mournful roll of the muffled drum. The sidewalks, the Square, and the grounds around the tomb, were crowded with people to witness the sad scene, and evidence their sympathy.

For this town, the procession was remarkably well conducted, and very nearly carried out the intentions of the sexton, (Mr. Raymond;) and to his commendable thoughtfulness and labors to have everything done decently and in order, much is due.

Plymouth Home Front

While the mourners and long procession were passing around the tomb, the Band played, "Peace, troubled soul." Its suggestions and plaintive strains could but tend to comfort the sorrowing hearts.

After the procession had moved away, the escort, right in front, marched to Union Hall building, the Band playing a lively air, and were dismissed. Thus ended the outward demonstration of respect to the departed heroes, and sympathy for the mourning relatives and friends; but the emotions and thoughts the occasion created in each breast will long continue, and bear precious fruit.

Different from this, and yet, it seems to us nearly connected, were the services of the evening, the giving of a new Flag (the Stars and Stripes) to the liberty loving winds. The afternoon had witnessed the burial of those who had died in its defense, and to maintain the principles it ever should, and hereafter, thank God, it ever will, symbolize to the world; and it was fitting that the evening should witness the love the people bear it, and a renewal of pledges of devotion of fortune, of life, and of sacred honor, to it, and the country whose flag it is. It was refreshing to hear the affirmations of the firm old puritan, whose heart is right, if his head did lead him astray four ago; and the address of the Rev. Dr. Was unexceptional in its purity; true as steel in every thought advanced; creditable alike to the speaker and the cause he was serving; and from its hearty, joyous reception by the dense crowd can by do good and increase the desire for a discontinuance of this war in such a way only, as will vindicate the honor of the nation, blot out the foul stain of slavery, and thus by removing the cause of this terrible conflict assure posterity it will never have the work to do over again.

Rest Poem [Seth Paty] October 28, 1864¹⁴⁴

Mr. Editor: Friendly regard for the departed, who were my companions in youth, and comrades in battle, and sympathy for the mourning families prompted the following lines, chanted at the burial service of Sergeant Wadsworth, and Corporals Hayden and Collingwood.

Rest. Soldiers rest! Your toils are o'er,
The conflict ended; victory won,
And Peace in Heaven forevermore.
God's will be done.

Rest. Comrades rest! No more on earth
Shall bugle "call," or beat of drum
Disturb! No war alarms henceforth.
God's will be done.

Rest. Patriots rest. And o'er your urns,
Our tears will fall; not ours alone,
The nation weeps, and deeply mourns.
God's will be done.

Rest. Brothers rest! And each shall wear
A crown, the gift of God's dear Son.
While mourning here, we breathe the prayer,
Thy will be done.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Rest, loved ones rest! We give you up;
The sacrifice, a costly one;
The Father holds the bitter cup.
His will be done. His will be done.

Abraham Lincoln Re-elected November 11, 1864¹¹⁴⁵

VOTE OF PLYMOUTH

For President		For Governor		For Representatives to General Court	
Lincoln	819	Andrew	808	Eddy	755
McClellan	158	Paine	158	Doten	781
				Seat.	2

Election in Plymouth November 11, 1864¹¹⁴⁶

Plymouth has rarely shown such life and animation on any similar occasion than on Tuesday. The weather was very unfavorable, with the clouds and fog, extreme good nature prevailed among all parties, flags were flying on the flag-staffs, and across the streets, with inspiring mottoes, the shop windows presented attractive combinations of red, white and blue, particularly those of Messrs Strong, J. H. Harlow & Co. Who besprinkled [sic] the blue "field" with many an emblematic star. The Misses Damon also tastefully arranged their windows with patriotic colors and mottoes.

Every available voter was brought out, sick and well, halt and blind We shook hands with Capt. John Allen, who stood straight and firm with the weight of ninety years, and chatted lively with Branch Pierce, while Bourne Spooner, Esq., entertained them by calling up many interesting reminiscences that had rested silent and dormant in memory for half a century.

The Hall was well filled through the day, and the heavy vote polled showed the deep interest the people felt in the momentous interests involved. An excellent lunch was furnished at headquarters.

There was a large crowd at Leyden Hall till midnight, who were entertained by homemade speeches and telegraph reports. At two o'clock on Wednesday morning, the town was illuminated with lurid light of a dozen or more tar barrels, and the bells rung, which was not a part of the "programme" and ought not to have been in the "plan."

Illuminate! Illuminate!!

There was a general rejoicing over the great victories of the week, last evening. To give form and opportunity for the unbounded enthusiasm of the people, the Town Committee got up a programme, consisting of a grand cavalcade and torchlight procession, national salute, and fireworks. The "Dragoons" formed on the "Green" under the direction of Capt. Baxter. The people met en masse, on Main Street, and joined the procession, which was escorted by the Plymouth Brass Band through Court, Russell, Summer, High, Market, Sandwich, Pleasant, Leyden and North Streets to Shirley Square, where the multitude were entertained with music, fireworks, and illuminations. The bells rung, the cannon roared, the music resounded, bonfires and torches illuminated the whole heavens, and the people shouted for joy.

Caucus November 11, 1864¹¹⁴⁷

The largest ever held in Plymouth was convened at Davis Hall, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5th. Mr. George F. Weston called the meeting to order. Hon. Wm. T. Davis was chosen Moderator. After considerable

Plymouth Home Front

discussion by Messrs. Whitman, C. G. Davis, Esq, Charles O. Churchill, Whiting and others, the meeting proceeded to ballot for candidates for Representatives to General Court with the following result:

Whole number of ballots	321
Necessary for choice	161
John Eddy	159
Charles C. Doten	99
Henry Whiting	89

On motion of Mr. J. D. Baxter, Mr. John Eddy was unanimously chosen as one of the Republican nominees.

Lemuel Bradford 2d, also moved to make the nomination of Charles C. Doten unanimous.

Furloughed Soldiers November 18, 1864¹⁴⁸

We have received the following from Provost Marshal Hatch which will be of interest to furloughed soldiers.

“All officers and men absent from their commands, will return to the same immediately, and all furloughs or leaves of absence revoked, except as to commissioned officers absent on sick leave in orders, or by virtue of certificate of disability, duly filed, as required by the Regulations of the War Department. Every man in military service is required to be on his proper duty, or at his proper post at once. All failing to report will be arrested as deserters and returned with charges.”

Yours, very truly,
A. D. HATCH,
Capt. And Pro. Mar.

Lemuel Bradford November 25, 1864¹⁴⁹

Mr. Editor: That den on the corner of Court and North Streets, from which weekly issues a sheet bearing the name of Moses Bates, editor and proprietor, we should judge more in the service of his traitorous master, Jeff Davis & co., than any one else; and as the said Moses, with his vile sheet, are about gasping their last breath I Plymouth, he seeks notoriety by daring a voter on election day to call him a traitor, perhaps a sketch of this self-conceited puppy may not be uninteresting to some of your readers.

It seems that Moses first came to light in an obscure part of the town of East Bridgewater. His father, I think, was a good old honest country blacksmith. After endeavoring a great number of years to teach his son Moses the same respectable trade, which he had gained a livelihood at, Moses, after repeated attempts, gave up in despair. He was going to be a great professional editor; or, perhaps, vile slanderer. Therefore, at about the age of forty, having been blackened over with charcoal dust to preserve him, (that being a good preserver,) he emigrates from his father's domicile to Plymouth. He seemed to have a great responsibility resting upon him, no less than the whole weight and care of the future of Plymouth, and the rest of the country.

Now, the advice of a good parent to a dutiful son like Moses - who had served him faithfully about forty years in trying to learn the blacksmith trade, though had failed to learn only the black part of it, by the amount of dirty work done by him since he emigrated to Plymouth; the other part he failed to learn for the lack of some commodity in his upper story, which cannot be brass, for that crops out all over his cranium - now the advice would naturally run somewhat in the following manner: “Moses, you was born the son of a poor blacksmith, your aspiring nature leads you to a higher calling. Who knows but what you may in the distant future fill that

RETURN OF THE DEAD

responsible office of hog reaf," (which, if memory serves me right, he did grasp at, but failed to reach,) "I have always taught you there was a jail in Plymouth, and I trust may never be said you were confined there for stealing cotton and pianos, should you venture as far south as New Orleans. Are you not inclined that way a little, or buying such as may have been stolen?"

Arriving in Plymouth, with a small amount of money, but still smaller amount of brains, by one of these singular freaks of nature he turns up 3d Lieut. To the printer's devil in the Plymouth Rock office. There he remains in obscurity till about the time of supplying Plymouth with South Pond water, when lo, and behold! Appeared a great civil engineer, by the name of Moses, that could survey the route from Town Square to South Pond, which I venture to say, every school boy over ten was as familiar with as with his A B C.

I wonder if he is sponging the town out of water rent to supply that den of his with.

It seems he wanted the reputation of being taxed, so he next turns up purchasing some old pasture land; but who ever heard of his paying anything but mortgage notes?

Then he passes again into obscurity, and remains, except when he occasionally splurges to the surface to spew some vile slander about some good citizen, which naturally enough only makes himself the blacker, till about the second year of this rebellion. With great professions of loyalty, but more, I think, to save himself from starving, and his family from the almshouse, he thinks that by his great experience as civil engineer in surveying the enormous rout of two miles for the Plymouth Water Works, that he must be a great military engineer. Out of charity, no doubt, or to get him out of his way, that heroic and noble general, Butler, interceded with Gov. Andrew to allow him to wear shoulder straps, and sent him to Ship Island. If, on his return, he did report to Gen. Butler that Ship Island was not fit for military base for operations against New Orleans, it must have been on account of that shoulder strap, which swelled his head to such dimensions, that he must have imagined himself surveying Clam Shell Alley for the Plymouth Water Works. That appears to be about all he ever accomplished in his eighteen months' service as a military genius and engineer.

That is the last we hear of this military hero till he turns up inside of a place prepared for felons and thieves, somewhere down in Louisiana. Was it for his signal service as an engineer or freeing negroes inside of Union lines? Oh, no, no. Was it for stealing cotton and pianos, (and shipping them North,) or for trafficking in contraband goods with the rebels? Let history be silent on such transactions for the memory of the good old sire of East Bridgewater.

We next find him knocking at the door of convention assembled in Chicago, trying to gain admittance. Whether his credentials read "Elected delegate from the Penitentiary by felons and traitors," or not, he is dumb on that point; although no doubt traitors were there assembled, yet to their credit be it said they kicked him from their doors as too contemptible a thing for them to associate with.

We next hear him whining about Plymouth for McClellan and Pendleton.

We next hear of him daring a voter of the town to call him traitor, which was done by one Bradford, merely to give him an opportunity to display his military Engineer skill; but the whining Moses cowed down like a whipped cur dog, and meekly replied that he had freed three negroes; but the coward forgot to tell how far outside the Union lines he went to get them to free, and sneaked out of the Town House as though he had a stolen piano on his back, and crept into that den of his on the corner of Court and North Streets, fortified himself behind a few walking whiskey barrels, and then how brave! Why, I suppose he thought as he had engineered such formidable breastworks, that he could whip the whole Union armies, and disgrace his master, Jeff Davis, into the bargain.

He says he paid seventy five dollars to recruit the Union armies, that the cowards Bradford and Atwood might stay at home. But rather wasn't it paid to a negro as a substitute, for his cowardly son to stay at home, that being all he would have been worth to the Government, compared in the ratio of his father's services, to

Plymouth Home Front

act as an assistant in shipping pianos North; or it might with propriety have gone to the Government towards paying for his board behind grated windows at some Penitentiary at the South.

He next turns up writing a false biography of one Lemuel Bradford, 2d; the blacksmith, as he sneeringly calls him, who worked in the Government blacksmith ship at Fortress Monroe, the first summer of the rebellion (with the thermometer at 100 to 110 most of the time,) after first assisting the Plymouth boys in the destruction of Gosport Navy Yard. But as he could not aspire to a more worthy subject than a poor blacksmith, he may yet be able to finish his trade by learning the smith part at the public expense, with a straight jacket on.

He is not going to pay any more taxes in Plymouth. He don't state the reason; that as he is in the employment of Jeff Davis & Co., he has to get his pay in rebel script. Unfortunately for him, as it does not pass current in Plymouth for taxes, he will have to emigrate to the land of Dixie, ceding his den and Sentinel, (by the way, [?], as its owner needs guarding,) which was to have been a permanent institution in Plymouth, had his master, Jeff Davis, been elected President; but it will soon expire, with that steam printing establishment, which never existed only in the cracked brain of Moses; though by the looks of that den of his, it has been there and exploded, as the north wing of it has been entirely blown off, and the remaining portion cracked from garret to cellar. The crank to the engine may be there yet, and may be turned occasionally by the man that voted for Moses for a peck of potatoes.

And as the paper appears to be gasping its last breath by the explosion of its steam machinery, which gave it its fatal wound, and shattered Moses' den so that it is unsafe even for a blacksmith to enter, I write this that Moses can blow his last blast at Lemuel Bradford, 2d, to keep him gasping till he gets back to the old domicile from which he emigrated; where those little animals whose mission it is to devour corruption, and thereby purify the atmosphere, which have gathered upon him so thick, by the constant flow of vile matter from what little brains he ever had, will consume him from the sight of decent people, and leave no stench for our East Bridgewater friends to inhale.

LEMUEL BRADFORD, 2d.

CAS Perkins Funeral March 17, 1865¹⁵⁰

SAD RETURN. Mr. William M. Perkins, of Plympton, has returned from New Berne with the bodies of his brothers, C.A.S. and Lucien Perkins, who met with such an untimely and melancholy fate, by the pestilence that cut down its thousands in that desolated city. There is left for the large circle of friends of the deceased only the sad satisfaction of laying the bodies of the mourned and departed, among the friends and near the homes and scenes of their youthful years, instead of leaving them among strangers in a strange land.

FUNERAL NOTICE. The funeral of the late C. A. S. Perkins, Esq., will take place this (Friday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of S. P. Brown, on Summer street.

Conclusion of the War

Chapter 15

Conclusion of the War

The War Ends

Headlines April 7, 1865¹⁵¹

Richmond Evacuated!!

Petersburg Ours!

Three Rebel Brigades, Several Batteries and Thousands of Prisoners Captured

The Enemy's Lines Shattered Our Army Sweeping all Before it

Editorial

Without comment or addition to display the weakness of words, we give below the glorious tidings that have filled the whole country with rejoicings in the true and unexaggerated telegrams of victory and final triumph, which embody the splendid operations of our armies during the week's campaign that placed Richmond in our hands, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN JEF.. DAVIS' CHAIR OF STATE.

The Latest Intelligence April 7, 1865¹⁵²

The latest intelligence is that Lee's army was divided, and was retreating from Richmond in two columns on the north and south sides of the Danville Railroad.

Despatches from the front up to noon of yesterday show that upwards of twenty five thousand prisoners had been captured, that rebel deserters and stragglers were being picked up in large numbers, and that with the prisoners already taken, Lee cannot have left more than thirty thousand men all told.

Advices, official and unofficial, also show that the enemy destroyed immense quantities of artillery and munitions of war.

It is as yet a matter of conjecture where Lee has gone, but the general belief here is that he has retreated with his army towards Danville, where he will probably join Joe Johnston, via Greensboro, N.C.

Before the evacuation of Richmond the Rebels blew up their rams and forts in James River, the explosion of which was terrific, resembling an earthquake, and was heard for miles around.

Our gunboats have arrived up James River and are now engaged in removing obstructions.

Headlines April 13, 1865¹⁵³

PEACE!

The Closing Victory OF THE WAR!

SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY!

TERMS OF THE CAPITULATION, GENERAL PAROLE.

HIS ARMY TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES

Arms and Artillery to be Given Up.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Rejoicings in Plymouth April 13, 1865¹¹⁵⁴

Monday, the 10th day of April, 1865, will long be remembered in this town as the day which brought to our inhabitants the news of the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee and his army to our own noble "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. From the tenor of the news late Saturday night, we were prepared to expect something startling within a short time; but in spite of our fore-warning, when the glorious news flashed over the wires, "GEN. LEE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY SURRENDERED TO GEN. GRANT YESTERDAY," it seemed to take every body by surprise, and from every door rushed forth our citizens, old and young, male and female, regardless of appearances of dress or body. "Where's the fire?" was the general inquiry, when the bells began to peal forth their joyful sounds. But the fire companies did not need their machines to answer the peals of the bells, as they joyfully rung out the glad tidings.

In a very short time, Main street was crowded with our citizens, all full of patriotic feeling, and anxious to manifest in some way their joy at the glorious news just flashed over the wires. Flags were run out, cannons and small arms began to peal forth their thundering notes, and cheer after cheer rent the air, while friends met on the street and congratulated each other on the joyful news. As a natural consequence, the Plymouth Brass Band assembled in Shirley Square, and as "Old Glory" was flung to the breeze on the tall flag-staff, they played our national airs; and as good old "America" was being played, the crowd could contain themselves no longer, but joined in one spontaneous chorus, and we venture to say, that peace never was sung with more feeling and appreciation than on that occasion.

In order to thoroughly celebrate the day, it was necessary to have some speaking, and with loud applause, our staunch old whig friend, Dr. Gordon, was prevailed upon to mount the rostrum which had been improvised for the occasion. He delivered a short but pithy speech, full of patriotic thought and feeling, closing with a sketch of the manner in which he thought the old rebel, Jeff Davis, ought to be dealt with, which was heartily appreciated by the crowd.

Rev. Dr. Brooks followed with a few eloquent and forcible remarks, full of that patriotic fervor which characterizes the Dr.

Remarks were also made by Rev. Mr. Humphrey, Charles G. Davis, Esq., and Charles H. Paine, Esq., of Halifax, which were received by the assembled multitude with long and continued applause.

It was then proposed to visit old "Plymouth Rock," and a procession was formed, headed by the band, which marched through Main, Leyden, and Water streets to the "Rock," around which all gathered, and united in singing "America," and as the music of the good old tune filled the air, we could not help thinking that some of the same feeling must have filled the hearts of the Puritans when they united near the same spot, over two centuries ago, and gave thanks to God for preserving them through the perils of the deep, in order to plant here that germ which has flourished until we to day rank among the first of the nations of the earth.

The procession then proceeded to Shirley Square again, and formed a circle around the flag-staff, from the top of which waved the glorious emblem of our national freedom, and after hearty cheers for the "Stars and Stripes," Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Grant and the Union, the meeting dissolved, not however without some lingering around the spot, as if anxious to manifest a still more deep and fervent joy at the glorious news.

In the afternoon, services were held in Christ Church, conducted by Rev. Dr. Brooks, which consisted of prayers and thanksgiving and the beautiful songs of praise of the Episcopal service, and never did they seem more appropriate and fitting.

Conspicuous among the scenes of the day was that of an aged negro, who had lashed and old-fashioned tin-oven in front of him, upon which was a paper, bearing the inscription, "Thank God, we are free." He marched through the principal streets drumming upon both ends of the oven, followed by a crowd of boys,

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with horns, drums, bells, &c., and attracted the attention of every one. His manifestation of joy was original, but none the less heartfelt.

It was intended to hold services in the Unitarian Church, but the inclemency of the weather prevented that, as also the fireworks, which would have added greatly to the eclat of the occasion.

Taken as a whole, we think there never was a day when every one seemed so full of joy and patriotic feeling in Plymouth. It was a spontaneous outburst of that deep-seated feeling which has clung so tenaciously to the old Union, which "MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED." As long as our people are imbued with the feeling which manifested itself so decidedly on Monday, we need never fear but that "The star spangled banner to triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Details of General Lee's Surrender April 13, 1865¹¹⁵⁵

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

April 9 - 9 o'clock P. M.

To Major Gen. Dix:

This Department has received the official report of the surrender this day of Gen. Lee and his army to Lieut. General Grant on the terms proposed by Gen. Grant. Details will be given as speedily as possible.

EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.,

4:30 P. M., April 9

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Gen. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon upon the terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT, Lieut. General

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

April 9, 1865.

To Lieutenant-General Grant, Commanding Armies of the United States.

Thanks be to Almighty God for the great victory with which He has this day crowned you and the gallant armies under your command. The thanks of this Department, and of the government, and of the people of the United States, their reverence and honor have been deserved and will be rendered to you and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your army for all time.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Surrender of Johnson's Army May 5, 1865¹¹⁵⁶

Gen. Grant's Terms Accepted.

WAR DEPARTMENT, April 28th - 3 P. M.

To Major Gen. Dix:

A dispatch from Lieut. Gen. Grant, dated at Raleigh, 10 P. M., April 26th, just received by this Department, states that "Johnston surrendered the forces in his command, embracing all from here to the Chattahoochee, to Gen. Sherman, on the basis agreed upon between Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia."

RETURN OF THE DEAD

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The terms granted Johnston embrace in the surrender, four armies of the Military Division of the West, but excluding the fifth - that of Dick Taylor - lying west of the Chattahoochee river. Among the Generals surrendered is Beauregard. Principal among the Lieutenant Generals is Hardee. Bragg, lately relieved of command, was not surrendered. Wade Hampton refused to be surrendered, and is reported to have been shot by Johnston in an altercation; but a more trust worthy report is that he fled in company of Jeff Davis.

The number actually surrendered is 27,400, although more names are given. All the militia from South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and the Gulf States are included.

The Close of the Rebellion June 9, 1865¹⁵⁷

Congratulatory Address to the Armies

Gen. Grant has issued the following congratulatory address to the armies:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Adj. General's Office,

Washington, D. C. June 2, 1865

General Orders No. 109.

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States:

By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, and by your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery - the cause and pretext of the rebellion - and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

Your marches, sieges and battles in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results dim the lustre of the world's past military achievement, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of the American citizens.

To achieve the glorious triumphs and secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and scaled the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

Lieutenant General.

Proclamation of Amnesty June 2, 1865¹⁵⁸

The President has issued a proclamation of amnesty and pardon to persons engaged in the rebellion, who have failed to take the benefit of the proclamations of amnesty issued by the late President Lincoln, with restoration to all rights of property except as to slaves and where legal proceedings in confiscation of the property of such persons have been instituted, on condition that every such person shall take an oath to support the Constitution, the Union and all laws and proclamations made during the rebellion with reference to emancipation. Among the classes of persons excepted from the benefits of amnesty, are civil or

Conclusion of the War

diplomatic officers, or foreign agents of the rebel government, all who have left judicial stations or seats in Congress to aid the rebellion, military officers above the rank of colonel and naval officers above the rank of lieutenant, all who resigned commissions in the army and navy, officers educated at West Point or the Naval Academy, Governors of rebel States and participants in the rebellion whose property is worth more than \$20,000. A clause is inserted providing for cases in which special application for pardon may be made to the President.

The President has issued another proclamation appointing W. H. Holden Provisional Governor of North Carolina, with power to call a convention of the loyal people for the purpose of amending the Constitution of that State, and to protect the people in restoring the State to the Union. Persons voting for delegates shall take the oath prescribed in the Amnesty Proclamation, and shall be qualified to vote as prescribed by the laws of that State as in force before May 23, 1861, the date of the secession ordinance. The convention or legislature afterwards assemble will prescribe the qualifications for electors - a power the people of the State have always rightfully exercised.

Lincoln's Assassination

The Nation's Loss April 21, 1865¹¹⁵⁹

Eventful week! Darkest page in history! Another "WOE" added to the mystic seven. A fearful epoch which must forever clog the annals of crime with its most damning record of fiendish atrocity.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, Saviour of his country, EMANCIPATOR of an enslaved race, the GREAT, the GOOD, the MERCIFUL man, idolized by all the people, and honored throughout the world, falls by the foul and murderous hand of the midnight assassin, instantaneously helpless, stricken, dying.

Doubly dark and direful is this memorable day, already cursed with the dying agonies of the world's Saviour. Strange the sun did not veil its face, and temple arches, rent with rocking quaking earth, part asunder.

Friday, April 14th, was a day when the LOYAL PEOPLE of the Republic were well nigh translated on the mountain heights of inexpressible joy. Four years of unparalleled military achievements had reinstated the national authority in every State, and unfurled the national banner over every fortress of the Federal Government, and the surrender of magnificent and powerful armies, with the downfall of the rebellious capital, all culminated on that day in glorious rejoicings, the climax of which was the public celebration on the raising of our glorious ensign once more over the grim and smoking walls of Fort Sumter, with the bitter, unrelenting, malignant rebellion utterly crushed, and the foul blot of the "sum of all villainies" removed from our escutcheon.

For this great salvation and stainless regeneration every patriotic heart ascribed the praise under God to the matchless wisdom, fearless courage, immovable purpose, and immaculate honesty of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the chosen instrument of Divine Providence to save his country from wildest anarchy, bloodiest strife, and irretrievable ruin, and yet this day doomed to such a martyr's death.

Lighting from out a clear sky, crashing thunders at noon-day brightness, a sweeping avalanche from the dome of heaven, could not have fallen darker, heavier and more mercilessly paralyzing on the whole nation, than the astounding words flashed along the lines of silent speech, "Abraham Lincoln is shot through the head by an assassin's hand."

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Grief, like an incubus, weighs down the public mind. The national heart is broken. Men look into each other's blanched faces, and speechless, with forebodings and despair.

But a single grand and hopeful feature is evolved by this overwhelming calamity. It is the universal, predominant and all-pervading faith in God, the instinctive trust of a religious people in the Divine hand that has smitten them in love with the full belief, though He

“Moves in mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

yet his face shines behind the cloud, and light will yet spring out of the darkness, cheering the nation's grief, healing its wounds, and vindicating its honor to the deep humiliation and just punishment of all its enemies.

Flags at Half Mast April 21, 1865¹⁶⁰

PATRIOTIC All the vessels at the Water Side have their colors at half-mast this week. We noticed one English flag among the rest, which reminds us that our Canadian and Provincial neighbors are commending themselves to our favor by a real sympathy and official tokens of respect for our heavy national calamity.

Mourning in Plymouth April 21, 1865¹⁶¹

Saturday was a notable day in Plymouth. sadness, grief, sorrow, and the usual terms of mourning, give not the slightest conception of the utter desolation of spirit that oppressed every heart as it recoiled and fainted [?] the terrible and shocking news announcing by the telegraph at half-past nine, A. M.

As if by common consent, the Unitarian church was crowded at noon by our stricken community, to unite with our clergymen in solemn heartfelt prayer and supplication for a resignation, humility and trust in an overruling Providence in this mysterious event. Rev's. Messrs. Hall, Tomlinson, Brooks, Poole, and Humphrey made most appropriate and impressive addresses, all of which were worthy of a place in our columns, had we space.

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL

Wednesday will long be remembered as a day devoted to a single idea and purpose - that of uniting with the whole loyal people of the United States in solemnizing the funeral ceremonies of the late lamented and beloved President.

Probably no event ever united the vast population of our land in such universality of thought and feeling as absorbed the entire community between the hours of eleven and two o'clock this national day of mourning and burial.

From Saturday till Wednesday public meetings, speeches, eulogies, resolutions and sermons had prepared the public mind for the occasion; while every outward symbol of mourning had been improvised, and every design of art and ingenuity devised to give expression to the public woe.

In Plymouth, business was entirely suspended, even to the running of trains on the Railroad, President Holmes having issued the following order, on official mourning notes:

“Old Colony & Newport Railway.

No passenger trains will be run upon this Road on Wednesday, 19th inst., between the hours of 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M., and 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M., during the funeral of the late President at Washington.

ALEX. HOLMES, PRES'T.

Boston, April 18, 1865

Conclusion of the War

The different churches were crowded with their respective congregations, who listened to impressive sermons appropriate to the occasion. The public buildings and private residences were very generally draped with mourning, and flags decorated with crape everywhere floated at half-mast, in silent but touching eloquence.

The American Telegraph Company issued orders to the principal Offices to drape in mourning. Plymouth being included, Capt. Doten got up an elaborate decoration. The front of the building was heavily festooned with spiral entablature and rosettes, a beautiful flag at half-mast, with ensigns draped in his window, ornamental production and portrait of ABRAHAM LINCOLN resting on a dais of black velvet ornamented with stars.

The most tastefully arranged window was that of S. M. Burbank, Maj. Bates had the Court House and porticoes elaborately decorate, while the windows of his private residence were bespangled with stars on a black ground. Bates' building was profusely decorated with flags, and the flag-staff heavily draped with the long flag at half-mast. The MEMORIAL & ROCK Office displayed the National Ensign appropriately decorated, a fine portrait of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, draped with the stars and stripes, festoons of crape, surmounted by an Eagle and shield similarly draped. The Bank building, Post Office, Ballard's, and all the stores on Main street gave evidence in their full decorations of the public spirit of the proprietors.

On Court, North, Leyden, and Summer streets, nearly every house displayed signs of mourning, many of them very elaborate. Among the most tasteful were those of R. R. Hall, Wm. H. Whitman, Mrs. John Russell, whose residence bore the palm for refinement of taste in its rich decorations, Wm. R. Drew, Nathaniel Russell, J. D. Churchill, Samoset House, Wm. Atwood, 2d, George Weston, Jas. Morton, David Drew. Mrs. Mayo's was the only house on Water street, decorated. Mrs. Burgess and Mr. Place's, on Sandwich street, were noticeable.

Stillness, quiet and order marked the day long to be remembered in our community, as one of peculiar and impressive sadness.

Funeral of President Lincoln April 21, 1865¹¹⁶²

The funeral ceremonies of the illustrious Chief Magistrate of the United States were celebrated with great pomp. The day was beautiful, "the one perfect day of all the year" the crowd immense and the ceremonies impressive beyond description. The prayer was by Bishop Simpson, and sermon by Rev. Dr. Gurley, President Lincoln's pastor.

The corpse was then removed to the hearse which was in front of the door of the Executive Mansion, and at two o'clock the procession formed. It took the line of Pennsylvania Avenue. The streets were kept clear of all incumbrances, but the sidewalks were densely lined with people, from the White House to the Capitol. The roofs, porticos and windows, and all elevated points, were occupied by interested spectators.

As the procession started, minute guns were fired near St. John's Church, the City Hall, and the Capitol. The bells of all the churches in the city were tolled.

The first in order in the procession was a detachment of colored troops, then followed white regiments of infantry and bodies of artillery and cavalry. The navy, marine and army officers were on foot. The pall-bearers were in carriages, next to the hearse, drawn by six white horses. The coffin was prominent to every beholder; the floor on which it rested was strewn with evergreens, and the coffin was covered with white flowers. Then followed the President and Cabinet, the diplomatic corps, members of Congress, Governors of State, delegations from various States, fire companies, civic associations, clerks of the various departments, and others, all in order of procession, together with many public and private carriages, all closing up with a large number of colored men.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The body was conveyed to, and deposited in the rotunda of the Capitol. This was the longest funeral procession that ever took place in Washington. One hour and a half was occupied in passing a given point. It was in the highest degree imposing and many thousands of hearts throbbed in unison with solemn dirges as the procession slowly moved upon the way.

Inauguration of President Johnson April 21, 1865¹¹⁶³

The Cabinet Officers Retained.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington,

April 18 - 3 P. M. 1865

The official notice of the death of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, was given by the Heads of the Departments this morning to Andrew Johnson, Vice President, upon whom the Constitution devolves the office of President. Mr. Johnson, on receiving the notice, appeared before Chief Justice Chase and took the oath of office as President of the United States, and assumed its duties and functions. At 12 o'clock, the President met the Heads of the Departments in a Cabinet meeting at the Treasury building, and among other business the following was transacted:

First - The funeral of the late President was referred to the several Secretaries, as far as relates to their respective departments.

Second - William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the disability of Mr. Seward and his son Frederick Seward, the Assistant Secretary.

Third - The President formally announced that he desired to retain the present Secretaries of the Departments in his Cabinet and they would go on and discharge their respective duties in the same manner as before the deplorable event that has changed the head of the Government.

An address was presented, signed by the Heads of Departments, in response to which Mr. Johnson remarked:

Gentlemen: I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to do duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me.

As to an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me to the administration of the government, I have to say that it must be left for development. As the administration progresses the message or declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future is in reference to the past. The course which I have taken in connection with this rebellion must be regarded as a guaranty of the future. My past public life, which has been long and laborious, as I in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of right which lies at the basis of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government, and I believe that the government, in passing through its present perils, will settle down upon the principles consonant with popular rights, more tolerant and endearing than heretofore.

I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long labored to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and an honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. The duties have been mine; the consequences God's. This has been the foundation of political creed. I feel that in the end the Government will triumph and that these great principles will be permanently established.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall rely upon you and others in carrying the Government through its present perils. I feel, in making this request, that it will be heartily responded to by you and all patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people.

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At the conclusion of the above remarks the President received the kind wishes of all present. All were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the recent sad occurrence that has caused the necessity for a speedy inauguration of the President.

Mr. Johnson is in fine health and has an earnest sense of the important trust confided to him.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Additional Details of the Assassination April 28, 1865¹¹⁶⁴

We gather some additional details of the assassination of President Lincoln from the Washington correspondence of the New York papers:

STATEMENT OF MR. JAMES P. FERGUSON.

Mr. James P. Ferguson went to the theatre with a lady of Friday night for the express purpose of seeing General Grant, who was announced to be present. Mr. Ferguson saw the Presidential party enter the box.

When the second scene of the third act of the play was reached Mr. Ferguson saw (and recognized) John Wilkes Booth make his way along the dress circle to the President's box. Of this box Mr. Ferguson had an excellent view, being seated in the dress circle just opposite to it, next to the private boxes on the other side of the circle. This seat he had purposely chosen to afford his companion a good view of the Lieutenant General, and, was narrowly watching the President's box.

Mr. Ferguson watched for his appearance in the box, desiring to see who in that party the actor could be on such intimate terms with as to feel warranted in taking such a liberty. Whether Booth shut the door of the little corridor or left it open behind him Mr. Ferguson fears to state positively; but from what he observed of the door, and for reasons hereafter to be stated, believes he did shut it. The shot was the next thing Mr. Ferguson remembers. He saw the smoke, then perceived Booth standing upright with both hands raised, but at that moment saw no weapon or anything else in either. Booth then sprang to the front of the box, laid his left hand on the railing in front, but was checked an instant, evidently by his coat or pants being held back by somebody.

Mr. Ferguson and Booth had met in the afternoon and conversed, and were well acquainted with each other, so that the former immediately recognized him. Booth stopped two steps from the door, took off his hat, and, holding it in his left hand, leaned against the wall behind him. In this attitude he remained for half a minute; then, adds Mr. Ferguson, he stepped down one step, put his hand on the door of the little corridor leading to the box, bent his knee against it, the door opened, and Booth entered, and was for the time hidden from Ferguson's sight.

A post in front obstructed the view of Mr. Ferguson, but Booth soon changed his position and again was clearly seen by Mr. F. He now had a knife in his right hand, which he also laid upon the railing where he already passed between the folds of the flag decorating the box, his spur, which he wore on the right heel, caught the drapery and brought it down, tearing a strip with it. When he let go the railing he still clutched the shining knife. He crouched as he fell, falling on one knee and put forth both hands to help himself to recover an erect position, which he did with the rapidity and easy agility of an athlete.

Having recovered his equilibrium, Booth strode across the stage to the first entrance, pausing behind the actor on the stage (Harry Hawk.) When he reached the other side of the stage, just ere he became invisible by passing into the entrance, he looked up, and Mr. Ferguson says he heard him say, "I have done it," and then lost sight of him.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Mr. Ferguson visited the theatre yesterday, and, with Miss Harris, the lady who was in the box with the President, her father, Judge Olin, of the Criminal Court, and Judge Carter, examined the box.

The puzzling hole in the unused door of the box was closely scrutinized by the light of a candle, and was found to possess indubitable marks of having been whittled with a knife. The ball extracted from the head of the President is of much larger diameter than the hole. The edges of the hole show the marks of a knife-blade very clearly.

When the shot had been fired Miss Harris rose to her feet to call for water for Mr. Lincoln, and distinctly noticed a bar of wood placed across the door of the little corridor, one end resting against the wall into which it was partially let by a cut, or rather an indentation scooped in the wall. The other end was braced against the opposite part of the door frame. This bar, as the door opens inward, would effectually delay, if not wholly prevent, all ingress to the box from the dress circle, and would also detain the egress of any one in the box.

Miss Harris also recollects that a pocket knife, with one blade open, lay on the balustrade of the box, when she and the other three members of the Presidential party entered it.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT

At the moment of the fearful deed the President was seated in a large and comfortable crimson velvet patent rocking-chair, his right elbow upon the arm of the chair, and his head resting upon his hand. The left hand was extended to pull gently aside the flag (belonging to the Treasury Guard) which draped the side of the box nearest him. His eyes were directed toward the orchestra, a kindly smile upon his face. At this instant the assassin burst open the door immediately behind the President, and deliberately shot him, as stated in the accounts of the press. It was all the work of a moment! This flash of the pistol, the curling of the smoke, were scarce noticed, when the murderer was seen to spring from the box upon the stage beneath, some twelve feet distant.

Mrs. Lincoln was sitting facing the President and as the assassin advanced between them, he cried loud enough to be heard all over the house: "The South is avenged!" He then rested his left hand upon the velvet cushion which ran round the front of the box, and leaped easily to the floor of the stage. Before this, Capt. Rathbone, a stepson of Senator Harris, of New York, attempted to seize the assassin, but the wretch turned as quick as lightning, and drawing a knife dealt him a severe blow.

This slight detention, however, had the effect to cause the spur of the murderer to catch in the fringe of the State flag alluded to, and he fell, striking his right knee and thigh, and dragging the flag from its fastening down upon the stage with him, and detaching the spur, which he left behind him. As he arose he exclaimed: "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" and staggered across the stage in a tragic manner, and brandishing the large knife which we had drawn, cried again: "I have done it," or "It is I who did it!"

THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION.

The President's box at Ford's theatre is a double one, or what ordinarily constitutes two boxes, in the second tier, at the left of the stage. When occupied by the Presidential party the separating partition is removed, and the two are thus thrown into one. This box is entered from a narrow, dark hallway, which in turn is separated from the dress circle by a small door. The examination of the premises discloses the fact that the assassin had fully and deliberately prepared and arranged them for his diabolical purpose previous to the assembling of the audience. A piece of board one inch thick, six inches wide and about three feet in length served for a bar, one end being placed in an indentation excavated in the wall for the purpose about four feet from the floor, and the other against the moulding of the door panel a few inches higher than the end of the wall so that it would be impossible to jar it out of place by knocking on the door on the outside.

The demon having thus guarded against intrusion by any of the audience, next proceeded to prepare means of observing the position of the parties inside the box. With a gimlet or small bit he bored a hole in the

Conclusion of the War

door panel, which he afterwards reamed out with his knife, so as to leave it a little larger than a buckshot on the inside, while it was sufficiently large on the outside in the dark entry for him to place his eye against with convenience, and see the position occupied by the President and his friends. Both box doors were perforated in like manner.

But there were spring locks on each of these doors, and it was barely possible that they might be fastened. To provide against such an emergency the screws which fastened the bolt hasps to the wood had been partially withdrawn, and left so that while they would hold the hasps to the wood they would afford little or no resistance to a firm pressure upon the door from the outside.

DELIBERATE PREPARATIONS FOR THE MURDER.

Having thus provided for a sure and easy entrance to the box, the next business was to insure a clear and unobstructed passage to this locality of the victim by such an arrangement of chairs and sofas as would place the other occupant at considerable distance from him. The rocking or easy chair occupied by Mr. Lincoln was found in the front corner of the box farthest from the stage. Another, for Mrs. Lincoln, a little more remote from the front, while the other chairs and sofa were all placed on the side nearest the stage, leaving the centre of the spacious box clear for the bloody operations of the actor. These preparations were neither conceived by a madden brain, designed by a fool, nor executed by a drunkard. They bear most unmistakable evidence of genius, industry and perseverance. In the perfect accomplishment of a deliberate murder.

A Day of National Mourning Appointed April 28, 1865¹¹⁶⁵

Pres't Johnson's first Proclamation.

Whereas, by my direction, the Acting Secretary of State, in a notice to the public on the 17th of April, requested the various religious denominations to assemble on the 19th of April, on the occasion of the obsequies of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, and to observe the same with appropriate ceremonies; and, whereas, our country has become one great house of mourning, where the head of the family has been taken away, and believing that a special period should be assigned for again humbling ourselves before Almighty God in order that the bereavement may be sanctified to the nation;

Now, therefore, in order to mitigate that grief on earth which can only be assuaged by communion with our Father in Heaven, and in compliance with the wishes of Senators and Representatives in Congress communicated to me by a resolution adopted at the National Capitol, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby appoint Thursday the twenty-fifth day of May next, to be observed wherever in the United States the flag of our country may be respected, as a day of humiliation and prayer and recommend my fellow citizens then to assemble in their respective places of worship there to unite in solemn Service to Almighty God, in memory of the good man who has been removed, so that all shall be occupied at the same time in contemplation of his virtues, and sorrow for his sudden and violent end.

IN witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-fifth day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President,

W. HUNTER, Acting-Secretary of State

RETURN OF THE DEAD

A Memento From Plymouth May 5, 1865¹¹⁶⁶

A bouquet of Mayflowers, from the wood slopes of Plymouth, bent their fresh petals to kiss the wan cheeks of our lamented President, and distill their sweet fragrance around the sleeping brow that no earthly crown could adorn or glorify. A lady in Philadelphia, to whom it was sent, threw it into the coffin as soon as the lid was raised. Born of Pilgrim dust, let it waste with the patriot dead!

Day of Humiliation and Prayer May 12, 1865¹¹⁶⁷

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor:

A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF Special Humiliation and Prayer

Whereas, the President of the United States appointed Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of May, current, “a day for special humiliation and prayer,” and recommended the people “then to assemble in their respective places of worship, there to unite in solemn service to Almighty God,” and did by subsequent proclamation “suggest that the religious services recommended as aforesaid should be postponed until Thursday, the first day of June next.”

Now, therefore, to the end that the said first day of June may be duly established and promulgated within this Commonwealth as a day of humiliation and prayer, in recognition of the recent bereavement of the nation and of the people by the lamented death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, late President of the United States, I do hereby, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the first day of June next, to be observed as a day of humiliation and prayer throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. And I recommend to all the people that they unite before the altars of religion, and in all their holy places, in the solemn offices of prayer, penitence and humiliation, receiving consolation in their grief for the loss of ONE who was honored as the official head of the nation, and revered and loved for his virtues and fidelity, by contemplating the rewards of a faithful and obedient life in the bliss of immortality.

And may Almighty God, the Father, Redeemer, and Comforter of mankind, accept our offering, save this people, tenderly comfort them in every sorrow, illumine their minds and encourage their hearts by the visitation of His Love and Grace; and establish us a nation on immovable foundations of Truth, Justice and Eternal Right.

Given at the Council-Chamber, in Boston, this fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and the Independence of the United States of America the eighty ninth.

JOHN A. ANDREW,

By his Excellency the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary,

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Booth Shot and Killed April 28, 1865¹¹⁶⁸

The Conspirators

Just as we go to press, the following dispatch was received by telegraph:

“John Wilkes Booth has been SHOT AND KILLED! Harold, his companion, was captured. They were in a barn near Port Royal, Virginia. Booth’s body is now in Washington!”

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Account of Booth's Capture May 5, 1865¹¹⁶⁹

"Perley's" special dispatch to the *Journal*, gives additional particulars of the pursuit and capture of Booth. Lieut. Baker, after ascertaining that the assassin and his accomplice Harrold [[David Herold](#)] had hid in the barn, advanced to the door and knocking with the butt of his revolver said:

"Booth, we want you."

"Here I am," replied the assassin, "who are you, Confederate of Yankee?"

Lieut. Baker informed him who he was, and summoned him to surrender, but met with a defiant refusal.

Quite a parley ensued - Harrold at one time expressing a desire to surrender - which Booth rebuked, denouncing him as a coward. Booth could see the party outside through the cracks of the barn, but they could not see him. He swore that he would never be taken alive, and declared that he could kill at least five men and then kill himself should they attempt to break into the barn.

At last Lieut. Baker, fearing that the guerrillas and paroled rebel soldiers, with whom the country swarmed, would come to the rescue, posted the cavalymen around the barn, and going to one end of it, which was filled with hay, pulled some out through a crack and lighted it. The flames ran up the crack to the top of the hay-mow over which they spread. The inside of the barn was now lighted up. When Booth first saw the fire he clambered up on the mow and vainly attempted to extinguish it. He then returned to his position on the floor between the two doors, with his back against the hay-mow, a revolver in each hand, and a Spencer carbine between his legs. Meanwhile the soldiers had approached the barn, and Harrold, dropping his pistol, gave himself up - receiving Booth's maledictions as he left the barn. Just afterward the roof over the hay mow began to crackle, as if it was falling in, and Booth made a movement. Some of those who were watching him say he was about to kill himself, while others declare that he was intending to break out and escape. Be this as it may, Serg't. Corbett had a sight at him through a wide crack with his cavalry six-shooter, and pulled trigger. The ball entered about where the President was shot, but passed entirely through Booth's head.

"It's all up now!" shrieked Booth, "I'm gone!" and he staggered towards the door of the barn.

Lieut. Baker received him, and taking him from the blazing barn laid him on the ground, then sat down and took his head in his lap.

Booth did not deny his crime, and showed no sign of repentance or of humanity, except to ask Lieut. Dougherty to give a message to his mother.

His death was not easy, but at three minutes after seven his spirit passed into the presence of an avenging God.

Nothing remained for the party to do but go regain their steamboat at Belle Plain.

They had to bring Booth's body in a cart and at first Harold had to walk, to which he, as a Maryland gentleman, objected. But after a rope was placed around his neck, with a slip noose, and the other end of it was fastened to a cavalry man's saddle, he started off, taking good care that the rope should not tighten.

Trial of the Conspirators May 19, 1865¹¹⁷⁰

From the New York Tribune

THE PRISONERS, &c.

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1865.

Yesterday all the vigilant reporters were agreeably surprised by being admitted to the Court room where the assassins and conspirators are on trial. On being admitted we found ourselves in a room some 25 or 30 feet wide and 40 or 50 long, with six gated windows on the side and ends.

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On a raised platform across the west and elevated two feet from the floor, are seven men prisoners, with as many more soldiers and detectives, sitting on a bench along the wall and behind a stout wooden fence. They have apparently filed in, one by one, from their cells, through a new iron door at the end of the platform.

The accused are all heavily ironed, hands and feet, the detectives sitting among them to secure to them a fair identification by witnesses.

Dr. Mudd, the most intelligent, is quite attentive and composed, and sits further from the door. Arnold is nervous and fidgety, evidently frightened. Payne, who attempted to murder the Seward family, was in his gray shirt-sleeves, without coat or vest. He is quite tall, hair fighting cut, bad face, forehead villainously low, and head almost flat in the moral regions. He meets one's gaze with unflinching eye.

Spangler looks as if constantly trying to control himself. O'Laughlin is alert, and has heavy black hair, with moustache and imperial.

Atzerott [Atzerott] is a German, five feet eight, and sits sullen and indifferent; has not much sensitiveness.

Mrs. Surratt is permitted to sit down near the table occupied by the court, at the side of her counsel, Reverdy Johnson, and has manacles only upon her ankles. She is a stout widow of sixty, and closely veiled all day. During the first days of her appearance she exhibited great stolidity and defiance, but 50-day for the first time she shed tears and was quite agitated when the testimony regarding herself was being taken.

The testimony elicited by the court during the week demonstrates beyond question that Vice-President Johnson was to have been slain by Atzerott. Mr. Johnson was in his room all the evening and Atzerott took a room "at the hotel on that fatal Friday morning in which and Booth were in conversation. At 9 o'clock that night, after the President went to the theater, a horse was at the door, but when Booth fired the cowardly shot Atzerott's courage seemed to have failed him, for he ran from his room without assaulting Johnson, leaving his pistol under the pillow and a bowie knife under the mattress, his coat upon the wall and fled on the horse. He was arrested in Charles County.

The Assassination Trial May 19, 1865¹⁷¹

The details of this important trial have monopolized public interest for the past week. The secret session of the first day was understood to have been occupied with evidence in support of the charges against the rebel leaders. Although what little of it now known to the public points to their complicity, yet the evidence is not so explicit and overwhelming as one could wish, if they are personally responsible for the dark deed. But the facts brought out involving the guilt of all the accused present were far more full and conclusive than was expected, including Dr. Mudd, Edward Spangler and Mrs. Surratt. We shall publish the leading points of the trial next week.

Trial of the Conspirators May 26, 1865¹⁷²

We copy the following details of the trial of the conspirators from the Washington correspondence of the *Boston Advertiser*:

The reading of the important letter addressed to and favorably indorsed [sic] by Jefferson Davis was listened to with intense and breathless interest by all in the court room. His handwriting was identified beyond all question by several witnesses. As a whole, the testimony taken to-day furnishes most conclusive proof of the complicity in the great conspiracy of every one of the prisoners at the bar except Spangler, and of many others not yet captured. The re-appearance of Weichmann upon the stand gave the counsel for the Surratts and opportunity, by cross-examination, to probe the solemn mystery of his relations with the conspiring household. The witness was very nervous, but stood the ordeal well. He testifies that about March

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20th and armed party of six, including John Surratt, Booth, Atzerodt and Payne, set out from the Surratt House, and came back greatly excited and disappointed.

The cross-examination failed to make Weichmann acknowledge any disloyal acts of his own. He owned that he had been taught a rebel cipher, but denied having made any use of it. He suspected, from the conference at Surratt's, that they must be engaged in blockade running and a plot to break open the Old Capitol Prison, or the schemes to capture the President of which the press had given some hints. He communicated his suspicions to Captain Gleason at the War Department, who thought them absurd. The evidence of Weichmann, on the whole, tended to confirm the story about his position telegraphed you last evening. He is to be called by the counsel for the Surratts, who will once more do their best to break him down.

The man who found Atzerodt's knife on F street the day after the murder testified to that fact and the detective who arrested Atzerodt swore that the prisoner told him he had thrown away his knife and pawned his pistol and weapons found in his room at the Kirkwood House belonged to Herold. Several witnesses testified to suspicious movements and manner of Atzerodt on the night of the murder and for some time previous, his possession of weapons, etc.

After the recording and identification of the startling letter of Oldham to Davis, various witnesses testified as to the bar found fastening the door of the box at Ford's Theatre, and the bar, spotted with Major Rathbone's blood, was produced in court. Nothing connecting Spangler with this incident of the conspiracy has yet been brought forward.

The case of Sam. Arnold, hitherto interrupted by the evidence, was then taken up, and the letter from him to Booth, published shortly after the murder, was read and fully identified. The detective who arrested Arnold at Fortress Monroe testified to finding a pistol in his baggage. It was upon the cross-examination of this witness by Arnold's counsel that some of the most important facts yet published were brought out. The questions asked were objected to by the counsel for Atzerodt, O'Laughlin and Herold, and for some time there was very lively sparring between the lawyers for the different accused. The judge advocate remained neutral, and the court for a time seemed somewhat fogged by the singular controversy. The statements of Arnold to the detective were finally admitted.

It appears that he confessed being present about the middle of March at a meeting of the conspirators at a hotel here at which Booth, John Surratt, Atzerodt, O'Laughlin, a man nick-named Mosby, and another, unknown, were present. The plot discussed was for the kidnapping of the President from Ford's Theatre, and the part assigned to Arnold in his own words was to catch the President as he was thrown out of the box. The debate was very animated. Arnold said if the deed was not done that week he should withdraw from the scheme. Booth became very angry at this, and said he should feel justified in shooting Arnold for his remark. After that, according to Arnold's confession, he had nothing to do with the plot. When he was concerned the scheme was to abduct the President and take him south for the purpose of compelling an exchange of prisoners, Arnold acknowledged writing the letter Booth, and said after that he gave up the conspiracy as impracticable and went into the employ of a sutler at Fortress Monroe. He says Booth furnished him with arms and when he withdrew told him to dispose of them as he pleased. Further statements by Arnold were objected to by the judge-advocate. The testimony revealed the fact that Arnold made a written confession on the seventeenth of April, which has not yet seen the light in this trial, although in the possession of the government officers.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The Conspiracy Trial May 26, 1865¹⁷³

Some thirty witnesses for the prosecution were discharged on Saturday evening last from further attendance upon the trial of the assassins, as their testimony would only be cumulative and therefore consume unnecessary time. By the testimony thus far adduced and made public, the guilt of Payne is placed beyond a doubt. Equally as certain is the evidence that Harold was Booth's accessory before and after the assassination. Atzerott is shown to have been in active co-operation with the others throughout the night of the assassination, and fled at day-light the next morning. There is no doubt of his guilt. Mrs. Surratt is shown to have been aware of the intended murder from its inception, and was the general manager of the affair. She cannot escape the penalty of the law. Dr. Mudd is doubtless guilty as an accessory. Spangler does not appear to have been in the plot at an earlier period than a few hours before the crime was committed. That he knew the purpose of Booth and promised him assistance, is clearly shown by the evidence. O'Laughlin is somewhat implicated in the conspiracy, but whether he withdrew from it on the day of the assassination is not clear. Of Arnold it may be said that his chances of escape from punishment are very good.

The Conspiracy Trial June 9, 1865¹⁷⁴

The Suppressed Testimony.

The Conspiracy Trial drags along without developing anything new. We give below the most important of the "supposed testimony," that of Sanford Connover, who figured in the somewhat incongruous character of secret agent of the rebel War Department, confidant of the scoundrel clique of Thompson, Sanders & Co., in Canada and also secret correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. If he could successfully play all these parts without suspicion, he may be safely left to take care of himself against open or secret foes.

Sanford Connover testified: Have resided in Canada since October last; was conscripted into the confederate army, detailed to service in the war department of the confederacy at Richmond under John A. Seddon; while in Canada was intimate with G. N. Sanders, Jacob Thompson, Dr. Blackburn, Tucker, Wm. C. Cleary, Capt. Castlemain, Rev. Mr. Cameron, Mr. Porterfield, Capt. Magruder and others. Also knew Clement C. Clay and Gen. Carroll of Tennessee. I knew Mr. Surratt also, and J. W. Booth, and visited these gentlemen in Canada; saw Surratt there on several occasions last April in Jacob Thompson's room, also in company with G. N. Sanders and other rebels in Canada; I saw him about the 5th or 7th of April with Thompson, Sanders and Booth; at that time he delivered to Booth in my presence despatches from Richmond to Thompson from Benjamin, and from Jeff. Davis, the latter either a cipher despatch or letter. Previous to this Thompson conversed with me upon the subject of a plot to assassinate President Lincoln and Cabinet, of which I gave notice before the assassination in the N. Y. Tribune, the paper for which I corresponded. I had been invited by Thompson to participate in that enterprise. When Surratt delivered these despatches from Davis, Thompson laid his hand upon the papers and said - referring to the assassination and to the assent of the rebel authorities - "this makes the persons to be assassinated, viz., Lincoln, Johnson, the Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Judge Chase and Gen. Grant. Mr. Thompson said on that occasion, or the day before, that the assassination proposed would leave the government of the United States entirely without a head, that there was no provision in the Constitution of the United States entirely without a head, that there was no provision in the Constitution of the United States by which they could elect another President. Mr. Welles was also named, but Mr. Thompson said it was not worth while to kill him. My first interview with Thompson on the subject of the assassination was in the early part of February. He had commissions from the rebel authorities for this work, and conferred one on Booth, or would confer one. Thompson told me that Booth had been commissioned, and every man who would engage in it would be. I had a conversation with Wm. C. Cleary on the day before, or the day of the assassination, at St. Lawrence Hall. We were speaking of the rejoicing in the States over the

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surrender of Lee and the capture of Richmond. Cleary said they would have the laugh on the other side of their mouths in a day or two. I think this was the before the assassination. He knew I was in the secret of the conspiracy; it was to that he referred. Assassination was spoken of among us as commonly as the weather. Before that Sanders asked me if I knew Booth very well, and expressed some apprehension that Booth would make a fizzle of it, that he was desperate and reckless, and he was afraid the whole thing would be a failure. I communicated to the Tribune the intended raid on St. Albans and the proposed assassination of the President, but they refused to publish the letter. I did this in March last as to the President's assassination; also in February, I think, certainly before the 4th of March, Surratt delivered the despatches in Thompson's room four or five days before the assassination. The whole conversation showed that Surratt was one of the conspirators to take the President's life. It was also understood there was plenty of money when there was anything to be done. The conversation indicated that Surratt had a very few days before left Richmond. I requested Mr. Gay of the Tribune to give information to the government, and I believe he did so. I saw Surratt in Canada three or four days in succession in April last. I had a conversation with him personally about Richmond. I was introduced to him by Sanders. There was a proposition before the agent of these rebels in Canada to destroy the Croton dam by which the city of New York is supplied with water. Mr. Thompson remarked that there was plenty of force, and the city would be destroyed by a general conflagration, and if they had thought of this sooner they might have saved a great many necks. This was said a few weeks ago Thompson, Sanders, Castlemain and Gen. Carroll were present. They had arms concealed in Chicago - some 800 - for the purpose of releasing the rebel prisoners there. About the same time Dr. Blackburn proposed to poison the reservoirs, and made a calculation of the amount of poisonous matter it would require to impregnate the water, so as to make an ordinary draught deadly. Thompson feared it would be impossible to collect so large a quantity of poisonous matter without suspicion and leading to detection. Thompson approbated the enterprise and discussed it freely. Mr. Cleary did the same. Three or four days after the assassination I saw J. H. Surratt in Canada with Porterfield, a Southern rebel now declared a British subject by the Canadian Parliament. I learned immediately afterwards that Surratt was suspected, was pursued and decamped. Gen. Carroll of Tennessee then said he more anxious that Johnson should be killed than any one else; he said if the "prick louse" was not killed by somebody he would kill him himself. Booth was known in Canada by the nickname of "Pet." I think I have heard Thompson so name him, certainly Cleary. Kennedy, who fired the city of New York and was executed, was spoken of as having performed that deed by the authority of the rebel government under direction of Thompson. This was communicated to me by Thompson himself, or in a conversation in his presence.

The Execution of the Conspirators July 14, 1865¹¹⁷⁵

Correspondence of the Boston Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, July 7, 1865.

Late in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th inst., the President, lying on a sick bed, signified his approval of the sentence which the military commission had passed upon Mary E. Surratt, Lewis Payne, David E. Herold, and George A. Atzerodt. Immediately thereafter the War Department, by order of the President, directed major-General Winfield S. Hancock, commander of the Middle Department, to cause the persons to be hung by the neck until dead, on Friday, the 7th inst. That order was obeyed, and that sentence was carried into effect this afternoon within the yard of the Penitentiary; and the four bodies that hung there in the summer sun, and held all eyes for a half hour, hung there blind to all the sweet sights of the fair earth, and deaf to the sighing of friends and the reproaches of enemies - hung there, heavy and inert and obtrusive and

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repulsive, yet pitifully asking human and divine compassion, were hateful but eloquent witnesses that man's sin will finally find him out, that treason will thenceforth be held as the blackest of crimes, and that the republic lives and will righteously avenge the blood of all her mutual children.

Lewis Thornton Powell, who will go into history as Lewis Payne, was the only one of these men worth saving. He had character. He was frank and generous, simple and, under other influences and surroundings than those his boyhood knew, would have grown into worthy and commanding manhood. While giving thanks that his crime has met its just punishment, give also pity that slavery wasted his young life, clothed his heart with garments of hate, and put into his hand the assassin's knife. When his sentence was read to him yesterday, he received it as he has received every thing since the day of his arrest. He thanked all the officers of the prison for kindness shown to him. He told one of them that on the night of the attempted murder he was pursued by the cavalry while attempting to leave the city; that his horse stumbled and partly fell upon him; that he lay under a tree less than a mile from the city limits and slept till morning; that on Saturday he went out two or three miles and laid in the woods, that he remained there without food till Tuesday night, and then came to town, fixing his disguise and picking up his pack on the way; that he believed Mrs. Surratt knew about the plot and would help him through, but was not sure she would not give him up; that he was almost indifferent to his fate, and had even confidentially given himself up on the following morning, and would not therefore have blamed Mrs. Surratt if she had caused him to be arrested. He never has either said that she was guilty or innocent, but has more than once said that the conversations of Booth and John H. Surratt led him to believe that she knew in general terms what the plot was. He condemned John H. Surratt in strong terms for running away, and said he was sorry if any act of his had proved harmful to Mrs. Surratt. He asked for Baptist ministers, and the Rev. A. D. Gillette of this city and Rev. H. L. Strycker of Baltimore were sent for. Mr. Gillette was with him several hours last night, and the two were with him from about seven this morning till the execution. He slept soundly for about three hours between midnight and daylight, and took his breakfast in the usual manner. When asked if he had any wish as to his body, he said that his friends were too far away to ask for it, and the authorities could do what they pleased with it. He was asked his motive for the deed he had attempted, and replied that he had considered it his duty, that he had no ill will toward Mr. Seward personally, that he had believed God approved of his course; but that within a short time he had received enlightenment about the matter, was convinced that the North had not heretofore meant what he supposed they did, and now felt that he had done wrong, and that his punishment was just. He spoke in a frank manner, without any affectation or bravado. He held much religious conversation this morning with his advisers, and begged them to ask all good men to forgive him.

Mrs. Mary E. Surratt evidently had not believed she would be hung, and the communication to her of the sentence affected her seriously. At eleven o'clock last night her attendant physician pronounced her dangerously prostrated, and wine and other stimulants were administered to her frequently during the night. She clearly and pointedly said she had no hand in the murder of the President, but was silent with respect to knowledge of the conspiracy. Her daughter reached the prison soon after the promulgation of the sentence, and was with her mother for three hours. Thence she and one of the Catholic priests and her mother's counsel, went to the White House and endeavored to see the President. He, by advice of his physician, was denied to every one. Later in the evening Miss Surratt again advised with her mother, and afterward with the counsel again called at the White House. Something was said about new evidence in Mrs. Surratt's behalf, and the parties were referred to Judge Holt, who told them he would see the President. The young lady spent the night in the prison, though not with her mother. Mrs. Surratt did not sleep at all during the night, but spent her time at devotion. Fathers Wiggett and Walter, of this city, were with her most of the last twenty-four hours of her life and the sacrament was administered to her this morning. Though unsuccessful in two applications, Miss

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Surratt went to the White House again at eight o'clock this morning. The doors of the President's room was still closed by positive order of his medical advisers, and of course she was refused admission. Judge Holt had been informed of what the counsel proposed to do, and had a final interview with the President, and it was announced to Miss Surratt between eleven and twelve that no further action would be had in the case, and she then left the White House and returned to the prison, where she had a final interview of half an hour with her mother, which was of such a character as to effect even the guards to tears.

Meantime during the morning other and most strenuous efforts were making to secure at least a respite for Mrs. Surratt. Her counsel, Mr. Aiken, at an early hour went before Judge Wylie, of the Supreme Court of the district, and made affidavit that Mrs. Surratt was not in the military service, was illegally detained by military authority, when, if she was guilty of any crime, she was triable by the civil courts; and, on this showing, he demanded a writ of habeas corpus commanding General Hancock to produce her before the court. This writ was served on the General at his hotel at half-past eight, by Marshal Godding, and he was ordered to appear before Judge Wylie at ten. The court met at that hour. Half an hour passed away and General Hancock did not appear, and Mr. Aiken asked that he be fined for contempt. The District Attorney protested against such action. In response Judge Wylie said: "If the court were to decide at this moment that General Hancock was in contempt, the only process which it would issue would be an attachment for the disregard of its authority. But why issue an attachment against the whole military power of the of the United States? This court acknowledge that the laws are silent, and that it is without power in the premises, and therefore declines to make any order whatever."

While these proceedings were taking place, and just after the Judge in another part of his remarks had again said he would not issue an attachment, General Hancock, at a quarter before twelve, appeared in court, accompanied by most of his staff, and also by Attorney-General Speed. He apologized to the Judge for not appearing at the proper time, saying he had been detained by imperative duties and then, orally and in writing acknowledged the service of the writ, made return that he did not produce the body of Mary E. Surratt because of the order of the President indorsed upon said writ, which was in the following words:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, July 7, 1865.

To Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock, Commanding &c.

"I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby declare that the writ of habeas corpus has been heretofore suspended in such cases as this, and I hereby especially suspend this writ and direct that you proceed to execute the order heretofore given upon the judgment of the military commission, and you will give this order in return to this writ.

ANDREW JOHNSON, President."

General Hancock then left the court and proceeded to the Arsenal, while some discussion on the legal points involved in the case followed at the court between the Attorney-General and Judge Wylie, who repeated that he should take no further steps in the matter.

David F. Herold seemed utterly devoid of manhood from the first, and his simpering frivolity in court was, at times, absolutely shocking to any one who considered his probable fate. The scenes of the last twenty-four hours of his life did not, either, develop any manhood in him. During yesterday afternoon he whined and simpered by turns, though he broke into childish tears when this sisters visited him early in the evening. They were with him several hours, and afterwards called at the White House to see the President in his behalf; but, like Miss Surratt, were refused admission to his room. This morning two to them again called there, and, failing to see the President, they addressed a note to Mrs. Johnson, and expressed a hope that she would not

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turn a deaf ear to their pleadings. Mrs. Johnson being quite sick, it was deemed expedient by the ushers not to deliver it, and they then returned to the Arsenal.

Herold slept about four hours during the night. He has said to one of the officers in charge of him that the part he was to take in the abduction plot was to shut off the gas in the theatre at the proper moment, and asserts that he refused to have any thing to do with the final plot; but at last consented to see that Payne undertook his work, and then to aid Booth and Payne in their escape through Maryland. He also says Atzerodt was assigned to the murder of the Vice President, but that Booth was afraid he would not accomplish any thing.

Four of Herold's sisters were with him a good part of the night and the whole family - mother and seven daughters - were there for three hours this forenoon. He was attended by the Rev. M. L. Old, of this city, and of the Episcopal Church, and received the sacrament about eleven o'clock at his hands, and expressed himself ready to die, though he thought John Surratt, who led him into the business, more deserving death. His parting with one of his sisters and with a young lady friend who visited him was very tender and touching.

George A. Atzerodt, never made to be much of a man, has broken entirely down since his trial closed, and the guard report his bearing yesterday afternoon and last evening as pitiable in the extreme. He consented to see a Lutheran minister, and the Rev. John G. Butler of this city was with him a short time last evening, and from seven o'clock this morning. He moaned unceasingly all night, and ate no food this morning. His mother reached here this morning from Lower Maryland, and was with him till just previous to the execution. His sister reached the Arsenal at a later hour. His interview with her gave almost the only redeeming trait of character he has manifested. He was deeply touched at her shame and sorrow, and begged her to forget him. He denied to the last that he ever intended killing the Vice-President, and complained that more time was not given to prepare for death.

This serialim and detailed record of the last hours of these four criminals omit, it is believed, none of the material facts, whether of their word and action, or of the word and action of their friends and advisers. There are various rumors, but it cannot be learned that there is any truth in those of importance, and all others may be omitted.

The morning of this day of sad but blessed memory was cool and pleasant. Hundreds of persons who had a vague notion that they might either get into the Arsenal grounds without a pass, or at least reach some eminence from which the execution could be observed, passed down Four and a half street before ten o'clock, while hundreds more besieged the office of General Hancock before nine o'clock for passes.

Beyond those given to the necessary officials probably not over one hundred and fifty were issued. The pass was as follows:

HEADQ'RS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION.
WASHINGTON, D.C., July 7, 1865.
Major General J. F. Hartranft, Military Governor Military Prison.
Admit to the military prison, this day.
WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
Maj. Gen. Of Volunteers, commanding.

On the reverse was written, "Between 1 A. M. And 2 P. M.," and each pass was registered and marked with the initials of the registering officer.

The military in service for the day comprised four and a half regiments of General Hancock's corps, under command of Brig. Gen. C. H. Morgan. A double guard line was established outside the entire Arsenal grounds,

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a line outside the Penitentiary building and yard, a shoulder-to shoulder guard, on the yard wall, and two solid lines within the yard, which is some three hundred by four hundred feet in extent.

The gallows has been erected since yesterday noon, in the northeast corner of the yard, and about fifty feet from the door out of which the prisoners came.

The counsel and some of the friends of Mrs. Surratt were quite confident, up to the last moment almost, that she would be reprieved, and the appearance at the Arsenal, about twelve o'clock, of Major T. T. Eckert, of the War Department, created some excitement among the persons assembled there.

A suggestive sight in the prison yard was the coffins and graves prepared for the bodies of the persons to be executed. The four graves were about forty or fifty feet southeast of the scaffold. The plain undressed coffins stood near.

General Hancock was present and had general superintendence of the execution. The more immediate charge, however, was confided to General Hartranft and his assistants, Colonel Nodd and Lieutenant Colonels McCall and Frank Sally of Pennsylvania. The troops in the yard were commanded by Colonel Charles Bird, 1st Reg't, Hancock's corps, and the scaffold was in charge of Capt. Charles Rath, 17th Michigan, of General Hartranft's staff. The parties who performed the duty of dropping the platform from which the assassins swung, were William Coxwell, Daniel Shea, P. E. Goff Taylor, and Joseph Haxlett, privates of Company F, of the 14th Regiment of the First Corps of Veterans, who volunteered on the call of the captain for four able-bodied men, without suggesting the duty he would require of them.

At ten minutes past one General Hartranft appeared at the prison door opening into the yard, and was followed by the senior members of his staff, and then by the prisoners, in the following order: Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Herold and Payne, each supported on the left by an officer and on the right by a private soldier, and followed by their respective clergymen. The number of persons within the yard at the time, exclusive of the soldiers doing guard duty, was perhaps three hundred. The members of the press were admitted within the inner line of sentries, all other persons being kept between the inner and outer lines.

Mrs. Surratt required to be almost lifted along by those who supported her, especially when they came to the steps leading up to the gallows. In addition to her prostrate physical condition, the chains upon her feet served to impede her progress. On arriving upon the platform of the gallows, she was seated in the chair at the extreme northern end. She wore a plain black alpaca dress, with black bonnet and veil.

Next her, to the south end, over the same drop, was seated Payne, wearing dark blue pants and shirt, both cut in sailor style. His eye showed slight redness, but otherwise his manner was as collected and firm as usual.

Next on the platform, but over the other drop, was seated Herold, filthy and dejected in appearance, wearing dirty plaid pants, an old brown coat, and a black slouched hat turned down around his face.

At the extreme southern end and on the drop with Herold, sat also Atzerodt, an image of hopeless misery, so abject that his appearance might have brought pity to a heart of stone.

The findings of the military commission, the approval of the sentence by the President, and the order of execution to Gen. Hancock, were then read from the platform of the gallows by General Hartranft.

Prayers were then made for each of the criminals by their respective clergymen, who knelt by their side, and Payne, Herold and Atzerodt, through their spiritual advisers, then thanked General Hartranft and all connected with the prison for their uniform courtesy, and asked the prayers and forgiveness of all persons.

No word was said on behalf of Mrs. Surratt.

The prayers and remarks were brief and in excellent taste. Payne was visibly affected during the prayer of his friends, and for a few moments his eyes were suffused with tears, which did credit to his manhood. Good words of charity towards him were heard from many who stood near.

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The prisoners were then raised to the a standing position and brought forward upon the drops. Atzerodt was the first up. His arms were bound behind him with a strip of white cotton cloth. He was similarly bound at the knees and at the ankles. Herold, Payne and Mrs. Surratt were bound in the same manner; the operation with the latter requiring more time than with the others, from the difficulty of dealing with her dress. Her bonnet was removed only at the instant the fatal noose was put around her neck and the white cap put over her head.

None of the criminals shook but Atzerodt. He appeared to desire to speak, but was evidently too much prostrated to do son. He [?] in a husky and nervous voice, "Gentlemen take war -" meaning, probably, "take warning"; and as the cap was drawn over his face he exclaimed, "Good-bye, gentlemen. Who is before me now? May we all meet in the other world. God help me now!"

Herold appeared repeating something to himself, and at the last moment gave some brief direction about the adjustment of the knot.

Payne stood at his full height, and just before losing sight of the world, simply said to the officer who had pinioned him and fixed the noose, "I thank you, good bye."

Mrs. Surratt said a word or two to Father Wiggett while she was being pinioned, and afterwards in a low but audible voice, repeated phrases of Latin prayers.

At twenty five minutes past one, the signal was given by General Hartranft, through Captain Rath; the upright posts supporting the drop were knocked suddenly away at the bottom, the drop fell, the blood of Abraham Lincoln was avenged, and justice sat upon her throne.

Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt were instantly killed. Payne struggled slightly for about eight minutes, and Herold for about five. The bodies hung about twenty minutes and were then examined by the medical officers present and pronounced dead, though they were allowed to hang ten minutes longer before they were cut down.

A swift and sharp shudder was thrown through the hearts of all present by an over-officious corporal, who, ascending to the platform to cut the cords, severed that supporting Atzerodt's body before the soldiers below were ready to receive it, and it came down heavily upon the ground.

The bodies were then taken out, laid out in the rough boxes, and carried away for burial. The families of Herold, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surratt applied for their bodies, but up to late hour this evening they had not received favorable answers to their requests.

The last words spoken by Mrs. Surratt, before she left the prison, were to her brother, Mr. Jenkins - "Good bye, take care of Anna." What the poor girl, whom sorrow and pain have strangely touched in these long weeks since that eventful night of her mother's arrest, will do, no one yet knows. If there is anywhere among all the desolate souls of earth one who deserves the charity of a merciful thought, that one is this doubly orphaned girl - whose father died a rebel - whose mother died on the scaffold - whose brother is an outcast in every quarter of the civilized globe.

Justitia Fiat July 14, 1865¹¹⁷⁶

On our first page will be found a full account of the swift execution of the murderers of President Lincoln. Atzerodt's confession, since published, fully corroborates their guilt. We trust it also relieves the anxious minds of a contemptible class among us who are full of sympathy and benevolence for traitors and criminals but rarely extended to the noble, the brave and innocent sufferers of relentless barbarity.

It is true no one can read the record of this solemn day's work without a feeling of profound pity for their terrible fate and regret that woman should have fallen to such degradation and shame. But a more solid sense of relief follows pity that Justice yet sways the sceptre in our generous Government, and the Republic will not

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call her noblest sons to posts of danger and fearful responsibility without jealous care for their safety, with sleepless and unerring vengeance on the dastardly assassin who violates and betrays the unguarded and magnanimous confidence of the chosen ruler of the people in the sacred reliance for safety he holds while reposing his life unprotected in the hands of his people.

Reflecting upon their fate, and pitying this merited calamity with a prayer for the stricken relatives, forget not the atrocity of the deed that demands such punishment. Waste not all your sympathies on the criminal that may with a more honorable sorrow and a purer philanthropy be given to the memory of the innocent and helpless victims of an unpitying ferocity.

The pitying sorrow of to-day cannot obliterate the hopeless grief of the heart-stricken nation when its head sank senseless in untimely death, just when joy and triumph beckoned on to the partial reward for years of untold suffering and crushing anxiety.

Justice still seeks even balance; matchless crime cannot kick the beam with impunity. But wait for her perfect work; the scales still hang oblique. Myriad forms have writhed in untold and unseen agony, and poured their panting lives out on the battle-field, parched and starving, or dragged to neighboring rivulet and copse in hospital and prison, who might now be basking in a mother's love, a wife's loving embrace, or an orphan's sunny smiles, but for that incarnate devil, the acknowledged progenitor, supporter and remorseless perpetrator of this unholy war, now incarcerated at Fortress Monroe.

Seventeen thousand ghosts of starved and murdered braves flit in silent condemnation through the loathsome wards of Libby, Salisbury and Andersonville, and yet the arch traitor, murderer and assassin still lives, feasts sumptuous and sleeps soundly above ground.

The saintly spirit of young Converse stayed not the merciless hand of CAIN Green. Yet a "paragonian" perfection of philanthropy stays the hand of justice, nullifies the law, and bids high for other and more appalling criminal horrors.

Young feet wander happily in suburban woodlands. Little hands entwine the fresh plucked flowers in newly wove wreaths. A satanic fiend stalks in, doing hellish crime with a superfluity of bloodthirstiness that makes men stand aghast with fear and trembling. Stewart, the supposed fiend, is at last in the hands of the ministers of justice. If convicted, will the blood of the "murdered innocents" cry in vain from the desecrated soil or vengeance?

Then let the people enthrone our EXECUTOR OF THE LAW in place of a vindicator of private and individual whims, ere crime becomes the rule and punishment the exception of the code of moral civilization.

Penitence pays not the penalty of crime. It ought to roll a wave of forgiveness over the nameless grave of the penitential criminal. Payne was penitent, and we pity his untimely fate. But to spare him would be ungenerous, unfeeling, and dishonorable to every high officer of public trust around whom we are bound to throw every legal protection and moral safe guard as a preventive to such a sacrifice on the altar of public duty as the fearless and unselfish devotion of Abraham Lincoln.

We trust the sword of Justice is not sheathed. The scabbard ought to be thrown aside. Restless and unceasing vigilance, fail not nor falter until the recreant and outlawed son of the murderers, with the perjured renegades of a corrupt political cabal are dragged from their hiding places and their black catalogue of base crimes uncovered to the world.

Let Green, and Stewart, Surratt, Sanders, Thompson and Blackburn, if guilty, hang between the heavens and the earth as a warning against the repetition of such unnatural atrocities. Then will moral obliquity be dispelled, public confidence be restored, parents trust patriots have higher hopes of the Republic, and the honored elect of the people walk unattended to their official duties and private creation bearing charmed lives, because the assassin ever sees Justice's sword, unshielded and glistening, over his head.

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Finally, shall the “potentate of all evil” go unscathed? Brother traitors say “Yes!” Northern sympathizers, peace men, and the foul nest of politicians of the Chicago-Vallandigham stripe say “Yes!” English and French blockade running neutrals (?) say “Yes!” Unstable monomaniacs and philosophers of the millennial school say “Yes!” But do they give any justifiable reasons for a course so bereft of all precedents and antecedents. The first, of course, are “in the same boat.” The second are political cousins. They agreed in policy before the war, in fighting during the war, and expect to agree in voting after the war. Every bereaved mother, widowed wife, unprotected orphan, every martyred patriot and living hero, say “NO!” To the end that history may hear record that treason is a crime, we say “No!” That life of the Nation may be more sacred than the life of the traitor; that future conspirators and reckless, unfeeling slaves of a godless ambition may take warning, we say “No!” That Justice may not be blind we say “No!” Hang the traitor, for this alone will ever penetrate his selfish soul with a consciousness of the deep damnation of his guilt.

\$100,000 Reward for Jeff Davis May 5, 1865¹¹⁷⁷

The President has issued a Proclamation offering the above reward for Jeff. Davis, and \$25,000 for several other accessories to the assassination of President Lincoln. We give below an extract from the proclamation:

“Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; twenty five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, last of Mississippi; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Saunders; twenty-five thousand for the arrest of Beverly Tucker; and ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary late clerk of Clement C. Clay.”

Capture of Jeff Davis May 19, 1865¹¹⁷⁸

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON, May 13 - 10.30 P. M.

To Major General Dix:

The following dispatch, just received from General Wilson, announces the surprise and capture of Jefferson Davis and his staff by Colonel Pritchard of the Michigan Cavalry, on the morning of the 10th instant, at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

MACON, Ga., May 12 - 11 A. M.

Lieut. Gen. Grant and the Hon. Secretary of War:

I have the honor to report that at daylight of the 10th instant Colonel Pritchard, commanding Fourth Michigan Cavalry, captured Jeff. Davis and family, with Reagan, Postmaster General; Colonel Harrison, Private Secretary; Colonel Johnson, A. D. C.; Colonel Morris, Colonel Lubbeck, Lieutenant Hathaway, and others.

Colonel Pritchard surprised their camp at Irwinsville, in Irwin county, Georgia, seventy-five miles southeast of this place. They will be here tomorrow night, and will be forwarded under a strong guard without delay.

I will send further particulars at once.

(Signed) J. H. WILSON,

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Brevet Maj. General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, May 14, A. M.

To Major Gen. Dix, New York:

The following details of the capture of Jefferson Davis, while attempting to make his escape in his wife's clothes, have just been received from Major Gen. Wilson.

EDWIN M. STANTON

MACON, GA., May 13, 1865.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Lieut. Col. Harden, commanding 1st Wisconsin, has just arrived at Irwinsville. He struck Davis' trail at Dublin, Lawrence county, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely, night and day, through the pine wilderness of Alligator Creek and Green Swamp, via Cumberlandville to Irwinsville. At Cumberland Col. Harden met Col. Pritchard with 150 picked men and horses of the 4th Michigan. Harden followed the trail directly south while Pritchard, having fresher horses, pushed down the Ocmulgee toward Hopewell, and hence by House creek to Irwinsville, arriving at midnight of the 9th. Jeff. Davis had not arrived. From citizens, Pritchard learned that his party were encamped two miles out of the town. He made his dispositions and surrounded the camp before day. Harden had encamped within two miles, as he afterward learned from Davis. The trail being too indistinct to follow, he pushed on at 3 A. M., and had gone but little more than a mile when his advance were fired upon by men of the 4th Michigan. A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered.

The firing in this skirmish was the first warning Davis received. The captors report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started to the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but discerning his boots while running, suspected his sex at once. The race was a short one and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie knife of elegant pattern and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasion of the Captain's revolver without compelling the men to fire. He expressed great indignation at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he thought our government was more magnanimous than to hunt down women and children. Mrs. Davis remarked to Col. Harden, after the excitement was over, that "the men had better not provoke the President, as he might hurt some of 'em."

Reagan behaves himself with becoming dignity and resignation. The parties were evidently making for the coast.

J. H. WILSON,
Brevet Major General

Jefferson Davis May 19, 1865¹⁷⁹

JEFF'S DESTINATION. The Washington public manifest the utmost enthusiasm over the capture of Jeff. Davis. Some timid politicians however, express a wish that he had been shot as Both was, for fear his possession may be embarrassing to the Government. If he is placed in the prisoner's dock at the court, by the side of Harrold and Payne he will certainly be convicted of complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

It is urged strenuously, however, by some in high position, that the dignity of the nation demands that on his arrival there the assassination charge ought to be waived, and he be arraigned and tried for treason, the highest crime known to our laws, and, on conviction, hanged.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Assassination Known by Davis May 26, 1865¹⁸⁰

The evidence before the Military Court Monday was interesting and important. In addition to the examination of a number of witnesses, a document from among the recently captured archives of rebellion was produced in evidence, showing that the policy of assassination was entertained by Davis and his Secretary of War.

Arrival of Jeff Davis at Fortress Monroe May 19, 1865 (OCM & PR)

FORTRESS MONROE, May 19. Jeff. Davis with family, staff officers, &c., arrived here to-day from Hilton Head, S. C., in the steamer *Wm. H. Clyde*, convoyed by the U. S. Gunboat *Tuscarora*, Commodore Finley. Col. Pritchard of the Michigan cavalry, who made the capture, with a strong body of men, accompanied the party, and he immediately telegraphed to Washington for instruction in regard to the disposal of his charge.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 22. At one o'clock this afternoon, the steamer *Silas O. Peirce* left Baltimore wharf at this place with Brevet Major Gen. Miles, accompanied by other officers of prominence, and proceeded immediately to the steamer *Clyde* at anchor in the stream, with Jeff Davis and the remainder of the rebel party on board. An hour was allowed to the departing rebels to take a long farewell of their friends and dear ones. In a short time after the steamer reached the wharf the prisoners began to land. No person was allowed to approach the wharf where the prisoners landed, except at a distance of over 500 yards.

As the prisoners marched up the wharf preceded by a guard of their captors, the tall spare frame of Jeff Davis dressed in grey clothes and wearing a light felt hat, could be easily discerned.

As soon as the prisoners were all on shore they were marched up along the beach to the sally-port of the water battery in the rear of the fortress, and thence to their cells in the second tier of casemates. Clement C. Clay accompanied Jeff Davis inside the fortress. Mrs. Davis and her four children and the wife of Clement C. Clay remain on board the steamer *Clyde*, and it is thought they will be sent South this evening, as orders have been received from the War Department prohibiting them from going North.

The parting between Davis and his family is described as extremely affecting, during which the feelings of the once ambitious and desperate rebel leader were completely overcome.

Quarantine Rules and Regulations April 7, 1865¹⁸¹

Adopted April 7th, 1865

SEC. 1. On and after the 1st day of May next, a Quarantine shall be had upon all vessels, their officers, Crew, Passengers, and Cargoes, which shall or may come within the harbor of Plymouth, from any port or place where contagious sickness doth or hath recently prevailed, or on board of which sick during their homeward passage; and on and after the 1st day of June, upon all vessels, their Officers, Crews, Passengers, and Cargoes, coming from any port or place within the tropics.

SEC. 2. The Quarantine above directed shall be had at or near the Cow Yard, or wherever otherwise directed, under the direction of the Visiting Physician, and other officers of this Board, and shall continue until the Board gives a discharge.

SEC. 3. Every Vessel while in the Quarantine shall keep at the head of the foremast a red flag.

SEC. 4. No person shall be permitted to come on board or to leave a vessel, while performing Quarantine, without written permit from some officer or member of this Board.

SEC. 5. The Masters, Officers, Crews and Passengers of all vessels, while in Quarantine, shall be subject to all regulations of this Board and the Master of each vessel shall be accountable for the appearance on board at the time she may be discharged from Quarantine, of all and every person who arrived in her, or who may have been landed from her in any port, or put on board any vessel during her homeward passage.

Conclusion of the War

SEC. 6. Masters of vessels subject to Quarantine shall pay \$5, on receiving a certificate to entitle such vessels to entry at the Custom House.

SEC. 7. It shall be the duty of the Visiting Physician to visit all vessels while performing Quarantine. He shall direct in what manner all vessels are to be cleaned, what articles may be landed, cleaned, or buried, or destroyed. He shall attend the sick, prescribe to their relief, and furnish all medicine, and may charge each person for attendance, such charge being subject to the approval of this Board.

SEC. 8. This Board shall "procure a boat and suitable persons to attend all vessels while performing Quarantine.

E.C. TURNER,
ISAAC BREWSTER,
JOHN D. CHURCHILL,
HARVEY W. WESTON,
GEO. H. JACKSON,
Board of Health
Plymouth, April 7, 1865
Regulations of the Board of Health
FOR THE TOWN OF PLYMOUTH.

Adopted April 7th, 1865

ART. 1. No person or persons shall be allowed to throw or bring into any Street or public way, any house or shop dirt, or any animal or vegetable matter.

ART. 2. No person shall be allowed to throw any dead animal into any of the highways, docks, streams or ponds within the town. All such animals shall be buried in a suitable place at a sufficient depth to prevent any effluvia therefrom from being obnoxious to the public.

ART. 3. No person shall be allowed to land upon any of the Wharves or shores within the town, any decayed or infected substance, which the Board may considered injurious to the public health.

ART. 4. The owners of all houses shall cause all sink and waste water from their premises, to be conveyed either in vaults sunk under ground, or in such other manner as shall be approved by the Board; but in no case to be allowed to run or be thrown into the street.

ART. 5. The owners of vaults and privies shall not permit their contents to rise so near the surface of the earth as to annoy their neighbors or the public; and such contents shall, from the 1st day of May to the 1st day of November, be removed only between the hours of 9 o'clock at night and 5 o'clock in the morning.

ART. 6. All sellers of fresh meat, fish, lobsters, oysters and clams, shall cause their premises to be kept in such a state of cleanliness as to be approved by the Board.

ART. 7. All physicians attending any person sick with any contagious disease are requested by the board to be properly cleansed before leaving the premises.

N. B. The Board of Health will take notice of all infringement of the above Rules and Regulations and will strictly enforce them whenever a breach of them is apparent.

All complaints to the Board, of Nuisances not apparent in the Street, or Highways, must be made in writing.

E.C. TURNER,
ISAAC BREWSTER,
JOHN D. CHURCHILL,
HARVEY W. WESTON,
GEO. H. JACKSON,

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Board of Health
Plymouth, April 7, 1865

Monument to Dead April 13, 1865¹¹⁸²

Mr. Editor: From the earliest history of the world, it has been the custom of savage and civilized, barbarian and Christian, to honor and perpetrate the memory of the noble brave and patriotic. To honor them while living, and keep green their memory when they had passed from earth labors to the glorious triumphs awaiting them in the world beyond. All over the Eastern and European world are monuments of massive grandeur, ornamental architecture, or chaste and harmonious simplicity, which not only serve to remind the observer of the heroic and noble dead, but are equally honorable to those who erected them, and a glory to the nation they adorn.

Since the world began, was there ever a cause more sacred, a struggle involving so great an important interest as that which for four years has deluged our land with blood and tears, and cost the lives of nearly half a million of our young and middle-aged men? Is it not the cause which ennobles and makes sacred the sacrifice? All this being true, should not the nation, should not each State, city and town, honor their heroic dead, but themselves move, by erecting monuments perpetuating their memory; and which as they shall excel in magnitude and beauty, forever be an attraction and glory.

The State or town which can inscribe the longest proportional "roll of honor" may justly and honorably be proud, and old Plymouth need not be ashamed of her sacrifices upon the Altar of FREEDOM, PRINCIPLE and HUMANITY.

This war is well nigh finished, and it is time to begin to show gratitude and respect. Pensions, and other money gratuities are well, and proper; but we can hardly disconnect them from debt, and obligations, labor and pay; but affection's offering, come in what form it may, is not only of precious value itself, but makes more acceptable offerings of obligation.

Let this subject be agitated until some one shall be induced to labor practically, and a movement commenced which shall place in some public square or ground a fitting and lasting monument to those of our town who shall have fallen in this cruel but glorious war.

Why can't the Plymouth Amateur Theatrical Club devote one or more entertainments to commence a fund? They would draw a full house, and Mr. Davis, with his usual liberality would no doubt give the use of his hall. An entertainment would not only net a hundred dollars for the fund, but would draw together all classes of society, and an association might be formed, Treasurer and Agents appointed, and general information on the subject diffused throughout the town. Should the agents to solicit subscriptions be selected from the young ladies of the town, we think quick work and large receipts would be the result. Is it too much to think that this town would contribute an amount equal to \$1.00 per inhabitant? That amount would build a very respectable and durable ornament to the town.

Let us at once organize a Patriotic Monumental Association, nor cease our efforts till there shall rise in old Plymouth a monument, creditable to those affections and sympathies which make a good community; its granite base emblematical of those eternal principles which are the foundations of our government; its beauty and the ornamental harmony of its proportions typical of the glorious future awaiting our country.

Negro Suffrage (Editorial) May 26, 1865¹¹⁸³

This important question already agitating the public mind is likely to prove the chief topic of discussion for or against which political parties will arrange themselves and draw their lines of policy. Judge Chase has

Conclusion of the War

already declared in favor of free suffrage to the loyal colored freemen of the south, though he distinctly states the Administration is as yet non committal on the question.

Many Southern Union men strongly favor the entire enfranchisement. It is not unlikely from the tone of the Chicago platform press that the old pro-slavery non-coercion peace democracy will be the main objectors to the full recognition of the rights of colored men in hopes of resuscitating the vitality of that defunct and degraded adjunct of Southern treason.

All this argument and discussion looks to the conciliation and re-instatement of the conquered rebels, who, true to their impudent conceit and domineering instincts, are already insulting colored citizens, who have fought them as traitors, by assumed superiority and attempts to exclude them from primary political meetings.

The universal outcry that the only hope of the salvation of the country lies through armistice and peace is now revised to read, the only hope of a real Union and lasting Union, is through forgiveness and reconciliation. With this class confiscation is a crime, punishment of traitors little short of savage barbarity, and any reference to their foul treason, work of slaughter and deeds of slow torture and agonizing cruelty that would make the "red man" blush for shame, is bad manners and worse courtesy for brothers of the same blood and country.

In short, the key to all this opposition to the privilege of the elective franchise for the new freemen of the south is now, as formerly, the total and perpetual ruin of the democratic party, unless its old allies are re-instated and the old role of imperious demands, coupled with unbearable insult from the unwhipt impudence of the South and the unprincipled doughfacedism of the North.

To deny the elevation of the loyal black to the political power is to recall the old spirit of dictation and irrepressible mischief of the past...

Reconstruction (Editorial) June 2, 1865¹¹⁸⁴

We are by no means disposed to be extreme or hasty in our opinions as to the important questions involved in the reorganization of the revolted States. There are many difficult points that present themselves for solution in harmonizing loyal and necessary changes in the organic laws with anything like popular support among a semi-loyal, defeated but half-submissive people.

If the Southern people would really return in good faith to unqualified allegiance, we should rejoice to see the work of reconstruction left in their own hands for voluntary action. This would involve the least possible amount of radical extraneous interference, our troubles would be soonest mended, and our differences soonest healed.

Because they will not do this, but rally again, as in the Virginia elections, to sectional and defiant issues, we are in favor of an extension of the local loyal element by admitting the colored citizen to the privileges of the ballot box.

Granting there are serious objections, we would urge this reform in the spirit of good will toward the South, and for the sake of permanent peace, because it is right and just. The negro, we admit, is ignorant, but not more so than are the large class of the whites; nor could their votes be bought and sold or influenced more easily than their poor white neighbors. in any event, an ignorant loyal negro is a greater safeguard to liberty and free institutions than any disloyal white man, were he a Solon in wisdom. In the existing state of things, it seems absolutely necessary to leaven the weak allegiance of our Southern brethren with this loyal element.

The argument that Northern States decide upon their own qualifications for voters has no force, as the people in the loyal States can be trusted to exercise their own volition without endangering the government. But four years of such expensive war and sacrifice, indicate that in the final settlement of the controversy the

RETURN OF THE DEAD

proper guarantees ought to be demanded, that the integrity of the national sovereignty and authority shall hereafter be paramount to any other consideration...

Ellis Barnes June 30, 1865¹¹⁸⁵

Mr. Ellis D. Barnes, just safely home from four years' war and danger, on returning from a ride in a light open buggy on Friday last, was thrown out when passing round the corner to Gardner's stable. He struck the pavement on the side of his head, badly lacerating the flesh and closing one eye. After his wound was dressed, a sympathizing friend inquired how badly he was hurt. He replied, "Guess it's no great of a scratch; took only ten stitches to 'close up the gap.'

Baker, Thurber, Goodwin Return June 30, 1865¹¹⁸⁶

PERSONAL.

Capt. Edward Baker, of the Navy, greets us on the street with his hearty cheer, looking none the worse for long service on the Blockade.

Capt. James Thurber is also among the welcomed home from the wars.

Lieut. Com. E. S. Goodwin arrived home this week on a four months' furlough.

We see many of the old veterans from the different regiments recently mustered out, now enjoying a respite from the fatigues and dangers of the camp, the march and the battle.

—

MUSTERING OUT. The garrisons of Forts Standish and Andrew were taken to Boston on Tuesday by steamer to be mustered out of service. The 23d regiment is soon to be mustered out, which will bring home Co. E, of Plymouth. All regiments whose term of service expires before Oct. 1st, are to be mustered out of service as soon as arrangements can be made.

—

The 23d Mass. Reg. Arrived at New York on Wednesday from Newbern, and were immediately forwarded to Readville, preparatory to being mustered out.

Mustering Out June 30, 1865¹¹⁸⁷

The garrisons of Forts Standish and Andrew were taken to Boston on Tuesday by steamer to be mustered out of service. The 23d regiment is soon to be mustered out, which will bring home Co. E, of Plymouth. All regiments whose term of service expires before Oct. 1st, are to be mustered out of service as soon as arrangements can be made.

Increased Pension to Certain Maimed Soldiers July 21, 1865¹¹⁸⁸

The Commissioner of Pensions has decided that a pension of \$25 per month is granted to those having lost both hands or both eyes in the military service of the United States in the line of duty, and \$20 per month to those who, under the same conditions, shall have lost both feet, if such parties were entitled to a lower rate of pension under the act of 1862. This higher pension will date only from the 4th of July, 1864, in the case of pensions already enrolled, or of applicants discharged prior to that date.

National Sailors' Home July 21, 1865¹¹⁸⁹

The Trustees of the National Sailors' Home have purchased of Messrs. Dehon and Eaton a large tract of land in Quincy for a home for the aged marines belonging to the United States service. It comprises from

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seventy-five to one hundred acres, and consists largely of land which in former times was well known as the Fenno farm, bounded northerly by land of Hon Josiah Quincy, easterly by the Bay, southerly by the marshes bordering on Black creek, and westerly by a line running between the residences of President Eaton and William Dehon, Esq.

Mass. 29th Discharged August 18, 1865¹¹⁹⁰

The Mass. 29th, Lt. Col. Chas. D. Browne, commanding, were discharged at Readville on the 10th. From General Order, dated Aug. 3, we learn that they have participated in twenty-nine battles - a glorious record wrought between May, 1861, and August 1865. The orders recount their many gallant deeds and worthy conduct, and well may their commander be proud of them.

Mason, Wood, Robbins, Davis October 13, 1865¹¹⁹¹

Personal.

We are happy to welcome home again Capt. Albert Mason, who has for a long time so honorably filled the position of Post Quartermaster in the South western Department, with headquarters at New Orleans. We have had occasion to speak of Capt. M's noble record before and if we could add anything to what is so well known among us, we should be most happy to do it. What gives us still more pleasure, is the fact that he is to settle down among us to the practice of his profession. Just now that the papers are agitating the subject of sending our best men to the General Court, we know of no man whose unselfish patriotism and conservative political principles [?] united as they are to sound judgment, well stored mind, and an intelligence thoroughly appreciative of the great questions of public policy now absorbing public interest. These qualities are coupled with superior abilities for expressing and acting upon his views with a candor of expression and fairness of criticism that carry weight and conviction to those who agree, without prejudice and rancor on the part of those who differ.

Dr. George Wood having returned from long and praiseworthy services in Washington with an experience in his profession rare for one of his years, is about to locate for practice in Carver. We can assure our Carver friends they will find in Dr. Wood a young physician of most estimable character, who will prove a warm and sympathizing friend to families in sickness and affliction.

Frederic Robbins has returned from Newbern, where his brother, George Robbins, is engaged in business. He reports fair business prospects, good health, and plenty of strangers in Newbern. George Mills Joy, of the North Carolina Times has been appointed Postmaster, and Northern men do the business while the natives quarrel.

Ensign Frank Davis has gone into business in New Orleans, in the firm of Rogers & Davis.

Grand Reception of the Returned Soldiers December 1, 1865¹¹⁹²

"Better late than Never!"

The Citizens of Plymouth will honor the return of her patriot Sons by a Grand Celebration On FRIDAY, Dec. 22d.

ORDER OF EXERCISES:

1. PUBLIC PROCESSION, under the direction of JAMES BATES, Esq., Chief Marshal.
2. ORATION, in the Unitarian Church, by his Honor, JUDGE THOMAS RUSSELL.
3. PUBLIC DINNER, in Davis Hall, N. M. PERRY, Caterer. WM. H. WHITMAN, Esq., will preside at the table.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

To conclude with a Grand Ball in the evening at Davis Hall. Music by Atwood's Quadrille Band, assisted by Mr. Joyce, Harpist and prompter.

Music for the Day by the Plymouth Brass Band, which will re-assemble for the occasion.

For Order of Procession, &c., see posters.

Now, Mr. Editor, if the above was a bona fide notice, would it not be a first-class idea, and rejoice all hearts, and "What's to hinder it?" If some one will only start this movement, it will go itself. Suppose Messrs. Loring, of the C. H. And Weston, of the P. O. Should solicit subscriptions and call a meeting of the citizens on Saturday evening, we believe they could report sufficient funds pledged to insure success, and the proceeds of the Dinner and Ball would have a margin to be distributed among the needy widows and orphans of deceased soldiers.

We do not believe the citizens of this town are willing that the sacrifices of toil, danger and blood should receive only cold ingratitude, and be remembered no longer, now that those who bore them have laid aside their armor and are engaged in their usual avocations. Since the war has closed, one, at least, of our veteran soldiers has died, who, during his lingering, painful illness, contracted while in the line of his duty in the field, actually wanted the necessities of life, and was borne to his long home with scarce a recognition of the glorious service he had performed and the sacrifice he had made.

Such things ought not to be. Scarce a town in the State had done so little for its soldiers or expended so small a sum in bounties as Plymouth, and not a town has been more honored by the faithful service of her sons. Daily, scores of those who have borne the brunt of many battles may be met in our streets, and pass unrecognized. Let us, for once at least, try to have them all together, and get familiar with their faces, that we may know and honor them as long as we live. It may be said there is not time before the 22d to complete the arrangements; but what is well done, is done quickly.

The Colors of Massachusetts Regiments December 29, 1865¹¹⁹³

Maj. Morissey, Sergeant-at-Arms, received an order from His Excellency the Governor, on Wednesday, to re-arrange the old colors of the Massachusetts regiments in Doric Hall at the State House. the colors will be put up around the columns in the order of their regimental number, and those remaining after the columns are full, will be put up on the right and left of the archways and alcoves. Few persons have any idea of the gratification which the soldiers and their friends experience in looking at these relics of the rebellion, and though it may be prudent to cover them with glass, we trust that they may never be removed from Doric Hall, where they are so accessible to the public.

Annals of the 38th December 29, 1865¹¹⁹⁴

The work of absorbing interest to the soldiers of the 38th and their friends is just issued by George W. Powers, a member of the Regiment, giving a familiar every day history of the Regiment, with complete roster and remarks on each name. Also a memorial of the gallant dead, with a review of the reception festivities, &c. Every one ought to read the "*Story of the 38th.*"

Dedication Ceremonies August 6, 1869¹¹⁹⁵

The Monumental Association having erected one of the finest monuments in the State to the memory of its fallen citizen soldiers, have completed arrangements for a fitting dedication of the same on Monday, Aug. 9th. These arrangements, as will be seen by reference to published programmes of the Building Committee and

Conclusion of the War

Chief Marshal, are of the most thorough and systematic order. With fair weather, they cannot fail to form an imposing and fitting ceremonial procession and dedication.

The Committee of Arrangements have secured the presence of a large number of distinguished visitors and organizations to grace the event with becoming dignity and importance. The orator of the day, Gen. Chamberlain, will give to the probable large audience a patriotic, able and eloquent address. For a list of men of note in military and official position, we refer to the published card of the Committee.

The Lodge of Odd Fellows, and Palestine Encampment of Lynn, are fine organizations, and will be entertained in the best style of Mayflower Lodge hospitalities, which is all that can be asked, at Davis Hall.

The military escort will consist of the "Standish Guards," of Plymouth, and the "Bay State Light Infantry," of Carver. The Carver Co. will be entertained by the Guards at their armory.

Samoset Chapter and Plymouth Lodge F. & A.M. will receive the Old Colony Encampment, of Abington, and dine with their ladies included, at the new depot, where tables are to be laid in Hoxie's best style.

Post 76 G. A. R. will entertain Post 73, of Abington, in Pilgrim Hall.

The invited guests will dine at the Samoset House.

The oration will be given in the large tent on Training Green, to which the public are respectfully invited. Seats will be reserved for the ladies and organizations in the procession.

We understand that Gov. Claflin will be the guest of the Chief Marshal, and Gov. Chamberlain the guest of the President of the Association.

Ample provision will be made by Messrs. Holbrook, Dodge, Davis and others for the entertainment of the large crowd, from neighboring towns. Holbrook will set [illegible] and on the Green substantial collation will be served.

Mayflower Lodge has engaged the Plymouth Band; the Encampment have the Weymouth Band; The Army of the Republic have the Abington Band; The Lynn I. O. of O. F. the Lynn Band; while the Association employ the North Bridgewater Band.

There is an effort being made to have the steamer Gen. Banks with an excursion party from Boston, also the Geo. M. Shattuck with a party from Provincetown on that day, should the weather be favorable.

The School Ship, with a steam cutter, will be in the harbor, bringing Collector Russell and invited guests.

Suitable decorations will be arranged with every aid on the part of the authorities to make the occasion one of welcome and enjoyment on the part of the host of strangers likely to be among us.

Chief Marshal Morissey, with an efficient corps of Assistants, have charged themselves with the care of details that shall ensure a well-organized and creditable celebration.

For full particulars we refer to the order of exercises, procession, route of march, &c., in advertising column.

MONUMENT DEDICATION August 6, 1869¹¹⁹⁶

The Building Committee of the Soldiers' Monumental Association, in accordance with the generally expressed wishes of the citizens of Plymouth, have made arrangements for a:

Public Dedication of the Soldiers' Monument

On Monday, the 9th of August.

Gov. Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, has accepted an invitation to deliver an address on the occasion, and Gov. Claflin and staff, Lieut. Gov. Tucker, the Executive Council, Gov. Stearns of New Hampshire, Gov. John G. Foster, Hon. James Burnston, Hon. Thos. Russell, and other distinguished gentlemen will be present.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

The Committee ask their fellow citizens to co-operate with them in extending the hospitalities of the Town to their Guests, and in contributing by their aid and influence and means to make the celebration an occasion of interest to visitors and credible to the Town...

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT DEDICATION CEREMONIES August 13, 1869¹¹⁹⁷

Imposing Procession

ADDRESSES OF THE PRESIDENT AND GOV. CHAMBERLAIN,
DINNER AND FESTIVITIES

Promptly following the moribund collapse of the rebellion, our citizens became interested in the subject of erecting a suitable Monument to the memory of the seventy-two heroic men of Plymouth whose lives were a part of the immortal sacrifice on the altar of country and freedom, in behalf of its salvation. This general interest developed itself in the organization of Plymouth Soldiers' Monument Association, with an efficient administration appropriately headed by Wm. T. Davis, as President; Wm. S. Danforth, Secretary, and Thos. Loring, Treasurer.

The nucleus of finances came from a membership fee of one dollar to the number of three or four hundred. A difference of opinion afterward arising as to the more fitting tribute, a Monument or a Memorial Hall. It was proposed to decide the same by a majority vote...

SELECTION OF DESIGN

The Building Committee consisting of the President, Wm. T. Davis, John Morissey, Wm. H. Whitman, Russell Tomlinson, Geo. F. Weston, Samuel H. Doten, Nathaniel Wood, Charles H. Drew, Barnabas Hedge, Thos. B. Drew, Gideon Perkins, Wm. S. Danforth, are entitled to the thanks of the public for the patient and critical investigation of a large portfolio of designs, from which with the advice of well known artists and designers in Boston, the present model was elaborated, which for symmetry of proportion, solidity, beauty and appropriateness of ornamentation with attractiveness, is not surpassed, if equalled, by any Monument of similar proportion, and cost in the State.

THE LOCATION

gave rise to earnest and continual discussions, Court Square, Burial Hill, and Training Green, respectively in the North, central and southerly sections of the town, were each strongly urged and supported. The ones of beauty fell around Court Square; sacred associations pointed to Burial Hill; military tradition gave Training Green the prestige, and secured it the beautiful structure...

Conclusion of the War



THE MONUMENT

The Monument is a model of good taste, built of Hallowell granite, finely hammered, by Peter Blessington, of Quincy, whose reputation needs no other encomium than the universal praise given to his work. With conscientious fidelity he fulfilled his contract at cost far exceeding the price agreed. The mound upon which it rests is 60 feet in diameter and about four feet high. Upon this mound are three steps of Rockport granite. The main base is 9 feet 2 inches square, and 2 feet 6 inches high, and two sub-bases surmount it. The pedestal is a simple block of granite, weighing between 11 and 12 tons, and is 3 feet 6 inches high, and 5 inches square. Upon the four corners are finely chiseled the arms emblematic of the three branches of the military service, viz: infantry, artillery and cavalry, as well as the anchor and boarding-pike representing the naval service.

The main column is 14 feet high and is round, with a representation of Union in 38 reeds bound together with three bands, above, in the centre and below. The column is finely capped with elaborated mouldings, surmounting the cross is a globe and perched upon the globe is an eagle in granite clutching and strangling in his talons the serpent of discord, while the shackles of slavery are also perceptible, the chain being broken and falling, as it were, to the ground. The Monument from the level of the Green, is between 40 and 50 feet in height.

On the front tablet, is the inscription:

“Memoria in Eterna. The Soldiers and Sailors of Plymouth, who gave their lives for their country in the war of 1861.”

On the other tablets, were the names, in alphabetical order, of the heroes whose lives paid the forfeit of amor patrie. They are as follows:

ROLL OF THE DEAD

John K. Alexander, William T. Atwood, Geo. W. Barnes, Victor A. Bartlett, Lawrence R. Blake, James A. Bowen, Edward D. Brailey, Wm. Brown, Jedediah Bumpus, Geo. W. Burgess, Nathaniel Burgess, Thos. B. Burt, John Carline, Joseph L. Churchill, John B. Collingwood, Joseph W. Collingwood, Thos. Collingwood, Isaac

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Dickerman, Robert Dunham, Benj. F. Durgin, Seth W. Eddy Wm. Edes, Melvin C. Faught, Lemuel B. Faunce, Alfred C. Finney, Theodore S. Fuller, Edward E. Green, Thomas Haley, Edwin F. Hall, Justus W. Harlow, Wm. N. Hathaway, Thomas W. Hayden, George M. Heath, Frederick Holmes, Orin D. Holmes, P. Marion Holmes, Horace A. Jenks, Josiah Leach, John D. Manter, Thomas A. Mayo, Charles E. Merriam, Gideon E. Morton, Lemuel B. Morton, Isaac T. Oldham, Geo. T. Peckham, Isaac H. Perkins, Wm. Perry, Thomas Pugh, Harvey A. Raymond, Albert R. Robbins, Charles H. Robbins, Henry H. Robbins, Thomas S. Saunders, Otis Sears, Wm. H. Shaw, Edward Smith, Edward Stephens, John Sylvester, David A. Taylor, Wallace Taylor, Frank A. Thomas, Israel H. Thrasher, Chas. E. Tilson, E. Stevens Turner, David R. Valler, Chas. Wadsworth, George E. Wadsworth, Benj. Westgate, John M. Whiting, John Whitmore, David Williams.

Criticism has been made as to errors in the names of the dead, and the inscriptions of names of those now living. the former has been remedied in a measure. The latter covers a witticism of a local paper referring to the name of the builder, in modest letters in one corner.

...

THE PROCESSION

The day dawned bright and beautiful, guaranteeing the only requisite for success. Long lines of carriages from adjacent towns poured into the town. At an early hour the Marshal's marque was pitched, and aids reported for duty. The local organizations formed at their halls and marched to the depot on the arrival of the special train at 10 A. M. It lengthened out to seventeen loaded cars, followed by Harlow's regular train of nine cars bringing about thirty-five hundred passengers. Hundreds were left at the depots for want of standing room on the train. Superintendent Bullock conducted in person the train bearing a triple Governorship with staffs. A salute was fired on the arrival. The full corps of marshals of divisions and aids were in attendance, splendidly mounted and equipped. Each organization escorted their guests to their respective halls for rest and lunch before falling into line.

FIRST DIVISION

Availing ourselves during interregnum of lunching of the opportunity to visit the different localities assigned by the Chief Marshal for forming divisions, and through the courtesy of the officers in command, we obtain the following data:

Under the acceptable shade of Cushman street, the Standish Guards, Capt. Drew, 35 men, and Bay State Guards, of Carver, Capt. Griffeth, 48 men, were "at rest," and being supplied with lemonade by the ladies of that locality. They appeared in their new uniform of steel gray, with dark blue trimmings. It is a model of neatness and combination of colors pleasing to the eye. Capt. Griffeth ranked Capt. Drew, but being the guests of the Guards were escorted by them. The North Bridgewater Band of 19 pieces gave some of the finest music of the day and evening. At the Samoset House, Chandler held four in hand, all blacks, with one of Maynard's barouches, for the Governor, orator, and President of the Association. A long line of carriages stretched up Samoset street ready to receive the invited guests who thronged the hall and parlors of the hotel, some of whom, we regret to say, did not receive that consideration to which they were justly entitled by their position of public and private worth. The first division preceded by a fine body of local police, by the chief Marshal, with Capts. Drew and Mason as aids, Capt. James Thurber, Marshal of division, and Col Chas. Raymond in command of military escort, fell promptly into line at the boom of the signal gun.

SECOND DIVISION

Down Drew Place extended the line of veterans, composing the Collingwood Post 76, Maj. Samuel H. Doten, Commander, 55 comrades, having under escort McPherson Post 73, J. Willard Brown, Commander, 94 comrades, with the Weymouth Band, 17 pieces. Least in number, and less bedecked in uniform, this division of thoughtful faces was the most important in the associations of the day of any. Indeed, as we marked their

Conclusion of the War

noiseless march without banner, band, or regalia, with exact and disciplined steps, it almost seemed as if the spirits of their dead companions of many a long march and bloody field hovered over their ranks or kept silent and measured tread with their own. To them must be assigned the post of honor as the body guard of the absent brothers-in-arms, and to their unostentatious, but impressive battalion, must be ascribed most that was harmonious and befitting the sacred duties of the hour, the well nigh lost sight object of the day's pageant. With Marshal Capt. Chas. B. Stoddard at the head they fell into the rear of the first.

THIRD DIVISION

Up Russell street, fronting the attractive lawn of Court Square, the 3d division, the most notable of all, was formed. First foremost, the Old Colony Encampment of Knight Templars, Z. I. Becknell, M. E. G., Commander, 102 Knights of the Red Cross, with their rich and knightly regalias, plumed chapeaus, gauntleted gloves, sash and swords. These were escorted by the Samoset Chapter, M. E. H. P., Wm. S. Danforth, 75 companions, in the regalia of the Chapter, which differed but little from the Plymouth Lodge, W. M. Bailey, 60 brethren. This was the most brilliant division of the procession, the fine appearance and bearing of the men attracting universal comment. Headed by Wales Abington Band, 18 pieces, they came into a line on Court street, followed by a large crowd of spectators, under the marshalship of Capt. Alvin Finney.

FOURTH DIVISION

formed on North street, headed by the Plymouth and Lynn Band, was composed of the Mayflower Lodge, I. O. of O. F., J. B. Oldham, N. G. in full regalia. This was the largest organization in the procession, and marched with a spirit and just pride in their membership, with that of their guests, the Bay State Lodge, I. O. of O. F. of Lynn, S. R. Busbee, N. G., 100 men; Palestine Encampment, Mortimer Hawkes, C. P., of Lynn. The Plymouth and Lynn Bands fraternized, half the latter being Plymouth men, and played with especial [?] and spirit.

FIFTH DIVISION

This division surprised the local observer from the sudden advent of a newly organized and uniformed Independent Fire Co., under command of Capts. Nath'l Brown and Wadsworth, two of the ablest looking men in the procession. The new uniform of red shirt, with blue pants, belt, oval cap, and insignia, made a very attractive appearance. this division, headed by the engineers and officers of the Fire Department, and marshalled by Ensign Henry B. Loring, brought up the rear in fine style, followed by a large cavalcade under Lieut. Thos. B. Atwood.

After marching through the principal streets the column reached the tent by the site of the Monument on the "Green."

DEDICATION CEREMONIES

The tent was crowded with 3000 people, the sides being thrown up to give a full view of the Monument. The audience was called to order by Hon. Wm. T. Davis, and the No. Bridgewater Band discoursed inspiring music.

The introductory address by the President was given in a clear and eloquent style, and elicited many commentary remarks for its appropriateness of sentiment.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Fellow Citizens: We meet to-day round the Monument to the fallen heroes of Plymouth to join in the ceremonies of its dedication. By your efforts, this structure has been reared to commemorate those noble men who, when rebellious hands were raised against our country's life, bade a last farewell to kindred and home, and went forth to die in its defence. Their sacred names are inscribed in our memories, and engraved on the tablets of our hearts. As long as life shall last, we, of this generation, shall cherish the recollection of their noble deeds and heroic martyrdom with a devotion which no monument can kindle, and no inscriptions keep

RETURN OF THE DEAD

alive. But time will pass, and memories and traditions shall fail, and these tablets of flesh must moulder into dust. It is fit, therefore, that we should carve on the everlasting granite, the names of that noble band, that our children and our children's children may learn by whose blood their country was baptized into new life, and the bonds of its union were cemented for all coming time. Let this Monument stand a proud memorial of the dead, and may time touch it with a gentle hand as it bears to succeeding generations its just and deserving record.

But we dedicate this Monument not alone as a memorial of the dead. It shall remind us also of the living soldiers of the war. As we recall the last fond look with which our departed heroes gazed upon the scenes of their home, let us remember also, those, who with no less patriotic motive and readiness to die for their country, marched with them shoulder to shoulder, shared with them the hardships of camp and field, and returned to us to enjoy those blessings of a free government which they themselves secured. As we look back on the struggles of the war, and see the fierce lines of battle with their widening gaps where the fallen lie, let us reserve a portion of our admiration for those who closed the ranks over the bodies of their comrades and marched on to a victory in which their brethren were not allowed to share. As we paint in imagination those dying heroes in prison, hospital and field, let us add to the picture those living heroes who soothed and comforted them in their final hour, and in their prayers by the dead, consecrated themselves anew to their country's cause. To you, soldiers of the war, this Monument is also dedicated. Keep yourselves worthy of the honor. Your past at least is secure. May you so conduct yourselves in the conflicts of daily life as to preserve unfaded those wreaths of glory which your deeds have so nobly won.

Nor do we dedicate this Monument alone as a memorial of the soldier. It shall serve as a teacher and monitor for us all. It shall teach us the responsibilities of citizenship, and admonish us of its sacred duties. Dedicated to the memory of those who gave their lives for their country, it shall teach us to dedicate ourselves also to the maintenance of free institutions of government, and admonish us that when these are in danger, we too must be ready to offer our lives also for their defence. Let generation after generation as they pass in procession from the cradle to the grave, be reminded as they look on this enduring memorial of the conflicts which inaugurated the birth of our country, of the hardships and sacrifices by which it was preserved, and of the serious part which they may be called upon to perform for its further perpetuation. Let it stand an everlasting memorial and teacher, and in the ceremonies of this day, let us invoke Almighty God to hold it tenderly in the hollow of his hand, and consecrate it with his continued blessing.

ORIGINAL HYMN [Dr. T. B. Drew]

The following original hymn, very creditable to the author, Dr. T. B. Drew, was sung by the audience, led by the Band, to the tune of "America."

HYMN

Our Father! we rejoice
With grateful heart and voice
To see this hour.
Grim war no more bears sway,
The night has passed away,
We meet in peace to-day,
And own Thy power.

This Monument we raise
In honor and in praise

Conclusion of the War

Of those who died
In battle's fierce array,
In prisons far away -
For deeds like theirs to-day
Are glorified.

May this memorial stand
In memory of that band
Now gone to rest.
And when our children see
The fruits of Liberty,
Their honored names will be
Forever blest.

The address of Gov. Chamberlain was one of marked power and fervid eloquence. From the beautiful simile, "Dead on the field of honor;" so fascinatingly introducing his theme, to the final apothegm, "Liberty cannot die!" It commanded undivided attention and interest. Gen. Chamberlain labored under depressing sickness, being obliged to leave the procession, remaining at the residence of Wm. H. Whitman, Esq., till the services commenced at the tent. The honor of the orator of the day and hero of many battles was divided between Gov. Claflin and the President of the Association, who rode in the carriage first occupied by Gov. Chamberlain." All may not remember the fact that Gen. Chamberlain received two commonly considered mortal wounds, both bullets passing through the abdomen and coming out at the back. From the last, still imperfectly healed, he suffers severe pain and serious indisposition. That he may entirely recover and enjoy long years of peace and happiness, the honored hero of the noble old Pine Tree State, was the sincere prayer of the thousands who looked upon his battle-scarred form erect in the vigor of an unbroken spirit, and listened to his inspiration of genius and "burning words of eloquence."

CHAMBERLAIN'S ADDRESS¹¹⁹⁸

"*Dead on the Field of Honor.*" You know the story - that First Grenadier of France, for whose inspiring heroism Napoleon ordered that his name should be called on the roll long after death had set a glorious seal upon his valor, and at the name of "*La Tour d'Auvergne*," the sergeant stepped forward two paces, saluted, and gave answer in these words. They are poetic words - thrilling words. But standing here to-day and looking upon this scene, they come to me fraught with a soberness and a sublimity of meaning such as they scarcely had before. As I give place to the recollections that still throng upon my memory, as I gaze upon this spot dear to freedom and sacred in history - as I think of the gallant spirits that have not shrunk from the highest test of manhood for the cause of man - as I look on this assembly and think of the dear and venerated forms for which you search in vain - as I gaze upon these graves and comprehend what all this means, I take up these words, and if you call this sacred roll - if you ask for these 72, from Alexander to Williams, I advance I salute you, I answer, "Dead on the Field of Honor!"

...

Stand, then, O Monument! resist the shock of elements and the touch of time, eloquent with these deathless names! And ye, O Martyrs! tell to after ages what virtue was in this - tell to a delivered country how precious are her foundations - tell to enfranchised humanity, *Liberty cannot die!*

RETURN OF THE DEAD

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The address was followed by an earnest and pertinent dedicatory prayer by Rev. F. N. Knapp, of the Unitarian church. An original hymn by Lizzie Doten was sung by the Plymouth Choral Association, led by the Band, to the tune of "Keller's American Hymn."

ORIGINAL HYMN [Lizzie Doten]

HYMN

Sons of the nation to glory restored,
 Strew with fresh laurels the patriot's grave,
Heed the libation to Liberty poured
 Honor the blood of your fearless and brave,
 Hail to the the heroes who fell for the right!

When the red bolts of rebellion were hurled,
 Bursting in tempests of fury and flame,
Faithful to freedom - the hope of the world,
 Swift to the rescue each patriot came,
 Hail to the heroes who fell for the right!

Breasting the waves of the battle's wild seas,
 Facing unflinching the cannon's hot breath,
Hail to the brave! who marched fearless and free
 Down to the "valley and shadow of death,"
 Hail to the heroes who fell for the right!

Trace it in marble as white as the snows;
Chisel in granite the record sublime!
Sacred to Freedom - and teaching our foes
 Lessons of wisdom as lasting as time.
 Hail to the heroes who fell for the right!

Bright as the stars in the firmament shine -
 Still may they watch o'er this land from on high,
Teaching our hearts, as their names we enshrine,
 Faithful to Freedom to live and to die,
 Hail to the heroes who fell for the right!

Prayer [Rev. Moody]

A prayer by Rev. Mr. Moody of the Baptist church, with music by the Plymouth Band, closed the exercises, after which the various organizations reformed and marched to their respective halls for dinner...

Conclusion of the War

List of Plymouth Men Whose Names are on Monument

All are in Massachusetts Regiments unless otherwise noted¹¹⁹⁹

Alexander, John K.	36th Regt., Co. K	Killed on May 12, 1864 at Spotsylvania Court House, VA
Atwood, William T.	23d Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on 20 Jul 1862 at Newbern, NC
Barnes, George W.	32d Regt., Co. A	Died of disease on Aug. 5, 1862 at Harrison's Landing, VA
Bartlett, Victor A.	U.S. Navy	Died Mar. 25, 1864 at Salisbury (Prison), NC.
Blake, Lawrence R.	29th Regt., Co. E	Killed on Sept. 17, 1862 at Antietam, MD
Bowen, James A.	38th Regt., Co. D	Died of disease on Jun. 7, 1864 at Morganza, LA
Brailey, Edward D.	23d Regt., Co. E	Killed on picket Apr. 29, 1862 at Batchelder's Creek, NC. Buried at Newbern Nat'l Cemetery.
Brown, William	U.S. Navy	Born a slave in 1818 ¹²⁰⁰ , Died at sea aboard U.S. Constellation Dec. 24, 1864
Bumpus, Jedediah	9th Regt., Cp. G	Killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
Burgess, George W.	18th Regt., Co. G	Died on Mar. 8, 1863 at Falmouth Hospital, White Oak Church, VA
Burgess, Joseph W. B. ¹²⁰¹	8th NH, Co. H	Died of fever at Mount Pleasant Hospital, in Washington, DC Dec. 9, 1864.
Burgess, Nathaniel E.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of wounds on Mar. 25, 1865 at Fort Stedman, VA
Burt, Thomas B.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Oct. 31, 1862 at Harwood Hospital, Washington, DC
Carline [Calland], John	23d Regt., Co. K	Died at Roanoke Island on Mar. 22, 1862. (Born in Ireland.)
Churchill, Joseph L.	23d Regt., Co. E	Killed Newbern, N.C. Mar. 14, 1862
Collingwood, John B.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Aug. 22, 1863 at St. John's Hospital,

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Cincinnati, OH

Collingwood, Joseph W.	18th Regt., Co. H	Died from wounds at Fredericksburg on Dec 24, 1862
Collingwood, Thomas	29th Regt., Co. E	Died on Aug. 31, 1863 near Hickman Bridge, KY
Dickerman, Isaac	99th NY, Co. K	Died of disease on Nov. 10, 1863 at Fort Monroe, VA
Dunham, Robert	U.S. Navy	Died on 10 Nov 1861 at Alexandria, VA
Durgin, Benjamin F.	38th Regt., Co. D	Died of disease in Convalescent Hospital, Baton Rouge, LA Aug 8, 1863.
Eddy, Seth W.	58th Regt., Co. H	Died of disease on Aug. 13, 1864 at Readville, MA
Edes, William	11th Regt., Co. F	Captured and died in Andersonville Prison Aug. 30, 1864
Faught, Melvin C.	32nd Regt., Co. A	Died of disease on Feb. 8, 1863 at Windmill Point Hospital, VA
Faunce, Lemuel B. Jr.	38th Regt., Co. G	Died of disease on Apr. 23, 1865 at Goldsboro, NC
Finney, Alfred C.	5th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Mar. 13, 1863 at Academy Gen'l Hospital, Newbern, NC
Fuller, Theodore S.	23d Regt., Co. E	Captured near Newbern, died Aug. 13, 1864 as prisoner in Andersonville, GA
Green, Edward E.	38th Regt., Co. G	Died of disease at Baton Rouge, LA July 11, 1863
Haley, Thomas	38th Regt., Co. G	Died of disease on Apr. 5, 1863 at St. James Hospital, New Orleans, LA
Hall, Edwin F.	58th Regt., Co. D	Killed on June 3, 1864 at Cold Harbor, VA
Harlow, Justus W.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Sep. 15, 1862 at (Camp Hamilton) Fort Monroe, VA
Hathaway, William N.	38th Regt., Co. G	Died of disease on Feb. 23, 1863 at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, VA

Conclusion of the War

Hayden, Thomas W.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of malaria on Sep. 4, 1863 at (Crab Orchard) Hickman's Bridge, KY
Heath, George M.	32d Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Jul. 31, 1862 at Harrison's Landing, VA
Holmes, Frederic	38th Regt., Co. G	Killed July 14, 1863 Port Hudson, LA
Holmes, Orin D.	29th Regt., Co. E	Killed Mar. 25, 1865 at Fort Stedman, VA
Holmes, P.(?) Marion	36th Regt., Co. B	Killed Campbell Station, TN Nov. 16, 1863
Jenks, Horace A.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Jul. 26, 1863 at Milldale (Hospital), MS
Leach, Josiah	2d Hvy Art, Co. H	Died of wounds Apr. 22, 1864 plymouth, N.C.
Manter, John D.	3d Regt., Co. B	Died of typhoid fever on Feb. 6, 1863 in hospital at Newbern, NC
Mayo, Thomas A.	29th Regt. , Co. E	Killed at Gaines' Mill, VA June 27, 1862
Merriam, Charles E.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Nov. 12, 1862 at Harper's Ferry, VA
Morton, Gideon T.	7th Regt., Co. F	Killed at Fredericksburg May 3, 1863.
Morton, Lemuel B.	36th Regt., Co. D	Killed at Spottsylvania Court House May 12, 1864
Oldham, Isaac T.	24th Regt., Co. B	Died of disease at Portsmouth, NC Feb. 26, 1863.
Peckham, George T.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Nov. 1, 1863 at Lenore, TN
Perkins, Isaac C. H.	23d Regt., Co. E	Died from wounds received at Cold Harbor on Jun 26, 1864 at Campbell Hospital, Washington, DC
Perry, William	38th Regt., Co. G	Died of disease at New Orleans, June 5, 1863
Pugh, Thomas	5th Cav., Co. A	Probably born a slave (Baltimore, MD) ¹²⁰² , died at sea Nov. 18, 1865 on way home from Texas
Raymond, Harvey A.	23d Regt., Co. E	Killed at Whitehall, NC on Dec. 16, 1862
Robbins, Albert R.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of smallpox on Mar. 5, 1864 at Plymouth, MA

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Robbins, Charles H.	35th Regt., Co. H	Died from wounds Sep. 26, 1862 at Antietam, MD
Robbins, Henry H.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of smallpox on Dec. 5, 1863 at Kalorama Hospital, Washington, DC
Saunders, Thomas S.	23d Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Mar. 14, 1862 at Roanoke Island, NC
Sears, Otis	38th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease in Plymouth while on furlough Jan. 6, 1864
Shaw, William H.	32d Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Aug. 6, 1865 at Boston, MA
Smith, Edward	23d Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Nov. 17, 1862 at Annapolis, MD
Stevens, Edward	23d Regt., Co. E	Died from wounds on Jan. 19, 1863 at Newbern, NC
Sylvester, John	4th Cav., Co. I	Died as prisoner at Andersonville, GA on Nov. 14, 1864 (grave # 12,053)
Taylor, David A.	32d Regt., Co. E	Killed at Petersburg, VA on Jun 22, 1864
Taylor, Wallace	24th Regt., Co. B	Died of disease at Newbern Oct. 23, 1862
Thomas, Frank A.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease Sept. 14, 1862 at Fort Monroe, VA
Thrasher, Israel H.	38th Regt., Co. D	Died June 29, 1863 at New Orleans, LA of wounds received at Port Hudson
Tillson, Charles E.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died (of starvation and neglect) as prisoner at Andersonville, GA on Jul 24, 1864
Turner, E. Stevens	U.S. Navy	Died at Rio De Janeiro Aug. 5, 1864 while commanding "Relief"
Valler, David R.	58th Regt., Co. I	Died of typhoid fever Oct. 11, 1864 Alexandria, VA
Wadsworth, Charles	39th Regt.	Died as prisoner at Salisbury Prison, NC Nov. 10, 1864
Wadsworth, George E.	29th Regt., Co. E	Died Aug. 31, 1863 of fever at near Hickman's Bridge, KY
Westgate, Benjamin	23d Regt., Co. E	Killed Whitehall, NC on Dec 16, 1862

Conclusion of the War

Whiting, John M.	38th Regt., Co. G	Killed at battle of Opeuan Creek, Winchester, VA Sept. 19, 1864
Whitmore, John ¹²⁰³	U.S. Navy	Died of yellow fever at sea Aug. 1863.
Williams, David	29th Regt., Co. E	Died of disease on Sept. 14, 1863 at Camp Dennison, OH

Index of Soldiers

Appendix A

Index of Soldiers

NOTES

1. The sources for this list are: *Old Colony Memorial*, *Plymouth Rock*, or *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock* newspapers; *History of the Town of Plymouth: With a Sketch of the Origin and Growth of Separatism*¹²⁰⁴; and *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War*¹²⁰⁵.
2. The author has attempted to reconcile discrepancies between all the sources in creating this list. When these sources differ, each variation is shown. *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War* was used as the source for the Regiment and Company. Some soldiers listed in the newspapers or Davis book were not found in *Massachusetts Soldiers*. These men were included in the list with Regiment and Company data
3. If a soldier is associated with multiple chapters in this book, his name will appear multiple times.
4. Names of soldiers are shown as used in the: Soldiers can be affiliated with different towns. The newspapers didn't always identify the town when listing soldiers. Towns are as identified by William T. Davis and *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines...* Some soldiers may have been born or resided in Plymouth for some part of the life.
5. If a soldier is listed from a town other than Plymouth, there name either appeared in a newspaper article or they authored a letter to the newspaper. No attempt was made by the author to have an all inclusive list of men in each regiment or company.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Reg.</u>	<u>Co.</u>	<u>Town</u>	<u>Chapter</u>
Adams, Columbus	29th	E	Kingston	Chapter 3
Alexander, John K.	29th, 36th	E, C	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Alexander, William B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Boston/Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Allen, Charles B.	5th Cav	A	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Allen, James H.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Allen, Sherman	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	22d	Sharpshooters		Chapter 9
Allen, Wm. S.	18th	H	Milton	Chapter 4
Ames, John C.	38th	D	Hanson	Chapter 7
Anderson, Frederic	18th	H	Raynham	Chapter 4
Andrews, James F.	60th	E	Plymouth	
Arnold, Daniel P.	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Arnold, Edward H.	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Arnold, George	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Atkin, Charles	18th	H	Horton	Chapter 4

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Atwell, George	23d	E	Marshfield	Chapter 5
Atwood, Benjamin S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Atwood, Charles	29th	E	Carver	Chapter 3
Atwood, Charles H	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Atwood, Ebenezer E.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Atwood, George H.	3d Hy. Art.		Plymouth	
Atwood, John Murray	29th, 36th	E, C	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Atwood, Josiah E.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Atwood, Josiah W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Atwood, Stephen T.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Atwood, Thomas B.	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Atwood, Thomas C	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Atwood, Thomas I.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Abington	Chapter 2
Atwood, Timothy S.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Abington	Chapter 2
Atwood, William T.	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Badger, Charles D.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Badger, Edward D.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Bagnall, Ichabod P	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Bagley, Daniel	2d US Lt. Art.		Plymouth (Crdeit)	Chapter 13
Bailey, George	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
Bailey, Seth K.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Bailey, William	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Bailey 2d, Lewis M.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Baker, Henry	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Bancroft, Arvin M.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	9th VRC	H		Chapter 12
Barnes, Benjamin F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Barnes, Charles C.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Barnes, Charles E.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Barnes, Charles E. 2d.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Barnes, Ellis D.	29th, 36th	E, G	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	4th Hy. Art.	B		
Barnes, George R.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Barnes, George W.	32d	A	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	4th	G		Chapter 9
Barnes, Levonzo D.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	32d	E		Chapter 6

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Barnes, Luther R.	58th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Barnes, Moses S.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Barnes, Nathaniel F.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Barnes, Robert H.	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Barnes, Winslow C.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Barnes, William E.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Barrett, William	29th	I	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Barrows, Alfred	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Barrows, James E.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Barrows, Simeon H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Bartlett, Alexander L.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Bartlett, Amasa 2d.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Bartlett, Amasa M.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
	4th Hy. Art.	I		
Bartlett, George W.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Bartlett, Henry C	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Bartlett, James S	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Bartlett, John	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Bartlett, Joseph L.	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Bartlett, Schuyler S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
	44th	D		Chapter 9
Bartlett, Temple H.	58th	H	Plymouth	
Bartlett, Winslow	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Bassett, Edward	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Bassett, Jesse T.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
	42d	I		
Bates, Bela	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Bates, Benjamin F.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Bates, Charles E.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Bates, Frances	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Bates, G. Hubert	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Bates, George E.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Bates, Gustavus D.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Bates, Henry F.	C		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Bates, James H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Bates, Moses	Staff		Plymouth	Chapter 9

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Bates, Nathl. B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Bates, Stephen	38th	D	Hanson	Chapter 7
Battles, Otis	20th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Baytes, George D.	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Bennett, Charles	56th	E	Plymouth	
Benson, Albert	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Benson, George	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Benson, Martin V. B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Berry, James	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Beytes, Antonio	29th	E	Kingston	Chapter 3
Beytes, George B.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Blake, Lawrence R.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Blanchard, Andrew	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Blanchard, George H.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Bonney, Jacob D.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Bonney, Leroy S	23d	E	Marshfield	Chapter 5
Bosworth, Ichabod	38th	D	Hanson	Chapter 7
Bosworth, Joseph P. Jr.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Bowen, James A	23d	E	Duxbury/Plymouth	Chapter 5
	38th	D		Chapter 7
Bradford, Cornelius	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Bradford, Ebenezer N.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Bradford, George F.	29th, 36th	E, D	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
Bradford, Lemuel 2d	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Bradford, William H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Bradley, John R. Jr.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Brailey, Edward D	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Brailey, John R	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
	24th	Unass.		
Bramhall, Ellis B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Breach, John	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Bressingham (Bresney), Dennis	6th VRC	D	Plymouth/Concord NH	Chapter 12
	22d	I		
Brewster, George B.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Brewster, James B	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
	44th	D		Chapter 9
Briggs, James	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Briggs, Wm. S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8

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Brigham, Antipas	1st VT Cav.	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Brown, Caleb N.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Brown, Ellis	20th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Brown, Ellis E.	5th Cav	A	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Brown, Henry	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Brown, James L.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Brown, Joseph A.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Bruce, Daniel A.	99th NY	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Bryant, Charles A.	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Bryant, Charles E.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Kingston	Chapter 8
Bryant, Frank	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Bryant, Homer	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Buck, Frederick W.	4th Cav.	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	1st Col. Inf.			Chapter 13
	23d ME			
Bump, Charles W.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Bumpass, Benjamin F.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Bumpus, Hiram W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Bumpus, Hosea C.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Bumpass, Jedediah	9th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Bumpus, Marcus	18th	H	Middleboro	Chapter 4
Burbank, Asaph S	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Burbank, David W.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Burbank, George E.	29th, 36th	E, G	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Burbank, William S. Jr.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Burgess, Albert L.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Burgess, Bertrand	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Burgess, Charles B.	24th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Burgess, Ebenezer	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Burgess, Ezra	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Burgess, George W.	18th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Burgess, James K	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Burgess, Nathaniel E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Burgess, Winslow T.	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	32d	A		Chapter 6
Burgess, Zenas	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Burns, Arthur S.	38th	D	Bridgewater	Chapter 7

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Burns, John	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Burt, John E	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
Burt, Thomas	4th	C	Plymouth	
	29th	E		Chapter 3
Burt, William B.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Cain, Patrick	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Callahan, Eugene	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Cameron, Horatio	1st/4th Cav	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Carline/Calland, John	23d	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Carnes, Edward L	23d	E	Carver	Chapter 5
Carter, John F.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Carver, Nathaniel	12th	Musician	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	58th	I		
Cass, Martin	18th	H	Charlestown	Chapter 4
Cassady, John S.	2d Hy. Art.		Plymouth	
Caswell, Augustus T	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Chandler, Alonzo	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Chandler, Charles J.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Chandler, David L.	3d	B (3 mo.)	?	Chapter 2
Chandler, George T.	38th	D	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Chandler, Henry O.	38th	D	Swansea	Chapter 7
Chandler, Job C. Jr.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Chandler, John B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Chandler, Thomas	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Chandler, Wm. B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Chapman, James H.	11th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Chapman, John F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
Chase, Charles H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Chase, George H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Chase, John C.	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Chubbuck, Warren	23d	E	Middleboro	Chapter 5
Churchill, James W.	99th NY	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Churchill, Joseph L	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Churchill, Robert B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Churchill, Sylvanus L.	29th, 36th	E, G	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Churchill, William E	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5

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Churchill, Winslow	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Churchill, Zenas	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Churchill, James	Coast Gd.		Plymouth	Chapter 9
	99th NY			
Clark, James W.	18th	H	Sharon	Chapter 4
Cobb, Allen	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Cobb, Charles S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Cobb, John M.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Cobb, Joseph F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Cobb, Sidney O.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Cobb, Walter B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Cole, Burton	1st US Col. Cav	E	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Cole, Henry O.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Collingwood, John B.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Collingwood, Joseph W.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Collingwood, Thomas	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
Connell, Wm. H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Coogan, Timothy	19th VRC	C	Plymouth	Chapter 12
	3d RI Inf.			
Cook, Henry	18th	H	Simsbury	Chapter 4
Cook, Joseph H.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Cook, Joshua	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Cook, Samuel	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Cook, Welles	18th	H	Springfield	Chapter 4
Copeland, Wm. H. M.	18th	H	Boston	Chapter 4
Corbin, Daniel O.	18th	H	Franklin	Chapter 4
Cosby/Crosley, Henry	5th Cav	L	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Cragin, Michael	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Crandon, Sanford	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Crocker, John H.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Crocker, Thomas D	18th	H	New Bedford	Chapter 4
Crosby, Charles C.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Waltham	Chapter 2
Croso, John	18th	H	?	Chapter 4
Cunningham, John J.	9th	I	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	G		Chapter 6
Dallas, Horatio N.	18th	H	Boston	Chapter 4
Damon, Edwin F.	38th	G	Marshfield	Chapter 7
Damrell, Horace	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Daniels, Edward L.	29th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Darling, George	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8

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Davis, Albert E.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth/Taunton	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Davis, Francis E	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Davis, John R. Jr.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Davis, Joseph	9th NH	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Davis, Nathaniel M.	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Demerit/Merritt, Andrew	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Dempsey, Patrick	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Dempsey, Robert	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Dexter, Thomas	54th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Dickerman, Isaac	Coast Gd.		Plymouth	Chapter 9
	99th NY	K		
Dixon, Lyman	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Dollard, Robert	23d	E	Boston	Chapter 5
Donley, James	3d	B (9 mo.)	Kingston	Chapter 8
Dooley, Morris	28th	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Dorr, Francis B.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Doten, Charles C.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	38th	G		Chapter 7
Doten, Elisha S.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Doten, George H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Doten, Samuel H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Douglas, William L.	58th	I	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Downey, James	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Downey, Patrick	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6
Downey, Timothy	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Drake, Joseph N.	18th	H	Norton	Chapter 4
Drew, Charles H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	18th	H		Chapter 4
	38th	D		Chapter 7
Drew, Josiah R.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
	18th US Col.			Chapter 13
	Inf.			
Drew, Stephen C.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	18th	H		Chapter 4
Drogan/Dwyer, Daniel	18th	H	Plymouth/Abington	Chapter 4

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Duffy, John	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	28th	Unass.		
Duffy, John Jr.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	32d	C		Chapter 6
Duffy, William	1st/4th Cav	H	Plymouth (Credit	
	Navy		Boston)	
Dunham, Barnabas	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Dunham, Charles W.	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Dunham, Ellis D.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Dunham, George H	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Dunham, Henry A.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Dunham, Samuel N.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Dunlap, Sylvester F.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Dunlap, William	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Dyer, Charles E.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Eaton, Edwin R.	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Eaton, Timothy T.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Eddy, Curtis	29th	L	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Eddy, Henry F.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Eddy, Seth W.	58th	H	Plhymouth	Chapter 9
Edes, William	11th	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
				Chapter 11
Eldred, Lorenzo W	23d	E	Lynn	Chapter 5
Eldridge, William P.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Elliot, Samuel	28th	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Ellis, Barzilla F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 8
Ellis, Thomas E.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Endicott, Henry C.	54th	I	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Everson, Charles	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Everson, Erastus W.	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Faught, Melvin C.	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	A		Chapter 6
Faunce, Charles A.	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Faunce, Lemuel B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Faunce, Lemuel B. Jr.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Faunce, Solomon	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Faunce, Solomon E	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7

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Faxon, George S.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Feid, George	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Felton, Thomas	32d	K	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Finch, James (also see Phinney),	18th	H	Taunton	Chapter 4
Finney, Albert T.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Finney, Frank S.	US Signal Corp.		Plymouth	
Finney, Harvey			Plymouth	Chapter 9
Finney, Israel B.	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
Finney, Otis W.	29th	E	Plympton	Chapter 3
Fish, George H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	38th	D		Chapter 7
Fish, Joseph L.	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Fish, Joseph W.	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Fleming, Peter	3d US Arty.	E	Plymouth	
Ford, Ezra J.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Foster, Charles E.	32d	C	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Foster, Melzer A.	38th	G	Kingston	Chapter 7
Foster, Otis	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Fowle, John B.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Freeman, Enoch	38th	D	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Freeman, Philander	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	2d US Cav.	M		
French, Charles L.	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Frothingham, James	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Fuller, Augustus H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Fuller, Benj. F	23d	E	Carver	Chapter 5
Fuller, Ichabod C.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Fuller, Josiah C.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Fuller, Phileman	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Fuller, Theodore S	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
				Chapter 11
Fuller, Thomas	18th	H	So. Abington	Chapter 4
Gallagher, Thomas	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Gammons, Edward A.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Gammons, John W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Gammons, Leonard F.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7

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Gay, Timothy E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	13th VRC	K		Chapter 12
Gerrish, Samuel	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Gibbons, Jeremiah	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Gibbs, Abiel	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
Gibbs, Henry/Harry F	99th NY	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
				(see Navy index)
Gibbs, Phineas	24th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Gibbs, Warren	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Gilmore, Alexander	3d	B (3 mo.)	Natick	Chapter 2
Glass, Eugene	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Glass, Jonathan Jr.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Glass, Seth	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Goldsboro, John F.	3d Cav	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Goldsboro, John F.	4th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Goodrich, C. B. (Frank C.)	3d	B (3 mo.)	Boston	Chapter 2
Goodwin, Amos	5th Cav	A	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Goodwin/Gooding, William P.	29th, 36th	E, G	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Goodwin, Windsor	1st US Col. Cav	B	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Gould, Henry	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Gould, Melvin A.	18th	H	Boston	Chapter 4
Gould, Myron	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Grain, William	1st US Col. Cav	E	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Green, Albert F.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Green, Edward E.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Green, George F.	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Green, George	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Green, Gustavus	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Green, Richard F.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Green, William H.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	24th VRC	F		Chapter 12
Greenwood, Albert F.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Griffin, Harvey B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Griffith, Charles W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Griffith, Thomas P.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Guild, Oscar S.	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Gurney, Seth P.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7

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Hagan(see Hogan), Patrick	Unass. VRC		Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 12
Haley, Edward	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Haley, John B.	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Haley, Thomas	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plympton/Plymouth	Chapter 2
	18th	H		Chapter 4
	38th	G		Chapter 7
Haley, Wm.	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Hall, Edward C	23d	E	Dorchester	Chapter 5
Hall, Rev. Edward H.	44th	Chaplain	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Hall, George A.	5th Cav	A	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Hall, Isaac T.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Hall, John A.	1st/4th Cav	K	Plymouth	
Hall, John F.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Hall, Seth M.	60th	C	Plymouth	
Hall, Sylvester S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Handy, Azel W.	3d	B (3 mo.)	So. Woodstock, CT	Chapter 2
Harden, Albert	38th	D	Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Hardin, Nahum F.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Harding, Edward C.	US Signal Corps		Plymouth (Credit)	
Harlow, Ivory W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Harlow, John Q.A.	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Harlow, Justus W.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Harlow, Martin L.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Harlow, Samuel H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Harlow, Sylvanus	3d	B (3 mo.)	Boston	Chapter 2
Harlow, Sylvanus H.	20th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Harlow, William T.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Harriman, Samuel	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Harris, Christopher T.	12th	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Hart, Harvey H.	1st Hy. Art.		Plymouth	
Hartin, John F.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Kingston	Chapter 2
Harvey, Benjamin	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Haskins, Alexander	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Hatch, John B.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Hathaway, Allen	99th NY	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Hathaway, Benjamin A.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7

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Hathaway, Charles G.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Hathaway, Wm. N.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Havistock, John H.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Hayden, Thomas O.	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Hayden, Thomas W.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Heath, George M.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Heath, William	23d	C	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Hedge, William	44th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Hein, Ernest	18th	H	Springfield	Chapter 4
Hennessey, William J.	18th	H	Boston	Chapter 4
Henry, Robert	5th Cav.	Unass.	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Hill, Charles Mekin	54th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Hill, Francis C.	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Hill, James	18th	H?	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Hogan/Hagan, John F.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Holbrook, Eliphalet	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Holbrook, George	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Holbrook, James S.	29thm 36th	E, C	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Hollis, Joshua	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Holmes, Adoniram	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Holmes, Alonzo L.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Holmes, Charles	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Holmes, Charles H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Holmes, Edward	Lowell Co		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Holmes, Frederick	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	38th	G		Chapter 7
Holmes, George H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Holmes, Horace	45th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Holmes, Isaac S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Holmes, Isaac T.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Holmes, Isaac K.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Holmes, Joseph 2d	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Holmes, Joseph Jr.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	10th VRC	H		Chapter 12
Holmes, Nathaniel	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Holmes, Orin D.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Holmes, Samuel N.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8

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Holmes, Samuel W	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Holmes, Seth L.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
Holmes, William C.	Pres. Guard		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Holmes, Wm. H.	18th	H	Mansfield	Chapter 4
Hooper, George P.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Horgan, John	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
Hosmer, Edwin H.	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Howard, Daniel D.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	58th	H		Chapter 9
Howe, Alfred G.	18th	H	Pembroke	Chapter 4
Howe, Francis M.	18th	H	Abington	Chapter 4
Howe, Henry	23d	E	Newton Centre	Chapter 5
Howland, Caleb	18th	H	Abington	Chapter 4
Howland, Charles H.	34th	Staff	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Howland, William H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	2d VRC	K		Chapter 12
Hoyt, John F. Jr.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	1st Bat.	F		Chapter 9
	60th	Unass.		
Hoyt, Moses	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Hudson, G. Otis	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Hunt, Robert S	23d	E	Duxbury	Chapter 5
Huston, BF	11th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Hyland, Andrew M.	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Irwin, William	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Jackson, Cornelius L.	30th	Staff	Plymouth	Chapter 12
Jackson, George F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Jefferson, Salem	3d	B (9 mo.)	Rochester	Chapter 8
Jenkins, Caleb M.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Jenkins, Benjamin F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Jenkins, Henry	21st US Col. Inf.	Unass.		
Jenks, Horace A.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Johnson, Charles W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Johnson, William R.	5th Cav	G	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Jones, Augustine T.	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	F		Chapter 6

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Jones, Charles	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth/New Bedford	Chapter 2
	18th	H		Chapter 4
Jordan, Charles N.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Jordon, Joseph M.	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Josselyn, Issachar	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Josselyn, John Edgar	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Joyce, Taylor	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6
Karan, Patrick	23d	E	Boston.	Chapter 5
Keith, James L.	38th	D	Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Keller, John	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6
Kelly, Bernard F.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Kennally, Michael	23d	E	So. Bridgewater	Chapter 5
Kettell, William	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Kimball, Henry W.	29th, 36th	E, D	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Kimball, James	38th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Kincaid, John R.	58th	H	Plymouth	Chapters 9, 11
King, William	13th	K	Plymouth	
Kingman, James	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Kleinhaus, Charles	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
	13 VRC	G		Chapter 12
Kriem, Paul	32d	D	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Lane, James	18th	H	Charlestown	Chapter 4
Lang, Charles H.	18th	H	Dorchester	Chapter 4
Lane, Charles L.	2d Cav	A	Plymouth	
Lanman, Charles W.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Lanman, Hiram J	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
				Chapter 11
Lanman, William W.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Lapham, Otis W	23d	E	Duxbury	Chapter 5
Lapham, William M.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Lashores, Robt W.	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
Latham, Alonzo W.	18th	H	Greenwich, CT	Chapter 4
Leach, Frank S.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Leach, Melvin G.	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Leach, Thomas M.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Leahy, John	Unass. VRC		Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 12

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Lee, Frank E.	38th	D	Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Lee, George W.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Lee, Nathan	23d	E	Moultonton, NH	Chapter 5
Leonard, Abner	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Leonard, Sumner O.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Lewis, Henry H.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Lewis, John J.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Lewis, William A.	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Litchfield, Sumner O.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Litchfield, Warren	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Lobdell, Isaac F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Logan, John	18th	H	Terryville, CT	Chapter 4
Long, Charles H	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Loring, Edgar F.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Loring, Joseph B.	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Lovett, Daniel	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Lucas, Abner	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	A		Chapter 6
Lucas, Adoniram Bartlett	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Lucas, Daniel	3d	B (3 mo.)	Abington	Chapter 2
Lucas, Jesse F.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Lucas, John S.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Roxbury	Chapter 2
Lucas, John	23d	E	Roxbury	Chapter 5
Lyman, Charles H.	18th	H	Chatham	Chapter 4
Lynch, James	18th	H	Springfield	Chapter 4
Lyon, James A.	38th	D	Swansea	Chapter 7
M'Huron (see Mehuren),				
Mabbott, George	18th	H	Canton	Chapter 4
Madden, Thomas	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Maglathlin, H.B.	4th	I	Duxbury	Chapter 9
Maguire, Patrick	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6
	38th	D		Chapter 7
Manehan, Patrick	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6
Mange, Winthrop H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Kingston	Chapter 8
Mann, Sydney A.	18th	H	West Randolph	Chapter 4
Manter, John D.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Marshall, Henry	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Martin, John D.	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Mason, Albert	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Mason, Charles	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	38th	D		Chapter 7
Maxim, Charles M	23d	E	Rochester	Chapter 5

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Maxim, Elbridge A	23d	E	Middleboro	Chapter 5
Maxim, Marcus F	23d	E	Middleboro	Chapter 5
May, James B	23d	E	Boston	Chapter 5
Mayberry, Stephen M.	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
Mayo, Thomas A.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
McDonald, John E.	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6
	Unass. VRC			Chapter 12
McGill, William	2d Cav	F	Plymouth	
McIntire, Owen	18th	H	Somerville	Chapter 4
McLaughlin, Robert	14th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
McLaughlin, James R.	50th		Haverhill/Plymouth	Chapter 8
McLaughlin, John	14th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
McLauthlin, Joseph	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
McMahon, Perez	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
McNaught, John	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
McRea, James	18th	H	Charlestown	Chapter 4
McShery, James	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
McSweeney, Patrick	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d			Chapter 6
Mehuren, Seth	23d	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Merriam, Charles E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Merritt, Andrew D.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Merritt, Billings	38th	D	Hingham	Chapter 7
Merritt, George W.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Middleton, William R.	29th	E	Charlestown	Chapter 3
Miller, James	5th ME	I	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Mills, Lewis F.	5th Cav	A	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Mitchell, Morton D.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Monahan, Patrick	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Monks, John	2d Hy. Art.	B	Plymouth	
Monroe, Julius W.	38th	D	Hanson	Chapter 7
Morey, George S.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Morey, William	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Morissey, John	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Morrison, John E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Morse, Charles P.	21st		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Morse, John A.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Morton, George H.	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Morton, Henry Jr.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Morton, Howard	30th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	73d Col. Inf.	D		Chapter 13
Morton, Isaac (Jr.)	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	101st VRC			Chapter 12

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Morton, Lemuel B.	29th, 36th	E, D	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Mullen, Thomas P.	29th	E	Plymouth/Kingston	Chapter 3
Murdock, John	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Neal, James	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Newhall, Alfred P.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Lynn	Chapter 2
Nichols, Elias O.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Nickerson, Joseph T.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Nickerson, Maranda	18th	H	Wareham	Chapter 4
Nickerson, William T.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
Nightengale, Sylvester	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Norton, Frank P.	18th	H	Lawrence	Chapter 4
Nutter, Edmond W.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Nye, Eben P.	18th	H	New Bedford	Chapter 4
O'Brien, Joseph	13th VRC	G	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 12
O'Brien, Patrick	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
O'Brien, William	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
O'Connell, James	28th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
O'Connor, Timothy	18th	H	Boston	Chapter 4
O'Rourke, Patrick	28th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Oldham, Isaac T.	24th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Oldham, Job B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Oldham, John R.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Oldham, John S. [T?]	24th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Page, Abraham	5th Cav	K	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Page, James W	23d	E	Boston	Chapter 5
Paine, Thomas	13th VRC	I	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 12
Palmer, George S.	18th	H	New Bedford	Chapter 4
Parker, Frank G.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Parker, James	18th	H	Springfield	Chapter 4
Partridge, George H.	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Paterson, Charles S.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Paty, Seth W.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Paulding, Daniel H	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Paulding, Edward F.	58th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Paulding, George O	23d	E	Duxbury	Chapter 5
Paulding, James T.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Peach, Henry	18th	H	Sharon	Chapter 4
Pearson, Benj. F	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Peckham, George S.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Pember, John H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Penniman, Prince E.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Perkins, Charles A.S.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8

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Perkins, George T	22d	Staff	Born in Plymouth	Chapter 9
	26th	Staff		Chapter 11
	32d	Staff		
Perkins, Henry	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Perkins, Henry F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Kingston	Chapter 8
Perkins, Isaac H	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Perkins, John F.	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Perkins, William A.	38th	D	Halifax	Chapter 7
Perry, Alonzo	58th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Perry, Charles M.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	3d	B (9 mo.)		Chapter 8
Perry, Darius	29th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Perry, Joseph W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Perry, Nathan B	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Perry, William	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Peterson, Charles S.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Peterson, Robert W.	1st Regt.	I	Plymouth	
Peterson, Silas N.	38th	D	Conway	Chapter 7
Pettis, James L.	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Phinney, Bernard E.	18th	H	Abington	Chapter 4
Phinney, Berri F.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Phinney, Edward	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Phinney, Edward F.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Phinney/Finney, Walter H	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
	2d Hy. Art.			Chapter 9
Pierce, Anthony L.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Pierce, Charles W.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Pierce, George F.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Pierce, Henry B	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Pierce, Leander	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Pierce, Moses W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Rochester	Chapter 8
Pierce, Weldon S.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Pierce, William T.	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
Pierson, William W.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Pinkham, Charles F	23d	E	Lynn	Chapter 5
Pittee, William H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	2d Hy. Art.			
Place, Charles C.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Place, Isaac H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Poole, Hiram	18th	H	Abington	Chapter 4
Pope, Rufus H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2

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Potter, Jeffrey A.	2d Bat.		Plymouth	
	13th Bat.			
Pratt, Albert D.	2d Hy. Art.		Plymouth	
Pratt, Edward A.	23d	E	Kingston	Chapter 5
Pratt, Edwin W.	18th	H	So. Hanson	Chapter 4
Pratt, George H.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Pratt, Henry	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Pratt, James H. W.	58th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	22d VRC	K		Chapter 12
Pratt, Joseph	23d	E	Kingston	Chapter 5
Pratt, Nathaniel	23d	E	Plympton	Chapter 5
Pratt, Obed C.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Pray, William H.	28th	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Price, Henry W.	38th	D	Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Prior, Erastus O.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Abington	Chapter 2
Prouty, Christopher A.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Pryor, Thomas	18th	H	Wrentham	Chapter 4
Pugh, Thomas	5th Cav.	A	Baltimore/Plymouth	Chapter 13
Quinlan, John	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
				Chapter 11
Quinn, Bernard T.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
	13th VRC	I		Chapter 12
Ramsdell, Cornelius	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Randall, Jason H.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Randall, Josiah D.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Ransom, Levi Jr.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
	30th VRC			Chapter 12
Raymond, Charles	3d	Staff	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	7th	Staff		Chapter 9
Raymond, Frederick	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Raymond, Harvey A.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth/Abington	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Raymond, Henry L.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Raymond, Samuel R.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Raymond, Thomas W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Rochester	Chapter 8
Raymund, Samuel P.	18th	H	New Bedford	Chapter 4
Reed, Alonzo	13th VRC	C	Plymouth	Chapter 12
			(Credit Charlton)	
Reed, Edmund	32d	I	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Reed, Eldridge	13th VRC	B	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 12
Reed, Joseph	29th	E	Halifax	Chapter 3
Richards, Charles L.	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Rider, James	32d		Plymouth	Chapter 6

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Ripley, Alexander	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Ripley, George W.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Boston/Abington	Chapter 2
Ripley, Henry	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Ripley, Lewis	18th	H	Dorchester	Chapter 4
Ripley, S. W.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Robbins, Albert R.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Robbins, Edward (Ned) L.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	3d	B (9 mo.)		Chapter 8
	2d Hy. Art.			
Robbins, Francis H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	US Signal Corp.			
Robbins, Frank C.	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Robbins, Frederick W.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Robbins, Heman	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Robbins, Henry H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Robbins, Herbert	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Robbins, James H.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	3d	B (9 mo.)		Chapter 8
Robbins, Kenelm	2d U.S. Cav.		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Robbins, William S.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Roberts, Henry W.	32d	C	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Robertson, George	54th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 13
Robertson, James B.	18th	H	Milton	Chapter 4
Robie, William J.	60th	E	Plymouth	
Rogers, Edwin S.	18th	H	Springfield	Chapter 4
Rogers, Michael	18th	H	New Bedford	Chapter 4
Rogers, Otis	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Rooney, Wm. N	18th	H	East Boston	Chapter 4
Ruggles, Adrian D.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Ruggles, George E.	18th	H	Wrentham	Chapter 4
Russell, Andrew W.	18th	H	New Bedford	Chapter 4
Russell, George B.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
	7th VRC			Chapter 12
Ryan, Timothy	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Ryder, George W.	50th	Unatt.	Plymouth	
Ryder, John B	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Sampson, Bradford	38th	D	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Sampson, Isaac L.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Sampson, John	3d	B (9 mo.)	Wareham	Chapter 8
Sampson, Nahum	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Sampson, Samuel	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Sampson, Samuel	32d	G	Plymouth	Chapter 6

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Sampson 2d, Eden	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Sanborn, John D	23d	E	Carver/Plymouth	Chapter 5
	18th VRC	H		Chapter 12
Sanger, Eugene	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Saunders, Thomas S	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Savery, Benjamin H.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Savery, Nehemiah L.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	52 VRC			Chapter 12
Savery, Thomas G.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Savery, William	38th	G	Kingston	Chapter 7
Savery, Winsor T.	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	32d	F		Chapter 6
Sawyer, George B.	13th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Scollard, John	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Searls, William H	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Sears, Andrew T	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Sears, Augustus	7th		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Sears, Horatio	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
	VRC			Chapter 12
Sears, Horatio N.	18th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 4
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Sears, James F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Sears, Joseph H.	6th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Sears, Otis	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Seffarth, Herman	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Sewall, Dummer	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Sewall, John	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Shannon, John	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
Shaw, Alonzo D.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Shaw, Asa	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Shaw, Edward Watson	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Shaw, Ebenezer	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Shaw, Eleazer	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Shaw, Ezra	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Shaw, George A.	8th MO		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Shaw, George H.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Shaw, Jesse M.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Shaw, Lorenzo N.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Shaw, Nathl. Jr.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Shaw, William H.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Shea, Sylvester	13 Lt. Bat.		Plymouth	
Sherman, Frederic P.	38th	D	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Sherman, James E.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8

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Sherman, Leander L.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	3d	B (9 mo.)		Chapter 8
Sherman, William S.	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Sherman, Winslow B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	4th	C		Chapter 9
	2d Hy. Art.			
Shurtleff, Benjamin	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Shurtleff, Gideon	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Shurtleff, Perez T.	38th	G	Carver	Chapter 7
Simmons, Abram P.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Simmons, Albert	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Simmons, Albert R.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	2d Hy. Art.			
Simmons, Daniel F.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Simmons, Frank H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Simmons, Joseph E.	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Simmons, Moses	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Simmons, Wilbur	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Simpson, Charles W.	18th	H	Roxbury	Chapter 4
Simpson, Willard N.	18th	H	Rumney, NH	Chapter 4
Smith, Edmund B	18th	H	Dorchester	Chapter 4
Smith, Edward	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
				Chapter 11
Smith, Geo. W.	18th	H	Hingham	Chapter 4
Smith, Joseph	38th	D	Hanson	Chapter 7
Smith, Patrick	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Smith, Patrick/Perez	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Smith, Thomas	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Snow, Edward J.	1st Bat	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Snow, Edward S.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Soule, Bennet	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
Soule, Henry	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Soule, William	3d	B (3 mo.)	Duxbury/Kingston	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
	38th	G		Chapter 7
Southworth, Jacob W.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
Southworth, Thos.	23d	E	Kingston	Chapter 5
Spooner, Wm. F.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
Standish, James C.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	23d	E		Chapter 5
	2d Hy. Art.			
Standish, Miles	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Standish, Winslow B.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Stephens, William	47th	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Stetson, Abel O.	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Stetson, Andrew J.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Stetson, Benjamin E.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Stetson, Edward L.	23d	E	Hanson	Chapter 5
Stetson, Jeremiah	23d	E	Hanson	Chapter 5
Stevens, Charles	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Stevens, Edward	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Stillman, James E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Stillman, James H.	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Stillman, James M.	23d	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Stoddard, Charles B.	41st 3d Cav		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Staff				
Stringer, Andrew	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Sudley, John	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Susarder, George E.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Swett, Sylvester R.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 8
	4th	C		Chapter 9
Swift, George W.	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Swift, John	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Swift, William	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
Swift, William R.	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Sylvester, John	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	1st/4th Cav	I		Chapter 9
				Chapter 11
Taylor, Charles A.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Taylor, David A.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Taylor, John	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
	58th	E		Chapter 9
	8th VRC			Chapter 12
				Chapter 11
Taylor, Wallace	24th	B	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Terry, John D.	23d	E	Boston	Chapter 5
Tew, Philip H.	38th	D	Pembroke	Chapter 7
Tewksbury, Cyrus D.	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Tewksbury, John N.	18th	H	Dedham	Chapter 4
Thayer, Benj. F.	23d	E	South Hanson	Chapter 5
Thomas, Frank A.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Thomas, George B.	18th	C	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Thomas, George W.	38th	G	Halifax/Plymouth	Chapter 7
Thompson, George H.	5th Cav.	M	Plymouth	Chapter 13

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Thompson, Walter	29th	E	Plympton	Chapter 3
Thrasher, Israel H.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Thrasher, James T.	38th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Thrasher, Samuel D.	29th, 36th	E, D	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Thurber, James D.	13th	A	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	55th	A & F		Chapter 13
Tillson, Charles E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
				Chapter 11
Tillson, George W.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Tinkham, Sylvanus	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Totman, D. Otis	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Tower, Lorenzo	38th	D	Swansea	Chapter 7
Towle, James S	23d	E	Abington	Chapter 5
Towns, Joseph F.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Tribble, James	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
Trow, George H.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Turner, Edward	18th	H	Plympton	Chapter 4
Valler, Alexander	30th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Valler, Taylor J	17th	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Vaughan, Ansel H.	4th Cav	H	Plymouth	
Vaughan, Edward N. H.	99th NY	K	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Vaughan, Frank/Francis H.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Vaughan, Leander M.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
	32d VRC			Chapter 12
Vaughan, Levi C.	38th	G	Carver/Plymouth	Chapter 7
	3d VRC	H		Chapter 12
Vaughn, Perez C.W.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Vaughn, Weston C.	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Vaughn, Edward N.H.	Coast Gd.		Plymouth	Chapter 9
Wadsworth, Charles	12th	H	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	39th	B		Chapter 11
Wadsworth, George E.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Walsh, John S	18th	H	East Bridgewater	Chapter 4
Ward, Ansel B.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8
Warner, Alfred B.	29th	E	N. Brookfield	Chapter 3
Washburn, Austin	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
Washburn, Cephas	38th	D	Kingston	Chapter 7
Washburn, Charles A.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Washburn, Charles F.	32d	F	Plymouth	Chapter 6
Washburn, Charles T.	1st Bat	F	Plymouth	Chapter 9
Washburn, John	29th	E	Kingston	Chapter 3
Washburn, Joseph G.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Carver	Chapter 8

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Washburn, Philip M.	3d	B (9 mo.)	Kingston	Chapter 8
Washburn, Seth	32d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 6
	5th Lt. Bat.			
Waterson, William	20th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Wells, Daniel S.	24th	Unatt.	Plymouth	
Westgate, Benjamin	23d	E	Plymouth	Chapter 5
Wheeler, George A.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Wheeler, William H.	11th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 9
	16th	C		
White, Charles C.	38th	G	Plympton	Chapter 7
White, Cyrus	18th	H	Middleboro	Chapter 4
White, Samuel C.	38th	D	E. Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Whiting, John M.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Whiting, Joseph B.	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
	7th VRC	G		Chapter 12
Whittemore, Benjamin F.	58th	D	Plymouth	Chapter 9
				Chapter 11
Whitten, Samuel A.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Williams, Charles	5th Cav	H	Plymouth (Credit)	Chapter 13
Williams, David	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Williams, David	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 11
Williams, John B.	3d	B (3 mo.)	Plymouth	Chapter 2
	3d Lt. Bat.			Chapter 9
	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)		
	42	J		
Williams, Philip H.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Williams, William	29th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 3
Willis, Charles	18th	H	Halifax	Chapter 4
Willis, James S.	18th	H	North Bridgewater	Chapter 4
Willis, Marcus	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8
Williston, Thomas	38th	D	Cohasset	Chapter 7
Wilson, Albert C.	29th	E	?	Chapter 3
Winsor, Corendo	38th	G	Duxbury	Chapter 7
Winsor, Elbridge	38th	D	Bridgewater	Chapter 7
Winsor, Peter	29th	E	Kingston	Chapter 3
Winsor, William H.	18th	E	Plymouth	Chapter 4
Witherell, Davis C.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Wood, Albert S.	24th	Unatt. (1 yr.)	Plymouth	
Wood, Chas. T.	38th	G	Plymouth	Chapter 7
Wood, George F.	35th Mass	Hosp. Steward	Plymouth	Chapter 12
	US Army	Hosp. Steward		
Wright, Edward Schuyler	3d	B (9 mo.)	Plympton	Chapter 8
Wright, Samuel C.	29th	E	Plympton/Plymouth	Chapter 3
Wrightington, Henry	3d	B (9 mo.)	Middleboro	Chapter 8

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Wulff, Erick	20th	I	Plymouth/Sweden	
	5th Cav.	J		Chapter 9
	54th	F		Chapter 13
Young, Charles	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Young, John M.	38th	G	Scituate	Chapter 7
Zeigler, David	32d	A	Plymouth	Chapter 6

Index of Men Serving in the Navy

Appendix B

Index of Men Serving in the Navy

NOTES

1. The sources for this list are: *Old Colony Memorial*, *Plymouth Rock*, or *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock* newspapers; *History of the Town of Plymouth: With a Sketch of the Origin and Growth of Separatism*¹²⁰⁶; and *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War*¹²⁰⁷.
2. The author has attempted to reconcile discrepancies between all the sources in creating this list. When these sources differ, each variation is shown. *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors and Marines in the Civil War* was used as the source for the Regiment and Company. Some men listed in the newspapers or Davis book were not found in *Massachusetts Soldiers*. These men were included in the list with Regiment and Company data

<u>Name</u>	<u>Town</u>	<u>Other</u>
Adams, Harvey S.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Agnew, Peter J.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Allen, Charles	Plymouth (Credit)	
Allen, Sherman	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Anglum, Matthew	Plymouth (Credit)	
Archer, William	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Ashley, Joseph	Plymouth (Credit)	
Ashport, Albert	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Attwill, Richard	Plymouth (Credit)	
Atwood, Alexander B.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Austin, Edward A.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Baker, Edward	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Barnes, Winslow B.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Bartlett, Cornelius	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Bartlett, Hiram F.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Bartlett, Temple H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Bartlett, Victor A.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Bartlett, Victor A.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	Chapter 11
Bassett, Jesse T.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Begley, Cornelius	Plymouth (Credit)	
Blewit, William	Plymouth (Credit)	
Booker, Oliver J.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Borden, David	Plymouth (Credit)	
Bradley, Edward	Plymouth (Credit)	
Brown, Charles H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Brown, James F.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Brown, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Brown, William	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Bryant, Caleb	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Bunker, Frederick N.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Burgess, Francis	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Burnes, Michael F.	Plymouth (Credit)	

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Burns, Henry H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Burns, Henry	Plymouth (Credit)	
Campbell, Charles W.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Caples, George	Plymouth (Credit)	
Chandler, John Brown	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Chickering, Charles W.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Churchill, Alexander L.	Plympton	Chapter 10
Churchill, John F.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Churchill, Robert B.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Churchill, Solomon S.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Conway, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Cook, James	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Cox, William R.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Daley, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Davis, Francis H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Douglass, Ephraim	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Drew, Atwood R.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Dunham, B. F.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Dunham, Robert	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Dunham, William J.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Field, James	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Finney, Alvin	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Finney, Elkanah C.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Finney, George	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Finney, Robert E.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Fisher, John	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Francis, Sylvester	Plymouth (Credit)	
Fuller, Augustus H.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Fuller, Ichabod C.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Gaffney, Thomas B. Jr.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Gage, Henry C.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Gaskey, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Gibbs, Henry/Harry	Cambridge (Credit)	(see Index of soldiers)
Gilbert, Charles A.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Gillian, Peter	Plymouth (Credit)	
Gilman, Harry	Plymouth (Credit)	
Godfrey, Michael B.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Goodo, William H.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Goodwin, Ezra S.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Goodwin, Nathaniel	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Gorman, Thomas	Plymouth (Credit)	
Grace, Henry F.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Graff, Frederick	Plymouth (Credit)	
Graham, Charles	Plymouth (Credit)	
Grant, Arthur M.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Grant, Arthur M.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Grant, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Gray, James	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Gray, William	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Green, Thomas	Plymouth (Credit)	
Gunther, Charles	Plymouth (Credit)	

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Hackett, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Halpen, James	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Hammon, Royal	Plymouth (Credit)	
Hanson, John B.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Haskins, Samuel	Plymouth (Credit)	
Hathaway, Allen	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Hathaway, Edward W.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Henry, Thomas P.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Hoben, Dennis	Plymouth (Credit)	
Holbrook, Eliphalet	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Hollis, Charles H.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Holmes, George H.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Hopkins, Thaxter	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Horton, William	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Howland, Charles H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Howland, Edward	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Howland, Lemuel C. Jr.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Howland, William. H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Hoxie, William	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Huggins, Thomas	Plymouth (Credit)	
Hutchinson, Albert H.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Ingalls, James	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jackson, Darius W.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jackson, Moses F.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jaques, Peleg M.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jeffers, William	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jenison, Charles A. B.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jenness (Jennen), George H.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Jewett, Henry T.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Johnson, Nathan C. T.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Johnson, Robert (Robinson)	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jones, David	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jones, George	Plymouth (Credit)	
Jones, William	Plymouth (Credit)	
Julian, John B.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Kempton, Benjamin	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
King, Walter S.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Leach, Franklin S.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Leach, Josiah	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Leach, Phineas	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Leonard, William W.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Lonnon/Lunnon/Leonard, Amos	Plymouth (WT Davis)	Chapter 10
Lonnon/Lunnon/Leonard, Amos	Plymouth (WT Davis)	Chapter 13
Lynch, James B.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Manter, Everett	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Maxey, William H.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
McCulloch, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
McGann, Owen	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Melix, Bache	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Midgley, Joseph	Plymouth (Credit)	

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Morrissey, John	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Morse, John A.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Morse, John F.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Morton, Frank T.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Morton, Henry	Plymouth (Credit)	
Murphy, Patrick	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Nightingale, Sylvester	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Parrington, Hiram S.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Parsons, John	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Paty, Frank W.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Pearce, William	Plymouth (Credit)	
Ransom, Harvey C.	Kingston	Chapter 10
Rice, George	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Rickard, Henry	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Ring, Orin W.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Rolland, Francis	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Russell, William C.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Ryder, Martin H.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Scarfoss, William M.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Sears, Amasa C.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Sears, Thomas B. Jr.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Shaw, Alberto Merritt	Plymouth (Credit)	
Simpson, John	Plymouth (Credit)	
Slade, William	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Smith, Cornelius	Plymouth (Credit)	
Smith, Daniel	Plymouth (Credit)	
Smith, Richard D.	Plymouth (Credit)	
Swift, Albert	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Swift, Harvey C.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Sylvester, Francis	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Sylvester, William	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Thomas, Augustus	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Thomas, James E.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Thomas, William	Plymouth (Credit)	
Townsend, E. F.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Tulley, George	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Turner, E. S. (Stevens)	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Turner, Frank W.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Turner, Frank W.	Plymouth (WT Davis)	Chapter 11
Vale (Vail), Henry	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Welsh, James	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Weston, Joseph	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Whiting, Adoniram Jr.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Whitmore, Benjamin	Plymouth (WT Davis)	
Whitmore, Henry C.	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Whittemore, John	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Wilson, Joseph H	Plymouth	Chapter 10
Wright, Joseph	Plympton	Chapter 10
Yorkin, Joseph	Plymouth (Credit)	
Zimmerman, William	Plymouth (Credit)	

Index of Plymouth African-Americans

Appendix C

Index of Plymouth African-Americans

NOTES

1. 1850¹²⁰⁸, 1860¹²⁰⁹, and 1870¹²¹⁰ U.S. Federal Census and the 1865¹²¹¹ Massachusetts Census are available to subscribers on Ancestry.com.
2. 1850 was the first census to include the names of all members in the household with other information such as their age, and where they were born. If different censuses had different places of birth, all are shown. All of the Censuses had a column "Color."
3. There are discrepancies in names, spelling, and ages. The author attempted to resolve the discrepancies as shown below.
4. It is unknown if any of these people were fugitive slaves. William Davis of Plymouth had to return a Delaware slave George Thompson in 1812. In the list below, Virginia and Maryland numbers are combined because the same person was often identified as being born in either state depending on the year of the census.
5. Some people were listed twice on different pages in censuses (ex. Amos Lunnun).

Name	Sex	1865				Color	Born
		1850	1860	MA	1870		
		Age	Age	Age	Age		
Allen, Charles	m		28	35	36	B	PA, MD
Allen, Charles F.	m		5	10	15	B	MA, CAN
Allen, Edward (George E.)	m		2	7	12	B	MA
Allen, Elizabeth	f		24	27		B	PA
Archer, Mary J.	f	4	16	15		B	VA
Archer, Mima	f		58	63	60	B	VA
Archer, Sarah J.	f		12			B	VA
Archer, William	m	8	19	20		B	VA
Archer, William H.	m	43	50			B	VA
Armstrong, John	m	34	40	36	65	B	MA, VA, MD
Attaquin, Pamela	f		11			Ind.	MA
Banks, Mary	f		29	37	48	B	VA, MD
Brown, Lydia A.	f		13			M	PA
Brown, Mary E.	f		6 mos.	5	17	M	MA
Brown, Sarah A.	f		32	37	46	M	PA

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Brown, William	m		35			B	MD
Brown, William Y.	m		10	15	29	M	PA
Caesar, Lucy	f		12			Ind.	MA
Chubbuck, Abby	f		50			B	MA
Chummuck, Abby A. (Abigail)	f	32	50	45		M, Ind.	CT
Chummuck, Albert	m		2	8	12	Ind., B	MA
Chummuck, Alice (Elsa)	f	2	13	17	21	M, Ind., B	MA
Chummuck, Isaac	m	7	17			M, Ind.	MA
Chummuck, Jabez	m		8 mos.	6	10	Ind., B	MA
Chummuck, James M.	m	6	15			M, Ind.	MA
Chummuck, John	m	35	49			B, Ind.	MA
Chummuck, John T.	m	6	15	20		B, Ind.	MA
Chummuck, Lydia	f		25		32	B	MA
Chummuck, Mary S.	f		6		17	B	MA
Chummuck, Mercy H.	f		4		16	B	MA
Chummuck, William	m	4	14	18		M, B	MA
Cort, Sarah	f		22		33	B	MA
Crumbey, Charles	m		40			B	MA
Crumbey, Charles E.	m		2 mos.			B	MA
Crumbey, Laura	f		4			B	MA
Crumbey, Martha J.	m		2			B	MA
Crumbey, Mary	m		27			B	MA
Frazer, Henry	m		42			B	MA
Frazer, Lydia	f		48			B	MA
Gascom, Almira	f		38			B	GA
Giles, Edward (Edwin)	m		39	45	50	B	VA, MD
Giles, Edward B.	m		6 mos.			M	MA
Greeland, Maria	f		65	67		B	PA, MD
Greland, Maria	f		50			B	PA
Hall, George	m		30	32	38	B	PA, MD
Hall, John F.	m		2	7	10	B	MA
Hall, Melinda	f		23	25	29	B	MA

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Harding, Caleb	m	44	59	63	67	B	MA
Harding, Mercy	f		44	47		B, Ind.	MA
Hicks, Lara	f		15			B, Ind.	MA
Johnson, Mary E(len)	f		8	12	17	B	MA
Johnson, William E. (or A.)	m		6	11	15	B	MA
Lewis, William J.	m		43			M	CT
Lunnon (Lenmon), Amos	m	3	15, 18			B	MA
Lunnon (Lenmon), Charles	m	35	57	64		B	MA
Lunnon (Lenmon), Sarah	f		36	54		B	MA
Melix, Henry G.	m		5	10	16	B, Ind.	MA
Melix, Horatio Jr	m		9	13	18	B, Ind.	MA
Myers, Ann	f		21			B	MA
Parris, Mary	f		85			B	Afr
Pugh (Pew), George T.	m		4	9	13	B	MA
Pugh (Pew), Martha J. W.	f		5	10		B	VA
Pugh (Pew), Mary (Martha) E.	f		6	16		B	MA
Pugh (Pew), Susanna	f		27	31	38	B	VA
Pugh (Pew), Thomas	m		28	35		B	VA
Pierce, Deliverance	f	74	85	87		B	MA, Eng.
Prior, Stephen	m		35			B	NY
Rickson, Charles	m		35			B	PA
Scott, Ellis G.	m	16	23			B, Ind.	MA
Scott, Sally W.	f	45	55	64		B, Ind.	MA
Scott, Warren	m	47	57	66	68	B, Ind.	MA
Seymore, James	m		30			B	VA
Seymore, Mary	f		35			B	VA
Seymore, Mary E.	f		5			B	MA
Stewart, George	m		48			B	MD
Stewart, John	m		30			B	MD
Stewart, William	m		46		64	M	MD
Thompson, James	m		50			B	MA
Thompson, Lucy	f		1			B	MA

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Thompson, Rebecca	f		40		M	MA
Thompson, Rebecca	f		6		B	MA
Turner, James	m	54	50		M, B	MA
Turner, Rachel	f		15		M	MA
Webster, Elizabeth	f		6 mos.	5	B	MA
Webster, John	m		2	7	B	MA
Webster, Ruth	f		22	33	M	MA
Wheeler, Georgianna	f		17		M	MA
Williams, Hannah A.	f	24	34		B	MA
Williams, John A.	m	28	38		B	MA
Wilson, Edward	m		13	19	M	MA
Wilson, Joseph	m		29		B	VA

Appendix D

1857 Business Directory for Plymouth Village¹

Banks & Insurance Companies

Old Colony Bank	J.H. Loud, Prest. G.G. Dyer, Cash.	Main St.
Plymouth Bank	I.L. Hedge, Pres. I.N. Stoddard, Cash.	Main St.
Plymouth Savings Bank	N. Russell, Pres. Allen Danforth Treas.	Main St.
Plymouth Five Cents Savings Bank	D.J. Robbins Treas.	Main St.
Old Colony Insurance Co.	W. Nelson, Pres. W.S. Danforth, Secry	Main St.
Custom House Collector	M. Bates Jr	Main St.

Printing Establishments

Plymouth Rock	M. Bates Junr. Editor, C.A.S. Perkins Publisher	Main St.
Old Colony Memorial	J. Thurber Publisher	Main St.

Merchants & Traders

Grain Dealer	E.C. Sherman	Water St.
Grain Dealer & Grocer	Tho. Loring	Main St.
Gents Furnishing Store	W. Atwood 2 nd	Main St.
Book & Staionary	Wm. Bishop	Main St.

¹ Henry Francis Walling, *Map of the County of Plymouth, Massachusetts*, Library of Congress, Geography and Map Division, LCCN 2012592354. Map cropped to show downtown Plymouth.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Millinary & Fancy Goods	Sam. Shaw	Main St.
Variety Store	E.C. Turner	Sandwich St.
Insurance Broker	J.T. Hall	Main St.
Dry Goods, Groceries &c.	D.J. Robbins	Water St.
Dry Goods, Groceries &c.	J.A. Robbins	Water St.
Wholesale Grocer	E.W. Bradford	Exchange Block
Wholesale Grocer	Corban Barnes	Water Street
Wholesale Grocer	Lem. Bradford	Court St.
Grocer	J.D. Churchill	Water St.
Grocer	B.C. Finney	Market St.
Boots Shoes & Rubbers	W.L. Battles	Main St.
Boots Shoes & Rubbers	J.C. Fuller	Main St.
Hardware Store	Wm. R. Drew	Leyden St.
Hardware Store	Harlow & Barnes	Main St.
Variety Store & Auctioneer	E.H. Holmes	Market St.
Shoe Kit & Findings	Edes & Wood	Main St.
Furniture Dealer	S.P. Brown	Market St.
Coal Dealer	Geo. Simmons Jun.	Water St.
Coal Dealer	N.B. Spooner	North End
Lumber	Geo. H. Jackson	Near North Wharf
Lumber	Brown & Weston	Union St.
Jeweller	Benj. Swift	Main St.
Drug Store	Dr. W. Warren	Main St.

D 1857 Business Directory for Plymouth Village

Drug Store	Dr. J. L. Hunt	Main St.
Drug Store	Dr. H. Hubbard	Main St.
Drug Store	Dr. N. Webster	Main St.
Wheelwright	S. Nelson	Market St.
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	D.J. Lane	Court St.
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	L. Dunham	Main St.
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	N.C. Lanman Jun.	Court Square
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	Henry Mills	Water St.
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	John Churchill	Main St.
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	Wm. Morey Jun.	Market St.
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	C.W. Cushing	Exchange Block
Boots and Shoe Manfr.	Harlow & Perry	Exchange Block

Other

Bakers	Whiting Sherman & Co.	Market St.
Black Smith	S. Harvey	Summer St.
Hair Dressers	Brigham & Basford	Davis Hall
Daguerran Artists	S. Lucas & Co.	Davis Building
Daguerran Artists	B. Whiting	Main St.
Periodical	D. Currier	Davis Hall
Oyster & Ice Cream Saloon	S.D. Ballard	Main St.
Livery Stable	G. Gardner	Middle St.
Express Office	B.H. Crandon	Middle St.
Express Office	Rich & Weston	Main St.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Express Office	E.W. Bradford	Exchange Block
Market	A.Holmes	Market St.
Market	A.C. Chandler	Pleasant St.
Market	E. Nelson	Main St.
Lawyer	J.H. Loud	Main St.
Lawyer	W. Thomas	Main St.
Lawyer	C.G. Davis	Davis' Hall
Lawyer	J.J. Russell	Bank Building
Lawyer	W.H. Spear	Main St.
Lawyer	W.F. Spear	Main St.
Hotel	H.C. Tribou, Propr.	Samoset House
Hotel	Jno. Boutell	Mansion House

Acknowledgements

In early 2011, I became a volunteer in the history room of the Plymouth Massachusetts Public Library and had also joined a new organization in Plymouth named the Friends of Burial Hill (FOBH) [<http://friendsofburialhill.org/>]. The FOBH wanted to hold an event during the 150th anniversary of the Civil War commemorating Plymouth's role in the Civil War and more specifically, related to the 48 Civil War veterans who were buried on Burial Hill. As I was a volunteer at the Public Library, I was asked if I could find material related to Plymouth's role in Civil War and more specifically to those buried on Burial Hill to be the basis for an event that would include Civil War re-enactors. The most cohesive information I could find was in books about Plymouth history written by William T. Davis, a man who lived most of his life in the 19th century and recorded much of the town's history. Davis covered the war mainly by identifying militia companies organized within the town and those men who joined the companies as well as those who joined other companies and those that served in the Navy. He also identified those that died in the war. Davis' information was useful, but not quite what I was looking for. Fortunately, the Public Library also had microfilm copies of town weekly newspapers that were issued during the war years and these newspapers contained a wealth of information on the impact of the war on Plymouth. While searching through these newspapers for material to use for the Burial Hill event to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the war, I found a series of articles related to a Plymouth soldier, Seth Paty, who after completing his three year enlistment in Company E of the 29th Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, returned to the burial sites of three comrades to bring their bodies back to Plymouth to be buried at home. One of the articles in the October 21, 1864 *OCM&PR* newspaper was titled the *Return of the Dead*. This article was the centerpiece for a Civil War re-enactment on Burial Hill in November of 2013. While doing the research to find these stories, I became inspired to transcribe the letters and articles into a book about the Plymouth men who left home to fight in this war. It was the article *Return of the Dead* and those related to it that inspired the book and thus the reason for the book's title.

I have already mentioned that most of the material in this book came from the town newspapers published during the war years. The newspapers were the *Old Colony Memorial (OCM)*, the *Plymouth Rock (PR)*, and in 1863 the two merged to form the *Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock (OCM&PR)*. Not only did these newspapers report on the activities of the men who served in the war, but many of the men working for the papers also left their jobs to serve in the war. In many cases these former newspaper men became war correspondents, sending frequent letters to the newspapers updating their fellow townsmen on the state of affairs surrounding those fighting and dying from the town. These men were:

- Editors: Moses Bates (PR), Charles A. S. Perkins (PR), and John Morissey (OCM)
- Printers: Charles B. Bartlett, William S. Burbank Jr., John H. Crandon, Josiah R. Drew, Stephen C. Drew, Alonzo H. Perry, Thomas Prince, Bernard T. Quinn, Edward (Ned) L. Robbins, Henry H. Robbins, Heman Seyffarth, and Alfred B. Warner.
- After the war, Charles C. Doten became the owner of the *OCM* and Erastus Watson Everson also became a writer for newspapers.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

Henry H. Robbins died on December 5, 1863 at Kalorama Hospital in Washington, DC. Charles A. S. Perkins after serving in Company B, 3d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, left Plymouth to start a new life in New Bern, NC in the cotton business. He continued writing letters to the *OCM&PR* on military affairs in the NewBern are. Charles and his brother Lucien died of yellow fever in October 1864 at New Bern.

I would like to thank the late Lee Regan and Beverly Ness of the Plymouth Public Library for encouraging me to expand on my research into the 48 Plymouth men who fought in the Civil. Thanks to Stephen O'Neill, Associate Director & Curator of Pilgrim Hall Museum for providing access copies of the newspapers from the Civil War years. Lastly, I would like to thank Cheryle Caputo and June Gillette from the Friends of Burial Hill for providing the idea that launched me on this project.

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Notes

Newspaper Abbreviations Used in the Endnotes

OCM	Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth, MA
PR	The Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, MA
OCM&PR	Old Colony Memorial and Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, MA

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- 72 "Col. Raymond," OCM, September 7, 1861.
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- 86 *Massachusetts Soldiers* ..., Vol. III, pp 299-304. Besides Nathaniel Burgess, Orrin Holmes, and William Nickerson, several men in Co. E who were not from Plymouth were killed or taken prisoner in the Battle of Fort Stedman. Prisoners: Gerhard Briggerman, Otto Denger, Martin Eck, Frederick Gradholz, and Peter Van Hagen. Killed: William Klinkler and Ruter Moritz.

RETURN OF THE DEAD

- 87 *Massachusetts Soldiers ...*, Vol. 3, p 304. Wright awarded Medal of Honor for "Voluntarily advanced under destructive fire and removed a defence which would have impeded the contemplated charge," Antietam, MD Sept. 17, 1862.
- 88 Doten, Samuel H., Plymouth Lodge - A. F. & A. M., (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 89 Atwood, John M.; Nason, George Warren. *History and Complete Roster of the Massachusetts Regiments, Minute Men of '61 ...*, Smith & McCance, Boston, Massachusetts, 1910, page 63, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 90 Standish, Winslow B.; *Association Mass. Minute Men of '61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 91 Barrows, Simeon; 1861-1900, *Association Mass. Minute Men of '61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 92 Paty, Seth; George Warren. *History and Complete Roster of the Massachusetts Regiments, Minute Men of '61 ...*, (Boston: Smith & McCance, 1910), page 66, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 93 Simmons, Albert; *Association Mass. Minute Men of '61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 94 Shannon, John, *Association Mass. Minute Men of '61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900,
- 95 Wright, Samuel C., *Association Mass. Minute Men of '61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900.
- 96 OCM, Dec. 4, 1863.
- 97 OCM, May 25, 1861.
- 98 OCM, June 1, 1861.
- 99 H.H.R., OCM, June 1, 1861.
- 100 PR, May 30, 1861.
- 101 Butler, Benjamin; *Autobiography and Personal Reminiscences of Major-General Benj. F. Butler*, by Benjamin F. Butler, 1892. (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 102 OCM, June 1, 1861.
- 103 C., OCM, June 8, 1861.
- 104 H.H.R., OCM, June 15, 1861.
- 105 S.H.D., OCM, June 22, 1861.
- 106 H.H.R., OCM, June 22, 1861.
- 107 H.H.R., OCM, July 6, 1861.
- 108 H.H.R., OCM, July 6, 1861.
- 109 H.H.R., OCM, July 13, 1861.
- 110 H.H.R., OCM, (Plymouth, MAo, July 13, 1861.
- 111 H.H.R., OCM, July 20, 1861.
- 112 H.H.R., OCM, July 27, 1861.
- 113 J.B.C., OCM, August 24, 1861.
- 114 E.P. Dutton, "Fortress Monroe and vicinity showing entrance to Chesapeake Bay, Norfolk, Portsmouth, Gosport Navy Yard &c.," Boston, 186-, From Library of Congress, G3884.H2:2F6 186- .D8.
- 115 E.L.R., PR, Sept. 5, 1861.
- 116 Samuel H. Doten, OCM, September 7, 1861.
- 117 E.L.R., PR, Sept. 12, 1861.
- 118 E.L.R., PR, Sept. 19, 1861.
- 119 E.L.R., PR, Sept. 26, 1861.
- 120 OCM, September 28, 1861.
- 121 E.L.R., PR, Oct. 10, 1861.
- 122 E.L.R., PR, Oct. 17, 1861.
- 123 J.B.C., OCM, November 2, 1861. [Plymouth Public Library]
- 124 H.H.R., OCM, Nov. 2, 1861.
- 125 J.B.C., OCM, Nov. 9, 1861.

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- 126 H.H.R., *OCM*, Nov. 16, 1861.
127 H.H.R., *OCM*, Nov. 23, 1861.
128 H.H.R., *OCM*, Nov. 30, 1861.
129 *OCM*, November 30, 1861.
130 E.L.R., *PR*, Dec. 19, 1861.
131 *OCM*, December 21, 1861.
132 Samuel H. Doten, *OCM*, January 4, 1862.
133 H.H.R., *OCM*, Jan. 25, 1862.
134 H.H.R., *OCM*, Feb. 15, 1862.
135 Alfred R. Waud, "Scene on the dock at the Rip Raps. Testing the Sawyer gun and projectile...", Morgan Collection of Civil War Drawings, From Library of Congress, LC-DIG-ppmsca-21206.
136 E.L.R., *PR*, Feb. 20, 1862.
137 "Steadfast Dodge" is a newspaper editor in James Fennimore Cooper's novel *Homeward Bound*. "Dodge ... is a worthless, trivial person, too trivial to be the object of serious consideration." - From *Cooper and the Responsibility of the Press*, James Grossman.
138 D, *OCM*, February 22, 1862.
139 D., *OCM*, February 22, 1862.
140 Kurz & Allison--Battle between the Monitor and Merrimac ..., Prints & Photographs Division, Library of Congress, LC-USZC4-1752
141 *OCM*, February 22, 1862.
142 Charley, *OCM*, March 29, 1862.
143 E.L.R., *PR*, March 20, 1862.
144 H.H.R., *OCM*, Mar. 15, 1862.
145 *OCM*, March 22, 1862.
146 *OCM*, April 12, 1862.
147 *OCM*, May 31, 1862.
148 H.H.R., *OCM*, May 31, 1862.
149 H.H.R., *OCM*, June 14, 1862.
150 Seth W. Paty, *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Honolulu: June 5, 1862, (accessed June 15, 2015).
151 Seth W. Paty had a sister Martha A. who married a cousin William Paty. Martha and William lived in Hawaii and while there had five children, three of whom lived: Ellen D., Francis W., and Charles M. Brother-in-law William Paty died in 1850 and Martha moved back to Plymouth (see 1850 U.S. Census) with her three living children. Ellen D. Paty married John Mott-Smith and died in Honolulu in 1895. John Mott-Smith was a dentist, politician, newspaper editor of the *Hawaiian Gazette* and diplomat. Mott-Smith probably had this letter published. Francis W. Paty is probably the nephew of Seth and he served in the Navy for Plymouth in the Civil War.
152 *OCM*, June 21, 1862.
153 *OCM*, June 21, 1862.
154 *OCM*, June 14, 1862.
155 *OCM*, June 28, 1862.
156 *PR*, July 10, 1862.
157 *OCM*, July 5, 1862.
158 *OCM*, July 12, 1862.
159 *PR*, June 26, 1862.
160 *PR*, July 3, 1862.
161 *OCM*, July 5, 1862.
162 *PR*, July 10, 1862.
163 *PR*, July 10, 1862.

- 164 *OCM*, July 12, 1862.
- 165 *OCM*, August 2, 1862.
- 166 N., *PR*, August 7, 1862.
- 167 *OCM*, August 9, 1862, *PR*, August 7, 1862.
- 168 *OCM*, September 6, 1862.
- 169 H.H.R., *OCM*, Sept. 20, 1862.
- 170 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.
- 171 Murry, *OCM*, October 4, 1862.
- 172 *OCM*, October 11, 1862.
- 173 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
- 174 *OCM*, September 27, 1862.
- 175 *OCM*, October 4, 1862.
- 176 *OCM*, October 4, 1862.
- 177 *OCM*, November 29, 1862.
- 178 *OCM*, November 29, 1862.
- 179 *OCM*, November 22, 1862.
- 180 *OCM*, December 6, 1862.
- 181 See Chapter 11, Prisoners of War, for letter from David Williams while a prisoner.
- 182 *OCM*, November 22, 1862.
- 183 *OCM*, December 6, 1862.
- 184 *OCM*, December 20, 1862.
- 185 *OCM*, December 13, 1862.
- 186 *OCM*, December 27, 1862.
- 187 Ned, *OCM*, January 3, 1863.
- 188 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
- 189 *PR*, January 15, 1863.
- 190 *OCM*, February 7, 1863.
- 191 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
- 192 *OCM*, March 14, 1863.
- 193 *PR*, March 5, 1863.
- 194 *PR*, March 5, 1863.
- 195 *PR*, March 26, 1863.
- 196 *OCM&PR*, April 3, 1863.
- 197 *OCM&PR*, April 10, 1863.
- 198 *OCM&PR*, April 24, 1863.
- 199 *OCM&PR*, May 1, 1863.
- 200 Samuel H. Doten, *OCM&PR*, May 22, 1863.
- 201 *OCM&PR*, (Plymouth, MA), May 29, 1863.
- 202 *OCM&PR*, May 22, 1863.
- 203 *OCM&PR*, June 5, 1863.
- 204 *OCM&PR*, June 12, 1863.
- 205 *OCM&PR*, June 26, 1863.
- 206 *OCM&PR*, July 10, 1863.
- 207 Charles Tillson, *OCM&PR*, July 10, 1863.
- 208 *OCM&PR*, July 17, 1863.
- 209 *Harper's Weekly*, January 28, 1865. Accessed July 15, 2015, at Son of the South.
- 210 *OCM&PR*, August 7, 1863.
- 211 *OCM&PR*, August 21, 1863.

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- 212 S.W.P., *OCM&PR*, August 28, 1863.
213 *OCM&PR*, September 18, 1863.
214 *OCM&PR*, August 28, 1863.
215 Alexander Simplot, *Harper's Weekly*, October 19, 1861. Accessed July 15, 2015.
216 *OCM&PR*, September 18, 1863.
217 *OCM&PR*, September 4, 1863.
218 *OCM&PR*, September 18, 1863.
219 *OCM&PR*, September 11, 1863.
220 *OCM&PR*, September 11, 1863.
221 *OCM&PR*, September 18, 1863.
222 *OCM&PR*, September 25, 1863.
223 P, *OCM&PR*, October 23, 1863.
224 *OCM&PR*, October 2, 1863.
225 *OCM&PR*, October 2, 1863.
226 Gengius, *OCM&PR*, November 12, 1863.
227 *OCM&PR*, December 4, 1863.
228 *OCM&PR*, December 11, 1863.
229 Wright, *OCM&PR*, January 8, 1864.
230 *OCM&PR*, January 22, 1864.
231 *OCM&PR*, February 26, 1864.
232 *OCM&PR*, March 4, 1864.
233 *OCM&PR*, March 11, 1864.
234 *OCM&PR*, March 25, 1864.
235 *OCM&PR*, April 1, 1864.
236 Daniel Knight, *Harper's Weekly*, January 23, 1864. Accessed July 15, 2015, at Son of the South.
237 *OCM&PR*, April 15, 1864.
238 *OCM&PR*, May 6, 1864.
239 *OCM&PR*, May 20, 1864.
240 *OCM&PR*, June 10, 1864.
241 *OCM&PR*, May 27, 1864.
242 Wright, *OCM&PR*, June 17, 1864.
243 *OCM&PR*, August 5, 1864.
244 *OCM&PR*, August 5, 1864.
245 *OCM&PR*, September 2, 1864.
246 *OCM&PR*, October 21, 1864.
247 *OCM&PR*, December 2, 1864.
248 *OCM&PR*, March 10, 1865.
249 *OCM&PR*, April 7, 1865.
250 *OCM&PR*, April 7, 1865.
251 *OCM&PR*, April 13, 1865.
252 *OCM&PR*, August 18, 1865.
253 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors & Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood, Norwood Press: 1931), Vol. II, p 349.
254 *OCM*, September 7, 1861. List alphabetized.
255 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, Vol. II, pp. 391-396.
256 *Massachusetts Soldiers....*, Vol. II
257 Capt. Joseph W. Collingwood, Find A Grave.

- 258 Charles H. Drew, Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc., 2009.
- 259 Erastus Watson Everson, Find A Grave.
- 260 Stephen C. Drew, klmcgann, flickr.
- 261 *OCM*, July 13, 1861
- 262 *OCM*, July 27, 1861
- 263 *OCM*, August 24, 1861
- 264 *OCM*, August 24, 1861
- 265 *OCM*, August 31, 1861
- 266 *OCM*, September 7, 1861
- 267 E.J., *OCM*, September 21, 1861.
- 268 D., *PR*, October 3, 1861.
- 269 W.H.W., *PR*, October 3, 1861.
- 270 *OCM*, September 28, 1861.
- 271 E.J., *OCM*, October 19, 1861.
- 272 W.H.W., *OCM*, October 26, 1861.
- 273 *PR*, October 24, 1861
- 274 *OCM*, October 19, 1861
- 275 *PR*, October 31, 1861
- 276 *OCM*, November 2, 1861.
- 277 *PR*, November 14, 1861.
- 278 *OCM*, December 21, 1861. JNS says in this letter that he is from Co. G. Likely, James N. Sparrell, So. Scituate.
- 279 *OCM*, December 21, 1861.
- 280 *PR*, February 6, 1862
- 281 *OCM*, March 1, 1862.
- 282 *OCM*, February 15, 1862
- 283 *PR*, March 6, 1862.
- 284 *OCM*, March 8, 1862.
- 285 *PR*, April 10, 1862.
- 286 *OCM*, May 3, 1862.
- 287 *OCM*, April 26, 1862 and *PR*, May 1, 1862..
- 288 *OCM*, May 17, 1862.
- 289 *OCM*, May 17, 1862.
- 290 *OCM*, July 19, 1862.
- 291 *OCM*, July 19, 1862.
- 292 *PR*, July 24, 1862.
- 293 "six months residence in Dixie;" Author "X" is referring to a June 14, 1862 letter from Ichabod to the *Plymouth Rock*. This and other letters from Ichabod can be found in Chapter 6, 32 Regiment, Company E.
- 294 *PR*, July 10, 1862.
- 295 *OCM*, July 26, 1862.
- 296 *OCM*, July 12, 1862.
- 297 *OCM*, July 6, 1862.
- 298 *OCM*, July 26, 1862.
- 299 *OCM*, August 16, 1862.
- 300 *OCM*, August 16, 1862.
- 301 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.

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- 302 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
- 303 *PR*, October 2, 1862.
- 304 *PR*, November 20, 1862.
- 305 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
- 306 *OCM*, November 8, 1862.
- 307 *PR*, November 27, 1862.
- 308 *PR*, December 18, 1862.
- 309 *OCM*, December 20, 1862. *PR*, December 18, 1862.
- 310 *PR*, December 25, 1862.
- 311 *OCM*, December 27, 1862. *PR*, December 25, 1862.
- 312 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
- 313 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
- 314 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
- 315 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
- 316 *PR*, January 8, 1863.
- 317 *PR*, February 26, 1863.
- 318 *PR*, March 19, 1863.
- 319 *OCM&PR*, May 1, 1863.
- 320 *OCM&PR*, January 15, 1864.
- 321 *OCM&PR*, June 17, 1864.
- 322 *OCM*, November 2, 1861.
- 323 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood: The Norwood Press, 1931), Vol. II, pp 742-758.
- 324 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, pp 742-758.
- 325 James A. Emmerton, *A Record of the Twenty-Third Regiment Mass. Vol. Infantry in the War of the Rebellion 1861-1865*, (Boston: William Ware & Co., 1886), p 56.
- 326 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database online]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.
- 327 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database online]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.
- 328 *OCM*, September 7, 1861. The new company in actuality joined the 23d Regiment.
- 329 *OCM*, September 7, 1861.
- 330 *OCM*, September 21, 1861.
- 331 *OCM*, September 28, 1861.
- 332 *OCM*, November 2, 1861.
- 333 *PR*, November 21, 1861.
- 334 *OCM*, November 16, 1861.
- 335 *PR*, November 14, 1861.
- 336 *OCM*, November 16, 1861.
- 337 *OCM*, November 30, 1861.
- 338 *OCM*, December 21, 1861.
- 339 *OCM*, January 11, 1862.
- 340 *OCM*, January 11, 1862.
- 341 *OCM*, March 1, 1862. James Page is the only man with the initials JP in Capt. Alexander's company.
- 342 *OCM*, March 1, 1862.
- 343 *OCM*, March 15, 1862.
- 344 *OCM*, March 15, 1862.
- 345 *OCM*, March 22, 1862.

- 346 OCM, March 22, 1862.
- 347 OCM, March 22, 1862.
- 348 OCM, March 22, 1862.
- 349 PR, March 27, 1862.
- 350 OCM, March 29, 1862.
- 351 PR, April 24, 1862.
- 352 OCM, April 5, 1862.
- 353 OCM, April 5, 1862.
- 354 OCM, April 26, 1862.
- 355 PR, May 1, 1862.
- 356 OCM, May 10, 1862.
- 357 OCM, May 17, 1862.
- 358 OCM, May 17, 1862. Reference to “shooting stick” - Drew was a printer by profession. A shooting stick was a tool used in the printing profession.
- 359 OCM, May 24, 1862.
- 360 OCM, June 7, 1862.
- 361 OCM, June 28, 1862.
- 362 PR, July 5, 1862.
- 363 OCM, July 5, 1862.
- 364 OCM, August 16, 1862.
- 365 OCM, November 8, 1862. J.H.S. presumed to be John H. Stillman.
- 366 OCM, December 20, 1862.
- 367 OCM, December 27, 1862.
- 368 OCM, December 27, 1862.
- 369 PR, January 1, 1863.
- 370 PR, January 15, 1863.
- 371 OCM&PR, November 20, 1863.
- 372 OCM&PR, January 22, 1864.
- 373 OCM&PR, July 1, 1864.
- 374 OCM&PR, September 30, 1864.
- 375 OCM&PR, June 30, 1865.
- 376 PR, November 7, 1861.
- 377 PR, November 21, 1861.
- 378 PR, November 28, 1861.
- 379 William T. Davis (1822-1907), *History of the Town of Plymouth : with a Sketch of the Origin and Growth of Separatism*. (Philadelphia : J.W. Lewis, 1885), p 109.
- 380 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, Norwood: Norwood Press, 1932), Vol. III.
- 381 Davis, p 109.
- 382 *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors...*, Vol. III
- 383 Davis, pp 109-110.
- 384 *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors...*, Vol. III
- 385 *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors...*, Vol. III.
- 386 *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors...*, Vol. III, p 492 says that Eldridge is from Plymouth, however, more likely Plympton.
- 387 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.

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- 388 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database online]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.
- 389 *OCM*, January 4, 1862.
- 390 *OCM*, January 25, 1862.
- 391 *OCM*, February 1, 1862.
- 392 *OCM*, February 8, 1862.
- 393 *OCM*, February 15, 1862.
- 394 *OCM*, February 22, 1862.
- 395 *PR*, March 27, 1862.
- 396 *PR*, April 3, 1862.
- 397 *PR*, April 10, 1862.
- 398 *PR*, April 17, 1862.
- 399 *PR*, April 24, 1862.
- 400 *PR*, May 1, 1862.
- 401 *PR*, May 8, 1862.
- 402 *PR*, May 15, 1862.
- 403 *PR*, May 29, 1862.
- 404 *OCM*, May 31, 1862.
- 405 *PR*, June 5, 1862.
- 406 *PR*, June 26, 1862.
- 407 *PR*, July 3, 1862.
- 408 *PR*, July 3, 1862.
- 409 *PR*, July 3, 1862.
- 410 *PR*, July 31, 1862.
- 411 *PR*, July 24, 1862.
- 412 *PR*, July 3, 1862.
- 413 *PR*, August 7, 1862.
- 414 *PR*, August 14, 1862.
- 415 *PR*, August 14, 1862.
- 416 *PR*, August 21, 1862.
- 417 *OCM*, August 9, 1862.
- 418 *PR*, August 14, 1862.
- 419 *PR*, August 14, 1862.
- 420 *PR*, August 21, 1862.
- 421 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
- 422 *OCM*, October 4, 1862.
- 423 *OCM*, October 18, 1862.
- 424 *OCM*, November 1, 1862.
- 425 *OCM*, November 22, 1862.
- 426 *OCM*, November 22, 1862.
- 427 *PR*, November 27, 1862.
- 428 *OCM*, December 27, 1862.
- 429 *OCM*, December 13, 1862.
- 430 *OCM*, December 20, 1862.
- 431 *OCM*, December 13, 1862.
- 432 *OCM*, December 27, 1862.
- 433 *OCM*, January 3, 1863.
- 434 *OCM*, January 10, 1863.

- 435 *OCM*, December 27, 1862.
- 436 *OCM*, January 17, 1863.
- 437 *OCM*, February 7, 1863.
- 438 *OCM*, January 24, 1863.
- 439 *OCM*, January 31, 1863.
- 440 *OCM*, February 7, 1863.
- 441 *OCM*, February 7, 1863.
- 442 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
- 443 *OCM*, February 28, 1863.
- 444 *OCM*, February 14, 1863.
- 445 *OCM*, February 21, 1863.
- 446 *PR*, February 26, 1863.
- 447 *PR*, March 7, 1863. See February 7, 1863 Letter from ATG in the *OCM*.
- 448 *OCM*, February 28, 1863.
- 449 *PR*, March 5, 1863.
- 450 *OCM*, March 7, 1863.
- 451 *OCM*, March 21, 1863.
- 452 *OCM*, March 14, 1863.
- 453 *OCM*, March 28, 1863.
- 454 *OCM*, March 21, 1863.
- 455 *OCM*, March 28, 1863.
- 456 *OCM&PR*, May 22, 1863.
- 457 *OCM&PR*, June 19, 1863.
- 458 *OCM&PR*, September 4, 1863.
- 459 *OCM&PR*, January 22, 1864.
- 460 *OCM&PR*, September 30, 1864.
- 461 *OCM&PR*, July 8, 1864.
- 462 *OCM&PR*, July 1, 1864.
- 463 *OCM&PR*, July 1, 1864.
- 464 *OCM&PR*, January 20, 1865.
- 465 *OCM&PR*, April 28, 1865.
- 466 *OCM&PR*, August 11, 1865.
- 467 *OCM*, June 12, 1862.
- 468 *OCM*, August 2, 1862.
- 469 *OCM*, August 2, 1862.
- 470 *PR*, August 7, 1862.
- 471 *OCM*, August 9, 1862. Ancestry.com "U.S. Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865" lists: George Hubert Bates, school teacher from Scituate, enlisting into Co. G. 38th Regiment on 20 Aug. 1862.
- 472 "Bates, G. Hubert - Sergt. - Res. Scituate; 23; printer; enl. Aug. 4, 1862; must. Aug. 20, 1862; disch. for disability, April 3, 1863, Algiers, La., as 1st Sergt." Thirty-Eighth Regiment Mass. Volunteer Infantry,
- 473 *PR*, September 4, 1862.
- 474 *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood, MA: Norwood Press, 1932), Vol. IV, pp 1-45, (accessed online June 21, 2015).
- 475 B. Whiting, "Captain Charles C. Doten," Photograph, Plymouth, ca. 1859-1870, From Boston Public Library, Print Department, Carte de Visite Collection, (accessed June 12, 2015).
- 476 "Charles Drew," Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009, (accessed June 12, 2015).
- 477 "Albert T. Mason," Find A Grave, Chief Justice Massachusetts Superior Court, (accessed June 23, 2015).

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- 478 "Charles Mason," Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009, (accessed June 12, 2015).
- 479 "Captain Edward G. Dike." Photograph. 1859. *Digital Commonwealth*, (accessed August 02, 2015).
- 480 *OCM*, August 16, 1862.
- 481 Records indicate George Hubert Bates was a member of the 38th Regiment (see 8/9/1862 *OCM*)
- 482 *PR*, August 14, 1862.
- 483 *OCM*, August 16, 1862.
- 484 *OCM*, August 16, 1862.
- 485 *OCM*, August 30, 1862.
- 486 *OCM*, August 23, 1862.
- 487 *OCM*, August 23, 1862.
- 488 *PR*, August 21, 1862.
- 489 *PR*, September 4, 1862.
- 490 *OCM*, September 13, 1862.
- 491 *OCM*, August 30, 1862.
- 492 *OCM*, August 30, 1862.
- 493 *OCM*, September 6, 1862.
- 494 *OCM*, September 13, 1862.
- 495 *OCM*, September 13, 1862.
- 496 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.
- 497 *PR*, September 11, 1862.
- 498 *PR*, September 11, 1862.
- 499 *OCM*, September 27, 1862.
- 500 *PR*, September 18, 1862.
- 501 "Camp Cram," P.C. Headley; Massachusetts in the Rebellion. A Record of the Historical Position of the Commonwealth ..., (Boston: Walker, Fuller, and Company, 1866), p 389.
- 502 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.
- 503 *PR*, September 18, 1862.
- 504 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
- 505 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
- 506 *OCM*, October 18, 1862.
- 507 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
- 508 *OCM*, October 18, 1862.
- 509 *PR*, October 30, 1862.
- 510 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
- 511 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
- 512 *OCM*, November 1, 1862.
- 513 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
- 514 Identity of author MDM is given: Morton D. Mitchell.
- 515 *OCM*, November 8, 1862.
- 516 *PR*, December 4, 1862.
- 517 *OCM*, January 10, 1863.
- 518 *PR*, December 18, 1862.
- 519 *OCM*, January 17, 1863.
- 520 *OCM*, January 10, 1863.
- 521 *OCM*, January 17, 1863.
- 522 Doten was a professional surveyor, so he is probably referring to that profession in "laying out the camps."

- 523 Doten is probably referring to Moses Bates. Bates was appointed warden of the State Penitentiary of Mississippi, situated at Baton Rouge. See more on Bates in Chapter 9.
- 524 OCM, January 31, 1863.
- 525 *PR*, February 12, 1863.
- 526 E.S. Goodwin. See Chapter 10 - Men Serving in the Navy.
- 527 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
- 528 *PR*, January 15, 1863.
- 529 OCM, February 7, 1863.
- 530 OCM, February 21, 1863.
- 531 *PR*, February 2, 1863.
- 532 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
- 533 *PR*, March 12, 1863.
- 534 *PR*, March 29, 1863.
- 535 *PR*, February 19, 1863.
- 536 *PR*, February 26, 1863.
- 537 *PR*, February 26, 1863.
- 538 OCM, March 14, 1863.
- 539 *PR*, March 19, 1863.
- 540 OCM, March 21, 1863.
- 541 OCM, March 28, 1863.
- 542 *PR*, March 5, 1863.
- 543 OCM, March 28, 1863.
- 544 OCM&*PR*, April 3, 1863.
- 545 OCM&*PR*, April 17, 1863.
- 546 OCM&*PR*, May 15, 1863.
- 547 OCM&*PR*, May 15, 1863.
- 548 OCM&*PR*, May 15, 1863.
- 549 OCM&*PR*, June 5, 1863.
- 550 OCM&*PR*, May 1, 1863.
- 551 OCM&*PR*, May 29, 1863.
- 552 OCM&*PR*, June 12, 1863.
- 553 OCM&*PR*, June 19, 1863.
- 554 OCM&*PR*, June 5, 1863.
- 555 OCM&*PR*, July 3, 1863.
- 556 OCM&*PR*, June 26, 1863.
- 557 OCM&*PR*, July 3, 1863.
- 558 OCM&*PR*, July 24, 1863.
- 559 OCM&*PR*, July 31, 1863.
- 560 OCM&*PR*, October 16, 1863.
- 561 OCM&*PR*, November 6, 1863.
- 562 OCM&*PR*, November 6, 1863.
- 563 OCM&*PR*, October 7, 1864.
- 564 OCM&*PR*, February 10, 1865.
- 565 Rev. John G. Gammons, *The Third Massachusetts Regiment Volunteer Militia In the War of the Rebellion 1861-863*, (Providence: Snow & Farnham Co., 1906), p 56.
- 566 *PR*, March 27, 1862.
- 567 OCM, April 12, 1862.

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- 568 The “Craft.” CAS Perkins was editor of the *Plymouth Rock* from January 1861 until sometime shortly after enlisting in Company B. After enlisting, he was a frequent “war correspondent” to first, the *PR* and later to the *OCM&PR*. His letters were always signed “P.”
- 569 *OCM*, April 12, 1862.
- 570 *OCM*, May 17, 1862.
- 571 *PR*, May 29, 1862.
- 572 *PR*, May 29, 1862.
- 573 *OCM*, May 31, 1862. CAS Perkins, editor of the *PR*; John H. Crandon, printer; Charles Bartlett, printer; and Edward L. Robbins, printer.
- 574 *PR*, June 5, 1862.
- 575 George C. Hathaway, “United States Patent: US 33991 A - Portfolio and writing-tablet”, Dec. 24, 1861. Google Patents, <http://www.google.com/patents/US33991>, accessed August 3, 2015.
- 576 *OCM*, June 21, 1862.
- 577 *PR*, July 10, 1862.
- 578 *OCM*, August 16, 1862.
- 579 *OCM*, August 16 1862.
- 580 *OCM*, August 23, 1862.
- 581 Morissey was also the editor of the *OCM* at this time.
- 582 *OCM*, August 30, 1862.
- 583 *PR*, September 11, 1862. Doten resigned as he had already recruited Company G for the 38th Regiment and had left for Camp Stanton in August 1862.. See Chapter 7, 38th Regiment.
- 584 *PR*, September 11, 1862.
- 585 *PR*, October 2, 1862.
- 586 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood: Norwood Press, 1931), Vol. I, pp 167-203.
- 587 Alfred Seelye Roe, “The Old Representatives’ Hall 1798-1895; An Address Delivered Before the Massachusetts House of Representatives,” (Boston: Wright and Potter Printing Co., 1895).
- 588 Rev. John G. Gammons, p 56.
- 589 Shaw, George H.; *Association Mass. Minute Men of ‘61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900, <http://archive.org/stream/18611900associatooasso#page/60/mode/2up>, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 590 Benjamin S. Atwood, *ssociation Mass. Minute Men of ‘61*, Souvenir Program, April 14, 1900, <http://archive.org/stream/18611900associatooasso#page/65/mode/2up>, (accessed June 13, 2015).
- 591 *OCM*, September 30, 1862.
- 592 *PR*, October 2, 1862.
- 593 *OCM*, September 27, 1862.
- 594 *OCM*, October 4, 1862.
- 595 *PR*, October 9, 1862.
- 596 *OCM*, October 11, 1862.
- 597 *PR*, October 9, 1862.
- 598 *OCM*, October 11, 1862.
- 599 *OCM*, October 11, 1862.
- 600 *OCM*, October 11, 1862.

- 601 *OCM*, October 18, 1862.
602 *PR*, October 23, 1862.
603 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
604 *PR*, October 30, 1862.
605 *OCM*, October 25, 1862.
606 *OCM*, November 8, 1862.
607 *PR*, November 6, 1862.
608 *OCM*, November 15, 1862.
609 *PR*, November 6, 1862.
610 *PR*, October 30, 1862.
611 *PR*, October 30, 1862.
612 *OCM*, November 22 1862.
613 *PR*, November 20, 1862.
614 *PR*, December 25, 1862.
615 *PR*, December 11, 1862.
616 *PR*, December 18, 1862.
617 *PR*, December 18, 1862.
618 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
619 *OCM*, January 3, 1863.
620 *PR*, January 15, 1863.
621 *OCM*, December 27, 1862.
622 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
623 *PR*, January 8, 1863.
624 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
625 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
626 *PR*, February 12, 1863.
627 *PR*, February 19, 1863.
628 *PR*, February 12, 1863.
629 *PR*, February 26, 1863.
630 *PR*, March 12, 1863.
631 *PR*, March 19, 1863.
632 "The **Oneida Football Club**, founded in Boston, Massachusetts in 1862, was the first organized team to play any kind of football in the United States." Wikipedia contributors, "Oneida Football Club," *Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia*, https://en.wikipedia.org/w/index.php?title=Oneida_Football_Club&oldid=657585760 (accessed June 25, 2015).
633 *PR*, March 12, 1863.
634 *OCM&PR*, April 3, 1863.
635 *OCM&PR*, April 17, 1863.
636 *OCM&PR*, April 24, 1863.
637 *OCM&PR*, May 1, 1863.
638 *OCM&PR*, May 8, 1863.

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- 639 *OCM&PR*, May 22, 1863.
640 *OCM&PR*, May 29, 1863.
641 *OCM&PR*, May 29, 1863.
642 *OCM&PR*, June 12, 1863.
643 *OCM&PR*, June 19, 1863.
644 *OCM&PR*, December 18, 1863.
645 Adjutant General, *Mass. Soldiers, ...*, (Norwood: Norwood Press, 1931), Vol. II, p 745. Theodore Fuller did not desert or commit suicide. He was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville, GA where he died as a prisoner of War.
646 *OCM&PR*, February 5, 1864.
647 *OCM&PR*, April 8, 1864.
648 *OCM&PR*, May 6, 1864.
649 *OCM&PR*, April 29, 1864.
650 *OCM&PR*, August 26, 1864.
651 *OCM&PR*, October 7, 1864.
652 *OCM&PR*, October 28, 1864.
653 *OCM&PR*, March 17, 1865. Charles is buried at Oak Grove Cemetery in Plymouth.
654 Ancestry.com. *Massachusetts, Marriage Records, 1840-1915* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2013.
655 ear: 1870; Census Place: *Plymouth, Plymouth, Massachusetts*; Roll: *M593_639*; Page: *658B*; Image: *485*; Family History Library Film: *552138*
656 Annie Brown Perkins, Find A Grave, accessed August 6, 2015.
657 *OCM*, March 1, 1862.
658 *Massachusetts Soldiers,...*, Vol. VI, p 566. "The 99th Regiment, known as the Union Coast Guard, a New York Naval Brigade organization..."
659 *Massachusetts Soldiers, ...*, Volumes I-VIII.
660 *Massachusetts Soldiers,...*, Vol. VI, starting page 566.
661 *Massachusetts Soldiers,...*, Volumes I - VIII.
662 Ancestry.com. *Massachusetts, Town and Vital Records, 1620-1988* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2011. [Line 101]
663 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.
664 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.
665 Kruse Kronicle, *Family Civil War Letter 150 Years Later*,
http://www.krusekronicle.com/kruse_kronicle/general/#.Vc9GA_IYGPV, accessed Aug. 15, 2015.
666 Rev. John G. Gammons, *The Third Massachusetts Volunteer Militia in the War of the Rebellion 1861-1863*, (Providence: Snow & Farnham Co., 1906), p 56.
667 Historical Data Systems, comp. *U.S., Civil War Soldier Records and Profiles, 1861-1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2009.
668 *OCM*, September 21, 1861.
669 *OCM*, September 21, 1861.

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- 670 OCM, September 21, 1861.
671 OCM, October 5, 1861.
672 OCM, October 12, 1861.
673 OCM, October 12, 1861.
674 OCM, October 26, 1861.
675 OCM, October 19, 1861.
676 PR, December 5, 1861.
677 OCM, December 21, 1861.
678 OCM, February 22, 1861.
679 PR, February 6, 1862
680 "Thirtieth Regiment," P.C. Headley, *Massachusetts in the Rebellion ...*, (Boston: Walker, Fuller, and Company, 1866), p335. Presuming that the author is from the 30th Mass. Regiment based on similarities in letter to passage in book.
https://books.google.com/books?id=lH0mmRCnoWcC&pg=PA335&lpg=PA335&dq=%22eastern+bay+state+regiment%22&source=bl&ots=WtUXLJjN1j&sig=-_ozrfW104zEJ2aBD5qxefvNiBs&hl=en&ei=UY-wTpC9I8WBtgfO4omSag&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result#v=onepage&q=%22eastern%20bay%20state%20regiment%22&f=false, (accessed June 30, 2015).
681 Letter might be authored by Howard Morton, one of two Plymouth men in the 30th Regt., the other being Alexander Valler.
682 OCM, February 22, 1862.
683 PR, April 17, 1862.
684 PR, April 17, 1862.
685 PR, May 15, 1862.
686 OCM, May 31, 1862.
687 OCM, May 24, 1862. The Battle of Shiloh was also known as the Battle of Pittsburg Landing, April 6-7, 1862.
688 OCM, May 24, 1862.
689 PR, June 12, 1862.
690 OCM, June 14, 1862.
691 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. III, p 590. Charles H. Howland, Qr. Master, Thirty-fourth Regiment.
692 OCM, June 14, 1862.
693 OCM, June 28, 1862.
694 OCM, July 3, 1862.
695 OCM, July 12, 1862.
696 OCM, August 2, 1862.
697 OCM, July 19, 1862.
698 OCM, July 19, 1862.
699 Julius Bien & Co. Lith. N.Y., *Atlas to accompany the official records of the Union and Confederate armies*, (Washington, D.C. G.P.O., 1891), upper left corner of plate XXIV. Penitentiary within the green rectangle.
700 PR, August 28, 1862. Author "Senex" might be Moses Bates, former editor of the PR.

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- 701 Senex: Wise Old Man (Wikipedia). Author Senex might be Moses Bates.
702 *OCM*, August 9, 1862.
703 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
704 “a bright mulatto boy ...,” Ancestry.com. *Massachusetts, State Census, 1865* [database on-line]. Accessed June 28, 2015. The Massachusetts State Census of 1865 shows a Joseph Lewis, 13, M, Mulatto from Louisiana living in the Moses Bates household.
705 *PR*, September 4, 1862.
706 *Massachusetts Soldiers,...*, Horace Holmes is listed as being in the 45th Regt., Co. A, Vol. IV, p 312.
707 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.
708 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.
709 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
710 Ancestry.com. *Massachusetts, State Census, 1865* [database on-line]. Accessed June 28, 2015. Joseph Lewis, 13, M, Mulatto from Louisiana living in the Moses Bates household.
711 *OCM*, September 27, 1862.
712 *OCM*, September 27, 1862.
713 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
714 *OCM*, October 11, 1862.
715 *PR*, October 30, 1862. See, “A Friend from Abroad” in the *OCM* on August 9, 1862: Last Tuesday there was added to the roll of Volunteers from Plymouth the name of “Erik Wulff, occupation, Soldier.” ... Mr. Wulff is a citizen of Gottenburg, Sweden, and was Lieutenant in the army of that country...
716 *PR*, November 13, 1862.
717 *PR*, November 27, 1862.
718 *PR*, January 8, 1863.
719 *OCM*, December 27, 1862.
720 *PR*, January 1, 1863.
721 *PR*, January 29, 1862.
722 *PR*, January 15, 1863.
723 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
724 *OCM*, February 28, 1863.
725 “20 of us from Old Marshfield,” *Massachusetts Soldier...*, Vol. 1, p 493. Henry Tolman is the only “HT” in the 7th Regt., Co. E from Marshfield, MA and therefore the likely author.
726 Author H from the 44th is probably either Lieut. William Hedge or Rev. Edward Hall, the only two men from Plymouth with last name beginning with H (no one with a first name beginning with H).
727 *OCM*, March 14, 1863.
728 *OCM*, March 21, 1863.
729 *PR*, March 19, 1863.
730 *OCM&PR*, April 10, 1863. HBM is probably Capt. Henry B. Maglathlin, Co. I, from Duxbury.
731 *OCM&PR*, May 15, 1863.
732 *OCM&PR*, May 22, 1863.
733 *OCM&PR*, June 5, 1863.
734 *OCM&PR*, May 29, 1863.
735 *OCM&PR*, July 3, 1863. Author probably H.B. Maglathlin.

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- 736 *OCM&PR*, June 26, 1863.
737 *OCM&PR*, July 3, 1863.
738 *OCM&PR*, June 26, 1863.
739 *OCM&PR*, July 31, 1863.
740 *OCM&PR*, August 21, 1863.
741 *OCM&PR*, September 4, 1863.
742 *OCM&PR*, September 18, 1863.
743 *OCM&PR*, November 6, 1863.
744 *OCM&PR*, November 27, 1863.
745 Author: John "Murray" Atwood. Letters at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill indicate the John Murray Atwood had been convalescing in November 1862. In this letter Murray is trying to get back to his regiment, 29th Mass. This letter mentions Samuel Wright, Benjamin Bates, and William Nickerson, all comrades of John Murray Atwood, 29th Regt., Co. E.
746 John Murray Atwood of the 29th. He mentions Benj. Bates and Wm Nickerson "of my regiment." Both are from the 29th as is Atwood.
747 *OCM&PR*, December 4, 1863.
748 *OCM&PR*, December 18, 1863.
749 *OCM&PR*, April 29, 1864.
750 *OCM&PR*, May 13, 1864.
751 *OCM&PR*, May 27, 1864.
752 *OCM&PR*, May 27, 1864.
753 *OCM&PR*, June 10, 1864.
754 *OCM&PR*, June 24, 1864.
755 *OCM&PR*, June 24, 1864.
756 *OCM&PR*, June 24, 1864.
757 *OCM&PR*, June 24, 1864.
758 *OCM&PR*, June 24, 1864.
759 *OCM&PR*, July 22, 1864.
760 *OCM&PR*, August 5, 1864.
761 *OCM&PR*, August 19, 1864.
762 *OCM&PR*, August 26, 1864.
763 *OCM&PR*, September 9, 1864.
764 *OCM&PR*, October 7, 1864.
765 *OCM&PR*, October 28, 1864.
766 *OCM&PR*, November 18, 1864.
767 *OCM&PR*, November 25, 1864.
768 *OCM&PR*, December 22, 1864.
769 *OCM&PR*, December 22, 1864.
770 *OCM&PR*, January 13, 1865.
771 *OCM&PR*, February 10, 1865.
772 "On the 17th of July under a draft, ... Thomas Dexter," *History of the Town of Plymouth ...*, p 112.
773 *OCM&PR*, February 10, 1865.

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- 774 *OCM&PR*, February 17, 1865.
775 *OCM&PR*, February 24, 1865.
776 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood: The Norwood Press, 1931), Volumes VII and VIII.
777 William T. Davis, History of the town of Plymouth : with a sketch of the origin and growth of Separatism, (Philadelphia : J.W. Lewis, 1885), pp 114-115.
778 Stephen C. Neff, *Justice in Blue and Gray, A legal History of the Civil War*, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2010), p 189.
779 Listed in *OCM*, March 1, 1862 or within articles in this chapter.
780 Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors..., Volumes VIII, p 328.
781 There is only one man in the 1860 US Federal Census page 85 with a name spelled similarly, Amos Lunnon, also of a similar age. Amos Lunnon race was listed as black. Ancestry.com. *1860 United States Federal Census* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2009. Also, a black man named Amos Leonard served in Navy in war is buries Vine Hill Cemetery. Author presumes all are the same man.
782 *OCM*, March 1, 1861.
783 *OCM*, August 31, 1861.
784 *OCM*, September 7, 1861.
785 *PR*, November 21, 1861.
786 *OCM*, November 23, 1861.
787 *OCM*, November 23, 1861.
788 *OCM*, December 5, 1861.
789 *OCM*, February 15, 1862.
790 *OCM*, February 22, 1862.
791 *OCM*, March 29, 1862.
792 *OCM*, April 15, 1862.
793 *PR*, July 17, 1862.
794 *OCM*, June 14, 1862.
795 *OCM*, June 14, 1862.
796 See also: *USS Amanda*, Wikipedia, Civil War Operations. Accounts of the ship by Lieut. Nathaniel Goodwin. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS_Amanda_%281856%29, (accessed June 30, 2015).
797 *OCM*, June 14, 1862.
798 *OCM*, July 12, 1862.
799 *OCM*, July 26, 1862.
800 *PR*, July 31, 1862.
801 *OCM*, August 21, 1862.
802 *OCM*, September 11, 1862.
803 *OCM*, September 20, 1862.
804 *PR*, September 18, 1862.
805 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
806 *PR*, September 25, 1862.
807 *PR*, October 30, 1862.

- 808 *PR*, October 23, 1862.
 809 *OCM*, November 15, 1862.
 810 *PR*, November 27, 1862.
 811 *PR*, January 22, 1863.
 812 *PR*, March 12, 1863.
 813 *OCM&PR*, August 28, 1863.
 814 *OCM&PR*, September 25, 1863.
 815 *OCM&PR*, December 18, 1863.
 816 *OCM&PR*, February 5, 1864.
 817 *OCM&PR*, January 29, 1864.
 818 *OCM&PR*, May 13, 1864.
 819 *OCM&PR*, April 22, 1864.
 820 *OCM&PR*, August 19, 1864.
 821 *OCM&PR*, October 21, 1864.
 822 *OCM&PR*, October 7, 1864.
 823 *OCM&PR*, October 21, 1864.
 824 *OCM&PR*, October 28, 1864.
 825 *OCM&PR*, November 11, 1864.
 826 *OCM&PR*, December 30, 1864.
 827 Alexander L. Churchill was Acting 3d Asst. Engr on Emma. *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood: The Norwood Press, 1833) Vol. VII, p440.
 828 *OCM&PR*, June 30, 1865.
 829 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Brookline: Riverdale Press, 1935), Vol. VII, p582.
 830 *Ibid*, Vol. III, p299.
 831 *OCM*, December 6, 1862.
 832 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. III, p300.
 833 "at Savage Station, David Williams, Charles E. Kleinhaus, and Thomas Collingwood ..." William T. Davis, *History of the Town of Plymouth, With a Sketch of the Origin and of Separatism*, (Philadelphia: J. W. Lewis & Co., 1885), p107.
 834 John Duffy Jr., Prisoner of War; *Massachusetts Soldiers ...*, Vol. III, p 469.
 835 Davis, *History of the Town of Plymouth ...*, p109.
 836 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. II, p745.
 837 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. III, p300.
 838 Davis, *History of the Town of Plymouth ...*, p107.
 839 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. II, p745.
 840 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. III, p302.
 841 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. II, p746.
 842 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. III, p303.
 843 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. II, p747.
 844 *OCM*, December 6, 1862.
 845 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. VI, p469.

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- 846 U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs, *National Cemetery Administration - Nationwide Gravesite Locator*, <http://gravelocator.cem.va.gov/index.html?cemetery=1942>, (accessed July 5, 2015).
- 847 Davis, History of the Town of Plymouth ..., p109.
- 848 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. III, p303.
- 849 *OCM*, November 13, 1862.
- 850 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. IV, p60.
- 851 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts ...*, Vol. III, p300.
- 852 Davis, History of the Town of Plymouth ..., p107.
- 853 *OCM*, October 18, 1862. Perkins was born in Plymouth.
- 854 *PR*, November 13, 1862.
- 855 David Williams, Thomas Collingwood, and Charles Kleinhans were all captured at the battle of Savage Station, June 29, 1862. Williams died of disease on Sept. 14, 1863 at Camp Denison, OH. Thomas Collingwood died of disease on Aug. 3, 1863 at Hickman's Bridge/Camp Parks, KY. Thomas Burt, mentioned in letter, died of disease on Oct. 31, 1862 at Harwood Hospital. All from Co. E, 29th Reg.
- 856 *PR*, December 4, 1862.
- 857 *OCM*, October 18, 1862.
- 858 *OCM*, November 6, 1862.
- 859 *OCM*, November 13, 1862.
- 860 *OCM*, November 27, 1862.
- 861 *OCM*, December 4, 1862.
- 862 *OCM*, December 11, 1862.
- 863 *OCM*, December 25, 1862.
- 864 *OCM*, January 15, 1863.
- 865 *OCM&PR*, October 16, 1863.
- 866 *OCM&PR*, June 10, 1864. "Semloh" is Holmes spelled backwards.
- 867 *OCM&PR*, July 8, 1864.
- 868 *OCM&PR*, December 16, 1864.
- 869 *OCM&PR*, November 25, 1864.
- 870 *OCM&PR*, March 10, 1865.
- 871 *OCM&PR*, April 21, 1865.
- 872 *OCM&PR*, April 13, 1865.
- 873 *OCM&PR*, February 10, 1865.
- 874 *OCM&PR*, March 10, 1865.
- 875 Elizabeth Emmeline Brewster, Kingston: Civil War Nurse; Emma C. Brewster Jones, *The Brewster Genealogy 1566-1907*, (New York: Grafton Press, 1908), p 202.
<https://archive.org/stream/brewstergenealog190801jone#page/201/mode/1up>, accessed Aug. 24, 2015.
- 876 *OCM&PR*, February 10, 1865. Other than article, could not find a Miss Misner in web searches nor 1860 US Census.
- 877 *Massachusetts Soldiers*, ..., unless otherwise noted: Vol. VII, starting on p 124.
- 878 *Massachusetts Soldiers*, ..., Vol. VII, p 122.
- 879 Edwin M. Bacon, *Men of Progress ...*, (Boston: New England Magazine, 1896), p 284.
<https://books.google.com/books?id=5HFPAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA284&lpg=PA284&dq=john+blackmer+c>

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- ivil+war&source=bl&ots=KYFwOUsFZM&sig=LALO1-
YN_sgoCU1c4Q8s2v3MkDo&hl=en&sa=X&ved=oCDIQ6AEwBDgKahUKEwjpgfWuzLrHAhXHVj4KH
diwChQ#v=onepage&q=john%2oblackmer%2Ocivil%2owar&f=false, accessed Aug. 21, 2015.
- 880 Mary A. Gardner Holland, *Our Army Nurses*, (Boston: Wilkins & Co., 1895), p 298.
- 881 *OCM*, May 4, 1861.
- 882 *OCM*, May 18, 1861.
- 883 *OCM*, May 18, 1861.
- 884 *OCM*, June 1, 1861.
- 885 *OCM*, September 28, 1861.
- 886 *PR*, May 1, 1862.
- 887 *PR*, May 22, 1862.
- 888 *PR*, May 29, 1862.
- 889 *PR*, June 26, 1862.
- 890 *OCM*, August 18, 1862.
- 891 *PR*, August 28, 1862.
- 892 *PR*, September 20, 1862.
- 893 *PR*, October 9, 1862.
- 894 Herbert Eugene Valentine's Sketches of Civil War Scenes; "U. S. General Hospital, Hilton Head, S. Carolina", 3/23/1863; National Archives, 533220. <https://catalog.archives.gov/id/533220>, accessed Aug. 22, 2015.
- 895 *PR*, October 23, 1862.
- 896 *PR*, November 6, 1862.
- 897 *PR*, November 27, 1862.
- 898 *OCM*, December 20, 1862.
- 899 *PR*, January 8, 1863.
- 900 *OCM*, February 14, 1863.
- 901 *OCM*, January 31, 1863.
- 902 *PR*, February 5, 1863.
- 903 *OCM*, March 28, 1863.
- 904 *OCM&PR*, May 1, 1863.
- 905 *OCM&PR*, June 19, 1863.
- 906 *OCM&PR*, July 17, 1863.
- 907 *OCM&PR*, July 17, 1863.
- 908 *OCM&PR*, September 25, 1863.
- 909 *OCM&PR*, September 4, 1863.
- 910 *OCM&PR*, February 26, 1864.
- 911 *OCM&PR*, March 25, 1864.
- 912 *OCM&PR*, April 22, 1864.
- 913 *OCM&PR*, February 10, 1865.
- 914 Kingston Public Library. Martha Sever of Kingston, MA died of influenza in 1864.
http://kingstonpubliclibrary.org/LHR/Notable_People/Martha%20Sever.pdf, accessed Aug. 21, 2015.

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- 915 “Lucia and Charlotte were both Civil War nurses,” Duxbury Rural & Historical Society, Bradford House, <http://duxburyhistory.org/historic-houses/gershom-bradford-house/>, accessed Aug. 21, 2015.
- 916 *OCM&PR*, May 5, 1865.
- 917 *The Legal End of Slavery in Massachusetts*, Massachusetts Historical Society, <https://www.masshist.org/endofslavery/index.php?id=54>, accessed August 31, 2015.
- 918 *Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*, <https://malegislature.gov/Laws/Constitution> accessed August 31, 2015.
- 919 Pilgrim Hall Museum, http://www.pilgrimhallmuseum.org/long_road_to_freedom.htm, accessed September 16, 2015.
- 920 William T. Davis, *Plymouth Memories of an Octogenarian*, (Plymouth: Memorial Press, 1906), pp 127-130.
- 921 William T. Davis, *Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth, Part II. Genealogical Register of Plymouth Families*, (Boston: Damrell & Upham, 1899).
- 922 Ancestry.com. *[Year of Census] United States Federal Census*, page 22 [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2009.
- 923 *Long Road to Freedom*, Pilgrim Hall Museum, http://www.pilgrimhallmuseum.org/long_road_to_freedom.htm, accessed August 31, 2015.
- 924 Ancestry.com. *[Year of Census] United States Federal Census*, page 22 [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2009.
- 925 Ancestry.com. *Massachusetts, State Census, 1865* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2014.
- 926 *OCM*, September 27, 1862; also printed in the *PR*.
- 927 *PR*, January 8, 1863
- 928 *OCM&PR*, January 8, 1864.
- 929 *OCM&PR*, January 8, 1864.
- 930 Adjutant General, *Massachusetts Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the Civil War*, (Norwood: Norwood Press, 1933).
- 931 William T. Davis, *History of the Town of Plymouth: With a Sketch of the Origin and Growth of Separatism*, (Philadelphia: J. W. Lewis & Co., 1885).
- 932 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. VII, p 289
- 933 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. VII, p 292-305.
- 934 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. VII, p 316.
- 935 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. 6, p 492.
- 936 Davis, p 113.
- 937 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. 4, pp 656-657.
- 938 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. 4, pp 715-716.
- 939 Davis, pp 112-114.
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- 942 *Massachusetts Soldiers...*, Vol. VIII, p 328.
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Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2009.
- 945 *OCM&PR*, January 13, 1865.
- 946 *OCM&PR*, July 31, 1863.
- 947 *OCM&PR*, November 6, 1863.
- 948 *OCM&PR*, January 13, 1865.
- 949 *OCM&PR*, February 17, 1865.
- 950 "On the 17th of July under a draft, ... Thomas Dexter," Davis, *History of the Town of Plymouth ...*, p 112.
Dexter was one of three men drafted for the war by Plymouth.
- 951 *OCM*, April 20, 1861
- 952 *PR*, April 26, 1861
- 953 *OCM*, May 4, 1861
- 954 *OCM*, May 4, 1861
- 955 *OCM*, May 4, 1861
- 956 *OCM*, May 18, 1861
- 957 *OCM*, May 18, 1861
- 958 *PR*, May 23, 1861
- 959 *PR*, November 7, 1861
- 960 *OCM*, January 25, 1862
- 961 *PR*, June 22, 1862
- 962 *PR*, July 10, 1862
- 963 *OCM*, July 12, 1862
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- 966 *OCM*, July 12, 1862
- 967 *PR*, July 17, 1862
- 968 *OCM*, July 19, 1862
- 969 *PR*, July 24, 1862
- 970 *OCM*, July 29, 1862
- 971 *OCM*, August 2, 1862
- 972 *PR*, August 7, 1862
- 973 *PR*, August 7, 1862
- 974 *OCM*, August 9, 1862
- 975 *OCM*, August 9, 1862
- 976 *PR*, August 12, 1862
- 977 *PR*, August 14, 1862
- 978 *PR*, August 14, 1862
- 979 *PR*, August 14, 1862
- 980 *PR*, August 14, 1862
- 981 *OCM*, August 16, 1862
- 982 *OCM*, August 16, 1862
- 983 *OCM*, August 16, 1862

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986 *OCM*, August 23, 1862
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991 *OCM*, September 3, 1862
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- 1195 *OCM&PR*, August 6, 1869
- 1196 *OCM&PR*, August 6, 1869
- 1197 *OCM&PR*, August 13, 1869
- 1198 Chamberlain's speech at dedication of the monument to Plymouth's dead in the Civil War is nearly an exact replica of a speech he gave at the "*Dedication of the Soldier's Monument Gorham, Maine, October 18, 1866*," pp 14-22, <http://www.joshualawrencechamberlain.com/gorham.php>, accessed Sept. 18, 2015.
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